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BLACKWOOD'S

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MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER 1818—MARCH 1819.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

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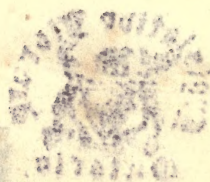
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OCTOBER 1818.

VOL. IV.

REMARKS ON THE POETRY OF THOMAS MOORE.

(*Extracted from a MS. letter of the BARON VON LAUERWINKEL.*)

THE manner in which you express yourself concerning the poetry of Moore, is not unlike that which I have met with in many of your English journals, and is withal sufficiently natural to a person of your age and habits. Like you I admire the lively and graceful genius of this man; like you I appreciate the amiable temperament and dispositions which lend a charm to his verses, more touching than any thing which liveliness, grace, and genius alone could confer; but I cannot consent for a moment to class Mr Moore with the great poets of England—no more can I persuade myself that he is likely to go down to posterity as the national poet of Ireland. The claim which has lately been set up for him is one of no trifling import. It would not only assign to him a share of the same magnificent honours which have of right descended to Byron, Wordsworth, and Campbell, but mingle with his laurels another wreath such as the grateful affection of your own country has already woven for Scott and Burns. The friends of Mr Moore, or the admirers of his genius, have done no service either to the poet or to his works by their injudicious praises and their extravagant demands. The only effect of their zeal is, to make reflective men try the productions of their idol by a higher standard than they might otherwise have judged it necessary to apply. By rejecting, in behalf of their favourite, the honours which we willingly grant to a minor poet, they have compelled us to look at his

productions with a severer eye, and to *satisfy ourselves* that he is by no means a great one.

To tell you the truth, had Mr Moore been a Frenchman or an Italian, nay, I am sorry to say it, had he been born a countryman of my own—had similar pretensions been preferred in favour of similar productions among any other European people,—I know not that I should have been inclined to weigh them so scrupulously, or perhaps justified in rejecting them so decidedly. It is the belief of the most orthodox divines, that the guilt of a careless Christian is greater than that of an ignorant Heathen, even although the offences of the two men may have been externally and apparently alike. “Of him to whom much is given the more shall be required.” I must do justice to your country, even although it should be at the expense of your favourite. The English poet who fails to be held great, chiefly because he chooses not to be pure, falls a splendid sacrifice before the altar to which he has brought an unacceptable offering. Even genius will not save him; and yet the highest genius will do much. We listen with sorrow to the pernicious sophisms, and gloomy despondings, which deform and darken the native majesty of Byron; but hope and trust are mingled with our sorrow, and we cannot suppose it would be less than blasphemy to despair of such a spirit. In Moore the redeeming power is less. He possesses not, whatever his nobler brother may do, the charm which might privilege

him to pass through the fire and be unsinged.

But the genius of a poet is estimated by every man according to his own private feeling, and it may therefore be as well to lay it for a moment out of the question.—Since the publication of *Lalla Rookh*, the admirers of Moore have chosen to talk as if his genius were of the first order, and yourself, I observe, are of the same way of thinking. On this point we are not likely to agree. But however wavering may be the standard of some of the late admirers of Mr Moore, I well know that you at least will have no objections to try the MORALITY of any poet by the only standard which is unchanging and unerring. If you find that the elements of his elegant compositions are essentially and hopelessly impure, you will have no hesitation in agreeing with me, that, whatever his original genius may have been, the use to which he has applied it has taken from him all right to the place, or the communion, of the great poets of England. That man must think lightly and erringly, who doubts the eternal union of the highest intellect with the highest virtue. I doubt not that I shall speedily bring you to be of the same mind with myself, respecting the tendency of Mr Moore's performances; and if you do so, you will, in the sequel, have less difficulty in embracing my opinion concerning its inspiration also.

Of the early productions, by which the name of this poet was rendered notorious, I shall say nothing. He himself professes to be ashamed of them, and I doubt not the sincerity of his professions. He is, moreover, sufficiently punished by their existence. The poison which he has once mingled he cannot spill. The muse which he has profaned asserts her privilege even in her degradation. The sculptor or the painter may destroy his work, or, if it has parted from his hands, it may be veiled by its possessor; but the impure poet has roused a demon which he has no spell to lay. The foul spirit has received wings with its evocation, and the unhappy sorcerer is doomed, wherever he may go, to hear their infernal flap, and tread on the vestiges of their blighting. Year after year may pass, and repentance may sit in the place of vice,

“But tears which wash out guilt can't wash out shame;”

and Mr Moore, when he is stretched upon the bed of death, will understand what it was that troubled, with a ten-fold pang, the last agonies of Rochester.

It had been well, however, if, when Mr Moore learned to despise himself for gross impurity, he had not stopped half-way in his reformation. It had been well, that instead of lopping off the most prominent branches, he had torn up the roots also, and for ever withered the juices of his tree of evil. Did he imagine that the harlot would purify her nature by the assumption of a veil, or that his ideas would be remembered with impunity, only because his words might be recited without a blush? His muse has abused the passport which hypocrisy or self-ignorance procured her; and they who adopt the sentiments of the bard of the *Melodies* and *Lalla Rookh*, although indeed they need not be confounded with the disciples of Little, must remain for ever unworthy and incapable of understanding or enjoying those pure and noble thoughts, which form the brightest ornament of their productions, with whom Mr Moore would fain have himself to be associated. The whole strain of his music is pitched upon too low a key. If he never sinks into absolute pollution, neither dares he for a moment rise to the true sublime of purity. He writes for women chiefly, and woman is at all times his principal topic. How strange that he should never have been able to flatter his audience by dignifying his theme! How strange, that he who seems to understand so well every minor, superficial, transitory charm, should manifest so total a blindness to the only charm which is deep and enduring—to that of which all the rest are but the images and shadows—to that for which no luxury compensates, and no passion can atone. I have heard your fair countrywomen warbling the words of Moore; and from their lips what can appear unclean? But in the retirement of the closet, and deprived of the protection of their purity, the words were “weighed in the balance and found wanting.” The sinless creatures that utter them cannot understand their meaning. I do not wish to say that their meaning is any thing positively, expressly, necessarily bad. It is enough for my purpose that it is not positively and necessarily good. The

Epicurean tinge is diffused over the whole. The beautiful garlands which these chaste fingers handle have been gathered in the garden of the Sybarites. They should not twist them into their innocent locks—there is phrenzy in their odours.

One of the chief distinctions between the poets of ancient and those of modern times, consists in the wide difference which may be observed in their modes of representing the character and influence of the female sex; and in no one point perhaps is the superiority so visibly on the side of the moderns. Of those modern poets, nevertheless, who have been contented with the praises of gayety, sprightliness, invention, and spontaneously disavowed every claim to the highest honours of their art, not a few have, from vice or affectation, dared, in scorn of their destiny, to revive in their strains the discarded impurity of their predecessors. It will be understood, that I refer not to casual or superficial impurities merely, but to those which imply a complete and radical pollution of all ideas concerning the nature of the softer sex—a degradation of the abstract conception of their character, and of the purposes for which they have been created. This corruption has entered into the composition of no poetry more deeply and essentially than into that of Moore. He never for a moment contemplates them but with the eye of a sensualist. He has no capacity to understand such a character as Imogen or Una. The smiles of which he loves to warble, are not those of the “Unblenched Majesty” which Milton worshipped. Their nature is sufficiently betrayed by the company in which he places them. Listen to the words which he has placed in the mouth of a dying poet—for even death, that awful moment in whose contemplation nature and religion teach the purest to tremble, is represented by this songster as the scene of calm and contented reminiscencies of sensual delights—exactly as if the mighty change were nothing more than a revolution of corporeal atoms, as if there were no soul to wing an eternal flight from the lips of the departed.

“When in death I shall calm recline,
Oh carry my heart to my mistress dear:
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
All the time that it lingered here.”

In adopting the sentiments of ancient poets concerning women, he has widely erred. It is, however, a sad aggravation of his offence, that, among a set of authors, who are all impure, he has selected, for the models of his special imitation, those in whose productions the common stain is foulest. It is needless to say any thing of Anacreon, or of the perverse ingenuity which Mr Moore exhibited in exaggerating the corruption of that which was already abundantly impure—in taking away from the lewd verses of the Teian that simplicity of language and figure which formed the only offset to the pollution of their ideas. If one may judge either from the text, or from the notes even of Mr Moore’s latest publications, the chief of his antique favourites are such men as Aristophanes, Catullus, Ovid, Martial, Petronius, and Lucian. In truth, he is totally unacquainted with the true spirit of ancient poetry, and admires and borrows exactly the worst things about that which he would profess to study with an intelligent delight.

The flattering ideas which Mr Moore has embraced concerning the measure of his own powers, are betrayed by the attempt which he has openly made to compete with the genius of Lord Byron in the choice of some of his scenes and subjects. But, notwithstanding the absurd eulogies of some of your reviewers, Mr Moore’s Eastern Poetry has not, I perceive, taken any hold of the English mind; and this should be sufficient to convince that gentleman of his mistake. The radical inferiority of Mr Moore is abundantly visible even in that respect where, with sorrow do I speak it, it might least have been expected to appear. Lord Byron has done wrong in choosing to represent woman at all times as she exists in those countries where her character is degraded by the prevalence of polygamy. But he has in some measure atoned for this error. He has at least made her as noble as she could be in such a situation. He has poured around her every dignity which she could there be imagined to possess, and ascribed to her every power and influence which she could there enjoy: nay, by the preference with which he has uniformly represented her as receiving those who mingle with their love the chivalry of Christendom, he has at least insinuated what her rights

are, and vindicated the conscious nobility of her nature. Mr Moore has brought into the haram no such reliques of the truth. In his lays the Sultana of the East betrays no lurking aspirations after a purer destiny ;

Cælum non animum mutat qui trans mare currit ;

in Dublin, London, Bermuda, Khorrassan, Mr Moore sees nothing in a woman but an amiable plaything or a capricious slave.

I have enlarged upon this poet's manner of representing women, not because in that point alone he falls below the standard by which the great poets of your country must be contented to be tried, but because it is one on which every reflecting man must at once agree with me, while, in regard to many other points, I could not calculate upon quite so speedy an acquiescence. But as it is said in the Scripture, that "he who breaks one of the commandments has offended against them all," so it may very safely be admitted, that the poet who betrays impurity and degradation of conception in respect to one point of moral feeling, can never be truly pure and lofty in regard to any other. In every man's system there is some consistency ; and Mr Moore is a man of so much acuteness, that he could not fail soon to perceive and amend one solitary fault. When he discovers not the inky spot, there is proof abundant that darkness is around him.

Whatever the measure of his power may be, that man is unworthy to be a national poet, whose standard of moral purity and mental elevation falls below that of the people to which he would have his inspirations minister. It is the chief part of Mr Moore's ambition to be received as the national bard of his own island ; and I observe, that on a late occasion, a very numerous and respectable body of his countrymen assembled to express, in his presence, their admission of his claims. No one can be less inclined than I am to speak harshly of an elegant, accomplished, and, in his own person, virtuous man ; but I must say, that I should be very sorry to think so meanly of Ireland, as to imagine her deserving of no better poetry than Mr Moore can furnish. The land which can look upon the principles of his poetry as worthy of her, cannot herself be worthy of its genius. I trust that

the gay spirits of a single city are not permanently to dictate the decision of a generous nation ; that the pure-minded matrons and high-spirited men of Ireland will pause ere they authorise the world to seek the reflection of their character in the gaudy impurities and tinsel Jacobinism of this deluded poet. The truth is, that I am by no means apprehensive of seeing the "Green Isle" debase herself by making common cause with Mr Moore. Before any man can become the poet of a nation, he must do something very different from what has either been accomplished or promised in any of his productions. He must identify his own spirit with that of his people, by embodying in his verse those habitual and peculiar thoughts which constitute the essence of their nationality. I myself have never been in Ireland ; but I strongly suspect that Moore has been silent with respect to every part of her nationality—except the name. Let us compare him for a moment with one whose position in many circumstances resembled his, and whose works have certainly obtained that power to which his aspire. Let us compare the poet whose songs have been so effectually embalmed in the heart of Scotland, with him who hopes to possess, in that of Ireland, a mausoleum no less august.

There are few things more worthy of being studied, either in their character or in their effects, than the poems of Robert Burns. This man, born and bred a peasant, was taught, like all other Scotsmen, to read his Bible, and learned by heart, in his infancy, the heroic ballads of his nation. Amidst the solitary occupations of his rural labours, the soul of the ploughman fed itself with high thoughts of patriotism and religion, and with that happy instinct which is the best prerogative of genius, he divined every thing that was necessary for being the poet of his country. The men of his nation, high and low, are educated men ; meditative in their spirit, proud in their recollections, steady in their patriotism, and devout in their faith. At the time, however, when he appeared, the completion of their political union with a greater and wealthier kingdom, and the splendid success which had crowned their efforts in adding to the general literature of Britain—but above all, the chilling nature of the merely

speculative philosophy, which they had begun to cultivate, seemed to threaten a speedy diminution of their fervent attachment to that which was peculiarly their own. This mischievous tendency was stopped by a peasant, and the noblest of his land are the debtors of his genius. He revived the spark that was about to be extinguished—and taught men to reverence with increasing homage, that enthusiasm of which they were beginning to be ashamed. The levity of many of his descriptions, the coarseness of many of his images, cannot conceal from our eyes the sincerity with which, at the bottom of his heart, this man was the worshipper of the pure genius of his country. The improprieties are superficial, the excellence is ever deep.—The man might be guilty in his own person of pernicious trespasses, but his soul came back, like a dove, to repose amidst images of purity. The chaste and lowly affection of the village maiden was the only love that appeared worthy in his eyes, as he wandered beneath the virgin radiance of the harvest moon. In the haunts of the dissolute, the atmosphere of corruption might seize upon him, and taint his breath with the coldness of its derision; but he returned to right thoughts in the contemplation of the good, and felt in all its fulness, when he bent his knee by the side of “the Father and the Priest,” the gentle majesty of that religion which consoles the afflicted and elevates the poor.—He is at present, the favourite poet of a virtuous, a pious, a patriotic people; and the first symptom of their decay in virtue, piety, and patriotism, will be seen on the instant when Scotsmen shall cease to treasure in their hearts the “Highland Mary,” the “Cottar’s Saturday Night,” and the “Song of Bannockburn.”

Mr Moore has attempted to do for Ireland the same service which Burns rendered to Scotland; but although his genius is undoubted, he has failed to do so. It will be said, that the national character of his countrymen did not furnish such materials as fell to the share of his rival, and there is no doubt that so far this is true. The Irish have not the same near recollections of heroic actions, or the same proud and uncontaminated feeling of independence as the Scots. Their country has been conquered, perhaps oppressed, and the memory of those

barbarous times in which they were ruled by native *reguli* is long since faded into dimness and insignificance. The men themselves, moreover, are deficient, it may be, in some of those graver points of character, which afford the best grappling places for the power of poetry. All this may perhaps be admitted; but surely it will not be contended, but that much, both of purpose and instrument, was still left within the reach of him that would aspire to be the national poet of the Irish. Their religious feelings are not indeed of so calm and dignified a nature as those of some nations, but they are strong, ardent, passionate, and, in the hands of one worthy to deal with them, might furnish abundantly the elements both of the beautiful and the sublime. Their character is not so consistent as it might be, but it yields to none in the fine attributes of warmth, of generosity, and the whole chivalry of the heart. Were these things likely to have been left out of the calculation of a genuine poet of Ireland?—Mr Moore addresses nothing to his countrymen that should make them listen to him long. He seems to have no part nor lot with them in the things which most honourably and most effectually distinguish them from others. He writes for the dissipated fashionable of Dublin, and is himself the idol in the saloons of absentees; but he has never composed a single verse which I could imagine to be impressed upon the memory, nor brought together a single groupe of images calculated to ennoble the spirit of an Irish peasant.

Were the Irish to acknowledge in this man, their Burns or Camoens, they would convince Europe, that they are entirely deficient in every thing that renders men worthy of the name of a nation. The “Exile of Erin,” and the “O’Connor’s Child” of Campbell, are worth more to Ireland than all the poetry of Moore.

* * * * *

THE MINSTREL OF BRUGES.

Part Fourth.

(Continued from vol. III. page 671.)

Is it not true, my young lady readers of eighteen, and even you of forty years, that you are anxious about the

fate of Amurat? You are in the right—charming as Medoro, he was more tender; and Ernestine, with whom you are scarcely acquainted, was of ten times the value of that coquet Angelica. She had followed her mother to the garden of the convent in tears—we are sorrow to see her weep—he must be an absolute barbarian that could be untouched with her sorrows. But let us resume our story.—The holy brotherhood and the Inquisition are terrible things. The handsome Amurat, although led away through Murcia with his hands fettered, had in this state interested the whole of that kingdom. There was not a girl, on seeing him pass, who did not cry out, “Heavens, what a pity! is it possible for any one to be a Mahomedan, and so handsome?”

The poor boy was going to be broiled without hope of pardon. He was confined in a dungeon, with only bread and water for his food; and for his sole comfort, a Dominican visited him twice a day, but without speaking a word. It was for the handsome Amurat himself to confess his crime, but the poor innocent felt himself no way culpable.

One day the Dominican said to him, “You will not then confess any thing to me?” “Pardon me,” replied Amurat, “I will confess to you that I shall die, if separated from Ernestine.” “Wretched infidel,” exclaimed the Monk, “how dare you name a Christian?” “Why not,” said the sorrowful Amurat? “She was the life of my existence, the sun of my days, the object of every thought, and the only thing my heart pants after.” “Consider your end,” replied the Dominican, “within two days the pile will be lighted for you—you must not look for pardon, as you are under the most obstinate impenitence.” “For what cause?” asked Amurat. “In having run away with Ernestine from her father and mother.” “Oh, father!” said Amurat, “I ask your pardon, you seem to labour under an error, for it was Ernestine’s mother who gave her to me; however, if you are determined to burn me, do so, but it will never be in such a bright flame as now consumes me for Ernestine. Alas, alas! I shall then never see her more—burn me, burn me, for I cannot live without her!”

The Dominican, who had never be-

fore seen any infidel so eager for death in the prisons of the holy Inquisition, ruminated, while counting his rosary, on the answer of Amurat; and as at bottom he was a good-natured man, he suspected some mystery, and to clear it up, he returned to the handsome Moor to inquire into the details of his arrest and imprisonment. The simple boy told him every thing with the utmost sincerity; how the bright eyes, the enchanting smile, and the harmonious voice of the modest Ernestine, had seduced him in Murcia; how, after some time, he gained courage to tell her of all the pains he was suffering for her; how his virtuous but kind-hearted girl blushed at his declaration without saying a word; how, one day surprising her sighing, he asked her the cause; but she only looked at him, and sighed again; and this made him comprehend that she returned his flame: how he cast himself at the feet of the Minstrel’s wife, and interested her in his passion; how the Minstrel, on hearing it, became furious, to find that a Moor had the audacity to make love to his daughter; how they had all run away from the house of the Minstrel; and how the officer of the holy brotherhood, after having robbed the wife of the Minstrel, who had previously been his mistress, of all that she had, had sent her home again with Ernestine, and had loaded him with chains.

This last circumstance opened the eyes of the Dominican; he thanked Heaven for having prevented him from committing an unjust act, and summoned the officer before him, who avowed the whole. The handsome Amurat appeared very excusable, and was set at liberty, upon condition of being instructed in the Christian religion; but he would make no promise, except of doing whatever should please Ernestine.

He fled back to Murcia, where he learnt that the Minstrel had quitted the town with all his family. They could not inform him exactly what road he had taken, but they thought it was that toward Madrid. Poor Amurat hastened to Madrid, describing all the way the persons he was in search of; but he gained only vague and unsatisfactory answers. On his arrival at Castille, he heard that his countrymen had lost a great battle. Too full of his own misfortunes to

think of his country, he pursued his road. On his way he overtook a sort of Moorish Esquire, near a ravine, crying most bitterly, while two fine Andalusian mares were feeding quietly beside him. It was Sabaoth himself, who had witnessed the death of the Zegrís, commander of the Moors, and his good master.

Amurat approached him, and asked him the same questions he had done to all he met: "Sir," said he, "have you seen an old thin man playing on the bagpipe, accompanied by an old woman, two young boys, and a girl more beautiful than all the infantas of the world?" "Aye, that I have," replied Sabaoth sobbing, "at a distance, the eve of the battle we have just lost. I am well acquainted with that old bagpiper you speak of, and he ought to remember me, for I have often given him many a hearty thrashing in the stables of my last worthy defunct master at Grenada. I have also some claim on his gratitude, for I made him a physician, and so able a one, that he attended my master. It was, however, fortunate for him, that during his attendance I was occupied in the stables, and was ignorant of his audacity in pretending to be doctor to a Zegrís. I would have taught him what a stable boy was to a groom. But, be assured, that I have seen him pass by, and he had in fact with him two women and two children, but in so miserable a condition, that both Moors and Christians allowed him to continue his road unmolested, on account of his misery. I am not so fortunate, which is the cause of my weeping, for my road is intercepted, and I cannot return again to Grenada without risk of being taken; you also will run the same chance." Amurat replied, "Sir Squire, you are right in fearing being made a prisoner in this country, for they treat us Moors very scurvily; I that am speaking to you have narrowly escaped broiling by the holy Inquisition. Therefore, instead of returning to Grenada, let us disguise ourselves, which we can easily do, for I have in the havresack that you see on my shoulders, a dress that I intended for a present to the Minstrel; to render him propitious to my love, and another that I had bought for his adorable daughter. You shall put on the first, and I will dress myself in the second, when, mounting

these two mares, we may traverse all Spain in security; the holy brotherhood will not touch you, and I may perhaps overtake Ernestine." "I agree to your proposal," answered Sabaoth, "for, after all, it is better to be a wanderer and vagabond than burnt."

We are concerned to leave our two Moors in the plains of Castille, but the monastery of Vaucelles recalls us. We had left Ernestine with her mother, and said, that this unfortunate girl could not eradicate from her heart the shaft which love had fixed there. She was ignorant of that formidable power that triumphs over reason in spite of ourselves, which we wish, and wish not to conquer, which effaces all other sentiments of the soul, which exists and renews itself by its own force, and will not allow us to have another thought, and which subjects us to a torment at once pleasing and painful, whereof cold hearts can have no idea.

Such was the volcano that inflamed the soul of Ernestine; such the deity, who, in the midst of pains, procured her delights; such the demon that was tearing her heart to pieces.

What could the wife of the Minstrel do in such a case? She had had intrigues, and a variety of adventures, but they are only the simulation of love. Her daughter seemed to her mad, which is the usual name indifference gives to that passion, and she considered as a weakness, what is the strongest power in nature. She reasoned and argued, during which, Ernestine sighed and wept. There was no other remedy for her disorder than the disorder itself. Besides, to bring back an impassioned heart from its wanderings, the person who attempts it should be pure, without which, no one has a right to talk of virtue, and the mother of Ernestine had lost that right over her daughter. Too happy Minstrel! during this time thou wast forgetful in the hall of guests, of all past troubles, and one pleasant half hour effaced the remembrance of sixty years of misery. Why should we seek happiness in the upper ranks of life, in opulent fortunes, or in a multiplicity of pleasures? It is not even to be found in mutual love, and consists solely in indifference.

The Minstrel was very communicative of every adventure he had had. He related one which certainly proves that the good and evil things of this

world are distributed somewhat like a lottery. He had met at Poitiers another bagpiper from the Ardennes, where a troubadour had taught each the same tune, but adapted to different words. Alas! the recompence each received was very different. Underneath are the words that fell to the lot of our unfortunate Minstrel:

First Couplet.

"Gai, Pastoureaux,
Gai Pastourelles :
A vos agneaux,
A vos Agnelles
Laissez Loisir
D'aller bondir :
Gai, Pastourelles,
Gai, Pastoureux.

Second Couplet.

Tems de jeunesse
Est tems d'amours ;
Tems de vieillesse
Est tems de plours :
Sur la Condrette
Viens Bergerette,
Gai, Troubadours."

There were also other verses in the song ending with

"De la fougere,
Du Dieu lutin
De la Bergere
Et du Butin."

"And you will please to remark," said the Minstrel, "that I pronounced, after my country fashion, the B like to P; but from what has since happened to me, I have taken good care to improve my pronunciation. You must know then, that as I was singing this air one day under the shade of a tree, and pronouncing the word Butin very indecently, a lady started out from behind some bushes, inflamed with rage, attended by a handsome knight, who ordered their varlets to beat me soundly, to teach me, as they said, to respect ladies in my songs. I was thus very unjustly punished; for, a few minutes afterwards, my brother piper arrived, ignorant of what had befallen me, and seating himself near to the same bush, wherein the couple had again hid themselves as if nothing had happened, began to chant forth the happiness of a gallant rose that on the breast of beauty doth repose, &c. &c. At these sounds, which, in good truth, were not a whit more harmonious than mine, the loving couple quitted the bush, praised most highly the Arden-

nois, and gave him twenty pieces of gold, saying, 'Ah! this is what may be called a gallant Minstrel, not like to that other low bred fellow with his indecent songs.'

"Now, Sir Steward, I appeal to you," continued the Minstrel, "if I had had any wicked intention in thus pronouncing the word, which assuredly I had not; did I sing any thing very different from what the Ardennois had done? see how different our rewards were, and then let any one talk to me of justice on this earth. The lady indeed was of noble birth, and brilliant as mine own country rose, and the knight a prince of France, whose fleur-de-lis adorned his superb shield. Without knowing it, the Ardennois had flattered two noble lovers, whilst I, as ignorantly, had offended them. He received gold, and I blows. May I not therefore assert, that there is only good and evil luck in the world." This indeed was most evident in the family of the Minstrel; for, in spite of the various evils he had met with in his career, his philosophy had caused him to be recompensed by gayety; he still laughed, and laughed although on the brink of the grave, whilst his unfortunate daughter was pining away with love in the spring of life.—Let us imitate this economy of pleasures and pains which is scattered through our passage here below,—every thing invites us.

The whole monastery was delighted with the Minstrel. The Cambresian could no longer quit him; the steward had taken a liking to him; and the Lord Abbot, desirous of retaining him at Vaucelles, said to him, "are you so anxious to carry your bones to Bruges, that we cannot keep you here?" "No, truly," replied the piper, "I am no way desirous to return to Bruges, where I have neither friend nor relation, nor house nor home; and I was only returning thither, because I knew not where else to lay my head." The abbot continued, "You play wonderfully well on the pipes, do you think you could blow the Serpent of the monastery? ours is just dead, and I offer you his place." "He who pretends to know most, knows least," answered the Minstrel; "in truth I am capable of being a most excellent serpent to the abbey chapel, and you shall see to-morrow how I will make its roofs resound. But what will be-

come of my wife, my daughter, and my two brats?" "We will take charge of you all here," said the abbot; "your wife shall be cook to the visitors, your daughter, *femme de chambre* to the ladies that may come to partake of our hospitality, and your two boys shall ring the bells, and rake the walks of our garden." "You talk like Saint Bernard, your glorious patron," replied the Minstrel, transported with joy. The old woman was made acquainted with this arrangement, and consented to it, although she did not pique herself on being an excellent cook. The situation of *femme de chambre* was rather humiliating to Ernestine, but as it was no great fatigue, she accepted of it. The little boys were so enchanted with their employment, that they wished to enter on their business instantly; one went to the belfry and rang the bells for more than two hours, while the other broke three rakes that same evening on the garden walks.

Here then was our vagabond family fixed, and tolerably well established; they were all contented excepting Ernestine alone, whose melancholy increased with the noisy pleasures that surrounded her. All foreign joy annoys the wretched, for joy is not the lot of an impassioned heart, and it is in the season of roses that chagrin makes the deepest wounds. It was in vain that the Minstrel exerted himself to rouse his daughter from that state of languor which was consuming her; in vain did this good-natured fellow, now sufficiently master of the serpent, resume his pipes every Sunday and feast-day, to make the girls of the environs dance; in vain he intreated his daughter to join them;—dancing tired her, and the *Morisco* airs, which her father played so wondrous well, brought back bitter recollections, and increased her melancholy.

She performed her office of *femme de chambre* so much to the satisfaction of those ladies and damsels that came to Vaucelles, that all of them felt a friendship, and thought her manners much superior to her situation.

Her sweetness of temper was unalterable, and, contrary to the common course of things, her misery did not affect her good humour. Shall she be then for ever the only one to whom life is become a burden in this happy monastery?

VOL. IV.

Part Fifth.

WHEN happiness has not been preceded by pain it is the less agreeable, for the value of all things is doubled by contrast. A rich man who has never been poor knows not the worth of money; and successful love, that has not met with difficulties, does not afford supreme felicity.

O handsome Amurat, what tears and sighs has the sentiment that occupies your soul caused you? You are not yet, however, at the end of your career; and are galloping over hill and dale with the squire Sabaoth, as was formerly done by the knight of La Mancha with the faithful Sancho.

Sabaoth, dressed up in the long doctoral gown, intended for the father of Ernestine, at that time a physician, was taken for a magician all along the roads; children, at his sight, hid themselves on the breasts of their nurses, young girls ran away, old people crossed themselves, while the younger ones laughed enough to split their sides. The handsome Amurat, dressed in a gown of sky-blue, inspired other sentiments. He was thought to be a damsel of high rank, if not a princess, so brilliant were his charms, his manners so noble and interesting. The villagers shouted out as they passed, "begone, hasten from hence, thou ill-looking spectre, thou wicked monster, whom that beautiful lady has chosen for her companion, to increase the brightness of her charms by the contrast of thy ugliness!" While they addressed Amurat, "Return, return, fair fugitive, and do not deprive our country of so much beauty." The two Moors, thus disguised, arrived at Madrid, and thence advanced into Arragon, where they gained some intimation of a wandering family having passed through those parts. "It must be them," said Amurat; "let us spur on, friend Sabaoth, we shall surely overtake them." "I am in no such hurry as you are," replied Sabaoth. "what care I for this vagabond family? Sir Amurat, may Mahomed protect you, but for my part, I shall return to Grenada." "That you can no longer do," answered Amurat; "have you forgotten, that should the Castillians lay hold of you, you are of the set they burn on a slow fire? Come with me into France, there is no Inquisition in that country. We shall recover my Er-

nestine, and you will find means to live there, as well as any where else. Your profession is not so exalted, but that you may gain by it as much in France as you did in Grenada; besides, that place must assuredly be in the hands of the Spaniards, and what could you now do there? Come with me, I say, my Ernestine is a French-woman, and we shall surely find her. You are old, I am young, and I will work for Ernestine and for you; our Andalusian mares will carry us over the world; come along." Sabaoth complied, and was not the first instance of wisdom being led by folly. Folly! is there any folly that deserves so much indulgence as that of love; it excites energy in the coldest hearts, and attacks the most indifferent. The sighs of Sabaoth were almost in unison with those of Amurat, and on seeing the gambols of the shepherdesses in the plains, his heart revived, and he regretted that the time of his youth had been so much employed in stables. But let us not stop our two fugitives; they arrived at Pampeluna, following the road the Minstrel had taken; but there happened so strange an adventure to Amurat at Pampeluna, we cannot pass it over. A youth of Navarre, struck with the beauty, and deceived by the dress of Amurat, took it into his head to make love to him, while he was alone in the room, and Sabaoth occupied with the care of his horses. The discourteous knight fastened the door, and was about to attempt violence on him: the brave Moor smiled at first at his mistake, and without deceiving the Navarrais, began to defend himself; but the other, firmly persuaded that it was a woman, flattered himself with an easy conquest. The blows however which he received from Amurat, made him comprehend that it would not be so easy as he had imagined. He had not thought that a woman could have had so much courage and strength. He was knocked down repeatedly, and Amurat was kicking him out of the room when Sabaoth entered in amazement.

Our two adventurers arrived in France, questioning all travellers, and passing through various provinces. They had lost the thread of their inquiries, and were in despair. From Pampeluna to Vaucelles is a long way; how to succeed in so difficult an undertaking!

Sabaoth wept in the most touching and most laughable manner. The two poor Andalusian mares were knocked up—our Pilgrims, however, kept moving; not that they had any longer a hope of success, but they were less tired when travelling than when quiet. They had gained the banks of the Loire; but neither at Angers, Tours, or at Orleans, could they learn any intelligence of the Piper or of his charming daughter. At Paris they were still more unlucky, for they might have found here a thousand Arabians for one player on the pipes. There were numberless girls, but no Ernestine. God of Love, what a difference between them!!

Our Pilgrims left Paris, and took the road to Flanders. Oh Flanders! we must now return to the sorrowing Ernestine. The poor girl deserved pity—she had no longer those tints of roses and lilies, whose brilliancy could not formerly have been seen with impunity, and she was become so thin and pale, Amurat, the enamoured Amurat himself would hardly have known her. Unfortunate Amurat! as he travelled, his embarrassments increased: for, independent of the pains of love which he equally suffered with Ernestine, his purse, and that of Sabaoth, were exhausted. They were forced, Mahomedans as they were, to go from convent to convent begging hospitality. One evening they knocked at the gate of the monastery of Vaucelles. The Minstrel was at that moment relating some of his minor adventures, which he had omitted in the history of his life, and they were all sitting round the fire. The wind whistled so loud, some said they heard mournful cries, which probably were nothing but the breeze; but the Minstrel swore that it was an apparition; he was perfectly convinced there were such, for he had seen one at Toledo with his two eyes. "One night," said he, "soon after I had come to Toledo, as I was sleeping in my bed beside my chaste companion, I heard my water-pot tumble down, which made me start up in my sleep, and, by the glimmering light of my small lamp, I noticed a man in his shirt descend from my window. He seemed to resemble a good deal the officer of the holy brotherhood; but it certainly was an optical illusion which deceived my sight, and made me mis-

take a living for a dead man. I jumped out of my bed, and ran into the kitchen, where I passed the remainder of the night in the utmost fear, and without closing an eye."

He was at this part of the story, when they heard a loud knocking at the gate. The Minstrel trembled more than when in his bed he saw the apparition; but they laughed at his alarm, and made him go and see who was at the gate. "Who is there?" "Open to two poor travellers." The gate is opened, and the first person who presented himself to his view was Sabaoth. He thought he was the Devil, and trembled more in all his limbs than formerly in the stable at Grenada, when this flower of grooms laid the thong on his innocent shoulders. Sabaoth also knew again him whom he had taught to physic horses, and who had doctored a Zegris, but did not feel much satisfaction at it, for he was afraid that, now as the Minstrel was on his own dunghill, he might feel himself inclined to repay him all the kindness he had received at Grenada.

The Minstrel did not recollect Amurat, so much had his dress disguised him. He conducted him to the ladies' apartment, where Ernestine came to receive him, and having placed the pretended damsel in proper hands, he returned to the hall of the strangers, where he was accustomed to do the honours of the monastery to visitors in the absence of the steward.

"Sir Sabaoth, by what adventure are you reduced to ask hospitality in a Christian monastery, you who laid down the laws and gave such rude blows in those superb stables of Grenada?" "Alas," replied Sabaoth, "I may also ask you by what chain of events a Minstrel turned stable-boy, and afterward Esculapius in the kingdom of Murcia, can have fallen from such high state, as to be reduced in the Low Countries to act the part of porter to a set of Monks? But I see now my own fate, that the powerful master of our destinies, after having scattered us over this lower earth, amuses himself sometimes in making us from millers turn Bishops: It has happened to the gallant Zegris, formerly our common master. This great man, appointed General of Grenada, was conquered, Sir Minstrel, by the two fortunate Castillians, and his army

completely defeated. I was holding in readiness, behind the baggage, these same Andalusian mares whom I have seen you curriebomb and purge with so much intelligence. Vain precaution!—the conqueror advanced, dispersed us, and cut off all passage to Grenada. Finding it impossible to return thither, and fearing the holy office, should I be taken by the Spaniards, I disguised myself, and wrapping myself up in this robe, which was then handsome, I traversed Spain, and arrived in France. But, in the mean time, before I relate to you all my disasters, could you not order me a little something to eat."

The Minstrel, who had no more gall than a dove, forgetting all that he had formerly suffered from the redoubtable Sabaoth, flew to the kitchen, and brings him the remains of an old pastry, and a flagon of champaign wine, which the faithless Mussulman finds a thousand times better than all the sour sherbet of Grenada.

Love, thou cruel and delightful god, thou recallest me to thee, and to quit the hall of the strangers to attend to what is passing in the ladies' apartment. Precisely at the moment the Minstrel presented the handsome Amurat to Ernestine, this poor unfortunate was weeping over his fate, which was her usual occupation when alone—in company she contented herself with thinking of him and sighing. "Alas," said she, "he is now without doubt no longer among the living—the holy office never quits its prey. He is dead—the beloved of my heart, my eternal torment, and yet my delight." As she was thus talking to herself, a young lady, dirtily dressed, entered the apartment; she wore a veil that covered her face, and a gown that no one would ever have guessed to have been sky blue, or a robe in which love would ever have dressed out an admirer. This awkward lady advanced, with an embarrassed and melancholy air, and with trembling steps, but without taking her eyes off the ground, towards Ernestine, who conducted her to the chamber she was to sleep in, also without looking at her.

Ye blind admirers of a blind god, neither of you know the other. Ernestine sighs—this sigh is mechanically repeated by Amurat—he seats himself—thinks her, with uplifted hands, without looking at her—Ernestine

says, "Madam, can I be of any service to you? Would you wish for any supper?" At the sound of this voice, which vibrated at the bottom of his heart, Amurat cries out, "Ernestine, Ernestine! it must be thee whom I have heard, and whom I have now found again." He throws himself at her feet, while she casts herself into his arms.

The Minstrel's wife, now become cook to the visitors, on coming to receive orders from the strange lady, surprises her daughter in the midst of these inexpressible embraces.—"Mother!" exclaims Ernestine, "it is the faithful Amurat, who has been seeking me all the world over." The reader may remember that this dame had favoured their loves with all her power, and to accomplish their marriage had not scrupled to rob her husband. She had been in despair of Amurat's life, from the moment she saw him carried off by her ancient lover, the officer of the holy inquisition—She had witnessed the declining health of her daughter—it may be guessed, therefore, how happy the sight of the handsome Moor made her. But how could they make the Minstrel hear reason? he was generally one of the best natured men in the world, but the most intractable in matters of religion. His wife thought of a method that would ensure success: it was to gain over the Lord Abbot, who certainly ought to know better than any bagpiper, whether a Christian could conscientiously espouse a sectary of Mahommed.

The Lord Abbot was not only free from bigotry, but very well informed. He quoted numberless examples of such marriages legally contracted, from the times of Mahommed to the present moment. He named several kings of Portugal and of Spain, who had married the daughters of Moorish princes, and even emperors of Constantinople, who had formed similar connexions, without the Patriarchs having had any thing to say against them.

After such authorities, nothing remained but to tell the Minstrel what was passing; but this good Minstrel was at the moment in an excess of rage, and had almost throttled poor Sabaoth, who, while they were drinking together, had told him that the pretended girl, who had accompanied

him to the monastery, was a boy, and neither more nor less than Amurat. At the name of Amurat, the Minstrel bristled up like a game-cock, flung Sabaoth's turban into the fire, and was tearing away his gray beard by handfuls; "Race detested, of Cain or of Beelzebub," bawled out the Minstrel; "was it for such circumcised dogs to pretend to marry my daughter?" They had the utmost difficulty to disengage the unfortunate Sabaoth from the hands of this madman; but no sooner did the Lord Abbot appear, than the sight of his pectoral cross calmed the rage of the respectful serpent. The Abbot told him he was a fool.—"Most reverend father," replied the Minstrel, "my wife has told me so these many years." "Your wife is in the right," answered the head of the monastery; she is desirous to conclude a marriage which you ought to have had done in Murcia, and had you then consented you would have spared yourself a great deal of trouble. Unnatural father! would you see your daughter perish before your eyes? come forward, Ernestine, it is I that will perform this marriage; give me your hand my pretty, and let this faithful Moor receive it; I will that he remain in the convent until my nephew sets out for Frizeland, whither he shall accompany him. He has travelled over many parts of the world, and has been unfortunate, two sufficient qualifications to guide the youth of my nephew; he shall be his esquire, and I will take charge of his fortune. I shall instruct him in the principles of our holy religion, and if he embraces it, I pretend that it shall be by persuasion alone, and of his own free-will."

The Cambresian was enchanted with the idea of his uncle; he embraced Amurat, who cast himself at the Abbot's feet, and said, "Reverend Father, I will follow no other religion but yours and Ernestine's,—I was the most wretched of mankind—you have made me the most happy"—on his respectfully approaching the Minstrel, he exclaimed, "Ah! with all my heart, now thou art a Christian, and my Lord Abbot will have it so." He then kissed the hands of his mother-in-law, but the presence of the Abbot could not prevent him from throwing himself with transport into the arms of Ernestine.

All present were much affected, when Sabaoth, of whom no one had thought in these arrangements, said, sorrowfully, "And what is to become of me then?" On turning their eyes on him, the sight of his bald head, his beard, that had been so inhumanly torn by the terrible Minstrel, and his dress all in tatters, together with his strange countenance, formed such a spectacle, that even at this melting moment, it was impossible to check a laugh. Even Ernestine herself smiled, for the first time, since her separation from Amurat—precious smile—it was a prelude to the happiness she was about to enjoy. The Lord Abbot thrice opened his mouth to address Sabaoth, and thrice burst out into laughter—he recovered himself, however, but it was not without difficulty, to say, "Sir Sabaoth, after the brilliant situation you lately occupied under a Zegris, it may perhaps be indecorous in me to offer you the less honourable employment of taking care of the mule, the ass, and two cart horses of the convent, together with my hackney—but it is all I can offer you, and the only employment that is now vacant."

"My reverend father," replied the old Moor, "beasts for beasts, it is all one to me; and I shall like as well to curry asses and mules, as Andalusian mares. My misery and troubles have cured me of ambition; I therefore accept your offer, and will be the head of your stud, whatever it may consist of."

The marriage-day of Amurat and Ernestine was fixed, it was a holy day for all the vassals of the monastery of Vaucelles; and Amurat, on becoming a husband, did not cease being a lover. Ernestine recovered her good looks, and the gayety of her age. She had only one chagrin, when her husband departed with the young Cambresian, of whom we have said so much in the course of this true history; but this chagrin was not of any duration, for the war in Finland was neither perilous nor long.

The Minstrel gayly grew old under the shade of his serpent—the others began to taste happiness, but for him, he had always been happy. Feeling, however, an increase of happiness at the comfortable arrangements, he addressed his chaste companion in a dignified manner, which he knew how

occasionally to put on. "I have been every thing that it has pleased you to make me—I have been cuckolded and beaten, and yet, my dear, I am happy."—His wife continued to cook, in her best manner, for all the ladies who sought hospitality; and Ernestine had the attention to keep the apartments very clean, and the beds well made. The young boys now became as big as father and mother; passed one of them for the best chimer, and the other for the best raker of walks in all the country of Cambresis.

The Lord Abbot felicitated himself on having attached so many worthy people to his monastery. There were none, not even Sabaoth, who did not feel pride in their employment, and he was quoted as the first of all grooms in that neighbourhood. The Abbot seeing them all so contented by his means, was happy himself from having been the cause—but we may search now alas in vain, for such worthiness in monasteries or elsewhere.

THE PRISONER'S PRAYER TO SLEEP.

(By the Author of the Lines on the Funeral of Sir John Moore.)

O gentle Sleep! wilt Thou lay thy head
For one little hour on thy Lover's bed,
And none but the silent stars of night
Shall witness be to our delight!

Alas! 'tis said that the Couch must be
Of the Eider-down that is spread for Thee,
So, I in my sorrow must lie alone,
For mine, sweet Sleep! is a Couch of stone.

Music to Thee I know is dear;
Then, the saddest of music is ever here,
For Grief sits with me in my cell,
And she is a Syren who singeth well.

But Thou, glad Sleep! lov'st gladsome airs,
And wilt only come to thy Lover's prayers
When the bells of merriment are ringing,
And bliss with liquid voice is singing.

Fair Sleep! so long is thy beauty wooed,
No Rival hast Thou in my solitude;
Be mine, my Love! and we two will lie
Embraced for ever—or awake to die!

Dear Sleep! farewell!—hour, hour, hour,
hour,
Will slowly bring on the gleam of Morrow,
But Thou art Joy's faithful Paramour,
And lie wilt Thou not in the arms of Sorrow.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER, ILLUSTRATED BY THE HISTORY OF MEN OF GENIUS, &c. BY MR D'ISRAELI.*

THIS is one of the most amusing works of one of the most amusing of our English authors. Mr D'Israeli possesses a great fund of literary anecdote, and it is at all times disposeable. He has not, perhaps, a very reasoning mind, and being aware of that, he rarely enters into any lengthened discussion of principles; but being a man of sensibility, observation, and fancy, he is perpetually throwing out very true and delicate remarks and sentiments, expressed with much warmth and earnestness, and accompanied with rich and lively illustration. Open where we may a volume of his writings, and we are sure at once to come on something entertaining; and if we be in the habit of thinking for ourselves as we read, every page is so sprinkled over with hints, suggestions, and feelings, that, like the conversation of a well-informed and intelligent friend, Mr D'Israeli's compositions put our minds upon the alert, and exercise, without fatiguing our faculties. Though a great story-teller, he is never a gossip; his stories, too, are all of interesting people, and they are uniformly narrated with a moral purpose. Indeed, the principal charm of all his works, and especially of the present, is that we always find ourselves in the very best company. Famous names shine over every page—the voices of the illustrious dead become familiar to our ears—we see the great men of great times, not like ghosts rising from the grave, but clothed in all the gladness of animation, and we constantly shut his volumes with brightened fancies, a heightened enthusiasm, and a more vital sympathy with the noblest of our kind. We are inclined to think, that in English literature at least, Mr D'Israeli is a writer *sui generis*, for we know not any other person in whom is combined the same light literary information with such power of lively expression,—the same unaffected and impassioned enthusiasm towards every thing in the shape of genius, with so considerable a share of that rare faculty in himself,—the same eager, rambling, and desultory spirit of youth,

with so much of the shrewdness, and even wisdom of age; in short, we know of nobody else who seems to be a Man of Letters, so entirely from the pure love of literature, who follows so unrestrainedly the bent of his nature, and who therefore unites with the knowledge, we might almost say the erudition, of the author—the liberal spirit and accomplishments of the gentleman.

If we have formed a just estimate of the value of this volume, an abstract of some of its most interesting chapters cannot fail to afford pleasure to such of our readers as may not have seen the original book. And in our abstract we shall imitate the desultory manner of Mr D'Israeli himself.

In his chapter "On the Youth of Genius," Mr D'Israeli observes, that many sources of genius have been laid open to us, but though these may sometimes call it forth, they have never supplied its place. The equality of minds, in their native state, he justly considers as monstrous a paradox as the equality of men in a political state. Johnson has defined genius as "a mind of general powers accidentally determined by some particular direction," a theory which rejects any native aptitude, and according to which the reasoning Locke, without an ear or eye, might have become the musical and fairy Spencer. Reynolds again thought that pertinacious labour could do every thing. Akenside more truly says, that "from Heaven descends the flame of genius to the human heart." But though the origin of genius be dark, its history may be clear, and although we cannot be her legislator, we may be her annalist. In reading the memoirs of a man of genius, we have often cause to reprobate the domestic persecutions of those who opposed his inclinations. The Port Royal Society thrice burned the romance which Racine at length got by heart. Pascal's father would not suffer him to study Euclid. The father of Petrarch burnt the poetical library of his son, amid the shrieks, groans, and tears of the youth. The uncle of Alfieri for twenty years suppressed the poetical character of the noble bard. The truth is, that the parents of a man of genius have had another association of ideas concerning him than we have had. We see a great man, they a disobedient child,—we track him through his

* London, John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1818.

glory, they are wearied by the sullen resistance of his character.

The love of repose and of musing generally attends the "Youth of Genius," and Mr D'Israeli asserts that it is retained through life. He asserts too, that a man of fine genius is rarely enamoured of common amusements or robust exercises. Beattie has expressly told us of his Minstrel,
 "The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring."

Alfieri could never be taught to dance—Horace was a bad rider—Metastasio a bad shot—the younger Pliny was charmed by the Roman mode of fowling, which admitted him to sit a whole day with his tablets and stylus—and Thomson was the hero of his own Castle of Indolence. All this is very inconclusive. Beattie, though a man of real poetical genius, was sadly deficient in strength and vigour, both of intellect and passion—and "young Edwin," though assuredly "no vulgar boy," is very far indeed from being a fiseidal impersonation of a young poet. He is much too effeminate and timid, and too much troubled with delicate nerves. There can be no reason in nature why a man of imagination and passion (and that man is a Poet) should not, in the exuberance of animal spirits and delight, pour out his very soul in the ardent enjoyment of all those pursuits, for which young Edwin, who was probably but weak and sickly, had no relish. Much depends on his bodily frame—much on the age in which he lives—much on his country—much on his early reading—much on his rank in life. Nothing can be asserted generally, on this point, of the Youth of Genius, nor indeed of its manhood. Poets, philosophers, statesmen, divines, there have been who loved and excelled in all manly accomplishments. In those objects and pursuits which Beattie and Mr D'Israeli would exclude from the thoughts and passions of a youth of genius, there is much to kindle and to feed those very powers and feelings most essential to the character of genius. There can be no doubt that the greatest poets of all countries have been men eminently endowed with bodily powers, and that they rejoiced and excelled in all manly exercises or pursuits. So has it been with the greatest poets of Greece, Italy, and England.

The Youth of Genius assumes so many forms that, from the habits of mere boys, it is impossible to prognosticate with much certainty any thing of the future character. The natures of men, Mr D'Israeli well says, are as varied as their fortunes. Some like diamonds must receive their splendour from the slow touches of the polisher, while others, resembling pearls, appear at once born with their beauteous lustre. It is delightful, however, when a great man has reached his glory, to look back on little trifling circumstances, by which he, in his boyhood, strove to anticipate it. Ariosto, when a boy, composed a tragedy from the story of Pyramus and Thisbe; and Pope indicated his passion for Homer in these rough verses, which he drew up from Ogilby's version. Sir William Jones, at Harrow, divided the fields according to a map of Greece, and portioned out to each school-fellow a dominion.

The first efforts of genius are often wholly inauspicious. Indeed, though some great men have, in very early youth, produced perfect specimens of composition, it may in general be remarked, that their early writings have been worse than the early writings of very inferior minds. They are troubled and overmastered by their own conceptions—or it may be that great and glorious visions are seen by them dimly and at a distance then, which afterwards burst upon them in perfect splendour. The causes of this Mr D'Israeli has not even alluded to, but has merely given some examples. The first attempts of Dryden and Swift were hopeless—Racine's earliest compositions abounded in all the faults from which his later productions were so remarkably free—Gibbon, in his "Essay on Literature," is but a feeble person—and Raphael, under Perugino, drew meagre and miserable forms, though afterwards the sole master of ideal beauty.

Genius has even proceeded to manhood without its splendour.—Goldsmith had no love of poetry till he was thirty. It was said of Johnson, that he would never offend in conversation, and of Boileau, that he had no great understanding, but would never speak ill of any one. The great Isaac Barrow's father used to say of him, that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hop-

ed it might be Isaac, as the least promising. Unfortunately for our knowledge of the human soul, men of genius do not themselves attend philosophically to all the numberless causes that from childhood are constantly affecting, forming, and moulding their characters. There is not much autobiography in the world, and but a small part of it is valuable. It is a difficult thing to live over again a lifetime, without losing either its lights or shadows. It is also a formidable thing. But if men of genius will not do it for themselves, none else can do it for them; and in the very best memoir that ever was written of a man of genius by another mind, how little is there in which we can discover the cause of any one part of his character. Mr D'Israeli, we think, might have entered a little more into the philosophy of this matter; for, from the multitude of his anecdotes, conclusions the most contradictory might be drawn. One good remark he does make, "that it has happened to some men of genius during a long period of their lives, to have an unsettled impulse, without having discovered the object of its aptitude, a thirst and fever in the temperament of a too sentient being, which cannot find the occupation to which it can only attach itself," but that the instant the latent talent has declared itself, they have at once shone forth as men of genius.

Mr D'Israeli says, that in general, perhaps a master-mind exhibits precocity, and we are inclined to agree with him. He gives a great many instances of this in his usual way, but undoubtedly, as many might be given to the contrary, according to imperfect biographies. We conceive that if a mind of genius were accurately observed in boyhood, it would always exhibit that genius in some form of expression. All the truly great spirits of whose youth we know any thing authentic, have done so. Traits of such thought in boys of genius are not to be seen by common eyes; nay, often seem to ordinary observers to denote dullness or stupidity. The common remark that boys of great talents seldom turn out first-rate men, is good for nothing, because by great talents, no more is meant than some of the most unimportant qualities of the mind, by which clever boys are enabled to make a figure at school. That such boys should

prove very dull men, is not at all surprising. But the fact is, that even at school, their superiority over boys of genius was not real, but apparent. There can be nothing that is not encouraging and hopeful in the exhibition of early genius, if we are assured that it is genius. Disappointment only follows mistake. We misconceive the nature and essence of the qualities exhibited by some favourite boy,—we anticipate a glorious future from an erroneous view of the present, and then we very wisely lay it down as a grand truth, that nature is often not true to her promises, when her operations have only falsified our hasty and unauthorised prophecies.

Mr D'Israeli then gives us a chapter on the first studies of genius. Many of those peculiarities, he observes, of men of genius, both fortunate and unfortunate, may be easily traced to them. As physicians tell us that there is a certain point in youth at which the constitution is formed, and on which the sanity of life revolves, so is it with the mind of genius. Johnson's early attachment to the works of Sir Thomas Brown, produced his excessive admiration of Latinized English. Rembrandt's father had a mill which received light from an aperture at the top, and this habituated that great artist to view all objects as if seen in that magical light. Pope, when a child, read a small library of mystical devotion, which he found in his mother's closet; and from the seraphic raptures of these erotic mystics, he partly conceived the feelings of Heloise; and to speak of great living men,—from the perusal of Rycaut's folio of Turkish History in childhood, Lord Byron, it is said, derived impressions which gave life and motion to the *Giaour*, the *Corsair* and *Alp*.

The education of genius must, in a great measure, be its own work. But too often men of genius have through half their lives held a contest with bad or no education. Men of genius who have been late taught, with powers capable of placing them in the first rank, are mortified to discover themselves only on a level with those by nature much their inferiors. They have of necessity to go through in manhood, that discipline which others have undergone in boyhood. This alone is an evil never wholly to be surmounted, for it disarranges the fa-

culies of the soul, and perplexes nature herself. "I am unfortunately," says Winkelman, "one of those whom the Greeks named *οἰστροειδής*—séro sapientes, the late-learned, for I have appeared too late in the world and in Italy. To have done something, I should have had an education analogous to my pursuits, and this at your age."

The self-educated are accordingly marked by strong peculiarities. Sometimes the greater portion of their lives is past before they can throw themselves out of that world of mediocrity to which they have been confined. They are constantly struggling to realize their conceptions against many difficulties, which, with other persons, education has removed. They are apt to become stubborn—hard—cynical. But their enthusiasm is great, for it kindles equally at the sight of difficulties overcome, and those yet to be surmounted. No self-educated man ever sunk into despair with his art. "This race of the self-educated," says our Author, "are apt to consider some of their own insulated feelings those of all; their prejudices are often invincible, and their tastes unsure and capricious; glorying in their strength, while they are betraying their weaknesses, yet mighty even in that enthusiasm which is only disciplined by its own fierce habits. Bunyan is the Spenser of the people. The fire burned towards heaven, although the altar was rude and rustic."

Friends who, in ordinary cases, are so valuable in youth, are, according to Mr D'Israeli, usually prejudicial in the youth of genius. Real genius, he says, has often been disconcerted and thrown into despair, by the ill judgments of his domestic circle. Taste is of such variety, that not one of ten thousand well-educated intelligent men, possess that prophetic kind of it which anticipates the public opinion. Had some of our first writers set their fortunes on the cast of their friend's opinion, we might have lost many precious compositions. Thomson's early friends saw little or no merit in his "Winter." Parnel was reckoned something of a dunce till Swift introduced him to Bolingbroke; and when Reynolds returned from Italy, with all the excellence of his art, his old teacher Hudson exclaimed, that he did not paint so well as when he left

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England. In short, Mr D'Israeli is of opinion, that it is equally dangerous for a young writer to resign himself to the opinions of his friends, and to pass them with inattention; so that he must be in a great embarrassment.

We are not sure if we understand Mr D'Israeli very distinctly, and he will pardon us for hinting, that he does not appear very distinctly to understand himself. If the youth of genius was likely to be blasted by the mere blindness of friends to its excellence, blasted it would indeed too often be. But we conceive that genius so exists for and in itself, and works in such a strong spirit of uncommunicated and uncommunicable delight, that the favourable or unfavourable opinion of others respecting its young productions, is not likely to have any bad effect whatever on its strength or happiness. The love of a young mind for its own creations, is not dependent on the love of others. Thomson, we dare say, cared little about the stupidity of his worthy friends. True genius, we conceive, may be, and often is, greatly benefited by wise, kind, and judicious friends,—rarely injured by the mere ignorance of duller spirits. We mean to apply this merely to their compositions,—their early poems or pictures, as Mr D'Israeli has done. But if we take a larger view of the friendship of young men of genius, and think of their friends as objects of love, tenderness, or veneration, then we do conceive, that so far from their being "usually prejudicial," they are as breezes and stars to the soul of genius; that without deep, strong, pure, and intellectual friendship, for some mind similar to itself, genius would wither into desolate decay; and that almost all the first noble efforts of genius have been in the joy and the strength of human affections.

One of the best Chapters in the Book is that on the "Irritability of Genius." Mr D'Israeli, however, seems too broadly to admit, that men of genius are generally of an irritable temperament. He ought to have stated, a little more precisely, first, what is meant by irritability applied to them; and, secondly, how far the charge is a true one. Some sorts of genius there unquestionably are, which, so far from inclining their possessors to irritability, seem naturally

to lead to quiescence and repose. Extreme accuracy of distinction is, however, not a merit of this writer, and we must take him as we find him. He very justly remarks, that the modes of life of a man of genius are often in conflict with the monotonous and imitative habits of society; that his occupations and amusements even are discordant with its artificial character. This, undoubtedly, must be very much the case with every man of genius. Genius in society, therefore, even in the very best of it, must often be in apathy, and often in suffering. No wonder that irritation often ensues, even with those who have tamed themselves down to bear the dulness or impertinence of ordinary existence. A company of blockheads will all exclaim against the luckless genius who may have exhibited some symptoms of irritation when condemned to the talk of such foolish company; and that irritation is all laid to the score of his genius. But how would one blockhead feel in the company of ten men of genius? He too would be irritable, and very eccentric too, or we are much mistaken in such a situation. But the world, after all, will have the best of the argument; and they are quite right in attributing the sufferings, or the disgust of superior minds, to an irritable temperament, rather than to the folly, indelicacy, rudeness, or ignorance of those with whom they come into contact.

A man of genius cannot in a moment turn from his own delightful fancies and beautiful creations to the mere talk of the passing day. He may indeed acquire something of this power, but it is not natural to him; and though he may successfully adapt himself for a long time together to the most ordinary minds, in some unlucky moment he forgets himself, and a single sally may do away the effect of much sufferance and condescension. "Professional characters," says Mr D'Israeli, "who are themselves so often literary, yielding to their predominant interests, conform to that assumed urbanity which levels them with ordinary minds; but the man of genius cannot leave himself behind in the cabinet he quits; the train of his thoughts is not stopt at will; and, in the range of conversation, his habits of thought will prevail."

The irritability of men of genius

arises, too, from the anxious and precarious occupation of making to themselves a great name. For the most part of his life, the fame of an author or of an artist is of an ambiguous nature. They find it in one place and lose it in another. Praise and blame come to them at one and the same time. They are often ignorant of the extent of their reputation. Admiration often exists, unknown to them, of them and their works. They are exposed to all the vague indefinite feelings of minds excited into a ferment by their works. They know that they are talked of, thought of, approved, condemned. The world thinks itself entitled to make free with them, either in its eulogies or its satire. They stand in a very singular kind of relationship with the world; and the feelings excited by that relationship are often of a feverish and disturbing kind. Each new work places them in a new state of mind. Hope is born, languishes, frets, or attains its object and dies. There is a constant alternation of strong emotions in their hearts. No wonder that they should be what the world in its good nature calls irritable.

Minds of the first order, and of the highest achievement, have in all countries been subjected to mortification and trial. Bacon was not at all understood in his day. Sir Thomas Bodley upbraided him with *his new mode of philosophising*. Sir Edward Coke wrote miserable and bitter verses on a copy of the *Instauratio* presented to him by Bacon. James I. declared, that, like "God's power, it passeth beyond all understanding." Kepler's work on Comets was by the learned condemned as extravagant; and Galileo abjured on his knees the philosophical truths he had ascertained. So has it been, too, with inferior spirits. Nothing can be more bitter to a man of genius, than to see the truth which he has discovered or beautified treated with indifference or scorn. A very slight want of personal respect to the most ordinary man who *thinks* himself entitled to it, awakens his irritability. What shall be said of the hourly and daily disrespect, or contumely, or indifference, which men of genius meet with from persons who would avenge every such offence to themselves with never-ending persecution? What is to be said of the shock which their feelings must be continually sustaining,

from hearing things and thoughts, to them most sacred, either misunderstood, undervalued, or profaned? There is no occasion to attribute to irritability that which often flows from the purest source; and before we censure the display of keen feelings, we should consider what it was that produced, and probably justified them.

The higher the imagination of a man of genius, the higher is the sphere of his constant thought above the ordinary sphere of human life. Much that is interesting, and even engrossing, to ordinary minds, passes below him like mists or clouds; and when, in his descent to the lower regions, he becomes enveloped in them, no wonder that he should exhibit impatience to regain the calm serenity of his native element. Mr D'Israeli concludes his chapter well. "Men of genius are often revered only where they are known by their writings; intellectual beings in the romance of life, in its history they are men. Erasmus compared them to the great figures in tapestry-work, which lose their effect when not seen at a distance. Their fobles and their infirmities are obvious to their associates, often only capable of discerning these qualities. The defects of great men are the consolation of dunces."

A great many important topics in the history of genius are discussed and illustrated in sixteen other chapters. To some of these we mean afterwards to return, and hope to lead our readers into several interesting fields of discussion.

A NIGHT IN THE CATACOMBS.

MR EDITOR,

IF you consider the following pages as possessed of interest, I should be happy to see them inserted in your Miscellany. The story may not be so thrilling as some of those you have already given to the public, but I can answer for its truth; and I dare say if old Jerome, who used to shew the catacombs in Paris, be yet alive, he will recollect the handsome Englishman, with brown hair, and dark-blue eyes full of meaning, whom he released one morning from a night's imprisonment in those gloomy vaults. I shall only add, in behalf of my friend, whose letter I transcribe, that

he is a person of the most unsullied honour and veracity; and that the fine powers of his mind, however warped and weakened by superstitious fears in his youth, have since completely recovered their proper tone and elasticity. Your's, &c. D. K. S.
September 1818.

MY DEAR S—,

THERE is nothing more baneful than the influence which privileged nurses and other attendants upon young children exercise over their untutored imaginations, through the medium of superstitious dread. You know that there are few who have suffered more from such cruelty than myself; that for the prime years of my youth I was the victim of a dis-tempered fancy, which I in vain attempted to chasten or correct; and that it was only by a most singular and unexpected accident, that I was freed from the reign of terror. But I believe you have never been made acquainted with the full detail of that accident; and I therefore send you this account of it, impressed with the deepest gratitude to the providence which turned to so much benefit in my own case, that which, considering the peculiar state and temper of my mind, might have caused insanity or death, and wishing it to become, if possible, as useful to others. Superstition is not indeed an epidemic of the present age; yet there may be individuals, who cast their eyes upon my tale, that will thank me for its lesson.

I never knew the fostering care of a father; and my mother, except by the boundless affection which I remember in my solitary tears, did not well supply his place. Inheriting a large domain in the wildest district of Wales, I was early taught to attach notions of dignity and importance to myself, and entertained a long train of more interesting thoughts than usually occupy the breast of boyhood. From the indulgence of my guardians to an only son, I was never sent to school, and thus had no opportunity of acquiring the prompt and active spirit that is generated in a public seminary, or that hard yet brilliant polish of the world, that repels from its surface all assaults of sanguine and romantic feeling. My domestic tutor enriched my mind with an extensive

knowledge of the classics, and imbued it with the deepest admiration of their beauties ; but he did not apply himself to correct the wild tissue of absurd and superstitions notions, which an accurate observer must have detected in my bosom, or the greedy taste for fiction, and nervous sensibility, of which I myself perceived and lamented the excess. Ever since I could walk, I had been under the superintendence of an old nurse attached to the family, whose memory, like that of most of her countrywomen, was well stored with legend and tradition, and who had secretly acquired an absolute authority over me. While I was a mere child, she used to frighten me into obedience, if refractory, by threats of supernatural interference, and sometimes by devices of so horrible and extraordinary a nature, that I can hardly now recollect them without a shudder. The earnestness and emphasis, moreover, with which she told me tales in which she more than half believed, gave her gradually an entire dominion over my fears and fancy, which she could rouse and regulate at will. Even after I had emerged from the nursery, it used to be my great delight to steal to her apartment in the evening, and sit listening for hours to her ghostly narratives, till my knees shook, and every nerve in my body trembled, in the agitation and over-excitement she produced. It was then almost too much for my courage to hurry through the long passage, lighted by a single central lamp, to the library in our gothic mansion ; and there, when I entered breathless and with a beating heart, I used to find my mother alone, weeping over the correspondence of my poor father in silence, and yielding to the sorrow that finally bowed her to the grave. My sole amusement every night, while thus sitting in the room with her (for we saw no company at all), was in poring with a perpetually-increasing interest, over all that could most tend to nourish the deleterious passion of my soul. My mother was too much absorbed in her own recollections to pay much attention to my employments or my studies ; and her own mind was too much weakened by affliction to have suggested any salutary restoratives for mine.

The agonies I felt at my beloved parent's death, and for many a wake-

ful night after she was committed to the tomb, are too sacred to my remembrance, to be even now unravelled. I shortly after came of age, and one of the first acts of my majority was a visit to Paris, during the short interval of war afforded by the peace of Amiens, in the hopes of alleviating my anguish. Here indeed I saw something of life ; but I was too reserved to enter into intimacy with any of those to whose acquaintance my guardians introduced me. Proud, shy, and sensitive, I was fearful of their penetrating into the weaknesses of my character, which I felt were far from harmonizing with the general opinions of mankind ; and I fancy they perceived something unfashionably cold and sombre about me, which mutually prevented our knowledge of each other. To the value of even your friendship, my dear S—, I was then insensible,—but you cannot say I have remained so.

In one of my lonely rambles about the wonderful and interesting capital I was now visiting, I joined a crowd of twenty or thirty persons, waiting at the outer door that leads to the upper entrance of the Catacombs. I had heard of these extraordinary vaults, but not having passed before the *Barriere d'Enfer*, I had not inspected them in person. Though I could not help conjecturing that a subterranean cemetery, where the relics of ten centuries reposed, must be a sight too congenial with the morbid temper of my mind, I had no notion of the actual horrors of that mansion for the dead, or in my then distempered state of feeling, I should not have trusted my nerves with the spectacle to be expected. How will the curious tourist of the present day smile as he peruses this confession, if you give my story to the public!—but a few perhaps will understand and pity what *were* my follies. As it was, I provided myself, like the rest, with a waxen taper, and we waited with impatience for the appearance of the guide from below, with the party that had preceded us. It was about three o'clock of a sultry afternoon, and we were detained so long, that when the door opened at last, we all rushed in, and hurried old Jerome to the task of conducting us, without giving him time for the necessary precaution of counting our number. I was an utter stranger to

all present, and felt at first, as if I should have wished to view the sight, towards which we hurried our conductor, with him alone, or at least with few and less vociferous companions: but when we had descended many steps into the bowels of the earth, and the cold air from the dwellings of mortality smote my brow, I owned a sensible relief from the presence of the living around me, and was cheered by the sound of their various exclamations. Even with these accompaniments, however, it was with more than astonishment that I gazed upon the opening scene, and ever and anon, wrapped up in my thoughts, I anticipated with secret forebodings, the horrors I was doomed to undergo.

It would be superfluous to describe what has been described so often, yet none can have received, from a survey of the catacombs, such impressions as my mind was prepared to admit; and few can have retained so vivid and distinct a picture of their appearance, as has been branded on my soul in characters not to be effaced. Alas! I entered them with little of that fine exalting spirit so divinely eulogized by Virgil, in the motto that is inscribed upon their walls:

“*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis
avari.*”

The interminable rows of bare and blackening skulls—the masses interposed of gaunt and rotting bones, that once gave strength and symmetry to the young, the beautiful, the brave, now mildewed by the damp of the cavern, and heaped together in indiscriminate arrangement—the faint mouldering and deathlike smell that pervaded these gloomy labyrinths, and the long recesses in the low-roofed rock, to which I dared not turn my eyes except by short and fitful glances, as if expecting something terrible and hastily to start from the indistinctness of their distance,—all had associations for my thoughts very different from the solemn and edifying sentiments they must rouse in a well regulated breast, and, by degrees, I yielded up every faculty to the influence of an ill-defined and mysterious alarm. My eyesight waxed gradually dull to all but the fleshless skulls that were glaring in the yellow light of the tapers—the hum of human voices was stifled

in my ears, and I thought myself alone, already with the dead. The guide thrust the light he carried into a huge skull that was lying separate in a niche; but I marked not the action or the man, but only the fearful glimmering of the transparent bone, which I thought a smile of triumphant malice from the presiding spectre of the place, while imagined accents whispered, in my hearing, “Welcome to our charnel-house, for THIS shall be your chamber!” Dizzy with indescribable emotions, I felt nothing but a painful sense of oppression from the presence of others, as if I could not breathe for the black shapes that were crowding near me; and turning unperceived, down a long and gloomy passage of the catacombs, I rushed as far as I could penetrate, to feed in solitude the growing appetite for horror, that had quelled for the moment, in my bosom, the sense of fear, and even the feeling of identity. To the rapid whirl of various sensations that had bewildered me ever since I left the light of day, a season of intense abstraction now succeeded. I held my burning eyeballs full upon the skulls in front, till they almost seemed to answer my fixed regard, and claim a dreadful fellowship with the being that beheld them. How long I stood motionless in this condition I know not—my taper was calculated to last a considerable time, and I was wakened from my trance by the scorching heat of it’s expiring in my hand. Still insensible of what I was about, I threw it to the ground; and gleaming once more, as if to shew the darkness and solitude to which I was consigned, it was speedily extinguished. But, by the strong impression on my brain, the whole scene remained distinct; and it was not for some time that my fit of abstraction passed away, and the horrific conviction came upon me, that I was left deserted, as I fancied in my first confusion, by faithless friends, and abandoned to the mercy of a thousand demons. All the ideal terrors I had cherished from my childhood, exalted to temporary madness by the sense and certainty of the horrid objects that surrounded me, rushed at once upon my soul; and in an agony of impatient consternation, I screamed and shouted, loud and long, for assistance. Not an answer was returned, but the dreary echoes of this dreadful tomb. I saw that my cries

for succour were hopeless and in vain, and my voice failed me for very fear—my jaws were fixed and open, my palate dry—a cold sweat distilled from every pore, and my limbs were chill and powerless as death. Their vigour at length revived, and I rushed in a delirium through the passages, struggling through their various windings to retrace my path, and plunged at every step in more inextricable error, till, running with the speed of lightning along one of the longest corridors, I came with violence in full and loathsome contact with the skeleton relics at the end. The shock was like fire to my brain—I wept tears of rage and despair; and thrusting my fingers in the sockets of the empty skulls, to wrench them from the wall, I clutched their bony edges till the blood sprung from my lacerated hand. In short, I cannot paint to you the extravagancies I acted, or the wild alternation of my feelings that endured for many hours. Sometimes excited to phrenzy, I imagined I know not what of horrid and appalling, and saw, with preternatural acuteness, through the darkness as clear as noon,—while grisly visages seemed glaring on me near, and a red and bloody haze enveloped the more fearful distance. Then, when reason was on the point of going, an interval of terrible collection would succeed. I felt in my very soul how I was left alone—perhaps not to be discovered, at any rate for what appeared to me an endless period, in which I should perhaps expire of terror, and I longed for deep deep sleep, or to be as cold and insensate as the things around me. I tried to recollect the courage, that only on one point had ever failed me, but judgment missed her stays, and the whispers of the subterranean wind, or the stealthy noises I seemed to hear in concert with the audible beatings of my heart, overcame me irresistibly. Sometimes I thought I could feel silence palpable, like a soft mantle on my ear—I figured dreadful hands within a hair-breadth of my body, ready to tear me if I stirred, and in desperation flung myself upon the ground. Then would I creep close to the mouldering fragments at the bottom of the wall, and try to dig with my nails, from the hard rock, something to cover me. Oh! how I longed for a cloak to wrap and hide me, though it had been my mother's wind-

ing-sheet, or a grave-flannel animate with worms. I buried my head in the skirts of my coat and prayed for slumber; but a fearful train of images forced me again to rise and stumble on, shivering in frame with unearthly cold, and yet internally fevered with a tumult of agonizing thoughts. Any one must have suffered somewhat in such a situation; but no one's sufferings could resemble mine, unless he carried to the scene a mind so hideously prepared. Part of these awful excavations are said to have been once haunted by banditti; but I had no fears of them, and should have swooned with transport to have come upon their fires at one of the turnings in the rock, though my appearance had been the instant signal for their daggers.

In my wanderings I recovered for a moment the path taken by the guides, and found myself in a sort of cell within the rock, where particular specimens of mortality were preserved. My arm rested on the table, where two or three loosened skulls, and a thigh-bone of extravagant dimensions, were lying, and a new fit of madness seized me. My heart beat with redoubled violence, while I brandished the enormous bone, and hoarsely called for its original possessor to come in all the terrors of the grave, and there would I wrestle with him for the relic of his own miserable carcase. I struck repeatedly, and hard, the hollow-sounding sides of the cell, shouting my defiance; then throwing myself with violence towards the opening, I missed my balance, and, snatching at the wall round the corner to save myself, I jammed my hand in an aperture among the bones, and fancied that the grisly adversary I invoked had grasped my arm in answer to my challenge. My shrieks of agony rang through the caverns, and, staggering back into the cell, I fell upon my face, hardly daring to respire, and expecting unimagined horrors or speedy dissolution.

How my feelings varied for a space of time, I know not; but sleep insensibly fell upon me. In my dream, I did not seem to change the scene, but still reclining in the cell, I fancied the skulls upon the wall the same in number, but magnified to a terrific size, with black jetty eyes imbedded in their naked sockets, and rivetted with malicious earnestness on me. A dim re-

cess seemed opened beyond one side of the cell, and each spectral eye turning with a sidelong glance towards it, drew mine the same direction by an uncontrollable fascination. Still appearing to gaze determinedly upon them, I had power, as I dreamed, to obey their impulse simultaneously, and to perceive a dreadful figure, black, bony, and skull-headed, with similar terrific eyes, whom they seemed to hail as their minister of cruelty, while with slow and silent paces, it drew near to clasp me in its hideous arms. Closer and closer it advanced,—but, thanks and praise to the all-gracious Power that stills the tempests of the soul!—the limit of suffering was reached, and the force of terror was exhausted. My nerves, so long weak, and prone to agitation, were recovered, by the over-violence of their momentum,—and, instead of losing reason in the shock, or waking in the extremity of fear,—the vision was suddenly changed,—the scenery of horror melted into light, and a calm and joyful serenity took possession of my bosom. My animal powers must have been nearly worn out, for long—long I slept in this delightful tranquillity,—and when I awakened, it was, for the first time of my life, in a peaceful and healthy state of mind, unfettered, and released for ever from all that had enfeebled and debased my nature. I had passed in that celestial sleep from death to life, from the dreams of weakness, and lapses of insanity, to the full use and animation of my faculties,—and I felt as if a cemented load had broken and crumbled off my soul, and left me fearless and serene. I was never happy,—I was never worthy the stile of Man till then ; and, as I lay, I faltered out my thanks in ecstasy to Heaven, for all that had befallen me.

My limbs were numbed by the cold and damp of the floor on which I had been lying ; but, rising from it, a new being in all that is essential to existence, I entered the passage, and walked briskly up and down, to recover the play and vigour of my frame. I found the thigh-bone on the ground where I had dropped it,—and no longer tortured by the fears that were gone for ever, replaced it quietly in its former situation. I kept near the entrance of the cell, that the first guide who descended might not miss me ; and it could not be more than two hours, before Jerome, whose hair stood on end

when he heard where I had passed the night, came down with an early party of visitors, and freed me from my dungeon.—There was no straggling among the company for that day.

You well know, my dear friend, what have been my habits and employments since that night ; and I could summon you with confidence, to give your testimony, that few persons are now less slaves of superstitious terror than myself. By a strange and singular anomaly of circumstances, the wild fancies I had imbibed in the free air of my native hills, and among the cheerful scenes of romantic nature, I unlearned in the dreary catacombs of Paris. If I still am fanciful, you will not charge me with extravagance ; if I still have sensibility, I trust it does not verge on weakness ;—and, as I have proved my personal courage on more than a single trial, I may be allowed to smile, when I hear in future some boisterous relater of my narrative condemn me for a coward. E. —

Place R—, Sept. 1818.

SELECTIONS FROM *ATHENÆUS*.

NO II.

“*HOMER*,” adds our author, “considered temperance as the virtue which best becomes young men, and from which they were likely to draw the greatest benefit. He therefore never fails to inspire them with the love of it, in order to rouse them to the performance of great and good actions, to excite a desire of excellence, and that species of benevolence which leads to mutual kind and good offices. He constantly represents his heroes as satisfied with the simplest food, dressed in the plainest manner, knowing that a luxurious table led only to sensuality and voluptuousness, and to awaken and set in motion the rebellious passions ; whereas frugality and temperance produced good order and moderation in every situation of life. He therefore furnishes all with the same kind of food, to kings and private citizens, to old and young, without variation or preference, always roasted meat, generally beef ; at public and private entertainments, at weddings and other festivals, still the same simple fare.”

“When Ajax had fought singly against Hector, Agamemnon, as an honourable reward, treats him with a

chine of beef. To old Nestor and Phoenix he likewise presents plain roasted meat. Even Alcinous, who led a voluptuous life, is supplied by the poet with the same plain meals."

"The suitors of Penelope, riotous and extravagant as they were, are not represented by Homer as feasting upon fish, or fowls, or delicate pastry. The poet, with great art, avoids those kind of dainties, which, according to Menander, serve only to excite the unruly passions of sensuality and concupiscence. Priam even reproaches his sons for eating things contrary to law, as lambs and kids; for Philochorus reports, that lambs being scarce in Attica, the magistrates of Athens did not allow them to be killed till they had been shorn."

"Nothing can be more simple than the diet and habits of the gods, nectar and ambrosia: no incense, no perfume, no crowns, and mankind only offer to them in sacrifice the firstlings of their flocks."

"After they had satisfied their appetites, they rose from table, and retired to practise athletic games;—such as wrestling, throwing the disk, and exercising with the lance;—thus in their very sports preparing themselves for more serious action. Some attended to the minstrels who accompanied the harp, singing the noble deeds and warlike achievements of their ancient heroes. Nor is it to be wondered at, that men thus educated, had both their minds and bodies at all times ready for immediate exertion."

"To shew that a temperate use of wine contributed to health, fortified the body, and rendered the mind more equal to all emergencies, Homer makes Nestor come to the assistance of Machaon, the physician of the Greeks, who was wounded in the right shoulder. He gives him wine, as a preservative against inflammation; Pramnian wine too, which we know to be glutinous and nourishing, not to allay thirst, but to strengthen the body. He therefore advises him to use it often. "Sit," said he, "drink, scrape cheese made of goat's milk into the wine, and then eat an onion to create a still greater desire to drink *."

* I do not see how this example illustrates the position, unless it be considered that the habitual temperance of Machaon gave more efficacy to the wine taken medicinally.

Though in another place the poet says, that wine (taken to excess, I presume) enervates and lessens the bodily strength."

"Hecuba, in the same poet, supposing that Hector would spend the remainder of the day at Troy, invites him to drink, to unbend his mind, and to be merry, after the usual libations. Hector refuses; she continues importunate; he leaves her, to go to the field of battle. After some time he returns out of breath, she again invites him to make the usual libations, and to refresh himself with wine: but he, covered with blood, alleges, that it would be the height of impiety for him to comply with her wishes, in that condition."

"Homer well knew the good and salutary qualities of wine taken in moderation, but justly inveighs against the intemperate use of it."

"In the simplicity of ancient manners, he represents the women, and even young girls, as bathing and washing the guests. This was not looked upon as indecent or improper; it neither excited nor encouraged wanton or loose desires; it was sanctioned by usage: and thus the daughters of Calus* wash Minos when he arrived in Sicily."

"To censure drunkenness more pointedly, he (Homer) represents the giant Cyclops, when intoxicated, as easily overcome by a very little man.—The companions of Ulysses likewise, are changed into wolves and lions by Circe, because they had abandoned themselves to voluptuousness. Ulysses is preserved, as he prudently attended to the advice of Mercury; but Elpenor, who had drunk to excess, precipitates himself from the top of the palace, and is killed."†

"When the Greeks re-embarked, Homer informs us, that they were intoxicated, and consequently seditious

* Vide *Ovid's Metam.* b. viii. p. 261.

† Homer is particularly recommended for the morality of his poems, in *epist. i. book 2. epist. ad Lolium Horace.*

Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non

Plenius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.

Sirenûm voces, et Circes pocula nosti;
Quæ si cum sociis stultas cupidusq; bibisset
Sub dominâ meretrice fuisset, turpis, et ex-
cors:

Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto
sus——

and disobedient, which led to their ruin. He tells us, elsewhere, that Æneas, one of the most sensible of the Trojans, being in that state, began to boast of his valour, and to deride the Greeks; when exposing himself to the impetuosity of Achilles, he had well nigh paid for it with his life."

"Homer makes Agameinnon ingenuously confess, 'that he had erred, and brought upon himself his misfortunes, by pernicious judgment, or because he was intoxicated, or made insane by the anger of the gods.'"

"Thus putting drunkenness and madness upon the same level; for so the passage is read by Dioscorides, the disciple of Isocrates."

"Amongst other reproaches which Achilles makes to Agamemnon, he calls him a drunkard, and as having dog's eyes."

"Οἰνοβαρεῖς, κυνὸς ὀφθαλμῶν" εἶχον."†

"Philemon mentions, that the ancients made four meals, *ακρατισμον*, the breakfast; *αριστον*, the dinner; *ιστιρισμα*, the collation, or lunction; and, *δειπνον*, the supper.‡

"In Homer, the guests eat sitting. Some critics have supposed that each had his particular table, because a well-polished table is placed for Mentor when he came to visit Telemachus, all the other tables being already occupied. Such a conclusion is by no means warranted by the passage, as it may be inferred, that Mentor, or Minerva, ate at the same table with Telemachus."

"Bread was handed about to the guests in baskets."§

"The supper was usually divided into as many portions as there were guests; and, for this reason, it had the name of *ἴσας*, or equal, given to it, from the equality of the portions. These repasts were likewise called

δαῖτας, from *δατίζειν* to divide; for, in fact, every thing was distributed in portions, even the wine. Upon these occasions the cook was called *δαίλος*, because, after having dressed the supper, he divided it into equal portions."

"The guests in Homer never take away with them what remains of the entertainment, it being left with the person who gives the repast. This the female servant takes charge of, and locks up, that if an unexpected guest should arrive, there may be something ready to lay before him."

"Homer allows that the people of his time ate birds and fish. The companions of Ulysses, when in Sicily, took birds, and likewise fish, with hooks. These hooks were not fabricated in Sicily, but brought with them in their ships. This shows that they understood the art of fishing, and employed themselves in it. The poet compares the companions of Ulysses, who were taken by Scylla, to fish taken with a long line, and drawn out of the water. Homer, indeed, speaks of the art of fishing with more knowledge than many authors who had written poems and treatises expressly on the subject."

"Homer says, that before each guest was placed *κάνον καὶ τραπέζα, καὶ δειπας*, a basket, a table, and a cup.

"An extraordinary distinction was paid to particular persons. Diomedes had a greater quantity of food, and more cups to drink out of. Ajax had a chine of beef entirely to himself; which, according to the simplicity of the times, was a dish reserved for kings."

"They had also a peculiar manner of drinking to each other. Ulysses drank to Achilles, presenting the cup to him with his right hand. It was likewise customary for the guests to send certain portions from the table. Thus Ulysses sends a part of the chine of beef to Demodocus."

"Musicians and dancers usually attended great entertainments. These musicians were men of some consideration and consequence. Agamemnon left one of them with his wife, Clytemnestra, when he went to the siege of Troy, to protect and advise her. Men of this sort, by reciting the praises of virtuous women, excited a desire to imitate good examples; and at times, by holding out an innocent amusement to the mind, excluded evil."

* Vide Clarke's note, II. b. i. l. 119; and Casaubon's notes in locum.

† See a curious treatise on the scolding of the ancients, in Dr Arbuthnot's Works, vol. i. p. 40.

‡ The Swiss have a sort of repast exactly answering to the *ιστιρισμα*, which they call a *gouté*. Tea supplies it with us.

§ Vis tu consuetis audax conviva, canistris Impleri, panisque tui novisse colorem?

JUV.

Dant famuli manibus lymphas, cereremque canistris

Expediunt.

VIRG.

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thoughts from possessing it. Thus Egisthus was not able to corrupt the virtue of Clytemnestra till he had removed from her this faithful guardian."

"Equally respectable was the musician whom the suitors of Penelope obliged to sing at their repasts, notwithstanding the imprecations he uttered against them: For this reason, says Homer, the Muses particularly honoured the minstrels, and bestowed on them the talent of music."

"Demodocus sung to the Phæacians the amours of Mars and Venus; not as approving of such irregularities; but, knowing them to be a voluptuous people, he wished, by exposing the consequences of vices so like their own, to inspire them with the love of virtue, and to turn them from the immoderate pursuit and gratification of their licentious passions."

"Phemius sung to the suitors of Penelope the return of the Greeks."

"The Sirens sung to Ulysses what they knew would give him the greatest pleasure; and, by increasing his knowledge, excite in his mind a desire to excel, and to obtain glory."

"The dances that are mentioned by Homer, are those of the tumblers, and others performed with a ball, the invention of which is ascribed by Agallis of Corcyra, to Nausicaa, in honour of a princess of her country. Dicæarchus, however, gives the invention to the Sicyonians, and Hippasus to the Lacedæmonians, who certainly excelled in this exercise. Nausicaa is the only one among the heroines of Homer, who had any skill in this dance with the ball."

"The game of ball, which used to be called *φαινυδα*, now takes the name of *αετασον**. It is of all others that which is the most agreeable to me, from the violence of the exercise, and the skill and agility necessary to prevent missing the ball; as likewise, that from the continual exertion of the muscles of the neck, it contributes greatly to strengthen that part of the body†."

* *Αετασον* genus pilæ grandius
φαινυδα genus ludendi pilæ a *φαινω* ostendo.

† The game which Galen extols so much, under the name of the small ball, *μικροσφαίρα*, bears a great resemblance to tennis.—Hygiene, by Hallé, from *Encyclopædique Méthodique*.

"They who played at this game were particularly careful that all their motions should be attended with a graceful display of their persons. It is thus described by Demoxenus:

"A youth of Cos, of about seventeen years, Display'd his skill at tennis, (for this isle Produces youth like gods, and such he seem'd.)

First eyeing the spectators, he began;
And whether he receiv'd, or serv'd the ball,
'Twas follow'd by a general shout. In all He said or did, there was such polish'd grace,

Such perfect harmony of voice and action,
That I ne'er saw or heard of such perfection.
The more I gaz'd, the more I was delighted,
And the remembrance of it charms me still‡."

"The philosopher Ctesibius, of Chalcedon, was an elegant performer at this game. Many of the courtiers of Antigonus were much pleased to exercise themselves with him. Timocrates, the Lacedæmonian, composed a treatise on the subject."

The author proceeds to give some account of the Thracian and Persian modes of dancing.

"After supper, when the guests were about to depart, they made libations to Mercury; and not, as at a subsequent period, to Jupiter, *τελειος*, or the all-perfect. This honour was paid to Mercury, because he was said to preside over sleep. They likewise made libations over the tongues, which were burnt out of respect to him, when they rose from table. Tongues were sacred to him, as the interpreter of the gods."

"The custom of using a variety of food was known to Homer; and the magnificence which distinguishes the present times was almost exceeded. The palace of Menelaus was very splendid. Polybius describes the palace of the king of Iberia, of great extent and sumptuous grandeur, as he imitated the splendid luxury of the Phæacians. In the middle of it were placed vessels of gold and silver, filled with a wine made of barley. In de-

‡ Demoxenus was an Athenian born, and seems to have been a voluminous writer. He was the author of a play called *Heautontimorumenos*, or the *Self-tormentor*.

Demoxenus poeta comicus, cum ait mox de Co insula, *θεως γαρ φαινει*† ή νῆσος φερειν, videtur deos appellare homines Coos, qui virtute sua cælum sibi aperuerunt. Sic propter Bacchum et Herculem dictæ olim Thebæ *θεως φερειν*.—Casauboni *Animad. in Athen.* p. 24.

scribing the palace of Calypso, Homer represents Mercury as astonished at its magnificence."

"Speaking of the Pheacians, Homer says,

"The friendly banquet, and the cheerful harp,
Are ever theirs——"

"Eratosthenes reads thus the following passage in Homer:

"In my opinion, life has not to boast
A greater bliss, than when, reclin'd at ease,
And free from worldly cares, the guests are
charm'd

With the sweet warblings of the poet's lyre."*

"In the text he has κακοτητος απουσης; all malice or wickedness apart: but the word here means only excess or extravagance of any kind; as the Pheacians, according to Nausicratus, were greatly beloved by the gods, and could not be otherwise than sober and discreet."

"The suitors of Penelope entertain themselves by playing at a game (somewhat similar to chess) before the court of the palace. They were certainly not instructed in this by Diodorus of Megolopolis, the capital of Arcadia, nor Leo of Mitylene, originally of Athens, who, according to Phanias, was not to be conquered at this game."

"Appian of Alexandria says, that Cteso of Ithaca had informed him particularly of the game which was played by the suitors, which he thus describes:—

* Clarke has the following note on this reading of Eratosthenes, κακοτητος απουσης πα κατα δῆμον απαίσι: "Eratosthenes apud Athenæum, l. i. c. 14, legendum vult κακοτητος απουσης, sed malè, uti notant Barnesius et Casaubonus in Annotationibus ad hunc Athenæi locum."

Pope (for he was the translator of this book) omits the music, and gives the passage in a very tame insipid manner, thus:

"How goodly seems it ever to employ
Men's social days in union and in joy,
The plenteous board high heap'd with eates
divine,
And o'er the foaming bowl, the laughing
wine."

Cowper, more in the spirit of Homer, gives it thus:

"The world, in my account, no sight affords
More gratifying, than a people blest
With cheerfulness and peace; a palace
throng'd

With guests in order rang'd, listening to
sounds

Melodious."

"The suitors being 108, they placed the same number of pieces, equally divided, in opposition to each other, leaving a space between them. In this interval was placed another piece, which was called Penelope, or the queen. To obtain this, was the great object of the contest. They drew lots who should have the first throw or move. If any one struck the queen, so as to remove her, his piece was to take the place which she had occupied, and she continued in that to which she had been driven. He then launches a second piece; and if he strikes her again, without touching any of the other pieces, he wins the game; and from this circumstance conceives the hope of obtaining Penelope."

"Eurymachus, who had often conquered his rivals at this game, flattered himself that he should succeed in the marriage. The suitors were in general so enervated by luxurious habits, that none of them had strength to bend the bow of Ulysses. Their very slaves were equally weak and effeminate."

"Homer was not unacquainted with the luxury of soft beds. Arete orders such a one to be prepared for Ulysses: and Nestor, speaking to Telemachus, boasts of the number he possessed."

"Æschylus is censured for the indelicacy of his descriptions, in representing the Greeks in such a state of intoxication, as to throw urinals at each other."*

Sophocles, in the banquet of the Greeks, exceeds the filthiness of Æschylus on this subject.

By a fragment of Eupolis, Palamedes appears to have been the inventor of urinals.

"When the chiefs in Homer are entertained by Agamemnon, though Achilles and Ulysses dispute, they still preserve a certain decorum, and are guilty of no breach of good manners. The object of their contention was useful. It was to determine whether Troy should be taken by open force or by stratagem. Even the suitors of Penelope, though they are represented

* Fuit ille Græcorum sanè quàm turpis et defædus mos quem tangit auctor hisce verbis, ως και τας αμίδας ἀλλήλοις, &c. Aderant illis convivantibus, inter alia instrumenta perditæ luxur, etiam matulæ, hæ sæpe, ubi incaluisse, in capita invicem sibi illidebant.—Casauboni Animad. in locum, p. 26.

as riotous and drunken, do not proceed to the vulgarity we read of in Æschylus and Sophocles, with an exception only, that one of them throws the foot of an ox *ποδα βοων* at the head of Ulysses."

"The heroes sat at table, and were not reclined on couches, as Douris represents to have been the custom in the time of Alexander the Great. This prince, giving an entertainment to four hundred officers of his army, made them sit on chairs and couches of silver, covered with purple cushions. Tegesander writes, that it was not the custom for any one in Macedonia to recline on couches at their meals, who had not killed a wild boar beyond the toils; and that Cassander, though he was thirty-five years old, always sat at his father's table, because he had not achieved this exploit, notwithstanding his skill and agility in hunting."

"Homer, always attentive to decorum, makes his heroes dress their own food. Ulysses was an excellent carver, and unrivalled in the art of making a fire; Patroclus and Achilles put their hands to every thing. At the feast by Menelaus for Megapenthes, the young bridegroom pours out the wine for the guests.

"But we are so fallen off from these good old customs, that we luxuriously recline upon our couches."

"Baths, too, are become common, whereas formerly they were not permitted within the precincts of the city."

"Homer, who knew well the nature of perfumes, does not allow them to any of his heroes, except Paris."

"It is to be observed, that in the *Odyssey*, Ulysses washes his hands before he eats. This the heroes of the *Iliad* never do. The *Odyssey* is the quiet picture of the private life of persons, whom peace had accustomed to luxurious indulgence."

of our ancient literature, has lately published, at Chiswick, a truly exquisite reprint of what he himself justly calls "one of the most beautifully simple and impressive specimens of biographical writing to be found in our own or any other language."

We know not that there is any feature in the literary character of the age which delights us more heartily, than the returning affection manifested in every direction by our educated countrymen for those old English books, which, although utterly neglected and despised by our literati of the last century, cannot fail to go down to the most distant generations, and to be prized, wherever they shall be read, by wise and good men, as containing the portraits, and opinions, and histories, of the most truly venerable and noble set of worthies which Christian Europe has ever had the glory to produce. Of these worthies, one of the chief was that Thomas More, the memory of whose genius and virtue can never die, so long as England deserves to keep her name. His "angelicall witt," as his son-in-law calls it, has embodied itself in works not much to the taste of our time. But it would be indeed a bad sign of this, or of any age, to contemplate, otherwise than with an ardent and reverent interest, the memorials of his personal character—the simplicity—the innocent cheerfulness—the manly unbending integrity—the piety, pure and primitive, scarcely deformed by its small tincture of Catholic superstition—the heroic death, finally, of this martyr to principle, "*cui pectus*," as his friend Erasmus has expressed it, "*erat omni nive candidius*."

The only objection we have to make to the present edition of Roper's *Life* of this great and good man, arises out of its extreme beauty, and consequent high price. It would perhaps be too much to blame the elegant scholar, to whom we are indebted for the book, for having done every thing he thought most likely to make the book acceptable to that portion of the public for whom almost all books are in our time published. But we wish, on many accounts, that some person or persons, disposed to confer a benefit upon a yet more extensive circle of readers, would give another reprint of the same work in a form as simple and cheap as possible. Books like this

NOTICES OF REPRINTS OF CURIOUS OLD BOOKS.

No III.

The Life of Sir Thomas More; by his Son-in-Law, WILLIAM ROPER, Esq. Chiswick, Whittingham. 1817.

MR SINGER, already well known, by many excellent works, to the students

should not be allowed to remain in the hands of those alone, who can afford to pay a large price for a small pocket volume. They should be circulated as widely as coarse paper and plain types can enable them to be. They should be the manuals of youth; they could not fail to be the comfort and delight of the pious and the aged.

It is not, we confess, without some emotions of pain, that we observe into what miserable direction a great portion of the charity of this country has fallen,—we allude, in particular, to those institutions whose professed purpose it is to promote the moral and religious welfare of our own poorer countrymen by the distribution of tracts. The active management of the funds of these institutions has, it would appear, fallen, in a vast number of instances, into the hands of a set of persons, who, however good may be their intentions, are in no respect qualified to be the instructors, or to superintend the instruction of others. These good people inundate the country with a vast quantity of the most execrable trash that ever disgraced the press of any enlightened land, under the name of *cheap tracts*. Whether it be that the conceit of the directors of these institutions commonly leads them to suppose that it is their duty to *write* as well as to distribute, we know not; but it is certain, that the works they do distribute are the most abominable outrages upon good taste and good sense, and, in not a few instances, upon sound religion also, which have ever happened to come under our inspection. Vulgar, drivelling, absurd histories of the imaginary conversions of unreal milkmaids, boat-swains, drummers, pedlars, and pick-pockets;—drawling, nauseous narratives of the gossipings and whinings of religious midwives and nurses, and of children two or three years old already “*under concern*”;—sickening hymns composed by blacksmiths and brewers, in whom poetry and piety have been twin-births;—horrible and blasphemous stories of sudden judgments upon card-players and beer-drinkers, &c. &c. &c.;—such are the greater part of the mystic leaves which those doting sybils, the tract societies, are perpetually dispersing over the surface of a justly thankless land.—When we reflect on the vast body of most interesting and instructive

biographical sketches contained in the works of our old English authors, particularly the church historians and other ecclesiastical writers, we cannot, without sorrow, and some little anger too, see funds which might do so much good, condemned to do so little. We speak, in this matter, more with an eye to England than Scotland; for here so universally is education diffused, so intimately are our peasantry acquainted with the Pilgrim's Progress, and the rude but striking histories of the covenanting period,—but, above all, so intensely familiar are they with the Bible, that they cannot endure to see the ore of religion served up with the base alloy of these tract-mongers. They keep to their old manuals, and allow the flimsy presents of the itinerant illuminators to blow where they list.—But to return to our text.

The main incidents in Sir Thomas More's life are so well known, that those who read the present *tract* for the first time, need not expect to acquire much new information in regard to them. But they may expect something much more valuable,—a complete view of the detail of his life,—a domestic and intimate acquaintance with the manners of the man. The book is written by the son-in-law of More, who seems, according to the primitive fashion of the times, not to have withdrawn his wife, on his marriage, from her father's house, but to have established himself there with her as an additional inmate of that patriarchal dwelling. We have no intention to analyze his narrative, but we shall enrich our pages with a few of the most interesting passages. The exquisite beauty of the style may be felt; it is not capable of being described, any more than it is of being imitated, by a writer of these degenerate days. Our language, rich and powerful as it is, has lost at least as much as it has gained within the last two centuries.

“At this Parliament Cardinall Wolsey founde himselfe muche greived with the Burgesses thearof for that nothings was soe soone donne or spoken thearin but that it was immediatlye blowne abroad in everie alehouse. It fortun'd at that Parliament a verie great subsidie to be demanded, which the Cardinall fearinge would not passe the Common house determin'd for the furtherance thearof to be personallie theare himselfe. Before whose comminge after longe debatinge theare, whither it weare better but

with a few of his Lords, as the most opinions of the house was, or with his whole traine to receave him theare amongst them : ' Masters, quoth Sir Thomas More, forasmuche as my Lord Cardinall latelie laied to our charges the lightnes of our tonges for things uttered out of this house, it shall not in my minde be amisse to receave him with all his pompe, with his maces, his * pillers, pollaxes, his crosses, his hatt and the greateseale too; to th'intent that if he finde the like fault with us heerafter, wee maie be the bolder from ourselves to laie the blame on those that his Grace bringeth hither with him.' Whearunto the house agreeing, he was receaved accordingle. Wheare after that he had in a solemne oration by manie reasons proved how necessarie it was the demande theare moved to be graunted, and further shewed that lesse woulde not serve to maintaine the Prince's purpose, He seeinge the companie sittinge still silent and thearunto nothinge answeringe, contrarie to his expectation shewing in themselves towards his request noe towardnes of inclination, saied unto them, ' Masters, you have many wise and learned men amongst you, and since I am from the Kinge's owne person sent hither unto you for the preservation of your selves and all the Realme, I thinke it meete you give me some reasonable answere.' Wheareat everie man holdinge his peace, then beganne he to speake to one Mr Marney, afterward Lord Marney. How saie you, quoth hee, Mr Marney? who makinge him noe answere neyther, he severallie asked the same question of diverse other accompted the wisest of the companie, to whome when none of them all would give so muche as one worde, beinge agreed before, as the custome was, to answere by their Speaker, ' Masters, quoth the Cardinall, unlesse it be the manner of your house, as of likelihood it is, by the mouthe of your Speaker whome you have chosen for trustie and wise, (as indeed he is) in such cases to utter your mindes, heere is without doubt a marvelous obstinate silence,' and thearupon he required answere of Mr Speaker. Who first reverentlie on his knees excusinge the silence of the house, abashed at the presence of so noble a personage able to amaze the wisest and best learn'd in a Realme, and after by many probable arguments provinge that for them to make answere it was neyther expedient nor agreeable with the auncient libertie of the house; in conclusion for himselfe shewed that though they had all with their voices trusted him, yet except everie one of them could put into his head of their severall witts, he alone in soe weigh-

tie a matter was unfit to make his Grace answere. Whearupon the Cardinall, displeased with Sir Thomas More, that had not in this Parliament in all things satisfied his desire, suddenlie arose and departed.

" And after the Parliament ended, in his gallerie at White hall at Westminster [he] uttered unto him his griefes, sayeing: ' Would to God you had binne at Rome, Mr More, when I made you Speaker.' ' Your Grace not offended soe would I too,' quoth Sir Thomas More. And to winde suche quarrells out of the Cardinall's head, he beganne to talke of the gallerie, sayeing, I like this gallerie of yours muche better then your gallerie at Hampton-Court. Whearwith soe wiselie broke he off the Cardinall's displeased talke, that the Cardinall at that present, as it seemed, wist not what more to saie unto him*.

* * * * *

" Suche entire favour did the Kinge beare him, that he made him Chauncellor of the Duchie of Lancaster upon the deathe of Sir Richard Wingfield who had that office before. And for the pleasure he tooke in his companie would his Grace suddenlie sometimes come home to his house at Chelsey to be merry with him, Whither, on a time, unlooked for he came to dinner, and after dinner, in a faire garden of his, walked with him by the space of an howre, holdinge his arme about his necke. As soone as his Grace was gone, I rejoicinge thearat, saide to Sir Thomas More, how happie he was whome the Kinge had soe familiarlie entertained, as I never had seene him doe to any other, except Cardinall Wolsey, whome I sawe his Grace walke once with arme in arme. ' I thanke our Lord, sonne, (quoth he) I finde his Grace my very good Lord indeed, and I beleive he dothe as singularlie favor me as anye subject within this Realme: howbeit, sonne Roper, I maie tell thee, I have no cause to be provid thearof, for if my head would winne him a castle in Fraunce (for then was theare warres be-twixt us) it should not faile to goe."

* * * * *

" As Sir Thomas More's custome was daillie (if he weare at home) besides his† private praier with his children, to saie the seven psalmes, the Lettanie, and the Suffrages followeing, so was his guise nightlie before he went to bed, with his wife, children and household, to goe to his chappell, and theare on his knees ordinarily to saie certaine psalmes and collect with them. And because he was desirous for godlie purposes, solitarie to sequester himselfe from

* Every cardinal of the Roman church has a pillar of silver carried before him as an emblem of his being a pillar of the church. But Wolsey out of his love of pomp and splendor had two born before him.—*Lewis*.

* Cardinalis dum viveret Moro parum æquus erat, eumquæ metuebat verius quam amabat.—*Erasmî Epist.*

† Habet suas horas quibus Deo litet precibus, non ex more, sed ex pectore depromptis.—*Erasmî Epist.*

worldlie companie, a good distance from his horse builded he a place called the newbuildinge, wherein was a Chappell, a Librarie, and a Gallerye, in which, as his use was on other daies to occupie himselfe in prayer and studie theare together, soe on the Fritiaies used he continuallie to be theare from morninge to night, spendinge his time onlie in devout praiers and spirituall exercises. And to provoake his wife and children to the desier of heavenlie things, he would sometimes use these wordes unto them: ‘ * It is now noe maistrie for children to goe to heaven, for everie body giveth you good counsaile, everie body giveth you good example. You see virtue rewarded and vice punished, soe that you are carried up to heaven even by the chinnes. But if you live in the time that noe man will give you good counsaile, noe man will give you good example, when you shall see virtue punished and vice rewarded, if you will then stande fast and firmelie sticke to God upon paine of life, though you be but halfe good, God will allow you for whole good.’ If his wife or anie of his children had binne disased or troubled, he would saie unto them; ‘ We maie not looke, at our pleasures, to go to heaven in featherbeds, it is not the way; for the Lord himselfe went thither with great paine, by many tribulations, which was the pathe wherein he walked thither, for the servant maie not looke to be in better case then his Master.’ And as he would in this sort perswade them to take their troubles patientlie, soe would he in like sort teache them to withstand the Divill and his temptacions valiantly, sayeing, ‘ Whosoever will marke the Divill and his temptacions, shall finde him thearin much like to a ne ape, who not well looked to will be busie and bold to do shrewde turnes, and contrariwise beinge spyded will suddainelie leape backe and adventure noe farther. Soe the Divill findinge a man idle, slothfull, and without resistance readie to receive his temptacions, waxethe soe hardie that he will not faile still to continewe with him, untill to his purpose he have throughlie brought him. But on the other side if he see a man with diligence persevere to withstand his temptacions, he waxethe soe wearie that in conclusion he utterlie forsaketh him. For as the Divill of disposition is a spirit of soe high pride as he cannot abide to be mocked, soe is he of nature soe envious, that he feareth anie more to assault him, least he should thearbie not onlie catche a foule fall himselfe, but also should minister to the man more matter of merit.’ Thus delighted he evermore not only in vertuous exercises to be occupied himselfe, but alsoe to exhort his wife, children, and housholde, to embrace the same and followe it.”

* Cum amicis sic fabulatur de vita futuri seculi, ut agnoscas illum ex animo loqui, ne sine optima spe.—*Erasmii Epist.*

“ This Lord Chauncellor used commonlie everie afternoone to sit in his open hall, to the intent that if any person had any suit unto him, they might the more boldlie come to his presence and then open their complaints before him. Whose manner was alsoe to reade everie bill himselfe, before he would award any *Sub-pœna*, which being matter worthe of *Sub-pœna*, he would set his hande unto or else cancell it. Whensoever he passed through Westminster-Hall to his place in the Chauncery by the Court of the King’s Bench, if his Father (beinge one of the Judges therof) had binne satt ere he came, he would goe into the same Court, and theare reverentlie kneelinge downe in the sight of them all dulie aske his Father’s blessinge. And if it fortune that his Father and he at Readings in Lincolnes Inne met together, (as they sometimes did) notwithstandinge his high office he would offer in argument the preeminence to his Father, though he for his office sake would refuse to take it. And for better declaration of his naturall affections towards his Father, he not onelie, while he laye on his deathe bedd, accordinge to his dutie, oftentimes with comfortable wordes most kindlie came to visit him, but also at his departure out of this world, with teares takeinge him about the necke, most lovingelie kissed and embraced him, commendinge him into the hands of almightie God, and soe departed from him.”

The reader will recollect that More resigned the Chancellorship on account of his resolution not to assist Henry in “ his great matter,” as Roper calls it, viz. the divorce from Queen Katharine.

“ After he had thus given over the Chauncellorship, and placed all his gentlemen and yeomen with noblemen and byshops, and his 8 watermen with the Lord Audley, that in the same office succeeded him, to whome alsoe he gave his great barge; then callinge us all that weare his children to him, and askinge our advise how we might now in this decay of his abilitie, (by the surrender of his office soe impaired, that he could not, as he was wont and gladlie would, beare out the whole chardges of them all himselfe,) thenceforthe be able to live and continew together, as he wished we should; when he sawe us silent, and in that case not readie to shewe our opinions unto him, ‘ then will I, said he, shewe my poore minde to you. I have been brought up, quoth he, at Oxford, at an Inne of the Chauncery, at Lineolne’s Inne, and alsoe in the King’s Court, and so from the least degree to the highest, and yet have I in yeerlie revennues at this present leaft me little above a hundred powndes by the yeere. Soe that now must we heerafter, if we like to live together, be contented to become contributors together. But by my counsaile it shall not be best for us to fall to the lowest fare first; we will not therfore descend to Oxford-fare, nor to the fare of New-Inne;

but wee will beginne with Lincolne's-Inn diet, wheare manie Right Worshipfulls and of good yeeres doe live full well together. Which, if we finde not our selves able to maintaine the first yeere, then will we the next yeere goe one step downe to New-Inne fare, whearwith many an honest man is well contented. If that exceed our abilitie too, then we will the next yeare after descend to Oxford-fare, wheare many grave, learned and auntient fathers be continuallie conversant. Which if our power stretche not to maintaine neither, then maie wee yet with baggs and wallets goe a begginge together, and, hopinge that for pittie some good folkes will give us their charitie, at everie man's dore to singe *Salve Regina**, and soe still keepe companie and be merrie together. And whearas you have heard before he was by the Kinge from a verie worshipfull livinge taken into his service, with whome, in all the great and weightie causes that concerned his Highness or the Realme, he consumed and spent with painful cares, travailes and troubles, as well beyond the seas as within the Realme, in effect, the whole substance of his life, yet with all the gaine he got thearby, beinge never wastfull splendour thearof, he was not able, after the resignation of his office of the Lord Chauncellour, for the maintenance of himselfe and suche as necessarilie belonged unto him, sufficientlie to finde meat, drinke, fewell and apparrell, and such other necessarie chardges. All the land that ever he purchased (which also he purchased before he was Lord Chauncellor) was not, I am well assured, above the valewe of 20 markes by the yeere: and, after his debts paid, he had not, I knowe, (his chaine excepted) in gould and silver leaft him the worthe of of one hundred pownds. And whearas upon the holie daies, duringe his high Chauncellorship, one of his gentlemen, when service at the Church was donne, ordinarilie used to come to my Ladie his wife's pewe dore, and saie unto her, Madam, my Lord is gone; the next holidiaie after the surrender of his office and departure of his gentlemen from him, he came unto my Ladie his wife's pewe himselfe, and makinge a lowe courtesie, said unto her, Madam, my Lord is gone. [But she, thinking this at first to be but one of his jests, was little moved, till he told her sadly he had given up the great seale. Whear-uppon she speakinge some passionate words, he called his daughters then present to see if they could not spy some fault about their mother's dressing; but they, after search, saying they could find none: hee replied, doe you not perceive that your mother's nose standeth somewhat awry? Of which

jeere the provoked Lady was so sensible that she went from him in a rage."]

His unwillingness to acknowledge, by his oath, the ecclesiastical authority, which Henry, in consequence of his quarrel with the court of Rome, assumed to himself, was made the pretence for sacrificing More to the heartless and unfeigning tyrant, whom his probity had already irremediably offended.

"As Sir Thomas More in the Tower chaunced on a time lookinge out of his windowe to behold one Mr Raynolds, a religious, learned, and virtuous Father of Syon, and 3 Monkes of the Charter-house for the matter of the supremacy and matrimony goinge out of the Tower to execucion, he as one longing in that journey to have accompanied them, saide unto my wife then standing theare besides him, 'Loe doest thou not see, Meg, that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfullie goinge to their deatheaes, as bridegroomes to their marriages. Wherefore thearby maiest thou see, myne owne good daughter, what a great difference there is betweene such as have in effect spent all their daies in a streight and penitentiall and painfull life religiouslie, and suche as have in the world, like worldlie wretches, (as thy poore father hath donne) consumed all their time in pleasure and ease licentiouslie. For God, consideringe their longe continued life in most sore and greivous pennance, will noe longer suffer them to remaine heere in this vale of miserie, but speedilie hence taketh them to the fruition of his everlastinge Deitie. Whearas thy sillie father, Megg, that like a wicked caitiffe, hath passed forth the whole course of his miserable life most sinfullie, God, thinkinge him not worthe so soone to come to that eternall felicitie, leavethe him heere yet still in this world, further to be plagued and turmoiled with miserie.'"

"When Sir Thomas More had continued a good while in the Tower, my ladye his wife obteyned license to see him. Who, at her first comminge, like a simple woman, and somewhat worldlie too, with this manner of salutation homelie saluted him. 'What a good-yeere, Mr More, quoth she, I marvaile that you that hitherto have binne taken for so wise a man, will now soe plaie the foole to lie heere in this close filthie prison, and be content thus to be shutt up amonge mise and rats, when you might be abroad at your libertie, and with the favour and good will bothe of the King and his Counsaile, if you would but doe as all the bishops and best-learned of this realme have done. And seeing you have at Chelsey a right faire house, your librarie, your bookes, your gallerie, your garden, your orchard, and all other necessities soe handsome about you, wheare you might in the companie of me your wife, your children, and household,

* Tyndall forbiddeth folk to pray to the Virgin Mary, and specially misliketh her devout anthem *Salve Regina*.—More's *English Works*, p. 488, col. 2.

be merry, I muse what a God's name you meane heere still thus fondly to tarrie.' After he had a while quietlie heard her, with a cheerfull countenance he said unto her; 'I pray thee good Mrs Alice tell me one thing.' 'What is that?' (quoth she) 'Is not this house, quoth he, as nigh heaven as myne own?' To whome she after her accustomed homelie fashion not likinge suche talke, answered: 'Tille-valle, tille-valle.' 'How say you, Mrs Alice, is it not soe?' quoth he, '*Bone Deus, bone Deus*, Man, will this geare never be leaft?' quoth she, 'Well then, Mistriss Alice, if it be soe, quoth hee, it is verie well; for I see no great cause why I should muche joy in my gaie house, or in anie thinge thearunto belonging, when if I should but seaven yeeres lie buried under the ground, and then arise and come thither againe, I should not faile to finde some thearin that would bid me get me out of dores, and tell me it weare none of mine. What cause have I then to like such an house as would so soon forget his master?' Soe her perswasions moved him but little.

"Soe remained Sir Thomas More in the Tower more then a weeke after his judgment. From whence the daie before he suffered he sent his shirt of haire, not willing to have it seene, to my wife his deerlie beloved daughter, and a letter written with a cole, contained in the foresaid booke of his workes, expressing the fervent desire he had to suffer on the morrow in these wordes followinge: 'I comber you, good Margaret, much, but I would be sory if it should be anie longer then to morrow. For it is Sainct Thomas even and the Utas of St. Peeter: and therefore to morrow longe I to goe to God; it weare a daie verie meet and convenient for me. Deere Megg, I never liked your manner towards me better then when you kissed me last. For I like when daughterlie love and deere charitie hath noe leasure to look to worldlie courtesie.' And soe upon the next morrowe, Tuesdaie, beinge St. Thomas his eve and the Utas of Saincte Peeter, in the yeer of our Lord 1535, accordinge as he in his letter the daie before had wished, earlie in the morninge came to him Sir Thomas Pope, his singular good freinde, on message from the Kinge and counsaile that he should the same daie before nine of the clock in the morninge suffer death, and that therefore he should forthwith prepare himself thearto. 'Mr. Pope, quoth Sir Thomas More, for your good tidings I hartelie thanke you. I have been alwaies muche bounden to the Kinge's Highnes for the benefites and honours that he hath still from time to time most bountifullie heaped upon me; and yet more bounden am I to his Grace for puttinge me into this place wheare I have had convenient time and space to have remembrance of my end. And soe, God helpe me, most of all, Mr. Pope, am I bounden to his Highnes,

that it pleaseth him so shortlie to ridd me from the miseries of this wretched world, and therefore will I not faile earnestlie to praie for his Grace bothe heere and allsoe in the worlde to come.' The King's pleasure is farther, quoth Mr. Pope, that at your execution you shall not use manie wordes. 'Mr Pope, quoth he, you doe well to give me warninge of his Grace's pleasure, for otherwise at that time had I purposed somewhat to have spoken, but of noe matter whearwith his Grace or any should have had cause to be offended. Nevertheless, whatsoever I intended, I am readie obedientlie to conforme my selfe to his Grace's commandement; and I beseeche you, good Mr. Pope, to be a meane to his Highnes that my daughter Margaret maie be at my buriall.' The Kinge is content allreadie, quoth Mr. Pope, that your wife and children and other your freinds shall have libertie to be present thearat. 'Oh how muche beholdinge then, said Sir Thomas More, am I unto his Grace, that unto my poore buriall vouchsafeth to have soe gracious consideration!' Whearwithall Mr Pope, takeinge his leave, could not refrain from weepinge. Which Sir Thomas More perceavinge comforted him in this wise. 'Quiet your selfe, good Mr. Pope, and be not discomforted: for I trust that we shall once in heaven see each other full merrilie, wheare we shall be sure to live and love together in joyfull bliss eternallie.' Upon whose departure, Sir Thomas More, as one that had binne invited to some solemn feast, chaunged himselfe into his best apparrell. Which Mr. Lieutenant espieing advised him to put it of, sayeing, that he that should have it was but a javell. 'What, Mr. Lieutenant, quoth he, shall I account him a javell that shall doe me this daie soe singular a benefit? Naie, I assure you, weare it cloath of gold, I should thinke it well bestowed on him, as Sainct Cyprian did, who gave his executioner thirtie peeces of gold.' And albeit, at length, he, through Mr. Lieutenant's importunate perswasion, altered his apparrell, yet, after the example of the holic Martyr Sainct Cyprian, did he, of that little money that was left him, send an angell of gold to his executioner. And soe was he by Mr. Lieutenant brought out of the Tower to the place of execution. Wheare goinge up the skaffold, which was soe weake that it was readie to fall, he saide merrilie to the Lieutenant, 'I praie you see me up safe, and for my comminge downe let me shift for my selfe.' Then desired he all the people thearabout to praie for him, and to beare witness with him that he should theare suffer death in and for the faithe of the Catholicke Church. Which donne he kneeled downe, and after his prayers saide, turned to the executioner with a cheerfull countenance, and said unto him, 'Plucke up thy spirits, man, and be not affraide to doe thine office: my neck is verie short, take heede therefore thou strike not awrie for

savinge of thine honestie.' Soe passed Sir Thomas More out of this world to God upon the verie same daie which he most desired. Soone after his deathe came intelligence thearof to the Emperor Charles. Whearuppon he sent for Sir Thomas Eliott, our English Embassadour, and said to him ; ' My Lord Embassadour, we understande that the Kinge your master hath put his faithfull servant and grave counsellor Sir Thomas More to deathe.' Whearuppon Sir Thomas Eliott answered, that he understoode nothing thearof. Well, saide the Emperor, it is too true : and this will we saie, that had we binne master of such a servant, of whose doings ourselves have had these manie yeers noe small experience, we would rather have lost the best citie of our dominions, than have lost such a worthie Counsellor. Which matter was by the same Sir Thomas Eliott to my selfe, to my wife, to Mr. Clement and his wife, to Mr. John Heywood and his wife, and unto divers others his freindes accordinglie reported."

OBSERVATIONS SUGGESTED BY THE
EDINBURGH REVIEWER'S ACCOUNT
OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE BISHOP
OF LANDAFF.

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to this production, not because we think that there is any thing very formidable in its mischief, but because it speaks the sentiments and opinions of a Junto whose power, happily for this country, is on the decay, and ought never again to be permitted to lift its head. Fatal, indeed, might have been the influence of these conjurated wits and wise-men, on the patriotism and the religion of Britons, had there been in the country as bitter a disaffection to the Government, and as deep rooted an infidelity respecting the Christian Faith, as they had presumed upon, in their utter ignorance of the spirit of the age. They have not now even the cold consolation of distant hope. They feel that their reign is over—yet they are loth to part either with the shibboleth of their party, or the insignia of their power, and foolishly continue to assume the same tyrannical demeanour that they wore in the splendour of their usurpation, even now, when they have been by the voice of the country dethroned.

That country feels and acknowledges, that there is something in the human

mind better than mere talents. That something is—wisdom. And when the people call to mind the paltry and cowardly counsels of these men of talents—their insensibility to the imperishable glories of England—their fawning adulation of despotism and despot—their niggardly praises, or their insidious attacks on time-hallowed establishments ; and, above all, their sneaking, ignorant, and malignant sneers, at the religion in which we have our being—they laugh to scorn the vaunted talents of the Conspiracy, and look back with mixed self-congratulation and self-reproach to the days of their delusion, when some of them might have allowed themselves to be worked up into a causeless terror of the final overthrow of their country's liberties.

In vain, however, do these men of talents try to sustain their former arrogance. In spite of their blustering, they are crest-fallen,—sometimes, in the midst of their angriest invectives, there is a "voice of weeping heard, and loud lament ;" they eat their very hearts at the spectacle of their country's unparalleled glory—they cry on us with bitter impatience to believe ourselves ruined, and wax more wroth at the scorn that replies to their folly—they insult the ashes of those great men whose counsels have saved Europe from falling back centuries of civilization in the blastment of despotism—they break in with unhallowed violence upon the awful solitude of their afflicted King—and that they may sacrilegiously lay hands on his grey hairs, they falsely, basely, and hypocritically accuse him of having neglected the true interests of that religion which they themselves have for so many years been endeavouring to destroy.

In their defence of the character of Bishop Watson, there is an ample display of all those qualities of mind and heart, which have at last awakened against the *Edinburgh Review* an almost universal feeling of contempt and indignation. It is easy to see the reason of all this useless zeal in the defence of a man, who, it is well known, regarded them with aversion and abhorrence. We look in vain in the dull and fretful pages of this irritable and disappointed Reviewer, for one trace of a lofty and virtuous indignation ; he is vexed, and peevish, and out of temper—and wrecks his impotent an-

ger on every one that comes in his way; while, instead of a genial and generous strain of admiration for the man whom he pretends to eulogise, he keeps incessantly pouring out reproaches against those, compared with whom, either in virtue or in talents, he, be he who he may, would at once be "diminished to his head." Reflecting persons are not thus to be deceived. This writer does not wear the air of sincerity and truth. He does not care one iota about the character of the Bishop of Landaff—he assumes an appearance of veneration for that great man, that he may indulge his spleen against a man far greater still, and he drivels out his impotent eulogies on Richard Watson, that he may mingle them with still more impotent execrations on William Pitt.

When he asserts that Pitt had no doubts of the orthodoxy of Watson, and thought him in all respects worthy of promotion to a richer See, but that he was afraid to offend his Sovereign, lest he might lose his place;—and therefore, in deference to what is called the prejudices of that Sovereign, sacrificed the duty he owed to the interests of religion,—he asserts what he knew to be false. Pitt never did, and never could think Watson a fit person to be raised to the very highest dignities of the church. That divine had, beyond all bounds of reason, at one time given up his mind to an admiration of the French Revolution—a revolution which at no period was such as to demand the unqualified praise of a minister of our religion. Though he afterwards abjured his faith in the revolutionary creed, there still remained in his political opinions much of the ancient leaven—he was a man who submitted impatiently to constituted authority in others, though most ambitious to possess it in himself—he saw no especial merit in the establishment of the church of England, and felt for it no especial veneration—and though this Reviewer says, with a most laughable simplicity, that "he never was a party-man," it is reluctantly admitted by his best friends, that he was in all temporal things ambitious over-much, while it was, and is, notorious to the whole world, that he often interfered with mean party-politics in a way highly unbecoming his sacred profession.—Pitt was right in thinking, that moderation, temper,

suavity, meekness, and Christian humility, are qualities essential in the character of that churchman who sits on the Episcopal bench. He did not think, that high stations in the church establishment were to be demanded as a right—claimed as a possession—seized on as a prey. He thought, and he thought justly, that with all his talents, erudition, and virtues, Richard Watson was not entitled to higher promotion than he enjoyed.

That this view of Bishop Watson's character was a just one, his Memoirs have shewn to all the world. It is a gross absurdity to maintain, that men are to be made bishops solely on the score of talents. It is still more absurd to maintain, that if a man of talents has been made a bishop, it is wicked and infamous not to continue to promote him to the highest bishoprick of all. This Reviewer could not have more dolorously whined over the fate of Watson, or more bitterly vituperated Pitt, though the minister had left the theologian to pine away in poverty and oblivion. He, and others of his Whig friends, seem most tenderly alive to their own interests and those of their party. The good things of this life, contrary to the ordinary laws of nature, acquire magnitude in proportion to their distance, and offices of trust and honour, in church and state, assume to them a more magnificent and overshadowing grandeur in the hopeless distance of an everlasting perspective. It is a sure way of making themselves and their friends ridiculous, to be constantly deploring the injustice of ministers to the great men of their party; and there cannot be a more ludicrous instance of such folly, than this of holding up to commiseration the late Bishop of Landaff as a neglected man, cruelly suffered to drag out his existence with only five thousand a year of church preferment. It can but excite laughter to hear such complaints uttered for the sake of a man who wanted only those highest of all honours which he did not deserve, and who can be said to have been disappointed only because his arrogance was boundless and his ambition insatiable.

We ought almost to beg our readers' pardon for thus exposing the self-evident folly of all such accusations; but we wished to direct their attention to the pitiful weapons with

which this pitiful person has tried to wound the character of William Pitt. At this time of day, such imbecile attacks move something more than derision. We cannot bear to see one of the greatest intellects the world has ever produced treated in this way, even by an implacable enemy. If the giant statue is to be moved from its pedestal, it cannot be by a pigmy's hand. The voice of England has decreed that Pitt was a great man in his failings as in his strength; and it is now expected, by the people of England, that his character shall be spoken of, even by his enemies, with such a tone of feeling as the illustrious dead demand from all worthy to be their compatriots. In our blame of the great spirits who have left us, it is fitting that we hold in memory the imperishable impression which their characters have left on the mind of the country. We are unworthy of being sons of that country, if we disturb the awful repose of its veneration for the dead, by words which would have been condemned as splenetic and vile had they been applied to the living. It is one of the finest things in the character of our people, that they always think and feel truly of the great men who have died in their country's service. Pitt so died; and if his conduct is to be arraigned, let it be in a way unknown to this Reviewer,—with some portion of that magnificence of language, and elevation of sentiment, that clothed the son of Chatham with perpetual power; let it be with all the freedom, but, at the same time, with all the dignity, of one who feels what noble ashes lie every where spread around his feet.

But we have a few words to say of more solemn import; and we ask, what manner of man he must be, who can think of what his Sovereign now is, and yet fears not to speak of him with bitterness and insult. We will not disgrace our pages with the dark disloyalty of this despiser of his King. But we will tell him, that he knows nothing of the spirit that reigns in this island, if he expects any other reward for that disloyalty than universal contempt and indignation. The *Edinburgh Review* is, we believe, the only journal of any pretensions to good feeling or principle that has spoken disrespectfully of the King; yet they, forsooth, are all true lovers of a limited monarchy. It

is with their loyalty as with their religion. They pretend to fear God and to honour the king; yet for twenty years have they been insidiously attacking Christianity, and they have not been on this, and many former instances of still greater atrocity, ashamed sneeringly to insult their Sovereign, now that his crown is laid by, and his head strewn with the dust and ashes of affliction. That grand principle is admitted in its full force by all, of calling to a strict account the character of the kings of England when death has laid them side by side with their subjects. But we must not antedate our King's death that we may clutch the privilege of dissecting his life. It is well that kings should know that posterity will judge them with stern impartiality. We, who are free men, will send our free thoughts down into the grave. But we think not of this our privilege of free men, till death puts it into our hands, and then we use it with a solemn awe and a lofty compunction. But this man snatches it as a right which he impatiently thinks has been too long withheld—he frets because his Sovereign yet lives—he chides the tardy tomb that will not relax “its ponderous and marble jaws,” and he angrily snatches, as it were out of the hand of nature, that privilege of condemnation which she would grant only when its object is a lump of earth. No genuine Briton would, like this Reviewer, suppose the King dead, on a fiction, that he might calumniate his memory. In other similar cases death calms anger, and often elevates it into a feeling that is sublime; but here the reviler seats himself within the shadow of the grave, that under its protection he may rail in safety against the human being whom it has entombed. This is a sight which the people of Britain will not calmly endure.

Having thus meanly calumniated a great dead statesman, and cruelly insulted his afflicted King, it is somewhat startling to hear this man advocating the cause of Christianity, and lamenting the untoward worldly lot of its successful champions.

Risum teneatis amici?

An infidel writer, in an infidel Review, with a grave face, and in the dullest of all possible words, accuses the King and his Ministers of having neglected the interests of the only true religion. But we will ask him,

and his coadjutors and abettors, if the late Bishop of Landaff deserved honour and reward for his defence of Christianity (and he deserved and received it too), what do the infidel writers in the *Edinburgh Review* deserve for the twenty years warfare they have been waging against that same Christianity? This is a subject on which they ought not to open their mouths, for they open them but to confound themselves,—and better to remain dumb for ever, than thus blindly to call down shame and punishment on their own degraded heads. They talk of Gibbon as having been “*the most effectual*” enemy of the Christian faith, and hypocritically eulogise Watson as his triumphant antagonist. They themselves, without any of Gibbon’s eloquence or erudition, possess all his disbelief, and all his insidious malignity; and if Watson is worthy of all good men’s reverence for having disarmed Gibbon, and blunted the edge of his weapons, they are deserving of all good men’s hate for having picked up those weapons, tried to restore their edge, and wielded them with a determined, though a feeble hostility.

But this writer, with all his affected zeal for Christianity, is, after all, not quite comfortable in the idea of being thought a Christian. And he lets us know, that if Christianity can only be attacked in a calm, quiet, gentlemanly, *philosophical* manner, it is quite allowable to do so; as if it were a question of good manners, courtesy, and decorum, rather than one affecting the eternal happiness of the human soul.

“To attack,” says he, “by ribaldry, or with virulence, or before the multitude, what millions of our fellow creatures believe, and hold sacred as well as dear, is beyond all question a serious offence, and the law punishes it as such. *But to investigate religious questions as philosophers, calmly and seriously, with the anxiety of their high importance, and the diffidence which their intricacy prescribes, is not only allowable but meritorious; and if the conscientious inquirer is led by the light of his understanding to a conclusion different from that of the community, he may still, we should think, in many cases promulgate it to the philosophical world,*” &c.

The meaning of all this is plain enough: the *Edinburgh Reviewer* wishes to stand well with his infidel

friends, and, if possible, with his own inconsistent infidel self; and has, therefore, not scrupled to give the name of serious, anxious, conscientious, philosophical doubts, to the indecent, sneering, insidious, and malignant attacks of Gibbon, whose mind, whenever he spoke of Christianity, fell into melancholy degradation;—and what is, if possible, still more barefaced,—he has applied the same language of commendation to the feeble and feverish scepticism of the *Edinburgh Review*. The time is gone by when the reputation of being a philosopher could be acquired by disbelieving Christianity. The truth of Christianity is established; and none but weak or wicked persons would in these days seek to revive the long-exploded, and often refuted fooleries, misnamed arguments, by which soi-disant philosophers once strove to effect its overthrow. Had the *Edinburgh Reviewers* been high-souled and melancholy sceptics; preyed on in the solitude of meditation by fears that rose up from, and darkly overshadowed, the grave; had they shewn themselves to mourn over and deplore the curse of their own incurable infidelity; had they thought and spoken in the spirit of that religion whose divine origin was yet doubted by their reason; had they envied the happiness of the true believer, and expressed their own doubts, not in order to create or increase those of others, but if possible to obtain relief from the direful weight of darkness that loaded their own souls,—then might we have read their thoughts with a profound commiseration, extended to them not only forgiveness but sympathy, and acknowledged them to have had the feelings, if not the faith of Christians. But conscience tells them that such is not the nature of their scepticism. And when one of their number now dares to insinuate that it is so, he is met at once with an indignant denial from the whole Christian population of the land.—There is nothing more shocking in their infidelity than its levity, except it be its ignorance. We may as unsuccessfully look throughout their writings for one lofty sentiment in their scepticism, as for one trace of knowledge of the history or evidence of Divine Revelation. They want scholarship sufficient to enable them to pass for decent infidels—they

have been denied a degree in the schools of scepticism. There is not one of all their number who understands the language of the New Testament.

Before we conclude, let us shortly notice the feeble and querulous complaints which we understand the friends of this class of writers have, in the soreness of their wounded affection, been piping abroad. They would fain charge us with an unwarrantable interference with their religious opinions, which, it is said, are between themselves and their God. We know that there is, or ought to be, a sanctuary in every man's bosom, in which his own contrite spirit may hold converse with the Divine Being. Into that sanctuary we never sought sacrilegiously to enter. But the religion of the Edinburgh Reviewers is not between themselves and their God. Shame to the hypocrite who dares to utter such a falsehood. It is between themselves and the whole world. They have forced it upon those who wished not to hear it,—they have juggled it into our minds under the cover of far different matters,—they have decoyed us unawares into the dark nooks of their infidelity, when we believed that we were walking in an open country and in daylight—they have met us suddenly at the corners of streets, and thrust their manifestoes into our unwilling hands—they have, at times, ventured to cry loudly from the house-top. And can it indeed be, that now they wish to throw themselves on our mercy—on our charity—on our christian forbearance—and to demand for themselves, after a long course of loud and brazen infidelity, a respectful and soothing attention to their feelings forsooth—they who have all their lifetime so bitterly, and so savagely, and so unremittently persecuted, reviled and ridiculed all those who fortunately differed from them in their religious belief. If they or their friends wish at once to subject themselves to the charge of the grossest and most foolish falsehood, *let them declare boldly that the Edinburgh Review never attacked Christianity.* The whole world knows that they have been its unceasing foes. And the whole world acknowledges that their wickedness in having so attacked Christianity, is only equalled by their folly in now denying it, and their pusillanimity under

that punishment which is now inflicting upon them, and of which they have as yet sustained but a very insignificant portion.

The querulous eulogists of this infidel Journal have made use of a very delicate but perhaps not very apposite illustration. The religion of a man, they say, is like the virtue of a woman, and may be destroyed by the slightest breath. This is not happy. We cannot, for our lives, perceive any resemblance between a modest young virgin and an impudent old Edinburgh Reviewer. Were a young lady to make immodest gestures to gentlemen on the street, and indulge in loose conversation, no doubt her virtue would be suspected. But the reputation of a well-behaved woman is very safe in this country—and so is that of a sincere christian. When, however, a man tells the whole world that he does not believe Christianity, what can the world do but take him at his word? Nor does it at all alter the matter, that his disbelief may have been told by inuendo and insinuation. It is not incumbent on us to shew an extreme and sensitive delicacy in our language to a man who has wholly dismissed it from his own practice—and really, if we were seeking for a simile to apply to any of the infidel Edinburgh Reviewers, it would be just the reverse of that now so current among the agitated friends of their dissolving Confederacy.

LETTER FROM GRAY THE POET TO
COUNT ALGAROTTI.

[This Letter is taken from the Correspondence of Count Algarotti, in the possession of Mr Murray.]

Cambridge, Sept. 9, 1763.

SIR,

I RECEIVED, some time since, the unexpected honour of a letter from you, and the promise of a pleasure, which, till of late, I had not the opportunity of enjoying. Forgive me if I make my acknowledgments in my native tongue, as I see it is perfectly familiar to you; and I (though not unacquainted with the writings of Italy) should, from disuse, speak its language with an ill grace, and with still more constraint to one, who possesses it in all its strength and purity.

I see, with great satisfaction, your

efforts to reunite the congenial arts of Poetry, Musick, and the Dance, which, with the assistance of Painting and Architecture, regulated by taste, and supported by magnificence and power, might form the noblest scene, and bestow the sublimest pleasure, that the imagination can conceive: but who shall realize these delightful visions? There is, I own, one prince in Europe, that wants neither the will, the spirit, nor the ability; but can he call up Milton from his grave, can he reanimate Marcello, or bid the Barberina or the Sallé move again? Can he (as much a King as he is) govern an Italian Virtuosa, destroy her caprice and impertinence, without hurting her talents, or command those unmeaning graces and tricks of voice to be silent, that have gained her the adoration of her own country?

One cause that so long has hindered and (I fear) will hinder that happy union which you propose, seems to me to be this, that Poetry (which, as you allow, must lead the way, and direct the operations of the subordinate arts) implies at least a liberal education, a degree of literature, and various knowledge; whereas the others (with a few exceptions) are in the hands of slaves and mercenaries, I mean, of people without education, who, though neither destitute of genius, nor insensible to fame, must yet make gain their principal end, and subject themselves to the prevailing taste of those, whose fortune only distinguishes them from the multitude.

I can not help telling you, that eight or ten years ago, I was a witness of the power of your comic musick. There was a little troop of Buffi that exhibited a *Burletta* in London—not in the Opera House, where the audience is chiefly of the better sort, but on one of the common theatres, full of all kinds of people; and, I believe, the fuller from that natural aversion we bear to foreigners;—their looks and their noise made it evident they did not come thither to hear;—and, on similar occasions, I have known candles lighted—broken bottles and pen knives flung on the stage—the benches torn up—the scenes hurried into the streets and set on fire. The curtain drew up, the musick was of Cocchi, with a few airs of Pergolesi interspersed: the singers were, as usual, deplorable, but there was one Girl (she called herself the

Nicollina) with little voice and less beauty, but with the utmost justness of ear—the strongest expression of countenance—the most speaking eyes—the greatest vivacity and variety of gesture. Her first appearance instantly fixed their attention; the tumult sunk at once, or, if any murmur rose, it was soon hushed by a general cry for silence. Her first air ravished every body—they forgot their prejudices—they forgot that they did not understand a word of the language,—they entered into all the humour of the part—made her repeat all her songs—and continued their transports, their laughter, and applause, to the end of the piece. Within these three last years the Paganina and Amici have met with almost the same applause, once a-week, from a politer audience, on the Opera stage. The truth is, the Opera itself, though supported here at a great expence for so many years, has rather maintained itself by the admiration bestowed on a few particular voices, or the borrow'd taste of a few Men of condition, that have learned in Italy how to admire, than by any genuine love we bear to the Italian musick: nor have we yet got any style of our own, and this I attribute, in a great measure, to the language which, in spite of its energy, plenty, and the crowd of excellent writers this nation has produced, does yet, I am sorry to say it, retain too much of its barbarous original to adapt itself to musical composition. I by no means wish to have been born any thing but an Englishman; yet I should rejoice to exchange tongues with Italy.

Why this Nation has made no advances hitherto, in painting and sculpture, is hard to say. The fact is undeniable, and we have the vanity to apologize for our ourselves, as Virgil did for the Romans, "*Eacudent alii*," &c. It is sure that Architecture had introduced itself in the reign of the unfortunate Charles the first, and Inigo Jones has left us some few monuments of his skill, that shew him capable of greater things. Charles had not only a love for the beautiful arts, but some taste in them. The confusion that soon follow'd, swept away his magnificent collection—the artists were dispersed or ruin'd—and the arts disregarded till very lately. The young Monarch now on the throne is said to esteem and understand them;

I wish he may have the leisure to cultivate, and the skill to encourage them, with due regard to merit, otherwise, it is better to neglect them. You, Sir, have pointed out the true sources, and the best examples, to your Countrymen. They have nothing to do, but to be what they once were; and yet, perhaps, it is more difficult to restore good taste to a nation that has degenerated, than to introduce it in one, where, as yet, it has never flourished. You are generous enough to wish, and sanguine enough to foresee, that it shall one day flourish in England. I too must wish, but can hardly extend my hopes so far. It is well for us that you do not see our public exhibitions,—but our artists are yet in their infancy, and therefore I will not absolutely despair.

I owe to Mr Howe the honour I have of conversing with Count Algarotti, and it seems as if I meant to indulge myself in the opportunity: but I have done, Sir;—I will only add, that I am proud of your approbation, having no relish for any other fame than what is confer'd by the few real Judges, that are so thinly scattered over the face of the earth.—I am, Sir, with great respect,

Your most obliged humble servant,
T. GRAY.

A. S. E.

Il Conte Francesco Algarotti
Ciambellan di S. M. Il
Ré di Prussia &c. &c. &c.
Bologna
Italia

LETTER FROM THE HON. HORACE
WALPOLE TO —.

[The following letter of Horatio Walpole, Lord Orford, in defence of Sir Robert Walpole, against a charge of his having instigated George II. to burn his father's will, contains a curious history, which is but partially told in the 6th chapter of his "Reminiscences."—"At the first council," he says, "held by the new sovereign (George II.), Dr Wake, archbishop of Canterbury, produced the will of the late king, and delivered it to the successor, expecting it would be opened, and read in council. On the contrary, his majesty put it in his pocket, and stalked out of the room, without uttering a word on the subject. The poor prelate was thunderstruck, and had not the presence of mind, or the courage, to demand the testament's being opened; or, at least, to have it registered." He then goes on to

say, that as the king never mentioned the will more, whispers only by degrees informed the public that the will was burnt; the contents of course were never ascertained; but rumour assigned to the Duchess of Kendal forty thousand pounds, and a large legacy to the Queen of Prussia. "Discoursing," says his Lordship, "once with Lady Suffolk, on that suppressed testament, she made the only plausible shadow of an excuse that could be made for George the Second; she told me that George the First had burnt two wills made in favour of his son."—"The crime," he adds, "of the First George could only palliate, not justify, the criminality of the Second; for the Second did not punish the guilty, but the innocent. But bad precedents are always dangerous, and too likely to be copied."]

October 14, 1778.

I THINK you take in no newspapers, nor, I believe, condescend to read any more modern than the *Paris à la main* at the time of the *Ligue*—consequently, you have not seen a new scandal on my father, which, you will not wonder, offends me. You cannot be interested in his defence, but as it comprehends some very curious anecdotes, you will not grudge me indulging myself to a friend in vindicating a name so dear to me.

In the account of Lady Chesterfield's death and fortune, it is said, that the late king, at the instigation of Sir R. W., burnt his father's will, which contained a large legacy to that his supposed daughter, and I believe his real one, (for she was very like him,) as her brother General Schuembourg is in black to the late king. The fact of suppressing the will is indubitably true; the instigator most false, as I can demonstrate thus.

When the news arrived of the death of George I., my father carried the account from Lord Townshend to the then Prince of Wales. One of the first acts of royalty is for the new monarch to make a speech to the privy council. Sir Robert asked the king, who he would please to have draw the speech; which was, in fact, asking who was to be prime minister. His Majesty replied, Sir Spencer Compton.* It is a wonderful anecdote, and

* "Sir Spencer Compton," says Lord Orford, "was speaker of the House of Commons, and treasurer, I think, at that time to his Royal Highness, who, by that first command, implied his intention of making Sir Spencer his prime minister. He

little known, that the new premier, a very dull man, could not draw the speech, and the person to whom he applied was—the deposed premier. The Queen, who favoured my father, observed how unfit a man he was for successor, who was reduced to beg assistance of his predecessor. The council met as soon as possible, the next morning at latest. Then Archbishop Wake, with whom one copy of the will had been deposited, (as another was, I think, with the Duke of Wolfenbottle, who had a pension for sacrificing it, which, I *know*, the late Duke of Newcastle transacted,) advanced and delivered the will to the king, who put it into his pocket, and went out of council without opening it; the archbishop not having courage, or presence of mind, to desire it to be read, as he ought to have done.

These circumstances, which I solemnly assure you are strictly true, prove that my father neither advised, nor was consulted; nor is it credible that the king, in one night's time, should have passed from the intention of disgracing him, to make him his besom confidant in so delicate an affair.

I was once talking to the late Lady Suffolk, the former mistress, on that extraordinary event. She said, "I cannot justify the deed to the legatees, but towards his father, the late king, it was justifiable; for George I. had burnt two wills made in favour of George II."—I suppose they were the testaments of the Duke and Duchess of Zell, parents of George the First's wife, whose treatment of her they always resented.

I said I *know* the transaction of the

was a worthy man, of exceeding grave formality, but of no parts—as his conduct immediately proved. The poor gentleman was so little qualified to accommodate himself to the grandeur of the moment, and to conceive how a new sovereign should address himself to his ministers, and he had also been so far from meditating to supplant the premier, that in his distress it was to Sir Robert himself he had recourse, and whom he besought to make the draught of the king's speech for him;"—"from that moment," he adds, "there was no more question of Sir Spencer Compton as prime minister. He was created an earl, soon received the garter, and became president of that council, at the head of which he was much fitter to sit than to direct."—*Lord Orford's Reminiscences.*

VOL. IV.

Duke of N——; the late Lord Waldegrave shewed me a letter from that Duke to the Earl of Waldegrave, then Ambassador at Paris, with directions about that transaction, or at least about payment of the pension, I forget which. I have somewhere, but cannot turn to it now, a memorandum of that affair, and who the prince was, whom I may mistake in calling the Duke of Wolfenbottle. There was a third copy of the will, I likewise forget with whom deposited. The newspapers say, which is true, that Lord Chesterfield filed a bill in Chancery against the late king, to oblige him to produce the will, and was silenced, I think, by payment of £20,000. There was another legacy to his own daughter, the Queen of Prussia, which has at times been, and I believe is still, claimed by the King of Prussia.

Do not mention any part of this story; but it is worth preserving, as I am assured you are satisfied of my scrupulous veracity. It may, perhaps, be authenticated hereafter, by collateral evidence that may come out. If ever true history does come to light, my father's character will have just honour paid to it. Lord Chesterfield, one of his sharpest enemies, has not, with all his prejudices, left a very unfavourable account of him, and it would alone be raised by comparison of their two characters. Think of one, who calls Sir Robert the corrupter of youth, leaving a system of education to poison them from their nursery! Chesterfield, Pulteney, and Bolingbroke, were the saints that reviled my father.

I beg your pardon, but you allow me to open my heart to you when it is full. Yours ever,

H. W.

A VERBAL TRANSLATION OF THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO'S LETTER TO QUEEN ANNE; BY SIMON OCKLEY.

Har. MSS. 7525.

IN the name of the most merciful God; he that depends upon God goeth straight to the right way. From the servant of God, the Emperor of the Believers, who maketh war for the cause of the Lord of both worlds, Ismael Ebn Asshariph Alhossnai, To the Queen of the English, nay of Eng-

F

land, and the Mistress of the great Parliament thereof, happiness to every one that followeth the right way, and believes in God, and is so directed.

This premised, we have heard from more than one of the comers and goers from that country, that thou hast seized our Armenian servant, a person of great esteem. We sent him to thee to compose a difference between us and thee, and we wrote to thee concerning him, that thou shouldst use him well. Then after this we heard that thou hadst set him at liberty. But for what reason didst thou take him, and for what reason didst thou set him at liberty? Hath he exceeded any covenant, or hath he made any covenant with thee and broke it? We had not sent him unto thee but upon the account of our knowledge and assurance of his understanding and integrity; and when he resolved upon his journey into that country, we gave directions to dispatch some of our affairs. Wherefore we wrote unto thee concerning him, and said, If thou hast any necessity or business with us, he will convey it to us from thee. And we said unto thee, speak with him, which if it should be, what thou talkest about with him will come to us, without addition or diminution.

As for what our servant Alkaid Ali Abd'ollah did to ——— thy servant the Christian, by God we know nothing of it, nor gave him any permission as to any thing that passed between them. And in the instant that we heard from him that he had taken thy man, we commanded him to set him at liberty, and he set him at liberty forthwith, out of hand; and from that we never shewed any favour to Alkaid Ali, nor was our mind right towards him till he died.

Our Christian servant, the merchant (Balih), told us that thou hadst a mind to an ostrich, and we gave him two, a male and a female, which shall come to thee if God will. And lo, O Secrétary! the goods of our servant, much esteemed with us, when he cometh he shall bring what is with him, if it please God. And we are in expectation of thy messenger, the ambassador; and if he comes, he shall see nothing from us but what is fair, and we will deliver to him the Christians, and do what he pleases, if

God will. Wherefore be kind to our servant with respect.

*Written the first of the glorious
Ramadan, in the year 1125.*

SABINA.

*Morning—Scenes in the Dressing-room
of a rich Roman Lady.*

(From the German of Böttiger.)

SCENE I.

*Sabina comes from her Bed-chamber
into her Dressing-room—Restauration—Skaphion brings the Asses'
Milk—Phiale the Paint—Stimmi
the black Eye-tincture—Mastiche the
Teeth.*

In the Royal Museum at Portici, among the immense numbers of ancient paintings brought from Herculaneum and Pompeii, there are four little pieces which have attracted particular attention, for this reason, that they were not, like the others, painted upon the wall, but attached to it separately, a circumstance which implies that, by their possessors, fifteen hundred years ago, they had been regarded as of something more than common value. The third of these pieces represents the dressing-chamber of an Herculanean lady. One of the virtuosì, who have described the curiosities of Portici, speaks of it in these terms: "A young woman is standing among her attendants; one of these dresses her hair, another sits by her, a third stands near; they are all elegantly attired." After having bestowed a more accurate attention upon this beautiful and nearly uninjured painting as engraved in the *Pittura D'Erculano*,* I am inclined to suppose that the following would be a more correct description of it. It is a family piece, representing a mother with her two beautiful daughters, whose features sufficiently indicate their relation to her. The mother is seated upon a chair somewhat elevated, with a footstool before it, of the kind always mentioned, as constituting a principle article of ornamental furniture in the female apartments of these

* *Pittura D'Erculano*, t. iv. tab. xliii.

times,—adorned with carving, gilding, coverlids, and cushions, all of the most costly execution and quality. With her right hand she leans tenderly upon her younger daughter, whose face is turned to her with an affectionate expression. On the other side stands the elder daughter, occupied with a female slave, who is arranging something in the back part of her hair. In other respects her dress is already finished, the hair is encircled with a double band, in the front it is fastened with long dressing-pins, whose heads alone are visible; the locks behind float in careless ringlets over the shoulders. The whole dress, with its exquisite border, the ear-rings, armlets, &c. shew that the day is that of a festival. It may be, that the scene represents a bride in the attire of her wedding-day. Near her, upon a beautiful little table, a white and blue band lies beneath a dressing-box, together with a few green leaves, probably meant for an offering-garland. At the foot of the table there stands a slender gently-curved ewer. The whole gives us a view of a female toilette of that age and country, in which the most agreeable mixture was exhibited of Grecian taste with Roman splendour.

We hear much and often of the extravagant and costly dresses of the Roman ladies of that age, when the spoils and luxuries of a plundered world were all collected in the imperial city; when the whole earth was ruled by the proud Romans, and these by their yet prouder wives. Many of our readers, we doubt not, will consider a peep into the morning and toilette hours of a lady of that time, as likely to furnish nearly as much amusement as the perusal of a heroic romance, founded on the manners of our tilting and tourneying forefathers, or a tale of ghosts and goblins in the Radcliff taste. They may perhaps remember something of a description of this sort in the travels of Anacharsis; but there, they will recollect, they saw only the modes and fashions of the retired and domestic matrons of Athens. In Rome, things wore a quite different aspect. The most luxurious lady of an English Nabob, the most expensive *Knesin* of St Petersburg, however extravagant her wishes may be, can never hope for a moment to rival the profuse splendour which was daily commanded by the wife of one of those Roman

knights or senators, who robbed whole countries, who saw kings at their feet, who brought hundreds of slaves of every complexion from their subjugated provinces, to administer to the pomp of their Roman *insulæ*, or their Italian villas.

A whole regiment of female slaves, each having her own particular department in the great work of the toilette or the wardrobe, attended on the nod of the *Domina*; for by that name was she called by her domestics, no less than by her lovers and dependants. That great painter of manners, Lucian, has given us a true and lively description of the levée of one of these ladies, which we shall begin with translating.

“Could any one see this fair creature,” says Lucian, “at the moment when she awakes from her sleep, he would have no great difficulty in believing him to be in company with a monkey or baboon,—according to all authorities a bad omen to begin the day with. It is for this reason she takes especial care that no male eyes shall see her at this hour. Now she takes her seat amidst a circle of officious old hags and dainty waiting damsels, whose skill and dexterity are all zealously engaged to call from their grave the dead charms of their mistress. To wash sleep from the eyes with a basin of fresh well-water, and then set alertly and merrily about the management of household concerns—what a tasteless old-fashioned idea! No, the first concerns to be attended to are the salves, and powders, and essences, and lotions! The room has the appearance of a millinery shop. Every slave has her own department at the toilette: one bears a silver wash-hand-basin, another a silver pot-de-chambre, another a silver ewer, others hold up as many looking-glasses and boxes as the apartment will admit of; and in all these, nothing but Deceit, and Treachery, and Falsehood—in one, teeth and gums—in another, eyelashes and eyebrows, and such like trumpery. But the most, both of art and time, are devoted to the hair. Some, that have the rage for turning their naturally black locks into white and yellow, besmear them all over with salves, and then expose them to be sucked in and burned in under the sun’s rays at noontide. Others are contented to keep them as black as they are; but they

lavish the whole substance of their husbands upon them, so that the whole of Arabia breathes from the hair of one of them. Burning lotions are kept boiling on the fire to crimp and twist what nature has made smooth and sleek. The hair of one must be brought down from the head, and taught to lie close to the eyebrows, lest the Cupids, I suppose, should have too much play-ground on the forehead; but behind, the locks float over the back in bundles of vanity.”*

But is it not possible that Lucian has been too hard upon the poor ladies of his age? Lucian was a great satirist, but he had so much wit, that we, for our parts, do not suspect him of having had frequent recourse to caricature. Were it necessary, however, to bring any authority in confirmation of his, we might point out abundant passages, at least as strong as the above, in the most reverend fathers of the church, particularly from the *Pedagogus* of Clement of Alexandria, but most of all from that invaluable mine of information, Tertullian's famous treatise on the *Dress of Women*. But here too, we well know that our authorities would be represented as suspicious, and the over austerity of these divines would be said to have incapacitated them from giving a just account of things as they stood. Our fair readers, however, must ascribe it to their own well-known spirit of incredulity, that we trouble them even with the threatening of such formidable citations.

Our *Domina*—without injury to all the other ladies, Roman and not Roman, who bore the same name, she may be called Sabina—at her first awakening is any thing but an amiable object. Perhaps Lucian's similitude of the she-baboon may not be far amiss. But you shall judge for yourselves. According to the custom of her times, she had placed on her face over-night, a plaster of bread soaked in asses' milk. The inventor of this embrocation, by means of which the skin was rendered very soft and white, was the illustrious Poppæa, the wife of Nero, and it had preserved her name. During the night, part of the beauty-plaster had been sucked into, and part of it had dried upon, her face, so that Sabina's physiognomy re-

sembles, in the morning, a wall with ill-mixed and bursting plaster,—and so indeed the great satirist Juvenal has described it.

“Interea fœda aspectu ridendaque multo
Pane tumet facies
Tandem aperit vultum et tectoria prima re-
ponit,
Incipit agnosci.”

If we take into our consideration the fact that, in addition to all this, our *Domina* had laid aside, with the rest of her dress, several not unimportant items of the “human face divine,” such, for example, as the eyebrows, the teeth, the hair, &c. and that therefore she probably bore much more likeness to the death's head, over which Hamlet moralized, than to the living model of the Venus of Praxiteles,—we shall, perhaps, upon the whole, be forced to admit that Lucian's comparison of the monkey was, if not the most gallant that he might have selected, the most graphic, piquant, and just. In truth, old Ennius had observed the same likeness several centuries before;

“Simia quam similis turpissima Bestia
nobis.”

Before, however, Sabina comes into what is, properly speaking, the dressing-room, her own *body-damsel*, the much-teased Smaragdis, has already performed certain little services about her person, the signal for which, from these lazy lords and ladies of the world, was a crack of the fingers.*

* There is not much of caricature, after all, in the famous question put into the mouth of a Roman lady by Juvenal—“Is then a slave a man?” That idea, if not expressed openly in words, was the ruling principle of much of their conduct—it was one part of this to give directions to their slaves, not by language, but by nods and gestures. The pious Clement of Alexandria, for this reason, mentions the cracking of the fingers (*ὅτι διὰ τῶν δακτύλων φοβοί, τῶν οἰκιστῶν περὶ λητῆσι*) as instances of the mode in which slavery brought men down to the condition of beasts. The *digitis concrepare* was a common signal to the servant in waiting; but its most usual meaning was, that he or she should bring the *pot-de-chambre*. It is thus, that in the *Trimalchio* of Petronius we read, “*Trimalchio homo lautissimus digitos concrepuit ad quos signum spado ludenti matellam supposuit.*” In one of Martial's epigrams, we read of a *Castratus*, who was, it seems, skilful in this part of his vocation, “*delicatæ sciscitator*

* *Amores*, T. ii. p. 440. ed. Wetstëin.

At last she enters the dressing-room, where her arrival has been perhaps for hours expected by a regiment of slaves and attendants. Her first nod is to the slave that watches the door, (the Janitrix, as she is called,) and then she asks after the billets-doux, bills, letters, messages, milliners, &c. that have arrived before she has got up. But who might be admitted to gaze with uninitiated eyes upon such a scene as this? Sabina has read the precepts of the great master in the art of love, and she forgets not his precepts.

“Non tamen expositas mensâ deprendat amator

Pyxidas. Ars faciem dissimulata juvet.
Quem non offendat toto fœx illita vultu,
Cum fluit in tepidos pondere lapsa sinus?
Æsypa quid redolent, quamvis mittitur Athenis

Deintus ab immundo vellere succus ovis?
Nec corâm mixtas cervæ sumsisse medullas,
Nec corâm dentes defricuisse probem.
Ista dabunt faciem; sed erunt deformia visu:
Multaque, dum fiunt turpia, facta placent.
Quæ nunc nomen habent operosi signa Myronis,

Pondus iners quondam, duraque massa fuit.
Anaulus ut fiat, primò colliditur aurum:
Quas geritis vestes, sordida lana fuit.
Cum fieret, lapis asper erat; nunc nobile signum

Nuda Venus madidas exprimit imbre comas.
Tū quoque dum coleris, nos te dormire putamus;

Artius à summâ conspiciare manu.

urina.” In another, we have the vessel itself introduced, speaking thus:

“Dum poscor strepitu digitorum et verna moratur,

O quoties pellex culcita facta mea est.”

Lib. xiv. 119.

The only relic of this barbarity seems to be perceived in the after-dinner fashions of the English gentlemen. The employment of slaves, however, in such ministrations, was shocking even to the ancients. We read in Plutarch (see *Laconica Apophthegmata in variis*, 35. tom. i. pt. ii. p. 934, Wyttenbach,) of a young Spartan slave who killed himself from the feeling of this degradation; and a serious debate is to be found in Arrian, (i. 2. 8.) whether or no a slave *should* submit to it. In another passage of the same work, we hear of the emperors having a servant expressly *καταπναι*. This abominable degradation was revived in modern France, where a court lady of high rank took her title from the *Cabinet d'aisance*. See Soulavie's *Memoires Historiques du regne de Louis XVI.*, vol. ii. p. 48.

Cur mihi nota tuo caussa est candoris in ore?
Claude forem thalami: quid rude prodixit opus?

Multa viros nescire decet. Pars maxima rerum

Offendat, si non interiora tegas.”

Sabina is aware what consequences the admission of any young gentleman to this privacy might produce, and she guards effectually against it. She remembers the story of Psyche, who put *love* to flight by the injudicious introduction of the torch.

Scarcely has the Domina entered the numerous circle of her damsels and tire-women, ere each of them, with the zeal of rivalry, betakes her to her part. As of old, among the Egyptians, each part of the human body had its peculiar physician, so that the ear-doctor, the eye-doctor, the tooth-doctor, the clyster-doctor, the foot-doctor—each had his own little unapproachable division of the general victim to deal with, as it might seem good to his fancy,—here too the surface of Sabina is portioned out among a vast variety of petty governors. Every bit of the smoothened, polished, painted, pranked body, thanks a different artist for its ornament. The slaves are arranged into troops and sub-divisions like a legion.*

The first file consists of the painters, the layers-on of white and red, the stainers of the eye-brows, and the scrubbers of the teeth. The whole materials made use of by this class, were combined under the general Greek term of *Cosmetic*, for the rage of the Roman ladies was in these days to call every thing by Greek names, exactly as it has been the rage of German ladies, in our own times, to call every thing by French. From the lover, down to the tooth-brush, every thing had its endearing appellation in Greek. The maids occupied with this great department were called *kosmetai*. The first who begins to operate is *Scaphion*, who, with a basin of lukewarm asses milk, washes from the face the nocturnal incrustation of bread. This mass was called *καταπλάσμα*—

* See Pignori de Servis Romanorum, (ed. ii. Batav. 1656,) § 191—204. See also Gori upon the *Columbarium Livie Augustæ*, discovered a century before that time. A Roman dame of high rank, at the age of our Sabina, had at least 200 *libertæ* and *servæ* attached to her daily service.

the soaps and essences which were applied after its removal, *σμυγματα*. To enumerate all the names of these would require a treatise, and a dull one; the ancients, so far as chemical skill was not absolutely necessary, were nowise inferior to the moderns in this species of invention. Varro, a contemporary of Cicero, calls one of these salves by which wrinkles were removed, *tentipellum*—humorously liking it to the stretchers used by tanners. The second slave is Phiale—her care is the pallet alone, it is her's to clothe with white and red the clean washen and smoothed visage of the *Domina*. Before, however, she presumes to apply her colours, she breathes on a metallic mirror, and gives it to her lady, who smells the breath. The state of the saliva of the maiden is by this ascertained—a circumstance of mighty import in the mixing of the colours.*

The ointments and colours, and the whole apparatus wherewith, as Hamlet says, they disguised God's handiwork, was contained in two caskets of ivory and crystal work, which formed, in these days, the chief ornaments of the female toilette, and were known by the Greek name, *Narthechia*. Our fair readers may be excused for wishing to have a glimpse of the interior of these repositories; but let our gentlemen take warning from the fate of "Peeping Tom of Coventry." We may, however, mention this much in general, that with the exception of the ancient and saturnian white lead, which was then quite as fashionable as it is now, the greater part of the ancient paints were derived from the comparatively innocent animal and vegetable kingdoms. The Roman ladies were in this respect wiser than ours.

* The word *Fard* is derived, not from *fucus*, as Menage thinks, but from the Italian *farda*—saliva. The sublimate of mercury was always moistened by saliva before it was mixed up with the colours. To this Ariosto alludes, in his first satire:

"Voglio che si contenti della faccia
Non sa ch'il liscio e fatto con *salvo*
Delle Guidée ch'il vendon, ne con tempre
Di muschio ancor perde l'odor cattivo."

See Triller de remediis veterum cosmeticis eorumque noxiis, vit. 1757, 4.

Also, an amusing article in the European Magazine, 1797, "the Adventures of Mercury.

While Phiale is busy with her pencils and pallet, a third slave, whose nom-de-toilette is Stimmi, is getting ready a little pot with pounded black lead (which they called, very appropriately, *fuligo*) and water. In her other hand she has a very delicate pencil or needle, for laying on this tincture; for in those days the Greek and Roman ladies universally made use of methods for increasing the lustre and depth of their eye-lashes and eye-brows, very similar to the *surmê* still employed for the same purposes by the Oriental fair. The common mixture was called Stibium (a slight alteration of the Greek *στιβίς*, an eye-brow), and it might either be formed, as we have already described it, from lead, or from antimony or bismuth, the very materials still in fashion among the easterns. Stimmi, with her *calliblepharon* (for this too was another name for it, and the most elegant of all), soon transfers Sabina into some resemblance of the ox-eyed hero of Homer.* The eye-brows also are delicately touched. Next comes Mastiche to her post, the dentist of the toilette. She applies to the *Domina* that Chian martix from which she derives her own name, and which was the customary dentifrice of the day.† From the corner of her beautiful mastix-box she next produces a little onyx phial, containing the urine of an infant, and a golden shell, containing finely pounded pumice-stone, which, from the mixture of a de-

* The best description of this operation is Juvenal's:

*Illa supercilium madida fuligine tactum
Obliquâ producta cu, pingitque tremantes
Attollens oculos.*

Petronius also speaks of "Supercilia proferre de pyxide." What Juvenal calls the *obliqua acus* is called by Galen, in speaking of the ladies of his time, (*ἀνὴρ σσηματὰ σφμμιζομένης γυναικὸς*) *μηλὴ*, i. e. *specillum*.

† The word mastix itself (*μαστίζειν*, *mastilla*, *macheoire*) shews how universal was this practice. The substitute of the rich, when any substitute was used, was a silver picker *spina argentea*. (See Petron. c. 33. p. 128.) The poor then, as they still do in the east, were obliged to employ a false species of mastich, the *attractilis gummifera* Linn. In old times the tree itself, however, was sedulously cultivated both in Italy and the Levant. Sonnini has several curious remarks concerning it, and the trade arising out of it. See *Voyage en Grèce et Turquie* vol. ii. p. 126.

licate marble, sparkles with every variety of colour. But perhaps all this is mere show. The teeth which are contained in the little box of Mastiche have no real occasion for tooth powder, dentifrice, or pearl essence. These are easily placed with all their beauty in the hollow jaws, and no powder or brush can do any good to the few and ragged remnants of the aboriginal stumps. The truth is, that the invention of ivory teeth and golden sprigs is as old as the *twelve tables*.*

Martial often speaks in a manner which proves the universality of the use of false teeth in his times; for instance, in the following, when he introduces the tooth-powder as speaking;

*Quid mecum est tibi? me Puella sumat,
Emptos non voleo polire dentes.*

The goddess Fashion had in these times not only as many worshippers, but was adored by them with the same incense and morning offerings as now. To many a Sabina of that day a portrait-painter might have made the same excuse which Lord Chesterfield has put in the mouth of Liotard, "I never copy any body's work but my own and God Almighty's."†

Let us hear the address of Martial to one of his own countrywomen:

*Cum sis ipsa domi mediâque orneri Suburâ
Fant absentes et tibi Galla Comæ
Nec dentes aliter quam Serica nocte reponas,
Et jaceas centum condita pyxidibus.
Nec tecum facies tua dormiat, innuis illo
Quod tibi prolatum est mane, supercilio.*

Sixteen centuries later, La Bruyere speaks much in the same way of his countrywomen: "I have collected the voices of the men, and they were almost all of my opinion, that it is almost as odious a thing to see a woman with white lead on her face, as with false teeth in her gums, or waxen plumpers in her cheeks. They protested, that before God and man, no part of this deceit and treachery could be laid to their charge."‡

DESCRIPTION OF THE DRESSING-BOX
OF ASTERIA, A ROMAN LADY OF
THE FOURTH CENTURY; FOUND IN
THE YEAR 1794.

"COULD we but see one of the rouge-boxes in the Museum of Portici! Has no dressing-box been found among all their excavations? Learned men used to be buried with a copy of Homer or Cicero under their heads—did no fair and luxurious Domina ever take her toilette apparatus with her to her grave?" So we can easily imagine one of our fair readers to express herself, after perusing the first scene of our Sabina.

By a happy accident, there was discovered, some years ago, the complete toilette of a Roman lady of the first rank, in a tomb of the imperial city. It is true, that the age of this precious monument is some few centuries later than that of our Sabina; and it is also true, that our Herculanean lady can scarcely be supposed to have rivalled the magnificent equipage of the consular lady Asteria; but, nevertheless, we may gain at least some light from examining that interesting relic of antiquity. But first a few words on the mode of its discovery.

In the spring of 1794, some labourers digging for a well in the garden of a monastery, not far from the Saburra, at the foot of the Equiline hill, came upon a large subterranean chamber filled with crumbled ruins, from which, after some time, they succeeded in extricating a chest filled with a variety of ancient articles of dress. At first, however, this discovery was looked upon as so unimportant, that government, although legally entitled to all things so dug up, made over the prize, without difficulty, to the persons in whose garden it had been found. These sold the whole to a German connoisseur, the Baron von Schellersheim, then residing in Rome, who was indefatigable in picking up all antique rarities discovered during his stay; and who, upon a closer investigation, had no difficulty in finding, that he had thus got into his possession one of the most precious remains of Roman antiquity which had ever been dug from the earth, both by reason of its materials and its workmanship. He shortly after shewed

* Cicero de legg. ii. 24. It is forbidden to bury gold with the dead, but where an express exception is made concerning those who were buried with false teeth fastened with gold in this way.

† The World, No 105.

‡ Caractères, vol. i. p. 153.

his prize to the learned Abbate Visconti, at that time inspector of the Museum Po-Clementinum, who made its value known to the world by a letter addressed to the Prelate Jomaglia.

The whole of the articles found with this casket are of massy silver, and their total weight amounts to one thousand and twenty-nine ounces. The whole pieces of wrought silver of antiquity (coin excepted) which have as yet been discerned, would scarcely equal the weight of this single treasure; and moreover, a very great proportion of its component parts are silver-gilt. The other important remains of this kind which have been found have all been in single pieces, such as, the silver shield found in the Rhone not far from Avignon; another shield found in the Arve, near Genf; a third shield, which has been described in the 9th volume of the *Memoires de Litterature*; the great silver key at the Vatican, and the Aldaburian Patera, which has been described by the Abbate Braschi. But however great the metallic weight of some of these single pieces may be, no one of them can be put into any kind of comparison with this casket and its contents, by any one who has the smallest tincture of true antiquarian learning. Here are to be seen at once, almost all the articles in use in the toilette of a distinguished Roman lady of the fourth century; the history of luxury and fashions possesses no monument which can be compared with it.

The most remarkable piece is the silver toilette, or dressing-box itself, two feet in length, a foot and a half in breadth, and one foot in height. The form, the workmanship, the figures upon its exterior, are all of the most elaborate and exquisite kind. The quadrangular box consists of two equal parts, of which the one forms the box, properly speaking, and the other the lid. The box is thickest at the place where these join; from that point upwards and downwards it is shaped in a pyramidal fashion; and it terminates both above and below in a small oblong tablet. The earlier taste of antiquity would have rejected this form as too artificial; but it is to be seen in several lids of urns, &c. of the age of Constantine, among others, in the two urns supposed to have contained the ashes of St Helena

and Constantia. As to the destination of this box there can remain no doubt, after the slightest examination of the relieves and inscriptions with which it is covered. Upon the tablet, at the top, which may be supposed to be the most honourable place, there is a half-length relieve of a man and a woman. The lady stands on the right of her husband, and holds in her hand a half-unfolded roll. This is often to be seen on old monuments where a marriage is the subject of representation, and the roll has been supposed by some of the most erudite antiquarians, to be the marriage-contract. It is probable that the box itself was the wedding gift of the bridegroom to his bride. The head-dress of the lady is elevated to a great height, with curls and ringlets after the fashion commonly met with in the coins of the age of the Empress Helena. The bridegroom has a short curled beard, like the heads in the coins of Maximus, Julius, and Eugenius.—Over his shoulders he has a mantle, (the *chlamys*)* which is fastened, as usual, above the right arm, with a clasp of considerable size. The two busts are surrounded with a common border of sufficiently intelligible description. It is a garland of myrtle twigs, held at either extremity by a flying genius—a symbol of the unity of the pair.

Three of the four declining sides of the lid are adorned with beautiful representations of the goddess of love. One of these is particularly charming, wherein Venus is pictured as making her progress over the calm waves,† attended by a group of Tritons and a whole procession of Cupids. One of the Tritons leans forward, and presents to the goddess an oval mirror; a group often seen, with some little variation, on ancient gems and medals.

* The *chlamys*, originally entirely confined to military dress, had, in the 3d and 4th centuries, almost superseded the use of the proper *toga*. The clasps were continually increasing in size, and in elaborate workmanship. See Rhodius, *de acia* c. 5. p. 56 and Smetius, *Antiquitates Neomag.* p. 86.

† The Venus Marina, a favourite subject both of sculptors and painters. A fine passage in the beautiful poem of Claudian, *De Nupt. Hon. et Mar.* seems to have been composed with reference to some such representation as the present. See v. 151, &c.

The drapery of the figures on all these three sides is strongly gilt. In these later times, this gilding of silver was the universal taste. The scene on the fourth side is also worthy of much attention, although Venus is not visibly introduced. It represents the festal home-bringing* of the bride to her husband's house. The shape of the house, with its wreathed pillars, is one of familiar occurrence in medals. The bride moves between her two brides-maids, the one of whom holds a tambourin in her hand. At a little distance there are some more figures, a woman with two children, all bringing boxes, vases, ewers, and other articles of furniture. The figures are in some measure separated from each other by a pillar which stands in the middle, covered with garlands, and wreathed like those already mentioned, in the corrupt fashion of architecture then prevalent.

Another very interesting representation is that on one of the sides of the box-paper, where the lady whom we have just seen introduced to the house is set forth in the retirement of her toilette or dressing-room. She is seated on a splendid stool, while her slaves are busied about her. The stool is hung round with golden chains and ornaments, and is therefore a *cathedra*. The lady holds in one hand a casket, containing probably her wedding-jewels; with the other she is fastening a band upon her head. Right before her stands one of the attendant slaves, with a silver mirror of the common oval shape in her hand, which she is holding up to her mistress. Another stands by her with a dressing-box, containing probably the rouge and the other cosmetic apparatus. A third holds a rectangular casket high up, and has an ewer at her feet. This probably is the *pseca*, the slave whose vocation it is to sprinkle the odoriferous Indian essences over the hair and dress of her lady. The casket which she holds is probably the proper *narthecium*, or salve-casket, filled with alal aster vases, oil flasks, onyx phials, &c.; and the water ewer below is

intimately connected with the use of all these. A fourth slave holds a basin of a semicircular form. A fifth holds a ring, from which depends a small box pyramidically shaped in its cover, but flat below. In addition to all this rich work, there are still two female figures more, which seem to perform the parts of *candelabra*: probably this may refer to the well-known nuptial torch-bearing. The subject of this piece, then, is not, it would seem, any ordinary dressing, but the formal and solemn attiring of a bride. The chamber wherein the figures are placed has in its back-ground a row of pillars, every two figures separated by one of them. The unwearied invention of the artist has placed by each of the extreme columns a peacock in the full splendour of his expanded plumage;* the whole of the gay scene being most fitly terminated on either side by one of the emblems of that imperial Juno, who has no emblems but those of pride and splendour.

This then is a dressing-box† exactly of the same nature with those which modern ladies use. The only difference is, that our ladies are in common satisfied with boxes of atlas or rose-wood, inlaid with brass or silver, while the ancient fair condescended not below silver materials and the workmanship of a sculptor.—As to the name of the owner, no doubt can exist. On the smooth summit of the lid, the following words are still distinctly visible: *Secunde et Projecta vivatis*. *Secundus* is the bridegroom, *Projecta* is the name of his bride. A prayer for the happiness of both is the meaning of the legend. On some of the smaller pieces there is found, although not so entire, the name *Projecta Turci*. Now, in the history of the fourth and fifth centuries, several of the first dignities in Rome were held by men bearing the name of *Turcius Asterius Secundus*;‡ so that there seems to be no reason to doubt that this splendid box was possessed by a *Projecta*, wife of one of these Asterii.

* “Gloriosum animal, gemmantes laudatus expandit colores.” Plin. x. 20.

† Its proper name was Pyxis, which shews of what materials it was originally formed.

‡ There were two prefects of the Gens Turcia in the years 339 and 362.

* The use of the word *ducere* is evidently derived from this practice. Processions of the same kind are still used among the inhabitants of European Turkey. See Tournefort, *Voyage du Levant*, vol. ii. p. 51. (edit. Amst. 1718. 4.)

Next to the pyxis itself, the most remarkable piece is a silver *capsula*, which, from the chains appended to it, appears to have been carried about on the arm. It is one foot in height, and is, at the base, one foot and two or three inches broad. It is a regular polygon of sixteen sides, which corners are all rounded off into a circle where the lid is inserted. The first glance is sufficient to suggest the resemblance which this bears to the receptacles of book-rolls which are often to be seen on ancient monuments,—for example, at the feet of the Muses, or wrapped in the folds of the toga; although in general the form of these is either square, or, in the decline of taste, cylindrical or circular. The *capsula* was used by the Romans, in travelling, for the accommodation of a small library; and in their own apartments, for the purpose of preserving books of an unusual value. The figures in relievo, on the sixteen sides of this *capsula*, harmonize very well with this idea of its destination. These are the nine Muses, eight of them around the *capsula*, each alternate surface being occupied by a garland of flowers. The ninth Muse is on the flat summit of the whole,—Erato, it is probable, the Muse that united love and poetry, and therefore the fittest to preside over the dressing-table of a beauty. The other Muses are indeed distinguished by their appropriate *emblemata*.

On one of the intermediate spaces there is a lock and bolt, for the security of the precious rolls. But why all this learned apparatus at the toilette of a Roman lady? Might the whole *capsula* not be meant for holding love-letters and billets-doux? For this no such formal preparation had been necessary. The safest place for such deposits was in the girdle, or below the bosom-band (the *strophium*), close to the heart. But there were learned ladies among the Romans as well as among ourselves; and why might not Asteria be a Blue Stocking? We have Ovid's authority, that the Roman ladies were as fond of Menander as ever the French *Bas Bleus* were of their Florian or Picard. Even of romances, at that time called Milesian tales, there was no dearth.—But luckily there is no need for so much conjecture. The *capsula*'s contents have been preserved, as well as itself.

We have all read of the astonishment of a young heir, who, in tumbling over the library of his grandfather, shook from the centre of one of the fathers a purse of beautiful *louis d'or*. Our fair readers will guess what was the astonishment of the worthy antiquarian, Baron von Schellersheim, who lifted the lid of his *capsula librorum* with the expectation of drawing forth some precious fragments of Menander or Sapho, and found nothing but five salve-boxes and essence-vials. In the midst of the *capsula* there is a copper tablet with five openings, one of a larger, and four around it of a smaller size. In these openings, originally, no doubt, intended for MSS., were found the receptacles of pomatums and lotions. Alexander threw out the balsams from the casket of Darius, and inserted the Iliad in their stead: our Asteria followed quite a different course; with her the books gave place to the essences. But our readers must not be too severe on Asteria. We have ourselves seen modern *books*, and pretty books too, which, on examination, turned out to be snuff-boxes—or counter-boxes; and Prince Potenikin, it is well known, had a number of *books*—the chief objects of his attention—which were filled with Russian bank assignats.* We remember to have read of the surprise of a German traveller, who opened a large and splendid quarto in the apartment of a French lady, and found it to contain—the very reverse of what occupied the *capsula* of Asteria.

Besides these two principal pieces, there are a variety of lesser articles appertaining to the *Trousseau*, or, as the Roman juriconsults would have called it, the *Mundus Muliebris* of Asteria; several small silver *paterae* and ewers, with ciphers on them; one beautiful little vase covered with Arabesques, without doubt for nard or incense; several small toilette-spoons for dropping out essences, or tasting sweetmeats or liqueurs. There is also a silver hollow hand for holding a taper; for the ancients always preferred natural forms to artificial, and hands of this kind are seen on all kinds of monuments,—what a contrast to some of our clumsy

* Zwey briefe u. d. neuesten veränderungen in Rußland, Zurich 1797. see p. 80.

and tasteless inventions. The last piece is a human head of silver, belonging to the awning of a litter, and four sitting figures of exquisite beauty, with screw-ends—for ornamenting the extremities of the poles, by which Astoria's *palanquin* was carried.

All this was within the chest. Close by it there were found, at the same time, two little pieces, whose form and execution prove them to have belonged to a more elegant age than that of Astoria. The first is a bronze vessel, the only thing of that metal in the whole collection. It is an ewer, in the form of a female head, having a double row of pearls round the forehead, and the hair interwoven with bandlets. Nothing is more common than vessels of this kind in this beautiful form. The swelling above the head is borrowed from the Caryatides, and forms commonly the neck of the vessel. It is worthy of notice, that the eyes, and other small ornaments of this vessel, are of silver inlaid on the bronze,—a fashion very common even in the case of the marble statues of antiquity, although not exactly reconcilable with our ideas of simplicity.*

But the most beautiful of all is unquestionably a large silver *patera*, in the midst of which there is an exquisite representation of Venus rising from the sea—the *Venus Anadyomene*.

“Equeoreo madidas quæ premit imbre cotas.”†

The very handle of this *patera* is adorned with a most graceful carving of Adonis, the lover of Venus, represented *en heros*, with his lance, but having, in token of his passion for the chase, a favourite dog at his feet.

What might not our goldsmiths, porcelain manufacturers, and decoration-artists, learn even from the smallest, and apparently least important, parts of antique workmanship? What use might they not make of those natural forms, those heads, hands, paws, serpents, &c. so endlessly, and yet so gracefully, introduced by the artists of the Greeks?

* The Colossal Pallas of Phidias had precious stones in the eyes. See Plin. xxxiii. 3. 20.

See also Visconti Busti di Museo Pio-clementino, vol. vi. p. 11. and the *Monumens Antiques du Musée Napoleon*, lib. ix. p. 16. The custom was of oriental or Egyptian origin.

† Ovid, ex. Pont. iv. l. 29.

MEMOIRS OF
EDWARD CAPE EVERARD.*

THESE are the memoirs of an unfortunate veteran of the stage, who is now concluding a long life of unsuccessful labour by an old age of penury and wretchedness. The theatrical talents of Mr Everard, it appears, were never sufficient to maintain him in the first walks of his profession; and he has ever been one of those obscure but useful performers, on whom devolves most of the drudgery of the stage, but little of the applause. The work (as the memoirs of actors generally are) is extremely entertaining, and contains much amusing anecdote and green-room scandal. There is no profession so much separated from the pursuits of the rest of the world as that of an actor. What is our pleasure is their business; and the public, who are generally kept before the curtain, are always glad to get a peep behind it. We love to mingle with those whom we have hitherto seen only in an assumed character, and for a time to behold them in their own. We can assure those, therefore, who wish to become acquainted with all the petty arts, bickerings, and jealousies of the green-room, that they will have their curiosity amply gratified by the perusal of the present volume.

If autobiography is excusable in any man, it is surely so in a case like the present, where the unfortunate narrator only resorts to it as a last endeavour to derive from his past misfortunes something which may enable him to sink in peace and comfort to the grave. At the advanced age Mr Everard has now attained, this is all he can expect, and what we most sincerely trust he will be enabled to obtain.

It is not our intention to enter on a review of the present work, which, however, is sufficiently creditable both to his principles and his talents. We shall, however, give a summary view of his unfortunate career, and extract from it a few theatrical anecdotes, from

* Memoirs of an Unfortunate Son of Thespis; being a Sketch of the Life of Edward Cape Everard, Comedian, Twenty-three Years of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, London, and Pupil of the late David Garrick, Esq.; with Reflections, Remarks, and Anecdotes. Written by Himself. Royal 18mo. pp. 274. Edinburgh. 1818.

which we think our readers will derive some entertainment.

The parents of Mr Everard were respectable plebeians, who died in an humble situation, "leaving no blot on their fame." On account, however, of some casual resemblance to Mr Garrick, it was rumoured by the scandal-mongers of the theatre, that he was indebted for his being to the unlawful embraces of the great Roscius; an opinion which, though utterly without foundation, Mr Everard was weak and vain enough to encourage, thus venturing to cast an imputation on the character of his mother, which, even by his own shewing, it was impossible she could deserve. On the death of his parents, he became an inmate of his uncle, Mr Cape, who kept a lodging-house in the Piazza, Covent-garden. This vicinity to the stage produced its natural effect; and he soon after came out at Covent-garden in the character of *Cupid*. He shewed considerable talents for dancing, and was placed under the tuition of an eminent master of that art, and had the honour of becoming a fellow-scholar of the celebrated *Nancy Dawson*. From his extreme youth, he became a favourite with the public, and, it would appear, gave promise of talents for the stage which he never afterwards fully realised. He attracted likewise much notice from Mr Garrick, who gave him occasional instructions, and encouraged him to persist in his theatrical career. For some years he continued to perform on the London stage with considerable success, but was at length left without an engagement, and compelled to seek a precarious subsistence by becoming an itinerant performer in the provincial theatres. It were needless to pursue him farther. The narrative of his succeeding life exhibits only a picture of respectable mediocrity labouring to attain success, but for the most part encountering disappointment. Those, however, who choose to read the work itself, will find it not unentertaining. We recommend it particularly to the perusal of all young stage-aspirants, who will there become acquainted with all the difficulties that await them, and learn how

"Hard is his fate, whom evil stars have led
To seek in scenic art precarious bread."

To the present theatrical mania, we think, it will afford a complete anti-

dote, and (if the would-be Romeos have one spark of common sense left) lead them to turn their abilities to some more profitable and respectable occupation.

The galaxy of talent which adorned the stage in the days of Garrick, Barry, Powell, Palmer, Mossop, Foote, Quin, Macklin, Clive, Pritchard, and Woffington, has since been wholly unrivalled. They not only raised their profession from the degraded condition to which it had been reduced, but succeeded, in a certain degree, in giving a tone and character to the taste and manners of the times in which they lived. The theatre and its affairs then occupied a much greater share of the public attention than they have since been able to attract. The witticisms of the green-room were quoted in polite society, and the names of Garrick, Quin, Foote, and Palmer, have not only been transmitted to us as those of great actors, but as the first wits of their day. It was among these great men that Mr Everard made his theatrical debut; and we have many new and curious anecdotes, illustrative of their character and temper, in the work before us. We shall extract at random the following account of Mr Barry and Mr Garrick. We think he has discriminated their different excellences with considerable judgment.

"I remember the great Barry, in his decline, could scarcely walk off the stage in his unequalled *Othello*; and, after, he was too old for playing *Old King Lear*. He was, as Mr Fawcett observed, the 'afflicted actor, under the real pressure of age and infirmity.' And when the audience plainly saw that he could scarcely stand, that he could not kneel down without help, or rise again without evident pain to himself and great support, they forgot 'King Lear,' and remembered he was 'Barry.' *Romeo*, *Othello*, *Marc Anthony*, *Varanes*, and in all that may be called love parts, none ever equalled him, I believe; his voice was so sweet and harmonious, that he was called the silver-toned Barry, the 'tuneful swan.' His figure, too, was tall and even handsome, and in *Romeo* none could have stood against him but a Garrick. They played it in opposition at the different theatres twelve successive nights. In the balcony or love-scenes, with *Juliet*, in the 2d and 3d acts, the critics gave Barry the preference; the 1st act, the scene with the *Friar* in the 3d act, and the last scene, they allowed it to Garrick; but I think, they never agreed or could determine, which, upon the whole, was greatest. Garrick then attacked him in

his favourite character of *Othello*, but without success; indeed it may be said, it was the only part he ever failed in; yet I have heard it said by those who were reputed good judges, that he struck out many new beauties in it, never before hit upon;—his not succeeding might, in a great measure, be attributed to his want of height, being much below Barry's;—he also dressed it in a shape which was not then the custom. It was, too, the fashion of those days for ladies of quality to have a little black boy, in a farcy dress and turban, to wait on them with the tea-table equipage; and the celebrated actor Quin, being in one of these parties, was asked what he thought of Garrick's *Othello*?—“Why,” says he, “the boy plays it well enough; but confound it, whenever he came on, he put me in mind of little Pompey there with the tea-kettle.” This ludicrous remark hurt him more than his want of figure;—he immediately gave it up, and soon was universally admired in the same tragedy, by his judicious acting in *Iago*. In *King Lear*, *Jaffier*, and many other parts, they were likewise powerful rivals. Their opposition in the *first* occasioned some remarks, which I remember reading in a paper with the following lines:

“The town has found two different ways
To praise the different Lears;
To Barry they give loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears!”

Which had the greater compliment, I submit to the judicious reader.”

The jealous irascibility of the temper of Mr Garrick is well illustrated by the next anecdote we shall lay before our readers.

“As Garrick advanced in life, and still increasing reputation, so he still, if possible, became more and more tenacious of it, and more easily disconcerted; therefore, during the last two years of his acting, he requested the musicians not to leave the orchestra for the future when he played tragedy, as their going in and out, and the doors opening and shutting, caught his eye and ear, and distressed him. Till this time, after playing the music between the acts, the band used to bob under the stage, and in their music-room enjoy themselves quietly at a game of whist or drafts, till the prompter's bell gave them warning that the act was just over: this in future they were obliged to forego when he performed tragedy. His first part after this order was *Macbeth*; and, conformably to the same, all the musicians reluctantly kept their seats. But a Mr Cervetto, well known to the galleries by the appellation of ‘Nosey,’ who had belonged to the theatre above forty years, and repeatedly seen Garrick in all his characters, now deprived of his customary indulgence, found it difficult to keep awake during the first act; after playing the music to which, he profoundly fell asleep! The longest pause that Garrick ever made was in this

part, and in the second act, previous to his saying,

‘Is this a dagger that I see before me?’

“At this moment the house was all eyes and ears, all silence, all attention; I suppose no one thought they were in a theatre; the “very cunning of the scene” had obtained the deception which it aims at, and wholly engrossed all their faculties. At this critical moment, unfortunately, poor Cervetto awoke with an uncommon gape; a loud, long, uncouth, tremendous gape! such a one ne’er heard before! The howling of a dog, compared to it, was harmony! Had a loaded gun been fired among the audience, they could not have been more alarmed: they were electrified,—then, in a few seconds, went into a general laugh; indeed ’twas irresistible. However, they restored themselves to order, and Garrick became composed as soon as possible; but when once he got into his room, after the play was over, the storm broke out. He demanded to know who it was that made that infernal noise from the orchestra. On being told, Cervetto was brought up to him; and perhaps no criminal ever came before a judge with more anxiety and trepidation than he did to Garrick.

“On his entering, the enraged Roscius incoherently exclaimed, ‘What! is it possible? can it be you, sir? is it you, who have been in the house with me so many years? is it you that made that cursed outlandish noise from the orchestra, and set the whole audience in a roar of laughter?’ He went on, till poor Cervetto could just get an opening to say, ‘Sir, I am extremely sorry.’ ‘Confound your sorrow, sir! what’s your sorrow to me? You have ruined me; I could not recover myself the whole night; all the reputation I have gained in forty years, I have lost in two hours by your execrable noise. You must have been suborned; you’ve been hired to destroy me; you have joined with assassins, to stab me in the vulnerable part.’ ‘No, sir, I assure you I was not hired; I abhor the idea, and tomorrow you will do me the justice to believe me, but you are now in a passion.’ ‘Ay, sir, and no wonder; but how came you to fall asleep? Did my acting displease you? was it so tiresome as to make you go to sleep?’ ‘No, sir; but the house was so attentive, so very silent, and your acting was so wonderfully great, so much beyond, I thought, what I have often seen you do in the same part, that I was overcome, quite overpowered with sensations that I cannot express, and involuntarily dropt into sleep. I know not how to account for it, but I always do so when I am very highly pleased.”

Perhaps no theatrical occurrence ever excited a greater sensation in the public than the farewell appearance of the great Roscius on the stage. The following account of his last performance

is extremely well given, and will carry with it greater authority, as coming from the pen of one of the few remaining eye-witnesses of that affecting scene. Mr Everard appears to think that Mr Garrick's character was not so unfeeling as it has generally been represented. On the present occasion he certainly both excited and displayed extraordinary emotion; and we think his farewell was his proudest, as it was his last triumph.

"The first tragedy their Majesties ever commanded, I believe, was to see him play *Richard*, being intended for the last night of his performing. Had the theatre then been five times larger than it is now, it would have been full; persons numberless were at the pit and gallery doors soon after ten o'clock in the morning, the places in the boxes taken, and might have been let ten times over. In the evening, after their Majesties arrival and being seated, the play, as customary, immediately began; but the noise made without doors with people pressing to get in, the confusion which prevailed among those who were in, and could not squeeze themselves into a seat, was such, that, notwithstanding the presence of Majesty itself, not a single syllable was heard till the first act was nearly over, and Garrick had to make his appearance; the audience, for the most part, knowing this; the people without doors finding in vain their efforts to get in, and those who were in, having crammed themselves together as comfortably as they could, in a minute all was silence; but in the next moment all was noise again and uproar; the galleries insisted on the play beginning again, for, as I have said, not a word had been heard; his Majesty, on being asked, consented to this, and moreover, knowing Mr Garrick's disposition, sent Lord Harcourt to him, telling him to make himself perfectly easy, and by no means to hurry or distress himself, but take his time, for they would patiently stay till he was collected. After this compliment, the play, strange to say, began again! Determined as he was to finish still with *Richard*, he was prevailed on to perform it again; previous to which, by strong solicitations from many of the nobility, he consented to play one night more, assuring them positively that it should be the last, as indeed it was. He played *Don Felix* in the "Wonder;" I am not ashamed to say, that on that evening I played the little part of *Vasquez*. He spoke the last time as *Don Felix*; I can give but a very poor description of the loud plaudits that ensued from all parts of the house, and, I believe, from every one in it, ladies as well as gentlemen. He, with the other performers, Mr Smith, Mr King, Mrs Abington, Miss Pope, &c. kept retiring to the back of the stage; Garrick then slowly advanced, leaving the rest standing in a circle behind. In an instant a different sensation ran through

the house; till then it seemed as if they had quite forgot that this was positively the last night of his ever appearing. An awful profound silence ensued. He addressed them in prose, seemingly without any study, saying, that "The jingle of rhyme, and the language of fiction would but ill suit his feelings." After expressing his most grateful acknowledgments for their kindness so many years bestowed on him, he took his final leave, and quitted the stage on the 10th of June 1776. The applause he received at the conclusion of the play was very different to what was given now; it then was long, loud, unanimous, rapturous; now, it was "Not loud, but deep"—not rapturous, but like a muffled drum—not unanimous, for the hands that a minute before were together beating, in rapture, especially the ladies, were now employed in using their white handkerchiefs;—
'And tears are honest, when the hands are not.'

His universality has been acknowledged by his cotemporaries; such or such an actor in their respective fortes have been allowed to play such or such a part equally well as him; but could they perform *Archer* and *Scrub* like him, and *Abel Dragger*, *Ranger* and *Lusignan*, *Bayes* and *Benedick*—speak his own prologue to "*Barbarossa*," in the character of a *Country-boy*, and in a few minutes transform himself in the same play to *Selim*? Nay, in the same night he has played *Sir John Brute* and the *Guardian*—*Romeo* and *Lord Chalkstone*—*Hamlet* and *Sharp*—*King Lear* and *Fribble*—*King Richard* and the *School-boy*! Could any one but himself attempt such a wonderful variety, such an amazing contrast of characters, and be equally great in all! No, no, no!—"Garrick take the chair!" Or allow me to bid farewell to him in his loved author's lines:—

'He was a man, take him for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

It is now several years since this aged adventurer visited our northern metropolis. He was refused, and indeed could not well expect, an engagement by Mr Murray, and he has since had little else to support him than the small produce of an annual benefit allowed him by the charity of the manager. That support also, we understand, has been now withdrawn, and the attempt to attract an audience to his own performances has repeatedly failed. The lovers of light reading will derive from this volume a far more harmless amusement than they find in the vile trash they devour from the circulating library, and the purchasers of the work will have the satisfaction of knowing, that they are contributing to sooth the declining years of an infirm and destitute old man.

ON THE STOCKS, OR PUBLIC FUNDS.

MR EDITOR,

As I have no doubt of your desire to contribute to the instruction, as well as the amusement, of every individual among your readers, who pays down regularly his half-crown for your monthly bill of fare, I shall make no apology for troubling you with a few remarks on the subject that stands at the head of this paper. There are few topics of conversation perhaps more frequently introduced, and, at the same time, less generally understood, than that of the Public Funds, and I know few subjects on which the uninstructed can derive so little information from books. Systems of political economy, and profound disquisitions on the national debt, are indeed every day issuing from the press; but in none of these that I have met with, not even in the luminous pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, which, of all other works, is supposed by its admirers to go to the *bottom* of every subject, will ordinary readers find any explanation of the first simple principles of the Public Funds? It is for the instruction of such readers, then, that I would now beg leave to occupy a page or two of your Magazine; and though I am quite aware, that my observations will cut a very sorry figure beside the nervous declamation of *Idolastres*, or the sarcastic humour of *Timothy Tickler*, I am nevertheless certain, that I will render a very acceptable service to many, and these not the least respectable of your readers, if I can throw so much light upon the subject as may enable them to understand the prices of the Stocks, as given in the public papers.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark, that in every war in which this country has been engaged since the Revolution, the amount of the annual taxes has been found inadequate to defray the expenses of government. To supply the deficiency, our rulers have generally had recourse to loans, that is to say, they have borrowed money from such individuals as were able and willing to lend it, giving these individuals a security for the payment of a certain annual interest. To explain the nature of this transaction, I shall take a very simple case. Suppose, then, that £100 is the sum which government wishes to borrow, and that an individual offers to lend that sum at an in-

terest of 5 per cent. On paying down the money, the lender receives a bill, bond, or acknowledgment, for the amount; by which acknowledgment, he is entitled to draw yearly from the public revenue £5 of interest, but on the express condition, that he is not to demand repayment of the principal, or sum lent, unless government is willing to repay it. The person who thus possesses the bill or acknowledgment, is said to be a *holder of £100 of 5 per cent. stock*, and the money lent upon that bill constitutes a part of what is called the *national debt*, because it is in fact borrowed by the nation, and the interest is paid out of the taxes. It is obvious, however, that few persons would be disposed to lend money on the condition of never being allowed to demand repayment, even though they were quite certain of receiving annual interest, and of transmitting the right to that interest to their posterity. To remedy this inconvenience, therefore, the lender who wishes to employ the sum which he lent to government in any other way, though he cannot directly demand repayment, is at liberty to sell his bill to any body who will purchase it, and for any sum that another may be willing to pay for it. In doing so, he merely sells to a second person the right which he himself possessed to the annual interest of £5, and that second person is of course at liberty to dispose of his right to another in the same way. This transaction, in general, is called a *transfer of stock*; and in the particular case which I have supposed, the one is said to sell, and the other to buy, a *£100 of 5 per cent. stock*. If 5 per cent. be considered as a fair and equitable interest for money lent, it is obvious, that such a bill as I have now been speaking of, or, in other words, that *£100 of 5 per cent. stock*, is just worth *£100 sterling*. It is possible, however, that in certain circumstances, the holder of that bill may receive more, or be obliged to take less for it than *£100*. If two or three individuals, for example, have each a sum of money which they are anxious to lay out at interest, but find it difficult to do so, a competition will naturally take place among them to become the purchaser of the bill in question, which will always secure to the holder £5 of yearly interest. The possessor of the bill will of course take advantage of this competition, and raise

his price, say, to £105. The purchaser, therefore, pays £105 for £100 of 5 per cent. stock, or he lays out his money at an interest of £5 for every £105, which is at the rate of something more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. If, on the other hand, however, the possessor of the bill or stock is anxious to dispose of it, while few are willing to buy it, he will be forced to offer it for less than £100, say, £95. The purchaser, in this case, pays £95 for £100 of 5 per cent. stock, or he lays out his money at an interest of £5 for every £95, which is at the rate of something more than $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. For simplicity of illustration, I have supposed, that £100 is the sum borrowed by government, and that of course there is just one bill to be disposed of, or transferred by, the lender. If it be supposed, however, as is really the fact, that the loans generally amount to several millions, the necessity which the lenders are under of selling their bills, or, in other words, transferring their stock, will be more apparent. The transaction between government and the lenders, is precisely the same in the case of millions as in that of a hundred, and it is unnecessary, therefore, again to illustrate the general principle of that transaction. It is evident, however, that even the most opulent merchants, who are generally the lenders, cannot be supposed to have such a command of money as to be able to advance ten or twelve millions to government at once. When they contract for a loan, therefore; that is, when they agree to lend to government the sum required, they generally pay the money by instalments, or partial payments, at certain intervals, say one million a-month, till the whole is advanced. In the mean time they sell, or transfer the bills or securities which they receive from government, to those who may have money to lay out at interest, and who of course will be disposed to purchase such bills, so that the sale of the bills of the first instalment may enable them to pay the second. In this way, government securities or bills become articles of commerce, and their price is regulated like that of any other article, according to the supply and demand. If we suppose, as before, that the contractors for the loan, that is, the original lenders, receive from government a £100 bill for every £100 sterling that they lend, bearing 5 per cent., they

will gain or lose by the transaction, according as they can dispose of these bills, for more or less than £100. If the buyers are numerous, compared with the quantity of bills; that is, if there be a great number who are anxious to have their money laid out at interest, they will be tempted perhaps to give, as was before supposed, £105 for every bill; for though, by doing so, they will have only $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for their money, still it may possibly be more than they can draw for it in any other way, while the security is better than if they lent their money to private individuals or companies. In this case, the contractors would gain 5 per cent. upon the loan, or £50,000 on the whole ten millions. If, on the other hand, however, comparatively few persons are found disposed to lay out their money at 5 per cent., the contractors may be obliged to offer their bills for less than £100, say, as before, £95. In this case, the contractors lose 5 per cent. on the loan, or £50,000 on the whole ten millions. It is easy to see, from this view of the subject, how the price of stock is liable to fluctuation, from accidental circumstances. I shall not attempt to enumerate these; but it may be worth while to point out how it is affected by peace and war, as these two states of the country are generally found to have the greatest influence in raising or depressing the value of stock. In the time of war, then, the price of stock is comparatively *low*, because, in such a state of things, it is likely that government will be under the necessity of borrowing; and as every loan produces new bills, the quantity of those to be disposed of, or, in other words, the supply of the market, will be increased. The price, therefore, will fall, for the same reason that the price of corn falls after a plentiful harvest. In time of peace, again, the price of stock is comparatively *high*, because, in such a state of things, the taxes are likely to be sufficient to defray the expenses of government without any loans, and consequently no new bills are to be disposed of, or the supply, though not positively diminished, ceases to be augmented. For the same reason, the price of stock in the time of war is materially affected by the nature of the intelligence that comes from the scene of action. If that intelligence be unfavourable, stock will fall, because

there is a prospect either of protracted warfare, or of the necessity of more vigorous exertions on the part of government; in both which cases, new loans may be necessary, and consequently a new supply of bills will be thrown into the money market. On the other hand, should the intelligence be favourable, the price of stock will rise, because the prospect of a successful termination of the war renders it probable that there will be no new loan, and consequently no new supply of stock. It is this variation in the price of stock that gives room for the nefarious practice of stock-jobbing. That practice consists in raising and circulating reports, calculated to raise or depress the price of stock, according to the particular views of the individual. If he wishes, for example, to sell his stock or bills, he endeavours to propagate some report or other, favourable to the issue of the war, and the establishment of peace, in order, if possible, to raise the price of stock; and if he wishes to buy, he propagates reports of a contrary tendency. It is painful to think, that this abominable system is sometimes carried on by men, whose rank and station in society, to say nothing of the obligations of morality and religion, might be expected to place them far above any such disgraceful acts; but, in general, I believe it is confined to men of desperate fortune and little character, who subsist by a species of gambling, to which the finance system of this country has opened a wide and extensive field. I allude to those men who make a practice of buying and selling stock, without actually possessing any; and whose transactions, therefore, are nothing more than wagers about the price of stock on a certain day. To explain the nature of the transaction by an example, I shall suppose, that A sells to B a government bill of £100, or a £100 of 5 per cent. stock, to be delivered on a certain future day, and that the price is fixed at £102. If, when the day arrives, the price of stock shall have fallen to £100, A would be able to purchase the bill in question for £100, while, in consequence of his bargain, B would be obliged to pay him £102 for it, so that A would gain £2. If, however, stock had risen to £104, B would still be obliged to give only £102, so that A would lose £2; but instead of actually buying and sell-

ing the stock, the bargain is generally implemented by A paying to B, or receiving from him, the £2, or whatever may be the sum of loss or gain. In such a case as this, it is obviously A's interest that the price of stock should fall, and as obviously B's interest that it should rise, between the day of the bargain and that of settling, and hence the temptation held out to both to circulate reports favourable to their own particular views. B, or the buyer, is usually denominated a Bull, as expressive of his desire to *toss up*; and A, or seller, a Bear, from his wish to trample upon, or *tread down*. The law, of course, does not recognise a transaction which proceeds on a principle of gambling; but a sense of honour, or, what is perhaps nearer the truth, *self-interest*, generally secures the payment of the difference, as the person who refuses to pay his loss, is exhibited in the Stock Exchange under the designation of a *lame duck*, a disgrace which is considered as the sentence of banishment from that scene of bustle and business.*

I have, in the preceding remarks, for the sake of simplicity, represented the transfer of stock, as carried on in a way somewhat different from that in which it is really conducted. I have considered the securities which government gives to those from whom money is borrowed as consisting of bills, and these bills as uniformly bearing interest at 5 per cent. Neither of these statements, however, is, strictly speaking, correct, as I shall have occasion more particularly to explain in a future communication; but as my object in this introductory paper was to simplify the subject as much as possible, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with it, I have chosen an illustration that appeared to me most elementary, and which, if well understood, will enable ordinary readers to comprehend with little difficulty, the more intricate parts of the subject, to which I shall take the liberty hereafter to direct their attention. To many, I have no doubt, my observations will appear not only sufficiently simple, but abundantly silly, and as containing nothing but what every body knew before. Now, I do boldly aver, that every body does not know what I have above explained, and I

* See Hamilton on the National Debt, notes, p. 182, first edition.

solemnly protest against the sneers and sarcasms of those who do, because it is not for them I write, nor is it their approbation that I care any thing about. I write for the instruction of plain honest country folks (who, by the way, constitute no inconsiderable portion of your readers), and if I can assist one old lady in judging when it is most advantageous to invest in, or sell out, of the funds, or save one young gentleman from blushing, when he is requested to read and explain the newspaper report of the stocks, I shall not consider my own trouble lost, or the paper of your Magazine wasted. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

5th Oct. 1818. T. N.

RICARDO AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

IN page 81, *Edinburgh Review*, No 59, on Ricardo's Political Economy, are these words: "It follows from these principles, that the interest of Landlords is always opposed to that of every other class of the community." What are these principles may be seen by those who shall study the book and the review of it. This is the conclusion drawn from them, and sanctioned by the authority of the Reviewer, and of this I shall treat. Were a very long and intricate chain of reasoning to conclude with the inference, that perjury and fraud were lawful in the common transactions of life, I suppose it would not be necessary to follow the chain. Such a conclusion would be considered as equivalent to what mathematicians call *Reductio ad absurdum*, or a Coroners Inquest, *Felo de se*. If any man, or class of men, be of such a nature, or in such a state, that their interest is always opposed to that of every other class of the community, then that man, or class of men, are the natural and necessary enemies of mankind; for the disposition will follow the interest, and the conduct the disposition; and it would be for the interest of mankind that such a class did not exist; in other words, that landlords did not exist, and that there was no such thing as landed property. Yet it is from the land or soil that all the necessities, conveniences, and material comforts of life are obtained. How these would be produced, in such a case, or what inducement there would be to produce them, or under what new form of so-

ciety they would be produced, or what previous steps would be necessary to bring matters to this happy consummation, it is for Mr Ricardo and his Reviewer to explain. As matters now stand, the case is hopeless, for (page 77,) "no reduction would take place in the price of corn, although landlords should forego the whole of their rents." In other words, although the present landlords should cease to be landlords, and the present farmers be substituted in their place, still the land must be occupied by somebody, who will have an interest *always opposed* to every other class of the community, and will therefore be their necessary enemy, at the same time that he would be their necessary friend; for the parties could not subsist without mutual assistance. If all that is meant be, that the interest of landlords is always opposed to that of every other class of the community, because they, like every other trade, wish to make the most of their commodity, by letting their land as high as they can, "We need no ghost to tell us this, Ricardo (or Reviewer)"; although it is to be hoped that there is no ghost or spirit of any description but would have had more candour than to put so very trite an observation into so mischievous a form, and to point against one, and that an absolutely necessary class of men, what is equally applicable to every other. If more is meant than meets the eye, let it be well observed, that were the world to rise *en masse*, and put the present landlords *hors de combat* in this interminable warfare, others would rise in their place, and the same wholesome discipline would have to be repeated without end, unless it be proposed that the *whole mass of the people should assume the whole mass of the land, and cultivate it, for the mutual benefit, by Committees*. Indeed, it is impossible to discover the sense or use of this remark about the opposition of interests, unless it be to make it the foundation of some such scheme as this, which might, by parity of reason, be extended to every other trade or profession. While matters remain on the present footing, and property of all kinds continues to be acknowledged and respected, men will continue, as they have done since the commencement of civilized society, to buy and to sell, to let land and to take it as they best can, those who give

themselves the trouble to think well knowing, and those possessed of any candour acknowledging, that this is not a general and eternal opposition of interests; but that while every man pursues his own interest, and attends to his own affairs, under the restraint of the laws of God and his country, he may leave the general result to Providence, and rest assured, that this is not merely the best, but the only way in which human affairs can be conducted. If political economists chuse to depart from the common use of language, and call this a perpetual opposition of interests, and, consequently, a state of perpetual hostility, let them have the consistency to call it a *general* opposition of interests; and let the rest of mankind admit that, if in one sense they be mutual enemies, in a more comprehensive view of the matter, they are mutual friends, and cannot do without one another. The landlord, be his rent great or small, cannot enjoy it without communicating it with the merchant upon 'change, the banker in his counting-room, the retailer in his shop, the mariner on the ocean, the weaver at his loom, the smith at his forge, the mason with his mallet, the carpenter with his chisel, the cobbler in his stall. Let a man be ever so selfish, if he wishes to enjoy his own, he cannot, for his heart, do it alone. This is equally true of the landholder, the stockholder, the merchant, the capitalist of every description, nay, of the man of no capital, who lives by his daily exertions. *He* cannot live without making others live also. Nay, it appears to me, that, where there are many great landholders and great capitalists of other descriptions, there the labourers of every description, the manufacturers, the community at large, will be in a much better situation, than where the same capital is divided among a greater number, but none arising to wealth. For the wealthy man has many wants, and none of them can be satisfied without the assistance of the poor. Even when the poor cease, from age and infirmity, to be able to contribute to the other enjoyments of the rich, there is still one remaining to which they can contribute, the indulgence of a benevolent disposition. And whoever has observation and candour, will admit that, in this country at least, riches do not

harden but rather soften the heart. On the other hand, he was possessed of more than mortal wisdom, who long ago observed, "that a poor man, who oppreseth the poor, is like a sweeping-rain which leaveth no food." Whereas, to use a homely but expressive similitude, a rich man, like a watering-pail in the hands of Providence, serves to diffuse more generally and usefully the means of subsistence; while the envious absurdity of the human heart grudges even existence to that which feeds it! as if the flesh of our bodies should rise, in unhallowed insurrection, against the heart. All would be watering-pails, all would be hearts; but this is not the order of nature nor of Providence, which must ultimately prevail. After derangement shall have succeeded to derangement, and revolution to revolution—after having exhausted all the forms of madness, of misery, of murder, and of blood, it is only by returning to the order and subordination of nature, that wretched and weary mortals can escape from anarchy and despotism, and expect to find, if not happiness, at least safety and repose. We do not deny, what we have often felt, that there is such a thing as the proud man's contumely, as well as the insolence of office, and that nothing generates pride, and contumely, and insolence, more (although many things as much) than excessive wealth. But these are among the evils of a secondary kind, inherent in the very nature of society. For the pride of birth, of genius, of talents, of bodily strength and dexterity, is as mortifying to human nature as the pride of wealth. It is only in the dust of death that all visible distinctions shall be levelled, and envy as well as love and hatred disappear. Thus it is that the interests of the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the producer and consumer, however apparently opposed, are, in fact, linked together by an invisible adamantine chain, which no ages nor oceans can interrupt, nor death, nor war, nor the utmost malignity of the human heart, pointed by its utmost ingenuity, destroy. And no wonder; for it is formed and sustained by Him, whose weakness is stronger than man, and whose folly is wiser than man.

He from heaven's height
All these their motions vain sees and de-
rides—

Not more almighty to resist their might
Than wise to frustrate all their plots and
wiles.

If it is inquired what is meant by *the order and subordination of nature above mentioned*, I answer (what may be indeed inferred from what has been already said) that it is the order and subordination which is the natural and necessary consequence of inequality of property, which inequality is the natural and necessary consequence of the idea of property being at all admitted among men. I talk of civilized life. Wherever there is property there must be power, and where there is inequality of property there must be inequality of power. And this I look upon as the most natural, the surest, and safest *basis* of Government,—whatever may be the *superstructure*. Upon this basis stood the *Comitia centuriata* of Rome. An ancient and complete instance of inequality of property made the foundation and principle of Government. It united independence and intelligence, and gave every chance of stability that can be given to any human institution. It was the *Comitia tributa* and *curialia*, whose numbers, not property, was the rate of voting, which introduced corruption and confusion into the government, and made the flatterers of the people masters of the legions and the destinies of Rome. Reason and experience concur in showing, that there is but a step from democracy to despotism, and that the spirit of both is that of robbery and murder; whereas a government founded upon property must protect property, a fortiori, liberty and life. In this opinion I am much fortified by that of a very able author, who wrote no farther back than the year 1807. See *Edinburgh Review*, No 18, page 366 bottom, and 367 top, article—*Filangieri on Legislation*.

“But no country has ever possessed such a mass of landed and mercantile proprietors, or such numbers of enlightened citizens, as our own. What lever can overturn a pyramid which rests on such a basis as this? Not surely a King of England, with less of courtly splendour than perhaps becomes his dignity, and without the practical choice of even the servants who form his household!”

This was written with sound sense and sound patriotism. I would beg only to add to it, that in these respects landed property has the advantage of mercantile. It is more visible,—it is more permanent,—and it is

employed in productions of primary necessity. It is not disputed that, in some other respects, the mercantile has the advantage, and in some the stockholder has the advantage of both, particularly in the immediate command of his money. But who would have suspected that the landed interest, forming, in conjunction with the mercantile, the basis of the pyramid upon which rest our rights, our security, and our happiness, was *always opposed* to that of every other class of the community? Administrations may stand or fall,

“A breath can make them as a breath has made,”

but surely landed property does not change its nature with the change of a ministry. Moreover, in No 20 of above work, page 407, article—*Cobbet's Political Register*, I read, that “the influence of great families (undoubtedly great landed families) in the election of members, is rather beneficial than pernicious.” Is it possible that the influence of men, whose interest is *always opposed* to that of every other class of the community, should be beneficial in the election of members? Will they not poison the very fountain-head of our political existence? Will they not sacrifice to their own interest that of every other class of the community? There ought rather to be express laws made to debar them from elections and the House of Commons altogether; and instead of the trust-oath, there should be one framed, that the claimant did not possess, in property or superiority, directly or indirectly, an inch of ground. Again, in above No 20, the same article (*Cobbett*), page 417, I find, that

“An English Peer has scarcely any other influence than an English Gentleman of equal fortune, and scarcely any other interest to maintain it. *The whole landed interest, including the peerage, is scarcely a match for the moneyed interest either in Parliament or out of it; and, as it is the basis of a more steady and permanent, as well as a more liberal and exalted dependency, we wish to see Peers concerned in elections rather than Stock-jobbers and Nabobs;*” that is to say, that the influence of Peers, as proprietors of land, should be encouraged in the House of Commons, from whence, as *Peers*, they are constitutionally excluded; and yet as *proprietors of land*, their interest must *always be opposed* to that of

every other class of the community, and they must therefore have the same interest as other land-holders to do mischief in the House of Commons.

In page 82 of *Edinburgh Review*, No 59, it is said:

“ High rents and low profits, for they are inseparably connected, ought never to be made the subject of complaint, if they occur in the natural state of society, and under a system of perfectly free intercourse with other nations; but if they are caused by an exclusive commercial system, or by restrictions which prevent the cheap importation of foreign corn, and which, therefore, force the cultivation of inferior soils at home, they are highly to be deprecated.”

Now, if the government of this country should find expedient, and what is called the commercial interest should agree to a perfectly free intercourse with other nations, that is, to a perfectly free importation of foreign corn, and of *every other foreign article of consumption*, I think what is called the landed interest, as such, would not, and ought not, to object to it, whatever effect it might have upon rents. But if the meaning be, that there should be a perfectly free importation of foreign corn, and a perfectly *restrained* importation of every thing, or of any thing else, and this be called the *natural state of society*, then, I would say, that what is called the landed interest, would be hardly dealt with and treated as a stepchild by the common mother country; because it would be obliged to sell cheap and buy dear, and would be the only class of inhabitants so treated. I have said, what is called the commercial and landed interest, because I am perfectly sensible that the interest of all classes is the same, and that none can be injured, in the first instance, but the rest must ultimately suffer. I am more particularly sensible, that the home trade of this country, as of most other countries, is by far the most important—that the proprietors and occupiers of land are the greatest consumers in such trade, and that they cannot be impoverished, but the other classes must be ruined. I have been now nearly three-score and ten years in this world, and have had some opportunity of observing the former and present number of retail shops in different counties, and other towns, and the goods and customers with which they were formerly, and are now fill-

ed, and can thence form some opinion, whether or not the commercial interest has suffered by the advancement of the landed interest; and whether all interests be not much advanced, and much in the same proportion. After the income tax, and all the taxes, and all our debt, and a war of nearly twenty-five years, I can declare, that all classes of men are, beyond all comparison, better fed, better clad, and better lodged, than when I first opened my eyes upon this world, upon which I know I must soon close them forever. Further, were all nations to act upon the principle of what is said in above quotation about the cultivation of inferior soils, I suspect (and so does the Reviewer, as we shall soon see), that the earth would be less productive, and consequently less inhabited, than at present. And if this nation in particular, were to act upon it, then, and in the event of a foreign war and Continental system, such as we have seen, it would be in a very dependent and dangerous situation.

I shall make one more quotation from above Review, No 59, page 87, being the last on the subject of Ricardo.

“ It is, whatever may be said to the contrary, the great and leading defect of the lower classes, *that they submit to privations with too little reluctance.*”

There is much dark reasoning in this article of Ricardo, and unquestionably much ingenuity. But it must be confessed, that this *improvement of the subject*, which may likewise be considered as the key, is abundantly plain and practical. I shall now take the liberty of making rather a long extract from the same work, No 18, page 371, that I may have an opportunity of comparing above remark concerning the culpable passiveness of the lower classes, with the following eulogy upon their poverty and thrift:

“ Nor is the poverty of the labouring classes a real check to population, though lamented with much benevolent feeling by Filangieri. It was poverty, the parent of labour, the *duris urgens in rebus egestis*, which first tamed the habitable earth; and still, though more slowly, encroaches on the swamp and the thicket (inferior soils), to augment the sustenance of mankind. But food may not only be augmented, it may be economized. It may seem at first, the cravings of hunger must be nearly the same in all men, and require nearly an equal portion of food to allay them. But some are fed with less, and some are fed with

more, than nature would mete out. What a difference between the consumption of a Bedouin Arab and an English farmer! Perhaps Mr Malthus has not sufficiently taken notice of this key to some of the phenomena of population. There seems to be no mode of accounting for the well-attested populousness of some nations, but their extreme thrift and temperance. If we may put any faith in the early books of Livy, nearly 200,000 citizens were included in the census—soon after the expulsion of the kings, when the territory of Rome was less than Rutlandshire. The book of chronicles bears testimony to the astonishing population of the Hebrews, who united, with the common frugality and temperance of the east, institutions more favourable to agriculture than have commonly existed.—In modern Palestine, the sensible Volney gives credit to a population of 40,000 fighting men among the barren mountains of the Druses. This would give 150,000 persons for a district of 110 square leagues, or about 150 for each square mile, which approaches to the populousness of France or England. Volney ascribes this to their liberty; but free men must eat as well as slaves; and though a bad government will make a fruitful land desert, yet the best cannot turn barrenness into fertility. It is only their *frugal style of life, and especially their abstinence from animal food, which can explain it. Poverty then, which puts men upon short allowance, makes the same quantity feed more than if they were at ease*; and thus the inequality of property, whatever may be its evils, has a tendency to help forward population, because it stimulates to the production of more, and checks the consumption of what there is.”

I presume, the good sense contained in this quotation, will recommend it equally to others, as it has done to me, and that I shall need no other apology for its length. The hints it suggests to the English farmer and manufacturer, may be as useful to them and their families as the remark about their too easy acquiescence in privations, may be agreeable. The ingenious author has certainly furnished the materials of the *utile* and the *dulce*. He will have carried every point, if, by a farther exertion of his ingenuity, he can get them to mix and amalgamate together.

I shall conclude with one general observation, on an author whose style and taste, rather than whose sentiments, I would wish to adopt; that it is the great and leading defect of one of the ablest critical works that has ever appeared in this, or, I believe, any other country or age; that it has a strong, not an intentional, tendency to make mankind unhappy and discon-

tented with their situation—to set them together by the ears—in short, almost in every respect diametrically opposite to that of the book which inculcates the salutary precept, that in whatever state we are, we should learn therewith to be content. J. G.

GENETHLIACA VENETIANA.

Lines on

JOHN WILLIAM RIZZO HOPPNER,
born at Venice on the Eighteenth of
January 1818.

HIS father's sense, his mother's grace,
In him I hope will always fit so,
With (still to keep him in good case)
The health and appetite of Rizzo.

LORD BYRON.

Translated into Greek.

Φθὴν πυκνὴ Πατὴρ καὶ Μητὴρ ἀγλαὰν εἶδος
Ἀρτιόκευ κοσμοῖ νοῦν τε, δῖμας τε βρέφους·
Ὅφρα δὲ παντὶ βίῳ ἢ ὀλβίῳ, αἰὲν ἔσταντο
Σκοῖν παῖς Ἐῖζου καὶ γένος, καὶ βίαν.

Latin.

Magnanimos Patris verset sub pectore sensus,
Maternus roseo fulgeat ore decor;
Neu quid felici desit, quo robore Rizzus
Festivo pollet, polleat iste puer.

Italian.

Del Padre il senno, e il bel materno aspetto
Splendano ognora in Te, fanciul diletto.
Felice appien! se al tuo corporeo velo
Dona il lieto vigor di Rizzo il cielo.

The Venetian Dialect.

De graziette el to modelo
Sia la Mama, bel Putelo.
E 'l talento del Papà
In ti cressa co l' età;
E per salsa, o contentin
Roba a Rizzo el so morbin.

German.

Aus des Kindes Auge strahlet
Seines Vaters hoher Sinn,
Und der Mutter Schönheit malet
Sich in Wangen, Mund, und Kinn.
Glücklich kleiner wirst du sehn
kannst du Rizzo's frohen Muthes
Seines feurigen Blutes
Seiner Stärke dich erfreu'n.

French.

Sois en tout fortuné, semillant Jouvenceau,
Porte dans les festins la valeur de Rizzo,
Porte au barreau l'esprit qui fait briller ton
père,
Et pour vaincre!—au boudoir sois beau
comme ta mère.

Spanish.

Si á la gracia materna el gusto ayuntas
Y cordura del Padre, o bello Infante,
Serás feliz, y lo serás bastante ;
Mas, si felicidad quieres completa,
Sé, como Rizo, alegre, sé un atleta.

Illyrian.

Ako ti sjagnu—Otcjeve kriposti
Budesc zadrusciti—majcinu ghisdavost,
Prisladki ditichiu—, srichjansi zadosti.

Ako pak narav—ti budesc sliditi
Rizza privesela—, gnegovu i nasladost,
Srichjnia od tebe—nechiesce viditi.

Hebrew.

הַכֶּמֶת אֶכִּיד לָךְ יְהוֹה
יִצִי אִמָּךְ לָךְ תּוֹפִיעַ
עוֹן לֵב רִצּוֹ לָךְ תִּרְנֶנָּה
בְּסֵי שְׁלוֹם אֶתָּה תִּחְיֶה

HORÆ CANTABRIGIENSES.

No II.

I.

LINES by WALTER DE MAPES, Arch-
deacon of Oxford, and the Anacreon of
England.

Mi i est propositum in taberna mori :
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori ;
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori
“ Deus sit propitiu huic potatori.”

Poculis accenditur animi lucerna :
Coi imbutum nectare volat ad superna.
Mi i sapit dulcius vinum in taberna
Quam quod aqua miscuit præsulis pincerna.

Sui m cuique proprium dat natura munus.
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunos :
Me jejunum vincere posset puer unus
Situm et jejunium odi tanquam funus.

Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo ;
Non possum scibere, nisi sumpto cibo.
Ni i valet penitus quod jejunos eribo,
Nasonem post calices facile præbibo.

Mi i nunquam spiritus prophetiæ datur,
Ni i cum fuerit venter bene satur,
Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur
In me Phæbus irruit ac miranda futur.

Imitated.

May my life in a tavern fleet joyous away,
With a flask at my lips as my spirits decay ;
That angels descending to fetch me, may say,
“ Heaven’s blessing on him who thus mois-
tens his clay.”

The mind’s taper burns bright, the heart
springs to the muses,
When nectar its magical virtue infuses ;
To me far more grateful the tavern’s pure
juices,
Than what my Lord’s butler with water re-
duces.

Appropriate the stamp which from nature
each bore ;
No stanzas when hungry and parched do I
pour ;
Beyond me, if famished, the schoolboy may
soar,
And hunger and thirst like the grave I abhor.

The strains I indite mate the wine in my glass ;
Not a verse I can scrawl when I’m fasting,
alas !

Or, if I attempt it, I find I’m an ass ;
Though Naso himself in my cups I surpass.

The poet’s fine phrenzy to feel is not mine,
Till from table I rise with my skin full of
wine ;

When my brain owns the influence of Bac-
chus divine,

Then—then comes the glow—then Apollo !
I’m thine !

II.

VERSES, by a Young Man of Trinity Col-
lege, Cambridge, upon being denied by the
Dean (along with another scholar) the
office of reading grace, on account of the
lack of personal comeliness and other qual-
ifications, though they eventually proved,
respectively, the Senior Medallist and Sen-
nior Wrangler of their year.

Una ibant Juvenes duo
Ripam ad flumineam forte ; silentium
Triste ambo tenet, et dolor.

Luctus causa eadem, culpa eadem. Deus
Pleno non dederat loqui

Ore ; at lingua minus congrua gutturi,
Et tornata male, invidet

Nequa verba sonent sesquipedia.

Tum, par flebile turturum,
Alternò incipiunt cum gemitu. B. “ Scelus
Quid feci in proprium Larem,
Ut me tu, Juvenum sancte Pater, vetes
Pransuris benedicere !”

R. “ Sprevisi quoque me ; muneris at memor
Flamen fidus eram tibi.”

B. “ At quamvis mihi vox barbara Vandalum,
Et raucum sonuit Gothum :”

R. “ Quamvis et statua sim taciturnior,
Et multum timeo loqui :”

B. “ Quamvis ora magis cardine dissona
“ A quo janua vertitur :”

R. “ Quamvis me superat ventus et improbus,
Per rimam tenuem strepens :”

B. “ Quamvis me superant Indica tympana,
Incus pulsare malleo :”

R. “ Quamvis me superat pullus avis querens,
Si nido genetrix abest :”

B. “ Non flavens meruit dedecus hoc coma,
Aut gressus pedis impares :”

R. "Nec nos hoc tulimus jure, quia in genis
Nostris gratia non nitet :"
B. "At me Pythagoras seliget ut suum,
Æternumque silens bibam
Doctrinam ex liquido fonte Matheseos :"
R. "At nobis Lyra vox erit,
Dum corvi veluti grex alius strepunt."
Imitated.

Down to the river's side,
Silent and sad of heart, went Gownsmen
twain ;

In cause of grief they vied,
And vied in crime : to pour the flowing strain
Of words they strove in vain ;
Unfitted to its seat, and coarsely hung,
Ill could their faultering tongue
Articulate "the long-resounding line."

Then with alternate whine,
As moan two turtle-doves, they mourn :

B. "What sin
Against these walls, O Dean,
Is mine, that me thus sternly thy behest
Forbids to bless the feast ?"

R. "Me, too, thou'st spurn'd ; yet, mind-
ful of my cue,
To thee thy priest was true."

B. "But though my struggling throat's
hoarse tones, alas !

Vandal and Goth surpass ;"

R. "Still as a statue, though I seldom speak,
And shriek whene'er I speak ;"

B. "Though harsher than the hinge my
accents grate,

Which bears the rusted gate ;"

R. "Though forced through slender chink,
the whistling wind

My thin lisp leaves behind ;"

B. "Though Indian gongs, or hammer'd
stithy, far

My voice exceeds in jar ;"

R. "Though me excels the callow chirp-
ing brood,

Whose dam's abroad for food ;"

B. "My yellow locks deserved not such a
fate,

Nor such my halting gait ;"

R. "Nor this of right my meed, for that
my face

Is reft of youth's soft grace."

B. "But me the Samian sage his son shall
deem ;

And, mute for aye, the stream

Deep from thy fount, Mathesis, will I
drain :

R. "For me the lyre's sweet strain
Shall speak, while all beside like ravens

hoarse shall scream."

III.

Ad Percevallum e Granta exiturum,
A. D. 1783.

*O lætioris quæ comes ingeni
Et Musa blandis apta teporibus,
Te dulcis ornet, Percevalle,
Delicias decus et tuorum!*

*Proh ! quanta morum gratia ! quæ fides
Candorque, et expers fraude protervitas ;
Majorque quæ conspectiorque
Ingenuo venit ore virtus !*

*O digne Tu, qui Socraticus puer
Ires, Athenæ quem legerent suum ;
Omnisque jactaret repostum
Populeis Academus umbris !*

*En ipsa Te quam Granta colit deam
Votisque et alma prosequitur prece !
— Fallorne ? vel te jam morantem
Voce pia tenet allocuta ?*

*"At o beatis edibus exiens
Dilecte, sis nostri merito memor,
Ædes relicturi togamque et
Plena meis loca disciplinis.*

*"Sis semper olim, qualis es, artium
Sciens bonarum ! sit pietas tibi,
Sit musa cordi ! Teque sive
Patribus annumerat Senatus ;*

*"Sive otiosus fallis, idoneus
Sponsæ et fidei conjugio," Tuus
"Virtute (dices) veritate
'Granta, fui studiisque totus !'"
(Cooke, Regal. Coll. Lit. Gr. Prof.)*

Imitated.

O may the Muse of sprightliest vein,
Still found in gay Good-humour's train,
Thy parting steps attend !
Dear Perceval ! beloved name !
Whom all their joy, their pride proclaim,
The scholar and the friend !

What elegance, what faith, are thine !
What guileless guiltless jokes combine
To speak thy candid mind !
What virtue—Goddess ever seen,
When throned on the ingenuous mein,
More bright and more refined !

Hail ! youth, most worthy to engage
The lessons of th' Athenian page,
Of Athen's self the love ;
Whom Learning's venerable host
Their gentlest noblest son might boast
In Academic Grove !

Thee Granta's genius tends with care,
And offer'd vows, and mother's prayer,
Pursue thy young career.
Am I deceived ? Or does she stay
Thy lingering foot with fond delay,
And crave thy filial ear ?

"O though thou quit'tst this happy spot,
Be not my fostering love forgot,
Dearest of births and best.
These sacred walls left far behind
That robe, this discipline resigned—
O bear them in thy breast.

"Still, as thou art, for ever be
The friend of Science ! still to thee
Thy God, the Muse, be dear !
And whether Fate to thee assign
A seat where England's statesmen shine
In proud ambition's sphere ;

"Or favouring stars thy footsteps guide
To holier joys—the loved fireside,
The wife and prattling line ;
'Granta (thou'lt say), to thee in truth,
And studious lore, I gave my youth—
In head in heart I'm thine.'"

PRIDE AND VANITY.

MR EDITOR,

HAVING lately heard a young lady, who is one of your readers, say, that "she thought it very difficult to distinguish between Pride and Vanity," I have sent you this hasty sketch, rather common place perhaps, which may serve in some measure to explain the difference between these two prevailing points of character, should you think it worthy of a place in Blackwood's Magazine.

Although Pride and Vanity differ in various respects and degrees, yet certainly it often requires some experience and tact to distinguish between the one and the other. However, the general observation appears to be a good one, "that Pride is founded on an estimable action, whereas Vanity may be founded on an action, not only not estimable, but entirely useless, and even highly culpable."

Another general distinction between Pride and Vanity is this, "that the *proud* man rests satisfied with the approbation of his own mind, whereas the *vain* man eagerly courts gratification from the applause of others,"—all which I shall endeavour to exemplify in a manner as practicable as possible.

1st, Should an Astronomer, after a long life spent in severe study, discover a new constellation, he might fairly be *proud* of his success, though his discovery should not procure him the meed of public applause. Were a votary of that exhilarating sport called coursing, to find a hare more readily than his brother sportsmen in the field, and receive their praise for his adroitness, he would probably be as much gratified by the *discovery of mawkin*, as the Astronomer would be by the discovery of the constellation—but as there is nothing very estimable, farther than has reference to a tureen of soup, in finding a hare, the sportsman's feeling would be *vanity*.

2d, Were a beautiful and accomplished woman to overhear the well-merited praise of her own charms from the lips of an amiable and sensible man, she might, and probably would be proud of the tribute. Were an ugly, vulgar woman, to overhear her fancied perfections praised by a fool, or a puppy, she would, I imagine,

be as much, if not more highly gratified than the beauty—but her feeling would be *vanity*.

3d, A man of the world who seeks gratification (and courts applause) from drinking six bottles of claret at a sitting, or seducing his friends' wife or daughter, may be *vain*; he cannot be *proud* of such actions. But a man who subjects himself to the greatest deprivations to promote the interests of his country, or risks his life to preserve the family of his friend from disgrace and ruin, may justly be *proud* of his conduct.

4th, Were Mr Hogg, when in company with Mr —, to be complimented as the undoubted author of the Tales of my Landlord, and were he seemingly to swallow the compliment, his acquiescence would proceed from *vainity*, while Mr — would, with all his reserve, feel *proud* of the praise, especially if it came from a judicious critic. But, I am sorry to remark, that there are people whose *vainity* leads them a step still farther, and who unblushingly endeavour to palm upon their friends and neighbours literary productions as *their own*, from which they have no merit, and in which they have, indeed, had no hand, other than the employment of their *right hand*, in writing out a fair copy. This is *vainity* combined with lying and stealing—but, like murder, seldom escapes detection, and from its odious meanness and turpitude, deserves (next to boasting of favours from the fair sex) the most severe reprobation. I could be more pointed and particular, but have no doubt that the remark as it stands will find a ready application.

There are doubtless many other shades of difference between pride and vanity, which it does not suit my present purpose to exhibit; but the foregoing *truisms* may possibly be of some use to shew, at least in part, wherein the distinction rests, and may serve as a sort of familiar illustration to my fair young friend, and also to others, whose practice in such matters may prevail over their theory.

It is hoped that this exposition of little pretence will not be considered with an eye of scorn, because, without entering into nice distinctions, an endeavour has been made to render it as plain as

A. B. C.

ANALYTICAL ESSAYS ON THE EARLY
ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

No VI.

The Traitor.—SHIRLEY.*

"SHIRLEY," says Mr Lambe in his *Specimens of the Early English Dramatic Poets*, "claims a place among the worthies of this period, not so much for any transcendent genius in himself, as that he was the last of a great race; all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common. A new language, and quite a new turn of tragic and comic interest came in with the restoration." It is true, that Shirley is excelled by several of his contemporaries in depth of passion, which is the soul of tragedy; but we cannot grant that he is not entitled, on his own peculiar merits, to take his seat among those immortals. We shall have an opportunity to speak at length of his genius, when Mr Gifford's edition of his plays appears; when the world, now little acquainted with their multifarious beauties, will

* We are not acquainted with any particulars of Shirley's life that are not mentioned in the following passage from "*Ellis's Specimens*," &c. If any thing farther can be brought to light, it will not escape the research of Mr Gifford.

"James Shirley was born in London about 1594, educated at Merchant Taylor's Schools, entered at St John's College, Oxford, and afterwards, having taken no degree, removed to Catharine Hall, Cambridge, (Vid. Bancroft's Epigrams, 4to, 1639, B. I. Ep. 13.) He successively became an English divine, a Popish school-master, and a deservedly celebrated writer of plays, (of which he published 39,) from 1629 to 1660. He was patronised by William Duke of Newcastle, (whom he assisted, according to Wood, in the composition of his plays, as well as Ogilby, by notes for his translation), and followed this his patron's fortunes in the wars, till the decline of the royal cause, when he retired obscurely to London. Here he was countenanced by his learned friend T. Stanley, Esq., and during the suppression of the theatres, followed his old trade of school teaching, in which he educated many eminent men. He died in 1660, immediately after the great fire of London, and was interred in the same grave with his second wife, who died the same day, and was supposed, as well as Shirley, to have owed her death to the fright occasioned by that calamity. Besides his plays, he published a volume of poems, 1646, 12mo."

at once acknowledge that the revival of this great worthy was a work fitting the most acute, accurate, judicious, and learned of the critics and commentators on our dramatic literature. That our readers may be enabled to judge of the value of those treasures which Mr Gifford is about to restore from oblivion; we shall give them an analysis of the tragedy of "*The Traitor*," and some of its finest passages. It is for this purpose that we deviate from that chronological order which we have hitherto followed; and perhaps our readers will, independently of this, be pleased to meet with specimens of a tragedy more regular in its design, and more uniformly elegant in the execution, than the original but imperfect dramas of Marlow and Webster. We understand too, that this tragedy is soon to be brought out, with alterations, on the stage of Covent Garden; and from the well-known taste, judgment and genius of the gentleman (Mr Shiel), to whom these alterations are, we hear, intrusted, there can be no doubt that it will be successful.

It is called "*The Traitor*," because Lorenzo, the ruling character, kinsman and favourite of Alexander Duke of Florence, plots the overthrow of his Prince and benefactor. In the second scene, which is written with great eloquence and animation, and moreover, truly dramatic, the Duke, who has received letters unveiling the treachery of Lorenzo, taxes him with his guilt. That arch-traitor repels the charge with crafty indignation, and convinces his credulous kinsman of his innocence! The following lines will serve to show the character of the dialogue:

Lor. This, o' the sudden,
Sir; I must owe the title of a Traitor
To your high favours; envy first conspir'd,
And malice now accuses: but what story
Mention'd his name, that had his prince's
bosom,
Without the people's hate? 'tis sin enough,
In some men, to be great; the throng of
stars,
The rout and common people of the sky,
Move still another way than the sun does,
That gilds the creature: take your honours
back,
And, if you can, that purple of my veins,
Which flows in your's, and you shall leave
me in
A state I shall not fear the great one's envy,
Nor common people's rage; and yet, per-
haps,
You may be credulous against me.

Escaped from this peril, Lorenzo undertakes to forward the designs of the Duke on Amidea, that her brother Sciarrha, a man fierce and jealous of his family's honour, may be thus instigated to murder the seducer.

The second act, accordingly, opens with a conversation between Lorenzo and Sciarrha, in which the latter, when informed of the dishonour meditated against his sister, is worked up by the artifices of the "Traitor" into furious passion.

Sci. My sister! Though he be the duke, he dares not.—

Patience, patience! if there be such a virtue, I want it, Heaven; yet keep it a little longer, It were a sin to have it; such an injury Deserves a wrath next to your own.—My sister!

It has thrown wild-fire in my brain, Lorenzo, A thousand Furies rével in my skull. Has he not sins enough in's court to damn him,

But my roof must be guilty of new lusts, And none but Amidea? these the honours His presence brings our house!

Lor. Temper your rage.

Sci. Are all the brothels rifled? no quaint piece

Left him in Florence, that will meet his hot And valiant luxury, that we are came to Supply his blood out of our families?

Diseases gnaw his title off!

Lor. My lord—

Sci. He is no prince of mine; he forfeited His greatness that black minute he first gave Consent to my dishonour.

Lor. Then I'm sorry—

Sci. Why should you be sorry, sir?

You say it is my sister he would strumpet, Mine! Amidea! 'tis a wound you feel not; But it strikes through and through the poor Sciarrha.

I do not think but all the ashes of My ancestors do swell in their dark urns, At this report of Amidea's shame: It is their cause, as well as mine; and should Heaven suffer the duke's sin to pass unpunish'd,

Their dust must of necessity conspire To make an earthquake in the temple.

Lorenzo finding Sciarrha in this key, admits him to his confidence—informs him of his design to destroy Alexander—and before they part, Sciarrha vows to put that prince to death, in revenge for his insult to Amidea.

Lor. From horrid rape—'las, Amidea!

Sci. I am resolv'd; by all that's blest, he dies.

Return my willingness to be his pander, My sister's readiness to meet his dalliance; I's promises have bought our shame:—he dies;

The roof he would dishonour with his lust Shall be his tomb;—bid him be confident;

Conduct him, good Lorenzo, I'll dispose My house for this great scene of death.

In pursuance of this scheme, Sciarrha, in his first interview with his sister Amidea, pretends to her that he wishes her to submit to the Duke's embraces, as the best means of the advancement of the family. The lady listens with indignation to the vile proposal, and after one of those fine, animated, dignified altercations, of which there are so many, similar in subject and sentiment, in the old dramatists, Sciarrha, proud of his sister's virtue, exclaims

Sci. Let me kiss thee,
My excellent, chaste sister.—*Florio,*
Thou hast my soul; I did but try your virtues.—

'Tis truth, the duke does love thee, viciously, Let him, let him! he comes to be our guest; This night he means to revel at our house,—The Tarquin shall be entertain'd; he shall.

We cannot forbear quoting part of this fine scene. As Amidea approaches, Sciarrha says to her brother Florio,

Is she not fair,

Exceeding beautiful, and tempting, Florio? Look on her well, methinks I could turn poet.

And make her a more excellent piece than heaven.

Let not fond men hereafter commend what They most admire, by fetching from the stars, Or flowers, their glory of similitude, But from thyself the rule to know all beauty; And he that shall arrive at so much baldness, To say his mistress' eyes, or voice, or breath, Are half so bright, so clear, so sweet as thine, Hath told the world enough of miracle. These are the duke's own raptures, Amidea; His own poetic flames; an argument He loves my sister.

He then begins his temptation in a strain of warmth and vigour, characteristic of the safe fearlessness of the energetic minds of old.

Sci. What do great ladies do at court, I pray?

Enjoy the pleasures of the world, dance, kiss The amorous lords, and change court breath; sing; lose

Belief of other heaven; tell wanton dreams, Rehearse their sprightly bed-scenes, and boast, which

Hath most idolaters; accuse all faces That trust to the simplicity of nature, Talk witty blasphemy,

Discourse their gaudy wardrobes, plot new pride,

Jest upon courtiers' legs, laugh at the wagging

Of their own feathers, and a thousand more Delights, which private ladies never think of. But above all, and wherein thou shalt make All other beauties envy thee, the duke,

The duke himself shall call thee his, and single
 From the fair troop thy person forth, to exchange
 Embraces with, lay siege to these soft lips,
 And not remove, till he hath suck'd thy heart,
 Which soon dissolv'd with thy sweet breath, shall be
 Made part of his, at the same instant he
 Conveying a new soul into thy breast
 With a creating kiss.

Amidea's first answer to "what is your resolve?" is simply beautiful.

Ami. To have my name
 Stand in the ivory register of virgins
 When I am dead. Before one factious thought
 Should lurk within me to betray my fame
 To such a blot, my hands shall mutiny,
 And boldly with a poinard teach my heart
 To weep out a repentance.

In the meanwhile, it appears that Amidea had been tenderly beloved by Pisano, who had transferred his affections to Oriana. His friend Cosmo loves Oriana, but shews the depth and sincerity of his friendship, by giving up all claim on her to his rival. We discover, from the first scene of the play, that the Traitor Lorenzo, afraid lest Cosmo might become dangerous in the state, if possessed of Oriana's wealth, had worked upon Pisano to forget his first love, and lay siege to the mistress of his friend. He also hopes that tragical effects to both parties may result from this inconstancy. Both ladies therefore, Amidea and Oriana, are deserted by those they love. This, we think, is rather a clumsy, and not very probable, contrivance, but without doubt, it produces, throughout the play, several interesting situations, and much pathos. Amidea's behaviour, when informed by Pisano that she no longer possesses his affections, is touching and dignified; and there is still greater beauty in the scene between Cosmo and Oriana, when he intreats her, with indifference ill assumed and not long preserved, to transfer her love to Pisano. This scene would act well, being full of affection and earnestness, and the language being singularly musical and beautiful. Oriana submits to her fate.

"I've heard too much; do with me what you please,
 I am all passive—nothing of myself,
 But an obedience to unhappiness."

In the third act, preparations for a masque are made in Sciarrha's house,

and there assemble the Duke, Amidea, Lorenzo, Sciarrha, Florio, &c.

Duke. Sciarrha, you exceed in entertainment;

Banquet our eyes too?

Lor. He will feast all senses.

Sci. Only a toy, my lord; I cannot call't A masque, not worthy of this presence, yet it speaks the freedom of my heart, and gratitude

For this great honour.

Duke. Amidea must

Sit near us.

Sci. Lords, your places; 'twill not be Worth half this ceremony.—Let them begin.

Sciarrha is right in saying that the entertainment which follows can scarcely be called a masque, for it is rather an imitation of the old moralities. The characters are Lust, Youth, Pleasure, Death, and Furies. The whole representation is intended to shadow forth the wickedness of the Duke, and the fate that awaits him. Sciarrha sits by him, explains the spectacle, and watches his unsuspecting victim. After the song of Lust, which contains some strong lines, the Duke asks,

Duke. What's he?

Sci. A wild young man that follows Lust; He has too much blood, it seems.

Duke. Why looks he back?

Sci. There is a thing call'd Death, that follows him;

With a large train of Furies; but the Syrens Of Lust make him secure, and now the hag Embraces him, and circles him with pleasures;

The harpies mean to dance too.

If this scene is to be retained in the representation, and we presume it will, fine music may render it very impressive. The character of the Duke, and the situation of peril in which his own wickedness has placed him, make the mind willing to receive wild impressions, and to gaze on wild emblems of retribution. We are not well acquainted with the liberties allowed in fitting old plays for the stage, but assuredly a man of genius may render this scene a very striking—even terrible one.

At the close of the masque, Sciarrha brings the Duke to Amidea. This lofty-minded pure-souled lady has resolved to save the Duke's life, by converting him from his wicked purpose against her virtue. Sciarrha and Florio remain concealed to watch the issue of her conversation with the amorous Duke. The whole scene is excellent. The Duke exclaims to Amidea—

Duke. That question is propounded timely: hadst thou

Not interrupted me, I should have lost
Myself upon thy lips, and quite forgot
There is a bliss beyond it, which I came for.
Let others satisfy themselves to read
The wonders in thy face, make proud their

eye,
By seeing thine, turn statues at thy voice,
And think they never fix enough to hear thee.
A man half dead with famine would wish

here
To feed on smiles, of which the least hath

power
To call an anchorite from his prayers, tempt

saints
To wish their bodies on. Thou dost with ease
Captivate kings with every beam, and mayst
Lead them like prisoners round about the

world,
Proud of such golden chains; this were

enough,
Had not my fate provided more, to make me
Believe myself immortal in thy touches.

Come to thy bed, transform me there to hap-
piness;

I'll laugh at all the fables of the gods,
And teach our poets, after I know thee,
To write the true Elysium.

Amidea, shortly after this, says to a
question of the Duke,

Ami. To tell you that you are not virtuous.

Duke. I'm of your mind.

Ami. But I am not so wicked

To be of yours: oh, think but who you are,
Your title speaks you nearest heaven, and

points
You out a glorious reign among the angels;
I do not depose yourself of one, and be
Of the other disinherited.

Finding that Amidea, who has al-
ready wounded herself in the arm, is
resolved to stab herself to the heart
with a poinard, rather than surrender
her honour,—the Duke relents and
desists from his iniquity.

Duke. Contain; I am sorry, sorry from
my soul,

Trust me, I do bleed inward, Amidea,
Can answer all thy drops: oh, pardon me,
Thou faint'st already, dost not? I am fearful.
The phoenix, with her wings, when she is

dying,
Can fan her ashes into another life;
But when thy breath, more sweet than all

the spice
That helps the other's funeral, returns
To heaven, the world must be eternal loser.
Look to thy wound.

Sciarrha comes from his conceal-
ment, and, struck with the remorse
and penitence of the Duke, confesses
to him the plan of murder concerted
between himself and Lorenzo. The
Duke being still incredulous of his fa-
vourite's guilt, Sciarrha says,

Sci. We will not shift the scene till you
believe it.—

Florio, entreat my lord Lorenzo hither.—

[Exit Florio.]

Step but behind the arras, and your ear
Shall tell you who's the greatest traitor living.
Observe but when I tell him you are slain,
How he'll rejoice, and call me Florence' great
Preserver, bless my arm, that in your blood
Hath given our groaning state a liberty;
Then trust Sciarrha.

Lorenzo is accordingly called in, but
having overheard the last words of Sci-
arrha, his wary nature is on its guard,
and, instead of rejoicing with Sciarrha
over the Duke's death, and acknowledg-
ing himself an accessory to the murder,
he assumes the looks and words of the
deepest horror and reprobation. Sci-
arrha, incensed with his hypocrisy,
draws upon him, but the Duke inter-
feres.

Duke. Put up, I say.

Sci. My lord, we are both cozened:
That very smile's a traitor.

Duke. Come, be calm:
You are too passionate Sciarrha, and
Mistook Lorenzo.

Lor. But I hold him noble;
I see he made this trial of my faith,
And I forgive him.

The scene closes tumultuously—the
city having been agitated with the re-
port of the Duke's death, and the dif-
ferent factions ripe for action. The
fourth act opens with a soliloquy of
Lorenzo, who finds himself baffled in
all his ambitious schemes.

Lor. My plots thrive not; my engines
all deceive me,

And in the very point of their discharge
Recoil with danger to myself: are there
No faithful villains left in nature? all
Turn'd honest? man nor spirit aid Lorenzo,
Who hath not patience to expect his fate,
But must compel it. How Sciarrha play'd
The dog-bolt with me! and had not I pro-
vided

In wisdom for him, that distress had ruin'd me.
His frozen sister, Amidea, too,
Hath half converted him; but I must set
New wheels in motion, to make him yet
More hateful, and then cut him from his stalk,
Ripe for my vengeance. I'll not trust the
rabble;

Confusion on ['em!]—the giddy multitude,
That, but two minutes ere the Duke came
at them,

Bellow'd out Liberty, shook the city with
Their throats, no sooner saw him, but they
melted

With the hot apprehension of a gallows:
And when a pardon was proclaim'd (a fine
State-snaffle for such mules), they turn'd
their cry

To acclamations, and deaf'd heaven to beg
His long and prosperous reign. A sudden rot

Consume this base herd ! an the devil want
Any cattle for his own teeth, these are for him.

He is interrupted by Sciarrha, who comes to demand reparation for the insult given to him by his hypocrisy. Lorenzo, with consummate art, repels the charge, confesses that he had repented of his former guilt, and on offered violence from Sciarrha, calls in his armed attendants. When Sciarrha expects the worst, Lorenzo, with seeming magnanimity, dismisses his friends, and offers Sciarrha his pardon. The hot-blooded and impetuous young man is won over by this consummate hypocrisy, and henceforth vows to be his friend. The scene is throughout admirably managed—and, in the alterations of feeling in Sciarrha, and the insidious eloquence of Lorenzo, is displayed a clear and profound insight into human nature. This, too, is a scene that would be most effective in representation.

While Lorenzo and Sciarrha are together, Petruchio, Pisano's servant, brings intelligence that his master is next day to be married to Oriana. Sciarrha, from whom his sister had concealed Pisano's faithlessness, is inflamed to madness.

Sci. Teach fools and children patience.
May dogs eat up Sciarrha : let me live
The prodigy of sorrow ; die a death
That may draw tears from Scythians, if Pi-
sano

Lead o'er his threshold any soon-won dame,
To be my sister's shame ! I am calm now.
One [thus] false, heaven, why should thy
altars save ?

'Tis just that Hymen light him to his grave.
[Exit.

Lor. A thousand Furies swell his rage !
although

Pisano bleed, this is the safest killing ;
Wise men secure their fates, and execute
Invisibly, like that most subtle flame
That burns the heart, yet leaves no part or
touch

Upon the skin to follow or suspect it.—
Farewell, dull, passionate fool ! how this
doth feed me !

Kill, and be lost thyself ; or, if his sword
Conclude thy life, both ways I am reveng'd.

Having thus got Sciarrha into a quarrel which he hopes will prove fatal, Lorenzo again revives the passion of the Duke for Amidea, and promises once more to get her into his power. The Duke's penitence had been but transitory, and he says,

Duke. Do this ;
And I'll repent the folly of my penitence,
And take thee to my soul, a nearer pledge,

Than blood or nature gave me : I'm renew'd,
I feel my natural warmth return. When,
where,

Is this to be expected ? I grow old,
While our embraces are deferr'd.

Lor. I go

To hasten your delight ; prepare your blood
For amorous game : Sciarrha's fate is cast
Firmier than destiny.

Duke. Thou art my prophet,
I'll raise thee up an altar.

Lor. Trust these brains.

Pisano now leads Oriana to the altar, and on their way thither, the bride catches a glance of her lover Cosmo at a balcony, and faints away.

Pis. Will heaven divorce us ere the priest
have made

Our marriage perfect ? we in vain hereafter
Shall hear him teach, that our religion binds
To have the church's ceremony. She returns.

Ori. Why were you so unkind to call me
from

Apleasing slumber ? Death has a fine dwelling.
Something spake to me from that window.

Amidea rushes in, and beseeches Pisano to return with Oriana, as her brother is lying in wait for him, to revenge her dishonour. Pisano turns a deaf ear to these intreaties. What follows is exquisite.

Ami. I have done ; pray be not angry,
That still I wish you well : may heaven divert
All harms that threaten you ; full blessings
crown

Your marriage ! I hope there is no sin in this ;
Indeed I cannot choose but pray for you.
This might have been my wedding-day—

Ori. Good heaven,

I would it were ! my heart can tell, I take
No joy in being his bride, none in your
prayers ;

You shall have my consent to have him still :
I will resign my place, and wait on you,
If you will marry him.

Ami. Pray do not mock me,

But if you do, I can forgive you too.

Ori. Dear Amidea, do not think I mock
Your sorrow ; by these tears, that are not
worn

By every virgin on her wedding-day,
I am compell'd to give away myself :
Your hearts were promis'd, but he ne'er had
mine.

Am not I wretched too ?

Ami. Alas, poor maid !

We two keep sorrow alive then ; but I pri-
thee,

When thou art married, love him, prithee
love him,

For he esteems thee well ; and once a day
Give him a kiss for me ; but do not tell him,
'Twas my desire : perhaps 'twill fetch a sigh
From him, and I had rather break my heart.
But one word more, and heaven be with you
all.—

Since you have led the way, I hope, my lord,
That I am free to marry too ?

Pis. Thou art.

Ami. Let me beseech you then, to be so kind,

After your own solemnities are done,
To grace my wedding; I shall be married shortly.

Pis. To whom?

Ami. To one whom you have all heard talk of,

Your fathers knew him well; one, who will never

Give cause I should suspect him to forsake me;
A constant lover, one whose lips, tho' cold,
Distil chaste kisses: though our bridal bed
Be not adorn'd with roses, 'twill be green;
We shall have virgin laurel, cypress, yew,
To make us garlands; tho' no pine do burn,
Our nuptials shall have torches, and our chamber

Shall be cut out of marble, where we'll sleep,
Free from all care for ever: Death, my lord,
I hope, shall be my husband. Now, farewell;
Although no kiss, accept my parting tear,
And give me leave to wear my willow here.

Sciarrha now comes up, and after a short parley, stabs Pisano. Lorenzo having dogged his steps with an armed retinue, takes him prisoner, and makes a shew of offering him protection. Sciarrha says,

Sci. You shall not lose the smallest beam of favour,

To buy a man so desperate. I never
Thought death the monster that weak men
have fancied,

As foil to make us more in love with life,
The devil's picture may affright poor souls
Into their bodies' paleness, but the substance
To resolute man's a shadow; and cold sweat
Dare not approach his forehead. I am armed
To die, and give example of that fortitude
Shall shame the law's severity: my sister
May now give back Pisano his false vows,
To line his coffin; one tear shed on me is
Enough, the justice I have done shall make
My memory belov'd.

Lorenzo now suggests to Sciarrha, that he may yet save his life by putting Amideia once more in the power of the Duke. This proposal he fiercely spurns at.

Lor. I have done,

And praise your heathen resolution
Of death; go practise immortality,
And tell us, when you can get leave to visit
This world again, what fine things you enjoy
In hell, for thither these rash passions drive
thee:

And ere thy body hath three days inhabited
A melancholy chamber in the earth,
Hung round about with skulls and dead
men's bones,

Ere Amideia hath told all her tears
Upon thy marble, or the epitaph
Bely thy soul, by saying it is fled
To heaven, this sister shall be ravished,
Mugre thy dust and heraldry.

Sci. Ha! ravish'd

When I am dead? Was't not so! oh my soul?

I feel it weep within me, and the tears
Softened my flesh: Lorenzo, I repent
My fury.

Lor. I advis'd you the best way
My wisdom could direct.

Sci. I thank you for't,
You have awak'd my reason, I am asham'd
I was no sooner sensible; does the duke
Affect my sister still, say you?

Lor. Most passionately.

Sci. She shall obey him then, upon my life;
That's it, my life. I know she loves me
dearly.

I shall have much ado to win her to't,
But she shall come; I'll send her.

Lor. Perform this.

Sci. I will not only send her, but prepar'd
Not to be disobedient to his highness;
He shall command her any thing.

Lor. Do this

And be for ever happy. When these have
Only for form but waited on you home,
This disengages them.

Sci. My humblest service
To the duke I pray, and tell him, Amideia
This night shall be at his dispose, by this.

Lor. I'm confident; farewell!—Attend
Sciarrha.

The last act opens with a very fine scene between Sciarrha and Amideia, that would not have disgraced Shakespeare himself; and which, indeed, at once reminds us of that between Claudio and Isabella in Measure for Measure. Amideia, plunged in profound sorrow for the death of the faithless Pisano, and shuddering at the prospect of her brother's execution, wishes she might be accepted as a sacrifice to avert his punishment.

Ami. Nothing can be too precious
To save a brother, such a loving brother
As you have been.

Sci. Death's a devouring gamester,
And sweeps up all: what thinkst thou of
an eye?

Couldst thou spare one, and think the blemish recompens'd,

To see me safe with t'other? Or a hand?
This white hand, [Amideia,] that hath so
often,

With admiration, trembled on the lute,
Till we have pray'd thee leave the strings
awhile,

And laid our ears close to thy ivory fingers,
Suspecting all the harmony proceeded
From their own motion, without the need
Of any dull or passive instrument.

No, Amideia, thou shalt not bear one scar
To buy my life; the sickle shall not touch
A flower that grows so fair upon his stalk;
Thy t'other hand will miss a white com-
panion,

And wither on thy arm: what then can I
Expect from thee to save me? I would live,

And owe my life to thee, so 'twere not bought
Too dear.

Ami. Do you believe I should not find
The way to heaven? were both mine eyes
thy ransom,
I shall climb up those high and rugged cliffs
Without a hand.

Sci. One way there is, if thou
Dost love [me] with that tenderness.

Ami. Pronounce it,
And let no danger that attends, incline you
To make a pause.

Sci. The duke, thou knowst, didst love thee.

Ami. Ha!

Sci. Nay, do not start already, nor mis-
take me;

I do not as before, make trial of thee,
Whether thou canst, laying aside thy honour,
Meet his lascivious arms; but, by this virtue,
I must beseech thee to forego it all,
And turn a sinful woman.

Ami. Bless me!

Sci. I know the kingdoms of the world
contain not

Riches enough to tempt thee to a fall
That will so much undo thee; but I am
Thy brother, dying brother; if thou lov'st
Him, therefore, that for thee hath done so
much;

Died his pale hands in blood, to revenge thee,
And in that murder wounded his own soul
Almost to death, consent to lose thy innocence;
I know it makes thee grieve, but I shall live
To love thee better for it: we'll repent
Together for our sins, and pray and weep
Till heaven hath pardon'd all.

Ami. Oh, never, never.

Sci. Do but repeat thy words, to *save my*
life,

And that will teach compassion, *my life*;
Our shame, the stain of all our family,
Which will succeed in my ignoble death,
Thou wastest off.

Ami. But stain myself for ever.

Sci. Where? In thy face, who shall be-
hold one blemish,
Or one spot more in thy whole frame? thy
beauty

Will be the very same, thy speech, thy person
Wear no deformity.

Ami. Oh, do not speak
So like a rebel to all modesty,
To all religion; if these arguments
Spring from your jealousy that I am fallen,
After a proof you did so late applaud—

Sci. I had not kill'd Pisano then; that I
am now

More spotted than the marble: then my head
Did owe no forfeiture to law,
It does ache now; then I but tried thy virtue,
Now my condition calls for mercy to thee,
Though to thyself thou appear cruel for't:
Come, we may live both, if you please.

Ami. I must never breath at such a rate.
Who has
Made you afraid to die? I pity you,
And wish myself in any noble cause
Your leader. When our souls shall leave
this dwelling,

The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silkin banners over us.

Sci. So valiant!

I will not interpose another syllable
To entreat your pity; say your prayers, and
then

Thou'rt ripe to be translated from the earth,
To make a cherubin.

Ami. What means my brother?

Sci. To kill you.

Ami. Do not fright me, good Sciarra.

Sci. And I allow three minutes for de-
votion.

Ami. Will you murder me?

Sci. Do you tremble?

Ami. Not at the terror of your sword,
But at the horror will affright thy soul,
For this black deed. I see Pisano's blood
Is texted in thy forehead, and thy hands
Retain too many crimson spots already;
Make not thyself, by murdering of thy sister,
All a red letter.

Sci. You shall be the martyr.

Ami. Yet stay; is there no remedy but
death,

And from your hand? then keep your word,
and let me

Use one short prayer.

[*Kneels.*

Sci. I shall relent.

[*Aside.*

Ami. Forgive me, Heaven, and witness
I have still

My virgin thoughts; 'tis not to save my life,
But his eternal one.—

Sciarrha, give me leave to veil my face.

[*Rises.*

I dare not look upon you, and pronounce
I am too much a sister; live; hereafter,
I know, you will condemn my frailty for it.
I will obey the duke.

Sci. Darest thou consent? [*Stabs her.*

When Florio breaks open the door
and enters, Amidea, like Desdemona,
strives to avert the suspicion of guilt
from the murderer.

Ami. I drew the weapon to it:

Heaven knows my brother lov'd me: now,
I hope,

The duke will not pursue me with new flames.
Sciarrha, tell the rest: love one another
The time you live together; I'll pray for you
In heaven: farewell! kiss me when I am
dead,

You else will stay my journey. [*Dies.*

Sci. Didst not hear

An angel call her? Florio, I have much
To tell thee: take her up; stay, I will talk
A little more with her; she is not dead,
Let her alone;—nay then, she's gone indeed.
But hereabouts her soul must hover still,
Let's speak to that: fair spirit—

Flo. You talk idly.

Sci. Do you talk wisely then. An ex-
cellent pattern,

As she now stands, for her own alabaster;
Or may she not be kept from putrefaction,
And be the very figure on her tomb?

Cannot thy tears and mine preserve her,
Florio?

If we want brine, a thousand virgins shall
Weep every day upon her, and themselves,
In winter, leaning round upon her monument,
Being moist creatures, stiffen with the cold,
And freeze into so many white supporters.
But we lose time.—I charge thee, by thy love
To this pale relic, be instructed by me,
Not to thy danger; some revenge must be,
And I am lost already; if thou fall,
Who shall survive, to give us funeral?

[*Exeunt.*]

Lorenzo is now maddened at the
failure of all his plots, and resolves at
last to murder the Duke with his own
hand. Afraid lest the youth and beauty
of his benefactor might palsy his
arm, he has for some time kept in his
chamber a picture of his victim, that,
looking on it with fell thoughts, he
might harden his heart for the murder.

Here first the duke was painted to the life,
But with this pencil to the death: I love
My brain for the invention, and thus
Confirm'd, dare trust my resolution.
I did suspect his youth and beauty might
Win some compassion when I came to kill
him;

Or the remembrance that he is my kinsman,
Might thrill my blood; or something in
his title
Might give my hand repulse, and startle
nature:

But thus I have arm'd myself against all pity,
That when I come to strike, my poniard may
Through all his charms as confidently wound
him,

As thus I stab his picture, and stare on it.

[*Stabs the picture.*]

Me thinks the duke should feel me now: is not
his soul acquainted? can he less than tremble,
When I lift up my arm to wound his counterfeit?

Witches can persecute the lives of whom
They hate, when they torment their senseless figures,

And stick the waxen model full of pins.

Can any stroke of mine carry less spell

To wound his heart, sent with as great a
malice?

He smiles, he smiles upon me! I will dig
Thy wanton eyes out, and supply the dark
And hollow cells with two pitch-burning
tapers;

Then place thee porter in some charnel-house,
To light the coffins in.—

Florio, Sciarrha's brother, comes
upon him in the fantastic horrors of
his solitude, and tells him that Amideia
is at last willing to receive the embraces
of the Duke, and will come
privately to his chamber.

The last scene opens with melancholy
music, and discovers the body
of Amideia laid out for interment.

1 *Gentlewoman.* This is a sad employment.
2 *Gent.* The last we e'er shall do my lady.

Florio, looking on the corpse, says,

Let me look upon

My sister now; still she retains her beauty,
Death has been kind to leave her all this
sweetness.

Thus in a morning have I oft saluted
My sister in her chamber, sate upon
Her bed, and talk'd of many harmless passages:

But now 'tis night, and a long night with her,
I ne'er shall see these curtains drawn again,
Until we meet in heaven.—The duke already!

The Duke now enters the chamber
in all the impatience of passion.

Duke. All perfect; till this minute, I
could never

Boast I was happy: all this world has not
A blessing to exchange: this world! 'tis
heaven;

And thus I take possession of my saint:

[*Goes up to the bed.*]

Asleep already? 'twere great pity to
Disturb her dream, yet if her soul be not
Tired with the body's weight, it must convey
Into her slumbers I wait here, and thus
Seal my devotion. [*Kisses.*—What winter
dwells

Upon this lip! 'twas no warm kiss; I'll try
Again—[*Kisses.*—the snow is not so cold;
I have

Drunk ice, and feel a numbness spread
through [all]

My blood at once.—Ha! let me examine
A little better; Amideia! she is dead, she
is dead!

What horror doth invade me?—Help, Lorenzo!

Murder! where is Lorenzo?

Lorenzo rushes in with Petruchio (a
wicked creature of his), and, amidst
prayers for mercy, murders the Duke,
who dies exclaiming,

I am coming, Amideia, I am coming.—

For thee, inhuman murderer, expect
My blood shall fly to heaven, and there in-
flam'd,

Hang a prodigious meteor all thy life,
And when by some as bloody hand as thine
Thy soul is ebbing forth, it shall descend
In flaming drops upon thee: oh, I faint!—
Thou flattering world farewell! let princes
gather

My dust into a glass, and learn to spend
Their hour of state, that's all they have;
for when

That's out, Time never turns the glass
agen. [*Dies.*]

Lor. So!

Lay him beside his mistress; hide their faces.
The duke dismiss'd the train came with him?

Pet. He did, my lord.

Lor. Run to Sciarrha, pray him come
and speak with me;

Secure his passage to this chamber: haste!
[*Exit Pet.*]

He's dead; I'll trust him now, and his
ghost too;
Fools start at shadows, I'm in love with night
And her complexion.

Sciarrha and Florio now join Lorenzo, and he proposes that they shall give out that the Duke ravished and murdered Amidea, for which he was slain by her brother; and that then he and Sciarrha shall assume joint sway over Florence. Sciarrha for a while dallies with these ambitious projects, and then, laying aside his assumed acquiescence, dares the villain Lorenzo to single combat, as having been the cause of all his ruin. They fight and fall dead by mutual wounds.

We have few farther observations to make on this tragedy. Our readers will have seen, in the first place, from the extracts, that the language is singularly spirited, poetical, and also dramatic. The interest is well kept alive; for all the incidents follow each other, if not very naturally, at least with a wild tumult and precipitation which agitates us with frequent alteration of feeling. There is nothing dull, heavy, or lingering in the whole action. Neither are there any intricacies in the plot to disentangle,—so that we are never called on for the exercise of ingenuity, instead of the indulgence of passion. These are great merits in an acting play; and indeed with them a play can, if well acted, scarcely fail of success.

But, besides these excellencies, we are inclined to think, that Lorenzo and Sciarrha are characters that would tell in representation. The intellectual energy of the former gives him something of dignity, and saves him, at all times, from utter degradation. Ambition carries with it nobility; and the baseness of the means employed to attain its object, is partially hidden by the strength of mind which invests them. Lorenzo is certainly, though not an interesting, almost a commanding traitor; and we feel ourselves in some measure under the mastery of that talent, which, though ultimately defeated, kept him so long on the very brink of success. It cannot be said that we have an interest in him; but we unquestionably desire to follow him in his career, if it be only to witness its anticipated termination. The cool, calculating, treacherous villany of the "Traitor," is finely contrasted with the fiery and im-

petuous, but easily deceived and unsteady, Sciarrha,—a man of mixed vices and virtues, such as we find in nature, and drawn by the poet to the very life.

In Pisano and Cosmo we find little to interest, and, as we observed before, there is something rather fantastic and unnatural in their story; yet the mind not unwillingly turns to them as inferior instruments employed to hasten the catastrophe; and some of the scenes in which they are engaged are full of beauty and tenderness.

Of Oriana we see little,—but that little is sufficiently touching; and we feel enough of interest in her to make us pleased that, at the end of the drama, she finds happiness with Cosmo.

Amidea takes a faster hold on our affections. The heroic and yet gentle spirit which she exhibits in her forlorn desertion, invests her with the highest dignity of her sex. There is a calm stateliness in her sorrow, and a strength of love in her virgin widowhood, that her lover's perfidy cannot impair. There are few things in dramatic poetry much more beautiful than the scene of her death; and though we know not how "the laying out," and the exhibition of the sheeted corpse, might affect spectators in a theatre, every reader in the closet must feel it chill his heart's blood, while, at the same time, there is a relief from painful sorrow in the exquisite beauty of the poetry. H. M.

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HON.
LADY ANNE SCOTT OF BUCCLEUCH.

[We have as yet, by accidental circumstances, been prevented from laying before our readers any account of the *Prose Tales* lately published by MR HOGG. In the mean time, we have great pleasure in extracting the following very beautiful Poetical Dedication to a Young Lady of the Noble Family whose enlightened patronage has been so liberally extended to the ETTRICK SHEPHERD.]

To HER, whose bounty oft hath shed
Joy round the peasant's lowly bed,
When trouble press'd and friends were few,
And God and Angels only knew—
To HER, who loves the board to cheer,
And hearth of simple Cottager;
Who loves the tale of rural hind,
And wayward visions of his mind,

I dedicate, with high delight,
The themes of many a winter night.

What other name on Yarrow's vale
Can Shepherd choose to grace his tale?
There other living name is none
Heard with one feeling,—one alone.
Some heavenly charm must name endear
That all men love, and all revere!
Even the rude boy of rustic form,
And robes all fluttering to the storm,
Whose roguish lip and graceless eye
Inclines to mock the passer by,
Walks by the Maid with softer tread,
And lowly bends his burly head,
Following with eye of milder ray
The gentle form that glides away.
The little school-nymph, drawing near,
Says, with a sly and courteous leer,
As plain as eye and manner can,
"Thou lov'st me—bless thee, Lady Anne!"
Even babes catch the beloved theme,
And learn to lisp their Lady's name.

The orphan's blessing rests on thee;
Happy thou art, and long shalt be!
'Tis not in sorrow, nor distress,
Nor Fortune's power, to make thee less.
The heart, unaltered in its mood,
That joys alone in doing good,
And follows in the heavenly road,
And steps where once an Angel trode,—
The joys within such heart that burn,
No loss can quench, nor time o'erturn!
The stars may from their orbits bend,
The mountains rock, the heavens rend,—
The sun's last ember cool and quiver,
But these shall glow, and glow for ever!

Then thou, who lov'st the shepherd's home,
And cherishest his lowly dome,
O list the mystic lore sublime,
Of fairy tales of ancient time.
I learned them in the lonely glen,
The last abodes of living men;
Where never stranger came our way
By summer night, or winter day;
Where neighbouring hind or cot was none,
Our converse was with Heaven alone,
With voices through the cloud that sung,
And brooding storms that round us hung.

O Lady, judge, if judge you may,
How stern and ample was the sway
Of themes like these, when darkness fell,
And gray-haired sires the tales would tell!
When doors were barr'd, and eldron dame
Lied at her task beside the flame,
That through the smoke and gloom alone
On dim and umber'd faces shone—
The bleat of mountain goat on high,
That from the cliff came quavering by;
The echoing rock, the rushing flood,
The cataract's swell, the moaning wood,
That undefined and mingled hum—
Voice of the desert, never dumb!—
All these have left within this heart
A feeling tongue can ne'er impart;
A wilder'd and unearthly flame,
A something that's without a name.
And, Lady, thou wilt never deem
Religious tale offensive theme;

Our creeds may differ in degree,
But small that difference sure can be!
As flowers which vary in their dyes,
We all shall bloom in Paradise.
As sire who loves his children well,
The loveliest face he cannot tell,—
So 'tis with us. We are the same,
One faith, one Father, and one aim.

And hadst thou lived where I was bred,
Amid the scenes where martyrs bled,
Their sufferings all to thee endear'd
By those most honour'd and revered;
And where the wild dark streamlet raves,
Hadst wept above their lonely graves,
Thou wouldst have felt, I know it true,
As I have done, and aye must do.
And for the same exalted cause,
For mankind's right, and nature's laws,
The cause of liberty divine,
Thy fathers bled as well as mine.

Then be it thine, O noble Maid,
On some still eve these tales to read;
And thou wilt read, I know full well,
For still thou lovest the haunted dell;
To linger by the sainted spring,
And trace the ancient fairy ring
Where moonlight revels long were held
In many a lone sequester'd field,
By Yarrow dens and Ettrick shaw,
And the green mounds of Carterhaugh.

O for one kindred heart that thought
As minstrel must, and lady ought,
That loves like thee the whispering wood,
And range of mountain solitude!
Think how more wild the greenwood scene,
If times were still as they have been;
If fairies, at the fall of even,
Down from the eye-brow of the heaven,
Or some aerial land afar,
Came on the beam of rising star;
Their lightsome gambols to renew,
From the green leaf to quaff the dew,
Or dance with such a graceful tread,
As scarce to bend the gowan's head!

Think if thou wert, some evening still,
Within thy wood of green Bowhill—
Thy native wood!—the forest's pride!
Lover or sister by thy side;
In converse sweet the hour to improve
Of things below and things above,
Of an existence scarce begun,
And note the stars rise one by one.
Just then, the moon and daylight blending,
To see the fairy bands descending,
Wheeling and shivering as they came,
Like glimmering shreds of human frame;
Or sailing, 'mid the golden air,
In skiffs of yielding gossamer.

O, I would wander forth alone
Where human eye hath never shone,
Away o'er continents and isles
A thousand and a thousand miles,
For one such eve to sit with thee,
Their strains to hear and forms to see!
Absent the while all fears of harm,
Secure in Heaven's protecting arm;
To list the songs such beings sung,
And hear them speak in human tongue;

To see in beauty, perfect, pure,
Of human face the miniature,
And smile of being free from sin,
That had not death impress'd within.
Oh, can it ever be forgot

What Scotland had, and now has not !

Such scenes, dear Lady, now no more
Are given, or fitted as before,
To eye or ear of guilty dust ;
But when it comes, as come it must,
The time when I, from earth set free,
Shall turn the spark I fain would be ;
If there's a land, as grandsires tell,
Where Brownies, Elves, and Fairies dwell,
There my first visit shall be sped—
Journeyer of earth, go hide thy head !
Of all thy travelling splendour shorn,
Though in thy golden chariot borne !
Yon little cloud of many a hue
That wanders o'er the solar blue,
That curls, and rolls, and fleets away
Beyond the very springs of day,—
That do I challenge and engage
To be my travelling equipage,
Then onward, onward, far to steer,
The breeze of Heaven my charioteer ;
The soul's own energy my guide,
Eternal hope my all beside.
At such a shrine who would not bow !
Traveller of earth, where art thou now ?

Then let me for these legends claim,
My young, my honour'd Lady's name ;
That honour is reward complete,
Yet I must crave, if not unmeet,
One little boon—delightful task
For maid to grant, or minstrel ask !

One day, thou may'st remember well,
For short the time since it befel,
When o'er thy forest-bowers of oak,
The eddying storm in darkness broke ;
Loud sung the blast adown the dell,
And Yarrow lent her treble swell ;
The mountain's form grew more sublime,
Wrapt in its wreaths of rolling rime ;
And Newark Cairn, in hoary shroud,
Appear'd like giant o'er the cloud :
The eve fell dark, and grimly scowl'd,
Loud and more loud the tempest howl'd ;
Without was turmoil, waste, and din,
The kelpie's cry was in the linn,
But all was love and peace within !
And aye, between, the melting strain
Pour'd from thy woodland harp amain,
Which, mixing with the storm around,
Gave a wild cadence to the sound.

That mingled scene, in every part,
Hath so impress'd thy shepherd's heart,
With glowing feelings, kindling bright
Some filial visions of delight,
That almost border upon pain,
And he would hear those strains again.
They brought delusions not to last,
Blending the future with the past ;
Dreams of fair stems, in foliage new,
Of flowers that spring where others grew
Of beauty ne'er to be outdone,
And stars that rise when sets the sun ;
The patriarchal days of yore,
The mountain music heard no more,

With all the scene before his eyes,
A family's and a nation's ties—
Bonds which the Heavens alone can rend,
With Chief, with Father, and with Friend.
No wonder that such scene refin'd
Should dwell on rude enthusiast's mind !
Strange his reverse !—He little wist—
Poor inmate of the cloud and mist !
That ever he, as friend, should claim
The proudest Caledonian name.

J. H.

Eltrive Lake, April 1st, 1818.

EDITH AND NORA.

A Pastoral Poet's Dream.

She hath risen up from her morning prayer,
And chained the waves of her golden hair,
Hath kissed her sleeping sister's cheek,
And breathed the blessing she might not
speak,

Lest the whisper should break the dream
that smil'd

Round the snow-white brow of the sinless
child.

Her radiant Lamb and her purpling Dove
Have ta'en their food from the hand they
love ;

The low deep coo and the plaintive bleat
In the morning calm, how clear and sweet !
E'er the Sun has warn'd the dawning hours,
She hath watered the glow of her garden
flowers,

And welcomed the hum of the earliest Bee
In the moist bloom working drowsily ;
Then up the flow of the rocky rill
She trips away to the pastoral Hill ;
And, as she lifts her glistening eyes
In the joy of her heart to the dewy skies,
She feels that her sainted Parents bless
The life of their Orphan Shepherdess.

'Tis a lonely Glen ! but the happy Child
Hath friends whom she meets in the morn-
ing-wild—

—As on she trips, her native stream,
Like her hath awoke from a joyful dream,
And glides away by her twinkling feet,
With a face as bright and a voice as sweet.
In the osier bank the Ouzel sitting,
Hath heard her steps, and away is flitting
From stone to stone, as she glides along,
Then sinks in the stream with a broken song.
The Lapwing, fearless of his nest,
Stands looking round with his delicate crest,
Or a lonelike joy is in his cry,
As he wheels and darts and glances by.
Is the Heron asleep on the silvery sand
Of his little Lake ? Lo ! his wings expand
As a dreamy thought, and withouten dread,
Cloudlike he floats o'er the Maiden's head.
She looks to the birch-wood glade, and lo !
There is browsing there the mountain-roe,
Who lifts up her gentle eyes, nor moves
As on glides the form whom all nature loves.
Having spent in Heaven an hour of mirth,

The Lark drops down to the dewy earth,
 And as silence smooths his yearning breast
 In the gentle fold of his lowly nest,
 The Linnæ takes up the hymn, unseen
 In the yellow broom or the bracken green.
 And now, as the morning-hours are glowing,
 From the hillside cots the cocks are crowing,
 And the Shepherd's Dog is barking shrill
 From the mist fast rising from the hill,
 And the Shepherd's-self, with locks of gray,
 Hath blessed the Maiden on her way;
 And now she sees her own dear flock
 On a verdant mound beneath the rock,
 All close together in beauty and love,
 Like the small fair clouds in heaven above,
 And her innocent soul at the peaceful sight
 Is swimming o'er with a still delight.

And how shall sweet Edith pass the day,
 From her home and her sister so far away,
 With none to whom she may speak the
 while,

Or share the silence and the smile,
 When the stream of thought flows calm and
 deep,
 And the face of Joy is like that of sleep?

Fear not—the long, still Summer-day
 On downy wings hath sailed away,
 And is melting unawares in Even,
 Like a pure cloud in the heart of Heaven,
 Nor Weariness nor Woe hath paid
 One visit to the happy Maid
 Sitting in sunshine or in shade.
 For many a wild Tale doth she know,
 Framed in these valleys long ago
 By pensive Shepherds, unto whom
 The sweet breath of the heather-bloom
 Brought inspiration, and the Sky
 Folding the hill-tops silently,
 And airs so spirit-like, and streams
 Aye murmuring through a world of dreams.
 A hundred plaintive tunes hath she—
 A hundred chants of sober glee—
 And she hath sung them o'er and o'er,—
 As on some solitary shore,
 'Tis said the Mermaid oft doth sing
 Beneath some cliffs o'ershadowing,
 While melteth o'er the waters clear
 A song which there is none to hear!
 Still at the close of each wild strain
 Hath gentle Edith lived again,
 O'er long-past hours—while smiles and sighs
 Obeyed their own loved Melodies.
 Now rose to sight the hawthorn-glade,
 Where that old blind Musician played
 So blithely to the dancing ring—
 Or, in a fit of sorrowing,
 Sung mournful Songs of other years
 That filled his own dim eyes with tears.
 And then the Sabbath seemed to rise
 In stillness o'er the placid skies,
 And from the small Kirk in the Dell
 Came the clear chime of holy Bell,
 Solemnly ceasing, when appeared
 The grey-haired Man beloved and feared—
 The Man of God—whose eyes were filled
 With visions in the heavens beheld,
 And rightfully inspired fear,
 Whose yoke, like Love's, is light to bear.

—And thus sole-sitting on the Brae,
 From human voices far away,
 Even like the flowers round Edith's feet,
 Shone forth her fancies wild or sweet;
 Some in the shades of memory
 Unfolding out reluctantly,
 But breathing from that tender gloom
 A faint—ethereal—pure perfume;
 Some burning in their full-blown pride,
 And by the Sun's love beautified;
 None wither'd—for the air is holy,
 Of a pure spirit's melancholy;
 And God's own gracious eye hath smiled
 On the sorrows of this Orphan Child;
 Therefore, her Parents' Grave appears
 Green, calm, and sunbright thro' her tears,
 Beneath the deep'ning hush of years.

An Image of young Edith's Life,
 This one still day—no noise—no strife—
 Alike calm—morning—noon—and even—
 And Earth to her as pure as Heaven.

Now night comes wavering down the sky:
 The clouds like ships at anchor lie,
 All gathered in the glimmering air,
 After their pleasant voyage: there
 One solitary bark glides on
 So slow, that its haven will ne'er be won.
 But a wandering wind hath lent it motion,
 And the last Sail hath passed o'er the heaven-
 ly ocean.

Are these the Hills so steeped by day,
 In a greenness that seemed to mock decay,
 And that stole from the Sun so strong and
 light,
 That it well might dare th' eclipse of night?
 Where is the sound that filled the air
 Around—and above—and every where?
 Soft wild pipes hushed! and a world of
 wings

All shut with their radiant shiverings!
 The wild bees now are all at rest
 In their earthen cell—or their mossy nest—
 Save when some lated labourers come
 From the far-off hills with a weary hum,
 And drop down mid the flowers, till morn
 Shall awaken to life each tiny horn.
 Dew sprinkles sleep on every flower,
 And each bending stalk has lost its power—
 No toils have they, but in beauty blest,
 They seem to partake in Nature's rest.
 Sleep calms the bosom of the Earth,
 And a dream just moves it in faintest mirth.

The slumber of the Hills and Sky
 Hath hushed into a reverie
 The soul of Edith—by degrees,
 With half-closed eyes she nothing sees
 But the glimmer of twilight stretched afar,
 And one bright solitary star,
 That comes like an angel with his beams,
 To lead her on thro' the world of dreams.
 She feels the soft grass beneath her head,
 And the smell of flowers around her shed,
 Breathing of Earth,—as yet, she knows
 Whence is the sound that past her flows,
 (The flowery fount in its hillside cell—)
 But a beauty there is which she cannot tell
 To her soul that beholds it, spread all around;
 And she feels a rapture, oh! more profound

Than e'er by a dream was breathed, or driven
Thro' a bosom, all suddenly filled with
heaven.

Oh ! come ye from heaven ye blessed Things,
So silent with your silvery wings
Folded in moonlight glimmerings ?
—They have dropt like two soft gleams of
light,

Those gracious forms, on the verdant height
Where Edith in her slumber lies,
With calm face meeting the calm skies,
Like one whose earthly course is o'er,
And sleepeth to awake no more !
Gazing upon the Child they stand,
Till one with small soft silent hand
Lifts from that brow the golden hair—
“ Was ever mortal face so fair ?
God gives to us the sleeping maid ! ”
And scarcely are the kind words said,
Than Edith's lovely neck is wreathed
With arms as soft as zephyrs breathed
O'er sleeping lilies,—and slowly raised
The still form of the child, amazed
To see those visages divine,
And eyes so filled with pity, shine
On her, a simple Shepherdess,
An orphan in the wilderness !

“ O, happy child ! who livest in mirth
And joy of thine own on this sinful Earth,
Whose heart, like a lonely stream, keeps
singing,

Or, like a holy bell, is ringing
So sweetly in the silent wild—
Wilt thou come with us, thou happy child,
And live in a land where woe and pain
Are heard but as a far-off strain
Of mournful music,—where the breath
Of Life is murmuring not of Death ;
And Happiness alone doth weep,
And nought but Bliss doth break our sleep.
Wilt thou come with us to the Land of
Dreams ? ”

—A kiss as soft as moonlight seems
To fall on Edith's brow and cheek—
As that voice no more is heard to speak ;
And bright before her half-closed eyes
Stand up these Shapes from Paradise,
Breathing sweet fear into her heart !
—She trembleth lest their beauty part,
Cloudlike, e'er she be full awake,
And leave her weeping for their sake,
An orphan Shepherdess again,
Left all by herself in that lonely glen !

“ Fear not, sweet Edith ! to come along
With us, tho' the voice of the Fairy's Song
Sound strange to thy soul thus murmuring
near—

Fear not, for thou hast nought to fear !
Oft hast thou heard our voice before,
Hymnlike pass by thy cottage door
When thou and thy sister were at prayers,—
Oft hast thou heard it in wild low airs,
Circling thy couch on the heathery hill,—
And when all the stars in heaven were still,
As their images in the lake below,
That was our voice that seemed to flow,
Like softest waters thro' the night,
The music breathed from our delight.

Then, come with us, sweet Edith ! come
And dwell in the Lake-Fairy's home ;
And happier none can be in heaven,
Than we in those green vallies, given
By Nature's kind beneficence
To us, who live in innocence ;
And on our gentle missions go,
Up to the human world of woe,
To make by our music mortal Elves
For a dream as happy as ourselves ;
All fitting back e'er the morn arise,
To our own untroubled Paradise.

“ O waft me there, e'er my dream is gone,
For dreams have a wild world all their own !
And never was vision like to this—
O waft me away e'er I wake from bliss !
But where is my little sister ? Where
The child whom her mother with dying
prayer

Put into my bosom, and bade us be
True to each other, as on the sea
Two loving birds, whom a wave may di-
vide,

But who float back soon to each other's side !
Bring Nora here, and we two will take
Our journey with you deep down the Lake,
And let its waters for ever close
O'er the upper world of human woes,
For young though we be, and have known
no strife,

Yet we start at the shadows of mortal life ;
And many a tear have we two shed
In each others' arms, on an orphan bed,—
So let Nora to my heart be given,
And with you will we fly, and trust in
Heaven.”

A sound of parting wings is heard,
As when at night some wandering bird
Flits by us, absent from its nest
Beyond the hour of the Songster's rest.
For, the younger Fairy away hath flown,
And hath Nora found in her sleep alone,
Hath raised her up between her wings,
And lulled her with gentlest murmurings,
And borne her over plain and steep
With soft swift glide that breaks not sleep,
And laid her down as still as death
By Edith's side on the balmy heath,
And all e'er twice ten waves have broke
On the Lake's smooth sand, or the aged
oak

Hath ceased to shiver it's leaves so red
Beneath the breeze that just touched it's
head.

The heath-flowers all are shining bright,
And every star has its own soft light,
And all the quiet clouds are there
And the same sweet sound is in the air,
From stream and echo mingling well
In the silence of the glimmering dell,—
But no more is seen the radiant fold
Of Fairy-wings bedropt with gold,
Nor those sweet human faces ! They
Have melted like the dew away,
And Edith and Nora never more
Shall be sitting seen on the earthly shore !
For they drift away with peaceful motion,
Like birds into the heart of ocean,

Some silent spot secure from storms—
Who float on with their soft-plumed forms
Whiter than the white sea-foam,
Still dancing on from home to home ;
Fair Creatures ! in their lonely glee
Happier than Stars in Heaven or Sea.

Long years are past—and every stone
Of the Orphans' cot is with moss o'ergrown,
And wild-stalks beautiful and tall
Hang o'er the little garden-wall,
And the clear well within the rock
Lies with its smiling calm unbroke
By dipping pitcher ! There the Hives !
But no faint feeble hum survives—
Dead is that Cottage once so sweet,
Shruded as in a winding-sheet—
Nor even the sobbing of the air
Mourns o'er the life that once was there !

O happy ye ! who have flown afar
From the sword of those ruthless men of war,
That, for many a year, have bathed in blood
Scotland's green glens of solitude !
Orphans were ye—but your lips were calm
When together ye sang the evening psalm ;
Nor sound of terror on the breeze,
E'er startled you up from your humble knees,
When on the dewy daisied sod,
In heaven ye worshipp'd your Father's God,
After the simple way approved
By men whom God and Angels loved.
Dark—dark days come—when holy prayers
Are sinful held, and snow-white hairs
By ruffian hands are torn and strewed,
Even where the Old Man bows to God !
Sabbath is heavy to the soul,
When no kirk-bell is heard to toll,
Struck dumb as ice—no bridal show
Shines cheerful thro' these days of woe—
Now are the blest baptismal rites
Done by lone streams, in moonless nights—
Now every lover loves in dread—
Sleep flies from cradle and from bed—
The silent meal in fear is blest—
In fear the mother gives her breast
To the infant, whose dim eyes can trace
A trouble in her smiling face.
The little girl her hair has braided,
Over a brow by terror shaded ;
And virgins, in youth's lovely years,
Who fear not death, have far worse fears—
Wailing is heard o'er all the land,
For, by day and night, a bloody hand
A bloody sword doth widely wave,
And peace is none,—but in the grave.

But Edith and Nora lead happy hours
In the Queen Lake-Fairy's palace-bowers,
Nor troubles from the world of ill
E'er reach that kingdom calm and still,
A dream-like kingdom sunk below,
The fatal reach of waking woe !
There, radiant water-drops are shed,
Like strings of pearl round each Orphan's
head,
Glistening with many a lovely ray,
Yet, all so light, that they melt away,
Unfelt by the locks they beautify—
The flowers that bloom there never die,

Breathing forever thro' the calm
A gentle breath of honeyed balms ;
Nor ever happy Fairy grieves
O'er the yellow fall of the Forest leaves,—
Nor mourns to hear the rustling dry
Of their faded pride in the frosty sky,
For all is young and deathless there,
All things unlike—but all things fair—
Nor is that saddest beauty known
That lies in the thoughts of pleasure flown—
Nor doth joy ever need to borrow
A charm to its soul from the smiles of sorrow.

Nor are the upper world and skies
Withheld, when they list, from these Orphan's
eyes—

The shadow of green trees on earth
Falls on the Lake—and the small bird's
mirth

Doth often through the silence ring
In sweet, shrill, merry jargoning—
So that the Orphans almost think
They are lying again on the broomy brink
Of their native Dee—and scarcely know
If the change hath been to bliss or woe,
As, mid that music wild, they seem
To start back to life from a fairy dream.
So all that most beautiful is above
Sends down to their rest its soul of love—
Nor have they in their bliss forgot
The walls, roof, and door, of their native
cot—

Nor the bed in which their Parents died,
And they themselves slept side by side !
They know that Heaven hath brought them
here,

To shield them from the clouds of fear ;
And therefore on their sinless breasts
When they go to sleep the Bible rests,
The Bible that they read of old,
Beside their lambs in the mountain-fold,
Unseen but by one gracious eye,
That blest their infant piety !

On what doth the wondering shepherd gaze,
As o'er Loch-Ken the moonlight plays,
And in the Planet's silvery glow,
Far shines the smooth sand, white as snow ?
In Heaven or Lake there is no breeze,
Yet a glimmering Sail that Shepherd sees,
Swanlike steer on its stately way
Into the little Crescent bay ;
Now jocundly its fair gleam rearing,
And now in darkness disappearing,
Till mid the water-lilies riding
It hangs, and to the green shore gliding
Two lovely Creatures silently
Sit down beneath the star-light sky,
And look around, in deep delight,
On all the sweet still smiles of night.
As they sit in beauty on the shore,
The Shepherd feels he has seen before
The quiet of their heavenly eyes :
“ 'Tis the Orphans come back from Paradise,
Edith and Nora ! They now return,
When this woe-worn Land hath ceased to
mourn.

We thought them dead, but at Heaven's
command,
For years have they lived in Fairy Land,

And they glide back by night to their little cot,
O absent long, but by none forgot !”

The Boat with its snow-white sail is gone,
And the Creatures it brought to shore are
flown !

Still the crowd of water-lilies shake,
And a long bright line shines o'er the Lake,
But nought else tells that a bark was near ;
While the wildered Shepherd seems to hear
A wild hymn wandering through the wood,
Till it dies up the mountain solitude ;
And a dreamy thought, as the sounds depart,
Of Edith and Nora comes o'er his heart.

At Morning's first pure silent glow,
A band of simple Shepherds go
To the Orphan's Cot, and they there behold
The Dove so bright, with its plumes of gold,
And the radiant Lamb, that used to glide
So spirit-like by fair Edith's side.
Fair Creatures ! that no more were seen
On the sunny thatch or the flowery green,
Since the lovely Sisters had flown away,
And left their Cottage to decay !
Back to this world returned again,
They seem in sadness and in pain,
And coo and bleat is like the breath
Of sorrow mourning over death.

Lo ! smiling on their rushy bed,
Lie Edith and Nora—embraced—and dead !
A gentle frost has closed their eyes,
And hushed—just hushed—their balmy
sighs.

Over their lips, yet rosy red,
A faint, pale, cold decay is shed ;
A dimness hangs o'er their golden hair,
That sadly tells no life is there ;
There beats no heart, no current flows
In bosoms sunk in such repose ;
Limbs may not that chill quiet have,
Unless laid ready for the grave.
Silence lies there from face to feet,
And the bed she loves best is a winding-
sheet.

Let the Coffin sink down soft and slowly,
And calm be the burial of the holy !
One long look in that mournful cell—
Let the green turf heave—and then, farewell !
No need of tears ! in this church-yard shade
Oft had the happy orphans played
Above these quiet graves ! and well they lie
After a calm bright life of purity,
Beneath the flowers that once sprung to meet
The motion of their now still feet !
The mourners are leaving the buried clay,
To the holy hush of the Sabbath day,
When a Lamb comes sadly bleating by,
And a Dove soft wavering through the sky,
And both lie down without a sound,
In beauty on the funeral mound !

What may these lovely creatures be ?
—Two sisters who died in infancy,
And thus had those they loved attended,
And been by those they loved befriended !
Whate'er—fair Creatures ! might be their
birth

Never more were they seen on earth ;
But to young and old belief was given
That with Edith and Nora they went to
Heaven.

N.

OF THE EFFECTS OF KNOWLEDGE UPON SOCIETY.

TOWARDS the close of last century, it was thought by many philosophers, that the faults and vices of mankind arose chiefly from intellectual darkness, and that if prejudice and misconception were removed from the earth, moral evil would speedily depart also. The French metaphysicians seemed to consider man as a being in whom reason was the predominating faculty. They concluded, too hastily, that his desires and inclinations resulted from his opinions, and were posterior to the conclusions of his understanding. Their attention had been so much directed towards the evils which spring from prejudices of education, that they supposed the root and essence of the mischief lay in the prejudices themselves, and did not advert to the fact, that prejudices serve only as domicils for the elementary passions, which, although they may change their abode and their apparel, never change their nature. Opinion can do no more than transfer the operations of the passions from one object to another ; and in doing so, it may effect either good or mischief, according to circumstances. Vanity and ambition, for instance, have always the same bent, namely, that of seeking after pre-eminence and distinction ; but what constitutes distinction depends, in a great measure, upon the opinions of society. If value is set upon useless objects, so much human energy is expended to no purpose ; if value is set on pernicious objects, so much ambition is turned to so much mischief ; but if the palm is affixed to useful and noble objects, the nature of the ambitious man is improved in pursuing them, and society profits by his activity.

For rendering service to society, vanity and ambition are much more to be depended on than the feeling of duty. They are personal sentiments, and therefore much more active and constant in their operation. But it is by the virtuous feelings of society at large that they are controlled and guided towards beneficial ends. It would be the interest even of a profligate society, to reward nothing but serviceable and well directed ambition with admiration and consequence ; but here the natural feelings of mankind are found to work too powerfully against

the calculations of their own interest. Men every where confer their admiration upon those things in which they themselves wish to excel, and accordingly a profligate society gives premiums to so many spurious kinds of ambition, that little of the useful sort is produced. Thus no ambitious man can ever be tempted to pursue a much more virtuous course than corresponds with the habits of thought prevalent in the society where he lives. The services done to society, through motives purely conscientious, must always be a precarious and uncertain fund, from what we know of the average constitution of human nature; and no nation can count upon great and meritorious exertions, until it has drawn into its service the personal passions, which constitute the main spring of activity in the minds of mankind. A degenerate and vicious society thus is constantly giving way to feelings which react perniciously upon itself. It is insincere or divided in its approbation of what is good; and therefore it is not rewarded by the growth of what is good. The good deeds which happen to be performed in such a society, by disinterested persons, are like contributions casually dropt into an alms-box.

The more we reflect upon the nature of man, the more we shall be convinced, that what decides his fate is to be found chiefly within himself, and not in extrinsic circumstances. The philosophers of the last century overlooked the mechanism which nature implants in nations and individuals, and sought for the cause of every thing from without. They attributed an almost creative power to knowledge and to institutions. But there is reason to suspect, that the power exerted by mere intellect over human destiny is much less than they were inclined to suppose. Man is of a nature which includes part of the brute, and part of the percipient being; but the elements which decide his destiny are his passions and his moral sentiments. All that knowledge can do is to remove errors and mistakes. It operates as a guide in relation to the human character, but it has no productive power. It cannot create a single new moral impulse or propension which does not already exist within us. It is often of service in awakening the latent sentiments,

and making them acquainted with opportunities of action; but if the sentiments do not exist, its words are idle, and are of no more use than the compass is to the pilot when there is no wind to fill his sails. Forms of government are equally unproductive in the species of their influence. A free government only gives fair play to the human character, and allows national energies, talents, and virtues to manifest themselves in their greatest strength and beauty. A bad government stifles and oppresses the talents and energies of a nation, and exerts a destructive power; but a good government exerts no creative power, nor does more for mankind than is done for the different kinds of animals by free air and exercise, which perfect their natural qualities, but confer no new ones.

To suppose that the intellectual calculation of utility can ever become the regulating principle of human existence, is to suppose that the elements of human nature exist in totally different proportions from the real ones. Remote views of interest, however clear, give way to the personal feelings of the moment; and it is only by the continual activity of just sentiments throughout society, that a nation can be sure of preserving itself from political disasters. Vainly do knowledge and foresight hope to regulate the course of moral events, by investigating into the sequence of causes and effects, if knowledge and foresight are unable, when the crisis arrives, to evoke those virtues and energies which would be necessary to form part of the chain upon which a fortunate result depends. In controlling the movements of the physical world, man finds no scarcity of objects by which to act upon their objects, and accomplish his desires; but the causes which elevate or degrade the moral nature of his species can only be grasped now and then; and even when he does not appear "to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm," it is scarcely by means of his own power that he assumes such an office, but rather because the whirlwind happens to stoop of its own accord, and take up the puny rider. When legislators succeed in establishing a good system of laws, they have to thank the course of events for presenting them with what was most essential to their enterprise,

namely, a set of people sufficiently virtuous or sufficiently docile to concur in supporting their system. Any improvements that are offered on the moral nature of man, by means of institutions, go on slowly, and lie at the mercy of so many collateral trains of events, originating from unforeseen sources, that they can hardly be said to be under human control. The character of modern European nations has been disciplined all along by the falling out of events, and not by any legislating influence, except Christianity, which rather affects the private nature of individuals, than operates directly upon the laws of their political aggregation. The minds of European nations have grown up and ripened, as they best could, under institutions not originally planned by reason, but worked out of circumstances by the blind contentions of the different members of the body politic. Even England herself has owed her advantages to the propitious movements of her in-born energies, which have made room for themselves. Bad fortune may have had its share in retarding the progress of the other nations, but there is reason to believe that the moral elements produced within them have been of inferior quality. The common stock of European reflection, and the wisdom produced by experience, have now inspired the nations with a philosophical love of liberty; but all sentiments, resulting from the exercise of the understanding, are weaker and less to be depended upon than those which develop themselves spontaneously; and therefore, while the nations justly rejoice in the advantages of knowledge as an antidote against despotism, they should remember that their endeavours after liberty will be successful chiefly in proportion as they are connected with the demands of their sentiments and passions. The love of liberty breaks forth in its most beautiful and dignified form, when the soul, having become pregnant with great aspirations and lofty desires, finds it necessary to have a theatre adapted to the illimitability of their nature. But this is only the beautiful ideal of liberty. There is another species of the love of freedom, more homely in its nature, and which is founded merely upon enlightened views concerning the every-day rights and worldly interests of mankind. This kind of liberty, as

well as the other, requires virtuous sentiments to support it; and, if modern Europe is so fortunate as to obtain it, her children are not likely to aspire to any thing farther. Christianity has absorbed into itself all that towering and indefinite enthusiasm which of old exerted itself upon the worldly affairs of Greece and Rome. Human nature has now found a wider outlet for its hopes. They no longer embody themselves in the same objects as before; and hence the modern world presents fewer visible indications of the greatness of the human mind. The divine part of our nature has ceased to spend its force in creating monuments of its own power, or gilding the possessions of a transitory existence. The whole aspect of life is changed; and what is greatest in the world is almost silent and invisible. Even national power is less majestic and more vulgar than during the ages of antiquity, because it is imbued with a smaller proportion of those emanations of the higher soul which confer dignity on whatever they mingle with. But to withdraw human aspirations from the channel which they have now found, and turn enthusiasm again adrift, to seek for the infinite upon earth, would evidently be to make a preposterous exchange. The notion of the perfectibility of man sprung up as natural succedaneum, after men had quarrelled with Christianity; and the desire of such a succedaneum was a favourable indication of the quantity of sentiment which remained behind. But what need chiefly now be dreaded is, that the human soul may become dwarfish, and remain contented without great hopes or aims of any kind.

In the history of every race of mankind there seems to be always some era when their character unfolds its greatest vigour, and teems with the most energetic sentiments. This era does not coincide with the period of a nation's highest civilization, nor yet of its greatest knowledge. Yet in the history of Greece these periods were not far distant from each other. Has modern Europe already developed the most energetic sentiments she will ever give birth to, or is there something greater still to come? If greater things are yet to come, it is to be suspected that we must look for them from those European nations which have hitherto

slumbered most; for, among those which have shone already, we certainly do not find any symptoms which denote increasing force and productiveness of sentiment. All national manifestations proceed radically from the sentiments which are at work in private life. But we hear universal complaints, that private life is debased by selfishness and indifference. Pride has discovered the art of folding its arms and sitting still, and irony against others is substituted for exertions of our own. When a sincere admiration of what is great pervades society, men foster and cherish all the noblest movements of each others minds, but at present such admiration is scarce, not merely because of the existence of superciliousness, but apparently from absolute barrenness of mind. For those things in which a person has not himself any desire to excel, it is impossible that he can feel much earnest admiration; and although he may confer upon them the approbation of his understanding, that approbation is too cold and ineffective to fan the ambition either of public virtue or genius, which can only attain their full growth amidst a general blaze of sympathy and consentaneous passion diffused throughout society. To make great artists, a whole nation must consist of enthusiastic amateurs, and the case is the same with respect to public virtue as with respect to art.

If we wish to trace the influence of knowledge upon society, we must look more to the habits of mind which its diffusion engenders in private life, than to the light which it throws upon the defects of political institutions, and the improvements which it suggests to be made upon their structure. Reading has one important effect, which well deserves to be considered. It supplies us artificially with a far more rapid series of impressions and causes of feeling, than any human being could ever be subjected to by his own individual experience. In real life, objects approach and depart by degrees; and suggestions follow each other at long intervals; at least, such would be the case before the invention of printing, and among men who had few books. But reading now subjects the mind, at once, to the action of a crowd of thoughts, which of old could only have been gathered slowly, and separately, during the course of a whole

existence. Literature presents nourishment for every sentiment, good or bad, and leaves men still to follow the bias of their own nature. Whether the rapidity of the impressions it communicates, has a tendency to increase or exhaust the energy of our moral nature, is a difficult question. Fineness of perception is augmented by it, and the intellectual faculties, in general, are brightened up; but the source of motion, in the moral world, consists of passions and sentiments, and the destiny of nations depends altogether upon their activity in the affairs of life. If reading communicates vigour to their internal spring, and increases their impulsive power, then every thing is to be expected from the diffusion of knowledge; but if reading enervates and renders them passive, there can be no doubt that the splendour of human existence will diminish in proportion.

The consideration of these things would lead one also to inquire, what is the nature of that irony which exercises so much sway over modern society. It seems as if knowledge made us acquainted with so many vast objects and conceptions, that most individuals are overwhelmed with despondency, on account of their own impotence and insignificance. A mixture of listlessness and pride takes possession of them. Whatever a person attempts can always be contrasted with something of the same kind so huge, as to tarnish all his glory, and prevent him from feeling, during his exertions, any of those sentiments of triumph, exultation, or sanguine hope, which are as necessary to great achievements as air is to combustion. Men's minds are most intimately linked to each other, and where sympathy and admiration have ceased, action also becomes languid. *Nil admirari* is followed by *nil moliri, nil facere*. Yet self-love is never extinguished; and if we accomplish nothing ourselves, and can therefore put in no claim for honour, we are, at the same time, obliged by our pride to find some plea for disdaining others. The true disciple of modern society has a separate bucket of cold water ready for every different sort of pretension that can possibly make its appearance; and he would think himself a simpleton, if he were found, on any occasion, unprovided.

This seems to be the nature of irony, which does not spring from the love of pleasantry, but from the demands of our self-love—a staunch principle, that never loses sight of its objects. It is to be regretted that this disheartening spirit exists in its greatest force among the highest and best informed classes of society, who, of course, feel no inclination to be put out of countenance, by a greater activity and productiveness in any other class. They are, therefore, more apt to load with ridicule, than to reward with sympathy, the aspirations of fresher though less cultivated minds, who, finding that they cannot move under the auspices, and with the good wishes, of superior refinement, are naturally induced to adhere, more doggedly than ever, to the errors of their own vulgarity. A house divided against itself cannot prosper. National greatness and splendour must depend upon a sympathy in pursuit of great objects being spread from the most enlightened, free-leisured, and respected classes, through all the rest; so that the moral sentiments of the more mechanical orders may enjoy the advantage of being carried towards their aim, in union with those of others, who have more time than opportunity for developing the lights and higher elements of human nature.

But, alas! what can speculations and complaints avail, if the human spirit is undergoing the influence of vitiating causes? Who can retard the steps of destiny?

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SYSTEM OF
THE WEATHER OF THE BRITISH
ISLANDS, DISCOVERED BY LIEUT.
GEORGE MACKENZIE.*

THE System of the Weather, recently published by Mr Mackenzie, is founded upon a series of meteorological observations made by himself since the year 1802. His observations were made principally, but with great care, upon the Wind and the Rain, and were registered upon the following principles:

“If the wind is in the easterly points during the whole of a natural day, it is termed an entire day of east wind, and the same

of the west; and if the wind is both east and west on any day, it is then termed a variable wind; and if the wind is in the north or south on any day, this also is termed variable, because it partakes of the nature of both east and west.

“At the end of a season, the number of entire days east wind are first summed up, after which the same of the west; the sum of the variables is next found, and the proper proportion of these given to the entire days east and west by the rule of three, thus, taking an extreme case by way of example: The winter 1816-17 had 21 entire days of east wind, and 123 entire days of west, and there were 24 days of variable. Now, in order to find the proportion of the variables which should go to the east and west wind, the entire days of each of these winds are added together, which make a sum total of 144; then say, if 144 give 24 variables, what will 21, the number of entire days east give; then multiplying 24 by 21, in the usual manner, the product is 504, which being divided by 144, gives 3 as the proportion of the variables, going to the 21 entire days east wind, with a remainder; this makes 24 days of east wind for the season; the fraction, or remainder, going always to the greatest sum of entire days wind, whether of east or west. The 21 remaining days of variable are then added to the 123 entire days west wind, which makes a sum total of 144 days west wind for the season: Though the bare mention of the rule of three be sufficient for the general reader, it has appeared proper to give the process of finding the sum of wind in detail.

“The next phenomenon observed, demanding particular explanation, is the rain: Thus the time when it commences and terminates, with the intensity of the fall, is always stated; if the fall in a day, that is, a day and a night, which is always signified in the weather, is under three hours, it is termed a short rain; and if two or more such falls happen in a day, and together consist of more than three hours of heavy rain, it is termed a moderate rain; but less value is attached to rains which fall at considerable intervals in the day, than when in continuity, but the distinction made on this score is slight; all above three hours are termed moderate rains, until it continues seven or eight hours, when it is termed a great rain, that is, if heavy, for sometimes it rains very slightly a whole day, and yet comes under the denomination of short or moderate rain, according to the intensity; and if there is any doubt to which class a rain may belong, it is always stated as of the next lowest class; thus, if a rain is considered more than a moderate, but rather less than a great rain, it is always classed as a moderate rain, and the same rule when it is doubtful whether it should be short or moderate, it being in this case termed a short rain; and if it should rain the whole day and night, it is

* The work in which this system is described is entitled “*The System of the Weather of the British Islands; discovered in 1816 and 1817, from a Journal commencing November 1802.*” Edinburgh, 1818. 4to.

but still a great rain for that day. The classing of the rain might have been extended further, into very great rains, or so; but no advantage could be derived from such an arrangement, as will appear from the rules obtained from this article, which will be found most wonderfully consistent and regular. It is to be observed of showers, that when these are frequent, they make up a moderate rain, and even on rare occasions a great rain, but very generally only a short rain; the time and the effect in these cases are considered.

"The method of finding the sum of rain in a season is this: Taking an extreme case for an example, winter 1804-5, it had 5 great rains, 12 moderate, and 25 short rains; the great rains are each supposed equal to 6 short, and the moderate to 3 short rains; and these being added to the actual number of short rains, the whole sum is 91 short rains; but as this number has been considered an inconvenient one, particularly as it would require in general three figures, it is divided by 4 on all occasions, which reduces the product to two figures, at least by the seasons, which was the first mode of treatment of the subject adopted, the System by years having been found long after; therefore, 91 being divided by 4, the quotient is $22\frac{3}{4}$; but as no fractions are admitted in the sum of rain for a season, the sum total is called 23 for this winter. Any other mode would have served as well, if continued throughout, but this appeared the simplest, and the result has fully warranted its continuance, and for the reason stated, as to the rules obtained in consequence of this arrangement, it giving an exceeding correct result; moreover, it was absolutely necessary to find a round sum, as the representative of the variety of the rain which falls in a season, which has the advantage of simplifying the subject, so as to be easily understood and recollected.

"In estimating the sum of rain—snow, hail, and sleet, are always included. As an enumeration is made of the days' snow in a season, it is explained thus: Any day upon which snow falls, is termed a snowy day, though probably a greater proportion of the fall may have been in rain; this distinction has been made, merely to shew the prevalence of snow upon any season: thus it will be seen that the second winter observed, that of 1803-4, though a mild winter, yet there was an extraordinary quantity of snow as well as of rain.

"The sum of the force of the wind is found much in the same manner as the rain: Thus, there are gales, and high winds, and windy days; but the high winds are classed under gales, and each supposed equal to 6 windy days, and the sum thus found are added to the actual number of windy days in a season; the whole then is divided by 4, which is a common divisor, and the quotient represents the sum of the force of the wind for the year. It happens, however, on rare occasions, that the gales and high winds

are of short continuance, though frequent, in which case less value is attached to these of course, and are multiplied by 4 or 5, instead of 6, according to circumstances; the first instance of this kind is in the winter and year 1815-16, and also in 1816-17.

"In estimating the quantity of frost in a season, the days or nights on which this phenomenon appeared, are termed a day of frost, and the number of these in a season are simply the number of the frost. A more accurate comparative sum might have been obtained, by a classification similar to the rain, viz. hard frost, moderate frost, and slight frost, which might gratify the curious; but there was labour enough without this addition.

Of the other phenomena of weather, viz. thunder, lightning, aurora boreales, &c. it has been only necessary to note them in the order of appearance, giving the sums of each at the end of the season or year, as will be found in the tables in the history of the weather; only remarking here, that however frequent the thunder or lightning is on any day, it counts but as one day with thunder, &c.

By observing the number of days of east and west wind for 14 years, Mr Mackenzie found, that the average number of days of east wind was 135, and the average number of days of west wind 216, a ratio which, for reasons afterwards to be mentioned, he considers as approaching to that of 140 to 210, or 2 to 3. If the east wind, on any given year, shall amount to more than the average of 135 days, there is then an *excess* of so many days of east wind, but if it amounts to less than 135, there is then a *deficiency* of so many days of east wind. The same is done with the west wind; and the excesses or deficiencies of both winds are put down for each year. As the phenomena of the weather can have no relation to our civil year, Mr Mackenzie begins the *weather year*, as he calls it, upon the 1st of November, because it is at or near this period that there is the most material change of weather during the whole year, and that this is the only day which gives the averages leading to the system, or rather, it comes out strongest on this day, gradually becoming weaker before and after, till it disappears altogether on the 26th October and the 5th November. Having in this manner found the *excesses* and *deficiencies* of the east and west winds for 14 years, he began to compare them together, and was surprised to find, that they followed one another in a regular progression, the excesses and deficiencies of both winds arrang-

ing themselves in groups. The nature of this progression will be understood from the annexed table, consisting of three columns. The first column contains the Years of Observation, the first of which commenced in 1802-3, or on the 1st November 1802. The second column contains the Excesses and Deficiencies of the west wind, and the third the Excesses and Deficiencies of the east wind. Upon comparing these E's and D's, it appears, that in the east wind column the Excesses are grouped in the following manner, EEE, EE, E, and the Deficiencies, which are interposed between them in the following manner, viz. D, DD, DDD, DDDD. In the west wind column the progression is E, EEEE, EEE, EE, and DD, D, DDD. Now it is a very remarkable fact, that by following out these progressions the series returns into itself in 54 years, forming a perfect cycle.*

FORM OF THE SYSTEM.

WIND.		WIND.	
Year.	West.East.	Year.	West.East.
1. ...	E. D.	28. ...	E. D.
2. ...	D. E.	29. ...	E. E.
3. ...	D. E.	30. ...	E. E.
4. ...	E. E.	31. ...	D. E.
5. ...	E. D.	32. ...	D. D.
6. ...	E. D.	33. ...	E. D.
7. ...	E. E.	34. ...	E. D.
8. ...	D. E.	35. ...	D. D.
9. ...	E. D.	36. ...	E. E.
10. ...	E. D.	37. ...	D. E.
11. ...	E. D.	38. ...	D. D.
12. ...	D. E.	39. ...	D. E.
13. ...	D. D.	40. ...	E. D.
14. ...	D. D.	41. ...	E. D.
15. ...	E. D.	42. ...	E. E.
16. ...	E. D.	43. ...	E. E.
17. ...	D. E.	44. ...	D. E.
18. ...	D. E.	45. ...	D. D.
19. ...	E. E.	46. ...	E. D.
20. ...	D. D.	47. ...	E. D.
21. ...	E. E.	48. ...	E. E.
22. ...	E. E.	49. ...	D. E.
23. ...	E. D.	50. ...	E. D.
24. ...	E. D.	51. ...	E. D.
25. ...	D. E.	52. ...	D. D.
26. ...	D. D.	53. ...	D. D.
27. ...	D. D.	54. ...	D. E.

By this systematic arrangement, the 55th year is the same with the first, and the 56th the same with the second, and so on.

* It is singular, that this period of 54 years should be *thrice* the Chaldaic period of eclipses of 18 years 11 days.

In the preceding scale, the number of the series of excesses and deficiencies of both winds is exactly equal, viz. 24 groups of each; but if we reckon them individually, we shall find, that the excesses east are 24, and the excesses west 30; and that the deficiencies east are 30, while the deficiencies west are only 24. Hence the east wind is one-fourth less in excess, and one-fourth more in deficiency than the west; that is, it blows one-half less frequently than the west, or the two winds are to one another as 2 to 3, a result which harmonizes in a very singular manner with the ratio of 135 to 216, deduced by Mr Mackenzie from 14 years' observation.

Although it is absolutely necessary, from the nature of the cycle, that the excesses and deficiencies of the east and west wind shall return every 54 years; yet it by no means follows, that the weather in any one cycle shall in every respect resemble the weather in any other cycle. The time of excess and deficiency of both winds may be constantly varying, and may be performing another periodical change of greater or less extent.

"It must therefore become desirable," says Mr Mackenzie; "to ascertain how far one revolution of the system of the weather corresponds with another in every particular; and if journals, conducted upon a sufficiently circumstantial plan, can be found, something of a solution of this point may be accomplished."

We have thus endeavoured to give our readers some notion of the general system delivered by Mr Mackenzie. This, however, forms a very small portion of his work, which contains also Particular Rules of the Weather, deduced from observation; the History of the Weather from 1802; the Laws of the Wind; and the Distribution of the annual series of the Wind upon the seasons. As it is in the power of every person to examine, by their own experience, the accuracy of the rules for the weather, we shall lay before our readers some of the most important.

1. An extraordinary wet winter is followed by average rain in the summer succeeding.

2. An extraordinary dry winter is followed by an average summer.

3. After a winter with a rate of rain moderately under average, and another immediately after at average, the succeeding is moderately above average.

4. When there are two seasons together, either summer or winter, something considerably under average, the succeeding is average; and the season following, which is the fourth, respectively, is very wet; and the next, or the fifth, is very dry, but not always an extreme dry; for an extreme dry is only to be expected when the extreme wet is suddenly brought about.

5. Two average summers together are followed by a very dry one in the next year, and this by a very wet one, which is succeeded by a dry one.

6. When two wet winters, or two wet summers, come together, neither are ever in extreme.

7. When a winter and a summer are wet in succession, the succeeding winter is dry; and when a summer and a winter are wet in succession, the next summer is a dry one.

8. When a summer and a winter are average in succession, the next summer is either wet or dry.

9. No three seasons together in succession, or respectively, are ever wet average, or dry.

10. No three seasons whatever, taken in succession, or respectively, have ever more rain above average, collectively, than is to be found in one season of extreme wet, and *vice versa*.

11. After every course of wet, there is a course of dry, however short or long either may be, and *vice versa*.

12. A mild winter is followed by a mild summer.

13. A wet summer is always followed by a frosty winter.

14. Every frosty winter is in general followed by a cold summer.

15. An excess of west wind in winter is followed by much thunder in the following summer, provided the excess west be preceded or followed by excess east in the summer, and if both happen, the thunder is still more considerable.

16. A deficiency of west wind in winter greatly diminishes the thunder in summer.

17. An excess of east wind in summer is followed by thunder in the winter, and there is never thunder in winter but after an excess of east wind in summer.

It would be impossible to give any explanation of the other portions of Mr Mackenzie's work, particularly the

very curious part of it relative to the distribution of the wind upon the seasons, without entering into tedious details; and we must therefore content ourselves with recommending the careful perusal of his book to all those who are interested in the very important subject of which it treats. Diligent and careful observation is the only test by which the system can be tried. Upon this foundation the author rests it; and he is therefore entitled to have it candidly and carefully examined.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE VAL DE BAGNE, IN THE BAS VALAIS, AND OF THE DISASTER WHICH BEFEL IT IN JUNE 1818.*

[We are indebted for the following interesting article to our friend Professor Pictet of Geneva, who has had the goodness to send it to us, previous to its appearance in his own excellent Journal, the *Bibliothèque Universelle*.]

THE Val de Bagne is a transverse valley in the high southern chain of the Valais: it cuts, almost at right angles, many other smaller chains, forming part of the great mass of mountains which separates Switzerland from Piedmont. At every point where the valley of Bagne intersects these different chains, it is rendered extremely narrow. In many of these gorges, the Dranse, which occupies the bottom, is confined in a rocky channel cut with the pick, leaving only a very narrow bed, from whence it passes into more extensive basons formed in the lower part of the valley, and which, before the late melancholy event, presented level plains, covered with the

* This interesting account contains a detailed report of what was verbally related, on the 29th of last month, to the *Helvetic Society of Natural Science*, at Lausanne, by Mr Escher de la Linth, who was witness to the disasters he describes. He illustrated his relation by a model of the valley, formed of clay jointly by him and Mr Venetz, an engineer of the Valais, who was of eminent service in very critical circumstances. This model, which spoke to the eye while the reporter addressed the judgment and the feelings, rendered quite luminous all those details which the imagination can present to us but imperfectly without such assistance.

PICTET.

richest verdure, and studded with beautiful groups of houses and barns, shaded by lofty trees.

The southern chain of the valley, setting out from the separation of the Val de Bagne from the valley of Entremont, which leads to the *Hospice* of St Bernard, rises very soon to the elevation of perpetual snow, and forms the most northerly point of the icy peaks of Mount Combin. The northern chain does not rise so abruptly, and only reaches the line of perpetual snow at Mount Pleureur, situated six miles distant from the entrance of the valley. Thus far this chain separates the Val de Bagne from the great valley of the Rhone; but, at that point where it rises to the line of perpetual congelation, it takes a southerly direction, and then separates the Val de Bagne from the valley of Hyères, which, like the former, is a lateral branch of the great valley of the Rhone. Mount Pleureur descends very rapidly into the valley of Bagne, and there forms with Mount Mauvoisin, which rises opposite to it, a pretty long gorge, in which the Dranse is confined in a channel of from twenty to forty feet in breadth, and whose sides shoot up vertically to the height of about a hundred feet, so that the bridge of Mauvoisin, which connects the two sides of the valley, rests upon perpendicular rocks eighty feet above the bed of the river.

By the side of Mount Pleureur, towards the bottom of the valley, rises Mount Gétro, whose steep sides, formed into steps by the strata of the rocks composing the mountain, and having but little inclination, are in some parts covered with pasturage, where there are many *chalets* in very lofty situations. A very narrow and pretty deep channel separates Mount Gétro from Mount Pleureur. The glacier of Gétro is situated at the top of it, and forms the most advanced point, towards the north, of that great uninterrupted range of glaciers which, from the Great St Bernard, as far as the Simplon, crown the vast chain of the Alps which divides Switzerland from Piedmont.

At all seasons, the water of the glacier of Gétro falls in cascades into the ravine, which descends with a very rapid fall into the Dranse, at the upper end of that gorge in the valley where the bridge of Mauvoisin is situated.

For some years back, however, the glacier of Gétro has advanced so far upon the ridge of the rocks which form the upper side of this extensive channel, that enormous masses of ice are constantly falling into it from the glacier above, and are swept over by the waters of the cascade with a tremendous crash. Part of them are caught upon the steep ledges of the rocks of the gorge; the remainder falls down into the bottom of the valley, where these fragments accumulate more or less, according to the quantity of ice which the glacier furnishes, and the season accelerates or retards the melting of them.

It is now five years since the accumulation of these blocks of ice, falling from the edge of the glacier of Gétro into the bed of the Dranse, began to form a new glacier in the shape of a half cone, whose summit is in the ravine, about a hundred feet above the bed of the river, and whose base so completely fills up this part (always a narrow one) of the Val de Bagne, that the side of this icy cone, inclined to about forty-five degrees, leans, to the extent of two hundred feet, against the almost perpendicular base of Mount Mauvoisin, which is opposite to the glacier of Gétro, in the chain on your right hand as you ascend the valley of Bagne.

This new glacier, which thus absolutely closes up the bottom of the valley, is certainly not exclusively composed of fragments of ice fallen from the top of the glacier of Gétro: avalanches of snow seem to have had a part in the formation of it; and after this collection of ice and snow became once thick enough to resist the transient heat of the preceding summer, it is clear that the snow of the following winter, added to the new avalanches of ice and snow collected in this fatal ravine, was more than sufficient to enlarge the new glacier; which, by means of rain water and melted snow filtering into it and freezing anew, composed at last a homogeneous mass of ice, of so enormous a bulk, that the period of its destruction cannot be calculated.

In the meanwhile, the waters of the Dranse, which are supplied by the glacier of Tzermotane and some others at the head of the valley, and which already form a pretty large torrent, still

found an outlet under the glacier, the base of which was doubtless thawed by the heat of the earth, and that of the water passing under it. Already, in the course of last year, the river had been obstructed by the glacier for a considerable time; but it suddenly opened for itself a passage, which did considerable damage in the lower part of the valley, even as far as Martigny.

It was in the month of April last, however, that the waters of the Dranse were observed to be dammed up in the bottom of the Valley of Bagne, forming a lake of half a league in length. The danger of a sudden efflux of the lake, the surface of which was rising and extending every day, was too imminent not to lead to the adoption of every possible means to prevent such a disaster. It was resolved to cut a subterraneous gallery through this enormous cone of ice, sixty feet lower than the line of contact of the new glacier with the side of Mount Mauvoisin, a level at which the new lake, which was always increasing, would necessarily pour itself into the lower part of the valley, if the opposing glacier could resist the enormous pressure of the mass of water accumulated above it.—The point at which the draining gallery was carried through the glacier, was fixed at the elevation which the lake was expected to reach at the period of its completion. It was expected that, in consequence of this artificial outlet, the water, in passing through it, would gradually furrow the bottom, and, of course, lower it, while the surface of the lake, by that means, would subside in the same proportion, thus daily diminishing the risk of the rupture of the glacier, and the sudden efflux of the water which it retained. This operation, which was admirably calculated to obviate the impending danger, was executed under the direction of Mr Venetz, an engineer of the Valais, with unshaken perseverance and courage, in spite of the difficulties which every day presented themselves, and the danger of working in a place where blocks of ice were constantly falling from the upper glacier, and in a mass which was liable at every instant to be undermined by the lake, or rent in pieces and carried off by the enormous pressure of the water. This perilous undertaking was begun on the 10th of May, and

finished on the 13th of June. During these thirty-four days the lake rose sixty-two feet; but during eight days, the increase of its waters having, on account of the falling of the temperature of the atmosphere, only raised the level four feet, the upper entrance of the gallery was still many feet above the level of the lake; and the intrepid Mr Venetz had thus time to sink the floor of that opening several feet, in order to accelerate the efflux of the lake, and thereby diminish the mass of water which was indefinitely accumulating.

During the dangerous working of this gallery, extending to 608 feet in length, through the thickness of the glacier, masses of ice, of many thousand cubic feet, were detached from the base of the glacier on the side of the lake. The fragments, after falling into it with a crash, ascended to the surface, forming small floating ice islands. These accidents shewed the risk which the workmen in the gallery ran, at every instant, of being crushed to pieces and buried under the glacier.

On the evening of the 13th of June, at the moment when the water began to issue from the gallery, now happily finished without any serious accident, the lake was from ten to twelve thousand feet long; its medium breadth, at the surface, might be seven hundred feet, and at the bottom one hundred feet. Thus its absolute medium breadth was four hundred feet, and its absolute medium depth two hundred. The lake, therefore, contained, at the period of its greatest height, at least eight hundred millions of cubic feet.

From the evening of the 13th of June, to the 14th at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the lake still continued to rise a little, notwithstanding the outlet by the gallery. After this period the bottom of the gallery began to wear down, owing to the melting of the ice over which the water flowed; and by five o'clock of the evening of the same day the lake had descended a foot. On the 15th of June, at six o'clock in the morning, the floor of the gallery was so much lowered, that the height of the lake was diminished ten feet, and twenty-four hours after was less by thirty feet. On the 16th of June, at six o'clock in the evening, being the moment at which

the water opened a passage for itself by breaking the glacier, its level had sunk forty-five feet below the greatest height which it had ever reached.

This diminution of the lake having taken place at the top, that is, at the point where it had the greatest breadth, it follows, estimating the breadth at only six hundred feet, that the gallery had effected a diminution of the water of the lake of two hundred and seventy millions of cubic feet at least: so that, at the moment of the breaking up, it did not contain more than five hundred and thirty millions of cubic feet of water, in place of the eight hundred millions which it contained three days before.

At the moment when the gallery began to produce the desired effect, the water which ran through it, rushed out of the outlet in a cascade, into the old bed of the Dranse, below the glacier, quickly melted the ice, and eat away the floor of the gallery at its mouth. The water which had insinuated itself into the rents and crevices, which penetrated the glacier in some places, especially at the edges, caused enormous masses of ice to fall with a crash from the lower sides of it. By these various united causes the gallery lost considerably in length; and the cascade hollowing out a very deep furrow, the mass of the glacier, which at this point formed the retaining wall of the lake, diminished so much in thickness, that the floor of the gallery, which at the outset was six hundred feet in length, was reduced to eight feet at the moment the whole lake forced the passage.

It was not, however, the giving way of this wall of ice, now become so slight, which was the immediate cause of the frightful deluge—that was caused by another accident. After the cascade had formed a channel some hundred feet deep, in the lower mass of the glacier, and, after penetrating more and more, had at last fallen upon the base of Mount Mauvoisin, which passed under the glacier, and against which the latter rested—the base of the mountain not being at that point composed of rocks, but of a thick mass of *debris* covered with vegetable mould; the cascade, I say, attacked this loose mass and carried it off by degrees; and thus the water filtering into the earth, which it liquified, and which

was continually growing weaker, found itself at last sufficiently strong to push forward this soft soil from the foot of Mount Mauvoisin, and to wear itself a passage between the glacier and the layers of the rocks which composed the mountain. Immediately the lake rushed out all at once; the ice, which still remained between the gallery and Mount Mauvoisin, gave way with a horrible crash; and the body of the water forced its way out with such impetuosity, by the great opening which it had thus forced between the glacier and Mount Mauvoisin, that in half an hour the lake was completely emptied, and the five hundred and thirty millions of cubic feet of water which it contained, thundering down into the valley with a rapidity and violence of which no idea can be formed, destroyed every thing in their course. It is probable, that the rushing out of the lake would have been still more rapid, had it not been for the existence of a narrow gorge immediately below the glacier, between Mount Pleuseur and an advanced point of Mount Mauvoisin. The water rushed into this gorge with such force, that it swept away the bridge of Mauvoisin, situated 90 feet above the level of the Dranse, and rose many toises above the projecting mass of Mount Mauvoisin. After leaving this narrow channel, the enormous mass of water spread itself over a broader part of the Val de Bagne, which forms a pretty large bason, contracted at the bottom by another gorge of the valley, through which it again escaped with such violence, that it carried off every thing which covered the rocks, even detached some of these, and hurled them into the abyss. A new bason in the valley then received this tremendous liquid mass, which swept on every side the foot of the mountains, carrying thence forests, detached rocks, houses, barns, cultivated land, and laying waste even the base of those steep, but more or less cultivated, sides of the two chains of mountains bounding this unfortunate valley. Many contractions, farther down the valley, raised the water to a considerable height, and increased the fury with which it inundated the lower plains, where every obstacle was overthrown and swept away. Enormous heaps of pebbles and rocks, which the floods had carried off higher up, were deposited in the plains,

which, but a moment before so beautiful and so populous, were now converted in a moment into a dreary desert. On reaching Chable, one of the principal villages of the valley, the water was confined between the piers of a strong bridge; the body of the flood, which appeared to contain even more *debris* than water, rose more than fifty feet above the ordinary level of the Dranse, and began to encroach on the inclined plain, upon which the church and the greater part of the village are built. A few feet more, and the water would have reached the village and destroyed it. At that important moment the bridge gave way, the houses at its two extremities were swept away; and the passage being now clear, the frightful mass of water and rubbish spread itself over the wide part of the valley, as far as St Branchier; every thing in its course was undermined, destroyed, and carried off. Houses, highways, fields covered with the finest crops, noble trees loaded with fruit, every thing was swallowed up and devoured. The moving chaos, charged with all these spoils, now throws itself into the narrow valley of St Branchier à Martigny, through which lies the road of St Bernard; as yet nothing resists the merciless torrent; all the parapets built along the edge of the Dranse are precipitated into the flood, which, reaching Martigny, and escaping from the narrow valley, diffuses itself over the plain, forming the great valley of the Rhone; covers the fields and orchards; runs through the town of Martigny; carries off from thence houses and barns; covers the whole plain with thick mud; thousands of trees torn up by the roots; wrecks of houses and furniture; dead bodies of men and animals; and, branching out, at last it precipitates itself into the bed of the Rhone. That river being at the time little affected by the water of the mountain snow, which had not yet begun to melt, received, without farther injury, all that remained moveable of that terrible flood, which had just laid waste one of the finest vallies of the Alps, to the extent of ten leagues in length.

According to the unanimous testimony of the inhabitants, the flood took up half an hour in passing every point which it reached; thus, in the short space of thirty minutes, the whole mass

of the water of the lake, drawing with it all the *debris*, and forming a column of more than 530 millions of cubic feet, passed every part of the valley. The flood then furnished in every second 300,000 cubic feet of water. The Rhine, below Basle, where all its waters, from the Tyrol to the Jura, are united, gives, during the season when its waters are highest, about 60,000 cubic feet of water per second. The flood of the unfortunate valley of Bagné, then, must have contained five times more water than the Rhine bears when at its height. This comparison may aid us to form some idea of the prodigious mass of water which produced such dreadful effects.

Agreeably to the information I collected, the flood took up thirty-five minutes in coming from the glacier to Chable. The distance between these two points, following the bed of the Dranse, is about 70,000 feet. The water, then encumbered with all the rubbish, moved with the velocity of thirty-three feet in a second. The velocity of the most rapid rivers is from six to ten feet per second; very few attain to the velocity of thirteen; thus, in the rectilinear and perfectly regular canal of Mollis, the Linth, after this canal is full, flows with a velocity of twelve feet per second. That of the torrent of the Val de Bagné, multiplied by the half solid mass which was in motion, explains extremely well the force with which forests, houses, and rocks, have been swept off and carried to a distance.

In passing from Chable to Martigny, the flood must have occupied about fifty-five minutes. The distance between those two places, following the windings of the valley, may be about 60,000 feet; the medium velocity of the current then, in this extent, was about eighteen feet per second. The inclination of that part of the valley being less than the upper portion of it, and the water having lost a part of the impulse resulting from its fall by the open gorge in the glacier, we may suppose that the velocity of the current was considerably diminished in this valley, which was lower and of a more uniform breadth; the time which the flood took up in passing through it, therefore, was in all probability longer than that occupied in traversing the upper valley.

From Martigny to St Maurice, the

water of the flood, now contained in the bed of the Rhone, arrived in seventy minutes, the distance being about 50,000 feet; thus, the velocity of the river was necessarily from eleven to twelve feet per second. The flood being much diffused and divided in the plain of Martigny, the time occupied in crossing that district was of course longer than that occupied in its passage through the higher vallies.

Finally, from St Maurice to the Lake of Geneva, a distance approaching to 80,000 feet, the water and the rubbish took up about 230 minutes, which gives a velocity of about six feet per second. This velocity was, no doubt, much greater immediately below St Maurice, and much less near the Lake of Geneva; but the velocity of six feet per second expresses the medium velocity of the whole of this passage.

We should deceive ourselves, were we only to estimate the advantage which resulted from the formation of the gallery through the new glacier, by the mass which passed through it in the course of three days; for not only did it draw off from the lake the 370 millions of cubic feet which issued by it, but it prevented the elevation of the level of the water to the height of the point of contact of the glacier with Mount Mauvoisin, a limit which, as we have seen, was sixty feet higher than the gallery; the lake would therefore have increased 15,000 feet in length, and its breadth would have exceeded 1000 feet. Again, sixty feet of additional surface height would have furnished a body of 900 millions of cubic feet of water; which, added to the 800 millions in the lake before the opening of the gallery, would have raised the entire volume of water in the lake to 1700 millions of cubic feet. Now, as the breaking up of the glacier only gave 530 millions of cubic feet of water, its mass was reduced to less than a third of the water which would have been accumulated in the lake, but for the judicious steps taken by the government of the Valais, by the advice and assistance of Mr Venetz.

There can be no doubt, that if these 1700 millions of cubic feet of water had accumulated in the lake, and had the latter begun to exceed the limit of contact between the glacier and Mount

Mauvoisin, the cascade which would have been thus formed, and which would have tumbled at once upon the loose earth which covered the rocky strata of Mount Mauvoisin, would have immediately decomposed and carried off this loose mass of rubbish and vegetable mould, and the lake would thus have forced a passage equally abrupt with that which took place. But a threefold mass of water suddenly escaping from this great reservoir, would certainly not have left the vestige of a habitation either in the valley of Bagne or St Branchier, and most probably all Martigny would have been utterly destroyed. There is still another circumstance to be considered, in order completely to appreciate the extent of the advantage which resulted from that gallery which was so cleverly executed. We have seen that the lake rose daily, during its execution, nearly two feet. After arriving at a height where its surface would have been increased in a greater proportion, this rising would no doubt have diminished in spite of the extraordinary melting of the snow and the ice, occasioned by the greatest heat. But, granting that the lake would have continued to rise at the same rate, the moment of the breaking up would have been delayed at least a month, and would thus have happened at the time the waters of the Rhone are highest. The 530 millions of cubic feet of water which it furnished to the river, were run off without causing damage on the 16th June, a period when the water of the river was still pretty low. But if these 1730 millions of cubic feet had been thrown into the bed of the Rhone when full, assuredly the whole of the bottom of the broad valley of the Rhone, from Martigny to the Lake of Geneva, would have shared, more or less, the disastrous fate of the valley of Bagne.

The new glacier of Mauvoisin, however, still exists in the channel of the Dranse. The mass which has been carried off by the effect of the gallery, and the bursting of the ice, forms but a very small portion of it; the channel by which the lake escaped is even shut up by the blocks of ice which have fallen from the upper glacier, and by masses which are occasionally detached from the edges of the new one. This accumulation of ice-blocks in the

mouth of the lake is even already so compact, that the Dranse can hardly work its way below the glacier; and a new lake, which, on the 24th of July, was a full quarter of a league in length, though as yet not very deep, announces, that the causes of a new flood still exist in this unfortunate district of the valley. If the internal heat of the earth succeed in melting the principal supports upon which rests the enormous cone of ice which has shut up the valley, it will sink a little, and will one day or other close up the narrow outlet which the river still finds beneath it. The heat of the atmosphere has even little influence on the surface of the glacier; threads of water, hardly visible, trickle down its sides; and, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the greatest part of the glacier is already in shadow under the high and precipitous side of the Pierre à Vire, a peak which overtops Mauvoisin. The nights are growing longer; one month more, and the new snow will cover the glacier; every return of a fine day will melt the snow on the sides of the neighbouring mountains, or produce avalanches which will augment the glacier, rendered more homogeneous by the cold water which filters through it and freezes. The winter, and even the approach of the spring, will multiply the causes of the increase of the glacier, which bars the valley, and which threatens, in the most alarming manner, the repetition in the course of next year of that scene of horror of which we have now been reading the details. The contents of the enormous mass of ice which forms the barrier has been calculated; it would appear to consist of more than fifty millions of cubic feet. We may contrast with it the powers of all the agents which physics and chemistry furnish to man, and which he so often abuses for the destruction of his species; but all these are as nothing against this gigantic mass, the approach even to which is dangerous, on account of the detached pieces of ice and rock which are continually falling from the upper glacier. If the most extensive mines were driven into it, the force of the powder would either be lost in the crevices which traverse the glacier, or cause new ones; or if, in more favourable circumstances, large blocks were blown up, they would fall upon the

glacier, or, rolling perhaps down its side to its base, they would only serve to increase its circumference; and one avalanche would increase, and probably double the mass which had been removed with so much expense and danger.

There is only one means by which this valley may be for ever put beyond the reach of similar, or even those still greater disasters which threaten the valley of the Rhone, as far as the lake of Geneva. This consists in opening a gallery in the calcareous strata of the foot of Mount Mauvoisin, or Pierre à Vire, which is immediately opposite to the fatal glacier. This subterraneous gallery ought to be made so long, that its entrance and outlet should be removed from the base of the glacier to such a distance as to prevent all risk of either the one or the other opening being choked up, and thus rendered useless. It would be necessary to make the gallery of a size sufficient to allow the whole of the Dranse to pass even at the period of the highest floods. For this, it appears a gallery, ten feet high by eight feet broad, would be sufficient; for if the water run through it with a velocity of eight feet per second, as will be the case by giving the gallery the greatest possible inclination, a mass of water of 640 cubic feet may pass through in a second, which gives fifty-five millions of cubic feet in a day; and this volume exceeds the estimate which has been made from observations, of the quantity of water which the bottom of the valley could furnish even during the greatest melting of the snow. By means of such a gallery, the length of which might be 2000 feet, we should for ever give the Dranse a free issue by the bottom of the valley; and this outlet would be then altogether independent of the state of the glacier. We could even easily prolong this subterraneous outlet, in the improbable case of the increase of the glacier rendering it necessary to change the entrance or the outlet of the gallery.

All Switzerland is hastening to alleviate, by fraternal aid, the misfortunes of the inhabitants of the valley of the Dranse; a great number of foreigners, among whom the English are distinguished, having contributed to the same end. But what avails it to rebuild houses in ruins, if the same

catastrophe is impending over them? While, if the greater part of the money contributed by benevolence were employed on the execution of this gallery, the whole valley would be for ever safe; an advantage, without which every other will remain precarious.

There is still, in the present state of the valley of Bagne, a very disagreeable circumstance, which cannot be amended but by the united labours of the inhabitants, or by the intervention of government. The enormous heaps of rocks and pebbles which the flood has formed in the valley, obstruct almost every where the course of the Dranse, and throw it upon the steep declivities which bound it. Here, as in every spot where a vigorous vegetation, either natural or the effect of agriculture, is produced on the slope of the mountains, these declivities are composed of *debris* from the upper rocks, which cover the base, originally naked and uncultivated: this again is covered with a layer of vegetable mould, generally pretty thin, which renders it fertile. But already the base of these slopes, more or less productive, and covered with forests, has been attacked in many quarters, and undermined at the base by the destructive effect of the flood; and thus the upper parts of these steep declivities are without support, and begin to slide into the bottom of the valley. Broad and deep crevices, which are sometimes a thousand feet in length from the bottom of the valley upwards, indicate this sliding down, whose consequences are so much to be deprecated. The melting of the snows next spring will fill these rifted slopes with a great quantity of water, which will soften, and cause them to shrink and tumble down, as generally happens in those which so often lay waste the different vallies of the Alps. The evil is not limited to the destruction of the vegetation of these declivities, but the torrent of the valley is filled with an enormous quantity of pebbles, which it rolls along as long as its slope gives it impulse: it is in the plains or considerable vallies that these rolled pebbles are deposited, elevating the bed of the torrent, causing the banks to give way, and producing these inundations which so often desolate our low vallies.

If the Dranse be permitted to follow the disorderly course which it has received from the flood, it will undermine more and more the sides of the mountains of the valley of Bagne; its water, increased by the melting of the snows next spring, will unite with that which has insinuated itself into the numerous crevices, and produce more extensive destruction; the Dranse will be filled with these, and its course will thereby be rendered more irregular and destructive even to the Rhone, the bed of which is at present rising in a very sensible degree, and threatens injury to the lower parts of the valley. If every proprietor in the valley of Bagne is allowed to erect his dykes at pleasure on the bank, the evil will only be so much the greater, for these partial operations will unite with the irregularities of the natural course of the river to render it still more destructive. If it is meant to protect the interests of the valley, and to turn to the best account the small means left to the unfortunate inhabitants, they must not be permitted to waste their resources on partial operations on the torrent. Let as regular a course as possible be marked out for it in the middle of the valley; the perfect safety of all the population will then be insured, with the least possible expense; the torrent will be removed from the foot of the mountain sides, by giving it the straightest possible direction; the largest of the great rocks and pebbles, which cover the extensive plains, will be accumulated as much as possible at the foot of the slopes already attacked; and while dangerous and sudden overflowing will be prevented, the bottom of the valley will be cleared of the greatest obstacles to its renewed cultivation. The union of all human energy, wisely directed, is required to diminish the evils which extraordinary accidents very often occasion in the Alps. Individual exertion can do little against such misfortunes, and partial charity but too often diverts the unfortunate object of it from the means which would effectually ameliorate his condition. The population of a whole district is very often insufficient to repair the ravages of the elements in our Alps. A greater union of strength and means is required to remedy great misfortunes, and to guard against their return. A whole valley, nay, a whole canton, ought sometimes to unite to obtain this end. But after

certain disasters, a union of means still greater than any one canton can furnish, is requisite to save the population of an entire district. In such cases, the whole nation ought to unite around the altar of their native country, and of humanity. Let us not overlook, in this dispensation, in this urgent and affecting case, in which man receives assistance from his neighbour, his fellow-citizen, and his country, the plan of Providence for uniting man with man, the village with its neighbour, the valley with a whole country, and every part of the nation with the whole nation. The free man respects those sacred bonds which give unity to every nation, and assures it civilization, duration, and happiness.

ESCHER DE LA LINTH.

Berne, August, 1818.

ACCOUNT OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE.

[THE following account of the expedition to the North Pole, to the result of which all Europe is looking with anxiety, has been drawn up from original letters from Captain Ross and Lieut. Robertson of the *Isabella*, and from other documents; and we consider ourselves particularly fortunate in having had it in our power to present our readers with so full and interesting an abstract of its proceedings.]

THE ships under Captain Ross's command left Shetland on the 3d May, and, after a good passage across the Atlantic, they reached Cape Farewell on the 22d. The variation now increased as they advanced to the west, and the thermometer stood at $42\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. In latitude $58^{\circ} 38'$, and west longitude $50^{\circ} 54'$, the first iceberg was seen with much loose ice floating around.

On the 2d of June the main west ice appeared, in latitude 65° and longitude 56° . On the 4th they made the coast of Greenland, in latitude $65^{\circ} 62'$. The variation this day was as follows:

Variation.

Ship's head N. to compass,	$66^{\circ} 22' W.$
Ship's head S.,	$58^{\circ} 23' W.$
Ship's head E. S. E.,	$47^{\circ} 23' W.$
Ship's head W.,	$77^{\circ} 34' W.$

On the 8th of June the *Isabella* was hemmed in with ice on all sides; and though a south-west gale was blowing, she was obliged to tack about where she could find room.

On the 9th of June they anchored to an iceberg, which was aground about a mile from the shore, in 38 fathoms of water, in latitude $68^{\circ} 22'$, and longitude $53^{\circ} 42'$, and they now obtained an accurate measure of the variation, free from any irregularity in the action of the ship. The variation was found to be $67^{\circ} 39' W.$, and the dip $83^{\circ} 7'$. This iceberg was so firmly moored, that the levels of the dipping-needle were not in the slightest degree affected. In anchoring to an iceberg, the boat goes ahead with the anchors, and fixes them before the ship approaches. The ship then stands in, and makes fast her bow to the ice. An iceberg that is aground is always preferred; and if it is so low that the bowsprit can lie over it, so much the better.

On the 16th, they touched at the Whale Islands, where there is a Danish resident, who told them that the preceding winter had been a very severe one.

On the 15th, the *Isabella* anchored to an iceberg about a mile from the north-west coast of Waygatt, or Hare Island. All the astronomical apparatus was now got ashore, a temporary observatory was erected, and the following accurate observations on the variation and dip were obtained:

North lat. of observatory,	$70^{\circ} 26' 13''$
West long. of ditto,	$54^{\circ} 51' 49''$
Variation west,	$71^{\circ} 30'$
Dip,	$82^{\circ} 48' 47''$

A pendulum, which vibrated 82 seconds more than *twenty-four hours* in the latitude of London, when the temperature was 52° , vibrated in Waygatt Island 153 seconds more than *twenty-four hours*, when the temperature was 43° . Waygatt, or Hare Island, is about nine miles long, and 1400 feet high. Some of the rocks are basaltic, and coal is found near the surface, in the north-east part of it. The latitude of the island is $70^{\circ} 22' 15'' W.$, and its longitude $54^{\circ} 51' W.$, instead of $50^{\circ} 15'$, as given in the charts.

On the 20th of June the ice opened a little to the northward, and the *Isabella* and the *Alexander* attempted to get to the coast of Greenland, by warping and towing the ships through the straits. The winds were light and variable, with frequent calms. The *Isabella* was first in the attempt, and was drifted about with the ice, by the tides, till the morning of Monday the

22d. The *Alexander*, however, was more fortunate, and succeeded in getting over to the land, and into clear water, on the evening of Sunday the 21st, when it anchored to an iceberg to wait for the *Isabella*.

On the 26th of June, at the distance of only twenty miles from Waygatt Island, the *Isabella* got into a piece of clear water that carried them to the land-ice, on the north side of Jacob's Bight, where they made the following observations.

North latitude, $71^{\circ} 2\frac{1}{2}'$

West longitude, $54^{\circ} 17'$

Variation on the ice, $75^{\circ} 29'$

The ship was now swung, and azimuths taken on board at every five points, when the following results were obtained.

Variation.

Ship's head, NORTH, $77^{\circ} 43'$ W.

Ship's head, NORTH EAST, $70^{\circ} 30'$ W.

Ship's head, EAST, $64^{\circ} 56'$ W.

Ship's head, SOUTH EAST, $67^{\circ} 7'$ W.

Ship's head, SOUTH, $76^{\circ} 27'$ W.

Ship's head, SOUTH WEST, $84^{\circ} 38'$ W.

Ship's head, WEST, $93^{\circ} 33'$ W.

Ship's head, NORTH WEST, $90^{\circ} 20'$ W.

Captain Ross is decidedly of opinion, though there is some difference of sentiment on the subject, that the following points are established by his observations: 1. That the deviation occasioned by the direction of the ship's head, is not on the magnetic meridian, but differs in every ship. In the *Isabella*, it is to the east of north, and in the *Alexander*, and the *Harmony of Hull*, to the westward of north. 2. That there is a point of change in the deviation, which may easily be found by azimuth or bearings of a distant object; and that when this point of deviation is found, it may in like manner be found what proportion is to be added or subtracted from the true variation, but only by actual observation, for the deviation does not increase either in an arithmetical or logarithmic proportion. On board the *Isabella*, and in latitude 74° , the point of change is N. 17° E. The extreme deviation is, when the ship's head is N. 80° W. viz. 19° , which is additive to the true variation; so that with the ship's head W. and N. there is 100° of variation; or by steering W. and N. the ship actually makes a S. by E. course. On the other hand, the variation decreases when the ship's head is to the east, but not in an equal ratio,

the extreme being 17° , making the variation 64° on that tack.

On the 27th June, when there was the appearance of an opening, the *Isabella* cast off from the ice, and cruised about in a narrow pool for several days.

On the 2d of July a fine fresh breeze opened a passage for the ships, and on the 3d they were in latitude $71^{\circ} 30'$, and on the 4th in latitude $72^{\circ} 30'$. The following measure of the variation was then taken:

North latitude, $72^{\circ} 44'$

Variation on the ice, $78^{\circ} 54'$ W.

On the 5th of July they were in $73^{\circ} 15'$ north latitude, and $57^{\circ} 14'$ west longitude. Some of the Esquimaux families visited both the *Isabella* and the *Alexander*. The women are dressed in the same manner as the men, only their hair is tied on the crown of their head, and they have a small sort of peak on the fore and after part of their jackets. These families reported, that the part of the sea where they were had been clear of ice the whole winter; that no whales had been seen during the season; and that, in their opinion, there would be plenty of clear water to the northward. This opinion was considered probable; for though the number of icebergs were, in the present latitude, as at Riskoll, Waygatt Island, and Black Hook, almost beyond belief, yet the field ice appeared by no means so close as to stop their progress. One of these icebergs, which was measured, was 123 feet above water, and aground in 125 fathoms, yet this was a very small one compared with some hundreds that had been seen. Whenever the depth of water is under 100 fathoms, there are found immense mountains of ice aground. In fine weather, streams of perfectly fresh water are continually flowing from them. Whenever a fog, with a north wind, touches these icebergs, it becomes ice, and adds to their bulk. The air, during these fogs, is 28° , and the water $31\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; but in clear weather the temperature has risen so high as 84° on an iceberg in the sun.

"From the 65th deg. to this, says Mr Robertson, the sea is literally covered with bergs, and we see no end to them: Where they are generated is yet unknown to us; it is not in 74° . or to the southward on this coast. That they are formed on the land is certain, from the many stones of great size which are seen;—some of them are

covered with sand and dirt, others have regular strata of sand and stones running through them horizontally. They are of all forms—generally they have a high cleft on one side, and shelve down to the water on the other; some exceed 200 feet perpendicular all round. Loose or stream ice consists of pieces about the size of an acre and under; about a foot above the surface, when it is blown together by strong winds, one piece is edged up on the top of another; it is then called packed ice, or a pack.—Flaws are large pieces of field ice. The ice generally drifts with the wind, though a current *must* set southward, or how would the bergs find their way south. We have not been able to detect any current. The flood tide sets here from southward. At Waygatt we had a rise and fall of seven feet at spring tides. Where the icebergs drift into shallow water (that is to say 150 fathoms or under) they ground, and obstruct the passage of the smaller ice, and form barriers which it is difficult to pass. In 68 there is a reef, in 70½ another, in 74 another, generally found full of ice by the fishers; we have found it the same. In standing a few leagues from land we find 85 fathoms here, closer on 150, 90, and so on. The water runs in small streams from the bergs, so we have no difficulty in getting it. I am now more sanguine of getting a long way north and west than I was at the first of the voyage. I am of opinion that the ice will clear away, and that very soon. The small ice has been for some time consuming fast, and will be all dissolved by the end of this month, even without wind to break it.”

The following measure of the variation was taken on the 5th of July.

North latitude, $73^{\circ} 20'$

West longitude, $57^{\circ} 14'$

Variation on the ice, $80^{\circ} 1' W.$

On the 7th of July, in 74° , the ships were again obstructed by the ice. The icebergs and the flaws were much heavier than they had hitherto appeared. The ship now reached the Three Islands discovered by Baffin about 200 years ago. They are situated in lat. $74^{\circ} 4'$, and in west long. $57^{\circ} 43'$ greatly to the west of the point formerly assigned to him. Captain Ross has found, in general, that the coast of Greenland, above the lat. of 68° , is about 100 miles farther to the west than in the Admiralty charts. The dip was here $84^{\circ} 9'$.

On the 9th and 10th, the ships stood to the westward, but they found the ice quite fast. Baffin was stopped by the ice in that very spot, and at the same season of the year.

On the 17th of July, the vessels took advantage of an opening in the

ice, and got to the lat. of $74^{\circ} 43'$, where they were again stopped and fast to a field in a thick fog which froze as it fell, and covered every thing with ice. The compasses were now traversing very sluggishly, owing probably to the increase of the dip.

On the 22d of July, an opening in the ice enabled the ship to reach 75° of north lat. The following measure of the variation was then taken :

North Lat. $74^{\circ} 55'$

Variation on the ice, $84^{\circ} 30' West.$

The coast of Greenland now appeared a continued smooth ridge of snow, variegated here and there with the black peak of a lofty mountain.* Some of the large islands on the coast appear less covered with snow. The land ice extends to the distance of three or four leagues from the land, so that it is impossible to approach the coast in this latitude. Soundings were here taken in from 2 to 400 fathoms, and soft mud and small stones were obtained. No current could be observed by the lead lying at the bottom, although the ice on the surface was in motion.

On the 25th of July they reached lat. $75^{\circ} 1'$, and long. $60^{\circ} 30'$. The weather was now clearer than it had been for some time, and the variation was increasing so fast, that it became difficult to find out exactly how the ship was steering by the compass.—The following measure of the variation was taken,

North lat. $75^{\circ} 8'$

West long. $60^{\circ} 22'$

Variation, $87^{\circ} W.$

Dip, $84^{\circ} 25'$

On the afternoon of the 25th, the Isabella was jammed between two flaws of ice, and having seen a whale ship at a short distance, Captain Ross resolved to send home his despatches with her, lest he should not fall in with another, and lest the ice should open and separate them. Just before the despatches were sent off, the ice

* The article GREENLAND, which was written for the Edinburgh Encyclopædia by Sir Charles Giesecké, who resided seven years in that country, has been found to contain a very correct account of it. “The description of Greenland, says one of the letters from on board the Isabella, given in Dr Brewster’s Encyclopædia, is so correct that no one need add any thing more on that subject, until the face of the country is again changed.”

closed all round them. They were 3 miles from a small rocky island, in 270 fathoms mud; and the island, which was distant 5 miles from the main land, was connected with it by ice. Land was seen bearing north west by west.

Captain Ross states, that he has encountered four burrows of ice: one in lat. 68° , one in 70° , one in $72^{\circ} 40'$, and another, which he had passed, and which he hopes to be the last, in $74^{\circ} 30'$. He does not venture to hazard an opinion respecting the ultimate success of the enterprise, but every thing had hitherto been favourable, and there were obvious appearances of the ice clearing away. Neither the *Isabella* nor the *Alexander* had met with any accident, and there had not been a single invalid on board of either ship. The voyage had been in every respect pleasant. For five or six weeks, the first reef was taken in only once. The water was in all weathers as smooth as a mill-pond. There was scarcely any rain. The sun sometimes shone without a cloud during the whole 24 hours, and the only changes of weather were from cloudy weather to thick fogs, and sometimes light falls of snow.

The whale vessel which brought Captain Ross's despatches, brought also several boxes, containing minerals and objects of natural history for Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. Sir Everard Home, Bart. Mr Barrow, Professor Jameson, and Dr Brewster; all of which were released at the custom-house by an order from the Lords of the Treasury.* The box for Professor Jameson contains specimens of the mineralogy of the different places on the coast of Green-

land at which the expedition touched, and three bottles of water, one from a field of ice, one of the water taken from the surface at the temperature of $32\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and the other at the depth of 80 fathoms, as brought up by Sir H. Davy's apparatus. When this apparatus is kept down 15 minutes at 80 fathoms, it gives the same temperature, when drawn up, as the self-registering thermometer. Some water, when taken up, was at $30\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; and, at the same time, the self-registering thermometer, at 200 fathoms, gave 28° . The wind was south, and the ice driving to the north. The specific gravity of the sea water, in lat. 74° , and temperature 46° , is 1.0266, and at temperature 49° , 1.0260, when taken from a depth of 80 fathoms. The temperature was 31° when it was brought up; but it could not be weighed at that temperature, as it contained much fixed air.

The box for Dr Brewster contains various specimens from different parts of the coast of Greenland, and from Waygatt Island; and likewise specimens of the strata of stones and rocks taken from the principal icebergs.

We shall now conclude this notice with a tabular view of the variation and dip of the needle at different points of the ship's course.

N. Lat.	W. Lon.	Variation on the Ice.	Dip of the Needle.
$68^{\circ} 22' 0''$	$55^{\circ} 42' 0''$	$67^{\circ} 59' W$	$85^{\circ} 71' 0''$
$70 26 13$	$54 51 49$	$71 50$	$82 48 47$
$71 2 30$	$54 17 0$	$75 29$	
$72 44 0$		$78 54$	
$74 4 0$	$57 45 0$		$84 9$
$74 45 0$		$84 30$	
$75 5 0$	$60 22 0$	$87 0$	$84 25$

From these observations it appears, that the ships were approaching rapidly to the magnetic pole. From the observations on the variation, which were previously made, we are disposed to think that there is a succession of poles, or a magnetic ridge, as it may be called, with a diffused and moveable polarity, stretching to the west of Baffin's Bay. The above observations, however, do not yet enable us either to confirm or overthrow this conjecture.

* We regret to learn, that the boxes landed at Leith were opened by the custom-house officers, and so roughly handled, that a very important part of one of the collections was utterly ruined. We trust that in future an order from government will prevent such unnecessary and absurd interference.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Discovery of a great Bank of Cod off the Shetland Islands.—We are informed that an immense bank covered with Cod has been discovered, extending from Papa Westra, in Orkney, along the west coast of the Shetland Islands. Already the fishing has been great. Next season it is expected that this hitherto hidden treasure will afford lucrative employment to several hundred sail of fishing vessels. The fishermen report, that from 150 to 200 sail of vessels can fish on it, and out of sight of each other. We expect, in a future Number, to communicate a full account of this important discovery.

Dr Hibbert.—We understand Dr Hibbert has just returned from the Shetland Islands, after having spent five months in the active and successful investigation of their mineralogy. He has brought with him a most extensive series of the rocks and minerals of that remote region—and the descriptions he has executed are so complete and satisfactory, that we expect, ere long, from this enterprising naturalist, a complete mineralogical history map of Shetland.

Measurement of Heights by Barometer.—The method of measuring heights by the Barometer is about to receive a very important improvement, by introducing into the common formula a correction for humidity. Mr Adam Anderson, Rector of the Academy of Perth, who has devoted much of his attention to this subject, and published the results of his inquiries in the Article *HYGROMETRY* in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, conducted by Dr Brewster, has lately ascertained, that the density of the atmospheric vapour diminishes as we ascend, in a much faster ratio than that of air itself; and that the disproportionate effects thus produced by the elasticity of the vapour, at the upper and lower stations, cause a deviation from the law by which the density of the air, at different elevations, has hitherto been supposed to be regulated.—The deviation of the density of the atmospheric strata from the condition produced by perfect elasticity, is, however, frequently counteracted by the dilatation of the whole column of air, by means of the vapour which it holds in solution; and sometimes these disturbing causes are so nicely balanced, that the density of the air, as we ascend, differs but little from what it would be, if the air were perfectly elastic. At other times, the difference is considerable, and leads to very great errors, in the ordinary formula for calculating heights, by the barometer, particularly when the air is very damp. By applying to the formula two corrections, one of which is immediately

connected with the varying elasticity of the vapour, at the upper and lower stations; and the other with the expansion which the vapour produces upon the intermediate column of air, Mr Anderson has derived a formula, the results obtained from which agree, as near as can be expected from the nature of the data, with the heights deduced from Geometrical measurement. These corrections are exceedingly intricate, both with regard to the manner of deriving and applying them; but this is perhaps inseparable from the nature of the quantities themselves.

Heights of Hills in Scotland.—It is somewhat singular, that the lofty hill called Benvracky, which terminates the vale of Athole on one hand, and the Strath of Garry, with the beautiful Parks of Blair, on the other, has never been classed among the remarkable mountains of Perthshire.—This is more a matter of surprise, as the view from its summit is one of the most beautiful and extensive among the Alpine scenery of Scotland, presenting at once a fine assemblage of all that is grand and interesting in a landscape. Its height has lately been determined to be 2,756 feet above the level of the sea. This is the result of three Barometrical calculations, and one Geometrical measurement, conducted with every attention to accuracy, in reference to a point in the parish of Moulin, near the banks of the Tummel, the height of which above the level of the sea was carefully deduced from a series of contemporaneous observations with the barometer made at the point alluded to, and the manse of Kinfauns. On account of the coincidence of result in all these cases, the height thus obtained must be extremely near the truth. Cairn-Our, the loftiest of the Ben Glou mountains, situated about 8 miles north from Benvracky, and overlooking Glen Tilt, has been determined, by referring it to the same point, to be 3690 feet above the level of the sea.

Limit of Congelation.—It appears from information which comes from Switzerland and other alpine districts, that an opinion has partly obtained, of the increase of ice generally, and the descent of the limit of congelation. From the Tyrol, it is said, that “In this country an extraordinary increase of the glaciers is remarked in several places. A mass of ice, which advanced from the Sindner valley, has increased from the 6th of May to the 30th of July, 76 fathoms. In many parts of Switzerland the same remark is made. Where, only one generation back, the most fertile alpine pastures were seen, there is now eternal ice; and the line of snow seems, in the course of time, to

descend lower and lower from the summit of the mountains towards the plains and valleys.

New Inflammable Gas.—Dr Thomson has discovered a new compound inflammable gas, and has called it, from the nature of its constitution, hydroguretted carbonic oxide. Its specific gravity is, 913, that of common air being 1. It is not absorbed nor altered by water. It burns with a deep blue flame, and detonates when mixed with oxygen and fired. It is a compound of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon; and Dr Thomson considers it as being three volumes of carbonic oxide, and one volume of hydrogen, condensed by combination into three volumes. See *Annals of Philosophy*, August 1818.

New Vegetable Alkali.—M. M. Pelletier and Caventou have inserted the following note in the *Annales de Chimie* for July. (The note was read to the Academy on the 10th August.)

Whilst analysing the vomica nut, and the bean of St Ignace, they extracted from these two seeds the substance to which they owe their action on the animal economy.

This substance is white, crystalline, and very bitter. It crystallizes in the form of quadrangular plates, or in four sided prisms, terminated by an obtuse quadrangular pyramid. It is very slightly soluble in water, but very soluble in alcohol. It is formed like most vegetable substances, of oxygen, hydrogen, and charcoal. It is most distinguished by its alkaline properties; and though like morphia, is essentially different from it. It restores a reddened blue colour, and with acids forms neutral salts, soluble in water, and crystallizable. With weak nitric acid it forms a nitrate, but the concentrated acid acts on and decomposes it; and forms a solution, at first red, but becoming yellow, and yielding oxalic acid. Its acetate is very soluble, the sulphate less so, and crystallizable in rhomboidal plates.

This substance acts on animals in a similar manner to the alcoholic infusion of the nux vomica, but more energetically.

The class of acid vegetable substances is numerous; on the contrary, that of alkaline vegetable substances is confined to morphia. Nevertheless, M. Vauquelin has noticed the alkaline properties of a substance obtained by him whilst analysing the *daphne alpine*. The new body will form another genus in the class, which may become numerous, and which has first been observed by M. Vauquelin. To recal these facts, and designate the substances by a name which will avoid circumlocution, they have called it *vauquelina*. This name is better than one entirely insignificant, or that indicates properties which may be found in other bodies.

American Sea Serpent.—Another sea serpent, different to the one first seen near Cape Anne, is said to have been seen, and the following declaration has been drawn up and attested in proper form.

"I the undersigned, Joseph Woodward, captain of the Adamant schooner of Hingham, being on my rout from Penobscot to Hingham, steering W. N. W., and being about 10 leagues from the coast, perceived, last Sunday, at two P.M., something on the surface of the water, which seemed to me to be of the size of a large boat. Supposing that it might be part of the wreck of a ship, I approached it; but when I was within a few fathoms of it, it appeared, to my great surprise, and that of my whole crew, that it was a monstrous serpent. When I approached nearer, it coiled itself up, instantly uncoiling itself again, and withdrew with extreme rapidity. On my approaching again, it coiled itself up a second time, and placed itself at the distance of 60 feet at most from the bow of the ship.

"I had one of my guns loaded with a cannon ball and musket bullets. I fired it at the head of the monster; my crew and myself distinctly heard the ball and bullets strike against his body, from which they rebounded, as if they had struck against a rock. The serpent shook his head and tail in an extraordinary manner, and advanced towards the ship with open jaws. I had caused the cannon to be re-loaded, and pointed it at his throat; but he had come so near, that all the crew were seized with terror, and we thought only of getting out of his way. He almost touched the vessel; and had not I tacked as I did, he would certainly have come on board. He dived; but in a moment we saw him appear again, with his head on one side of the vessel, and his tail on the other, as if he was going to lift us up and upset us. However, we did not feel any shock. He remained five hours near us, only going backward and forward.

"The fears with which he at first inspired us having subsided, we were able to examine him attentively. I estimate, that his length is at least twice that of my schooner, that is to say, 130 feet; his head is full 12 or 14: the diameter of the body below the neck, is not less than six feet; the size of the head is in proportion to that of his body. He is of a blackish colour; his ear-holes (ouies), are about 12 feet from the extremity of his head. In short, the whole has a terrible look.

"When he coils himself up, he places his tail in such a manner, that it aids him in darting forward with great force: he moves in all directions with the greatest facility and astonishing rapidity."

(Signed) : JOSEPH WOODWARD.
Hingham, May 12, 1818.

This declaration is attested by Peter Holmes and John Mayo, who made affidavit of the truth of it before a justice of peace.

The animal first seen, has, according to accounts, been observed several times since that period. On the 19th of June, he appeared in Sag Harbour, and rewards were

offered to the whalers to secure it. S. West, of Hallowell, master of the packet *Delia*, describes it as seen on the 21st of June, engaged with a *whale*; and on July 2d, two persons, J. Webber and R. Hamilton, saw it about seven miles from Portland, between Crinch Island Point and Marsh Island.

The Commercial Advertiser of June 9th, contains a letter from the captain of the brig *Wilson*, of Salem, bound to Norfolk, wherein he states, that during his passage, off Cape Henry, he fell in with, as he at first supposed, the wreck of a vessel, when he ordered his boat to be lowered; but to his great astonishment, he found it to be the sea serpent; he says, he then examined it, and such an object he never before witnessed; he believed it to be about 190 feet in length, and its mouth and head were of an enormous size. After returning to the ship, they bore off, fearing the consequences that might result from its coming in contact with the vessel.

Polyhalite.—M. Stromeyer has lately analysed a substance found in the beds of rock salt, at Ischel, in Austria, and has found it to be a peculiar mineral. It was before considered, and called fibrous muriacite, but has now received the name of polyhalite. It is composed of

Sulphate of lime (common),	28.74
Sulphate of lime (anhydrous),	22.36
Sulphate of potash,	27.40
Sulphate of magnesia (anhydrous),	20.11
Chloride of sodium (mixed),	0.19
Oxide of iron,	0.32
	99.12

New Medical Instrument.—A new instrument has been introduced into medical science at Paris; and, from the favourable report which it obtained, on being submitted to the Academy of Sciences, would appear to be somewhat more than a chimerical improvement.

Dr Laennec, physician to the Necker Hospital, supposed it likely, that the various sounds which are formed in the interior of the body, as in the breast, &c. might become, from the variation induced on them by disease, indications of the state of health; and that the sounds produced by the action or motion of any particular organ, as of the heart or lungs, would point out any change in the state of that organ; and taking advantage of the superior conducting power of solid bodies, with regard to sound, he formed an instrument which should convey these indicatory sounds more readily and distinctly to the ear. This instrument is a cylinder of wood, which, in some cases, according to the nature of the examination, is solid; in others, perforated lengthways by a canal; and in others, hollowed like a horn.

The voice, the respiration, sounds in the throat, and pulsations of the heart, are general indications to so many different kinds of diseases; and by one of these, among others, it is said, that the existence of ulcers

in the lungs, their extent, their state, and the nature and consistence of the matter within them, were ascertained.

Russian Voyage of Discovery.—A very singular ice berg was fallen in with by the Russian ship *Rurick*, Captain Kotzebue, during its voyage. It was of great magnitude, and partly covered with earth and mould, so that herbs and trees were growing on it. On one part of its water line a shore had been formed, by matter washed down from above, and on this a landing was made good. A great quantity of the remains of a mammoth were found on it, in a very putrescent state. These had probably been preserved for many ages in the cold regions of the north, and were no doubt coequal in age to those remains which the geologist finds in his later strata, and merits, therefore, in a *geological sense*, the name of organic remains. The vessel brought away a number of the tusks and other parts of these animals.

Northern Herculaneum.—We extract the following from a very excellent provincial paper, the *INVERNESS COURIER*.

“*Lopness, in Sanda, 26th Sept. 1818.*”

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Having lately seen a notice in the newspapers, &c. that *vast remains* of ancient buildings—‘a city’—‘two cities’ had been disclosed to modern vision, by recent drifting of sand, I came here yesterday to ascertain, by actual inspection, the state of the fact. A party of us set out to-day after breakfast, and took with us labourers, with spades, &c. to assist in our researches into this Northern Herculaneum;—and having glanced over the scene, I, at least, was quite satisfied, that the stories which had gone abroad upon the subject were very great exaggerations. A venerable native of this ‘unfrequented island of the north,’ (which, by the way, is a fiction) whom we saw on the ground, told us; that he was threescore and eighteen years of age, and that, for the last sixty years, the sand, which rose in heaps at the headland now referred to, has been gradually drifted away—that the whole surface of the sand hillocks was green, being covered with grass and bent—and that, within these last twenty years, the whole area, now laid nearly bare, with the exception of a small corner at the point of the promontory, has been almost freed from its covering of sand-hills. The respectable tenant of this farm tells me, that he remembers the place for the last twenty-five years, and that during that period, the sand-hills, to the height of perhaps twenty feet, or thereby, have been dispersed. The space thus uncovered, extends probably to about a square mile, at the most northerly point of this island—and exhibits evident marks of having been the scene of human operations, at a period anterior to its being covered with the sand. Nearly in a line with the sea-beach, as it sweeps round the head of Tofts Ness, and about fifteen or twenty feet above the high-

water mark, there is a ridge of loose large flag stones, tossed together in irregular masses, and spread out to such a width, and having such an appearance as a row of cottages in ruin might be supposed to exhibit. Besides this range, there are several others running off at right angles, and in various directions, some of them perhaps the remains of dwellings, or walls for defence, and others of them nothing more than old dikes, such as are common in this country. There are still to be seen along the whole line of what may be supposed either fallen habitations, or fallen walls, the forms of round towers, crumbled down, some of them considerably more elevated than the adjacent ground, and one large mount, or tumulus, evidently artificial, within the range of the enclosure, points it out as a post of some importance in its day. There are various tumuli or barrows, disposed on the outside of the rows of stones, which may have been outworks of defence. Some of them are evidently of this description, while others are only places of sepulture. The latter fact I ascertained by getting all the earth and sand taken out of three stone coffins, which have been exposed to view in one tumulus; and in each of them we found human bones, some of which I have reserved to show to the curious. There is one mass of stones, different from the ordinary Picts' houses, as they are vulgarly called here; these are circular; but it is oblong, and seems to have been constructed by laying flagstones overlapping one another, the highest regularly sloping inward until the opposite sides met. We meant to have explored it, but a dreadful blast of wind and rain, from the south-east, had already drenched us thoroughly, and increasing, compelled us to desist. The forms of ridges, freed from the sand which had long covered them, are quite apparent; but whether their formation and culture are of the same era with the broken down walls and towers, it is quite impossible to ascertain. Those remnants may be the wreck of an ancient establishment of the most barbarous kind, but it could not have been any thing deserving the name of a city. The situation of Toftness, on the very extremity of these islands, protected on one side by the tremendous Frith betwixt it and North Ronaldsay, and on the other by a fresh water lake, pointed it out as a position easily capable of defence by the rude bulwarks and towers, the vestiges of which still remain, in those predatory times when Orkney was the scene of rapine and violence. Whether it has been a colony of Celts, of Picts, or of Scandinavians, I leave to the sagacity of antiquaries to discover. The subject might afford materials for controversy between our old and respected friends, Monkbarns and Edie Ochiltree. I must close these memoranda, however, by adding, that the stone coffins are only about four feet in length, and that the bodies which they contained were laid with the heads at the narrowest

ends, so that the legs must have been folded sideways across the broader end. The coffins were in width about three feet, composed of thick slate, without top or bottom, and about two feet deep. I am, &c. P."

Fascinating Power of Serpents.—A memoir on the subject of the fascinating power of serpents, by Major Alexander Garden, of South Carolina, was read at a meeting of the New York Historical Society, in September 1817.

"He attributed the phenomenon to an effluvium which the serpent voluntarily exhales at those times when it feels the desire of food, and the effluvium is of so deleterious a nature as to cause convulsions in the smaller and more sensitive animals, such as birds, mice, &c. He mentioned several instances in which men had been powerfully affected by the effluvium. He had been informed by the late Colonel Thompson of Belleville, that whilst riding over his estate, he came suddenly upon a snake of enormous size, at which, the moment he could sufficiently collect himself, he fired. He killed the reptile, but was at the same instant assailed by an overpowering vapour, which so bewildered him that he could scarcely guide his horse home: that a deadly sickness at his stomach ensued, and a vomiting more violently than he had ever experienced from an emetic. He had been told by a lady, that the overseer of one of her plantations being missed, was sought for by his family, and found in a state of insensibility. On recovering, he stated that he was watching for a deer, when he heard the rattle of a snake; and that before he could remove from the threatened danger, he perceived a sickening effluvium, which deprived him instantly of sense. From John Lloyd, Esq. he had learned another case:—A negro working in his field was seen suddenly to fall, uttering a shriek: on approaching him, it was found that he had struck off the head of a very large rattlesnake, the body of which was still writhing. On recovering, he said that he had shrieked with horror on discovering the snake, and at the same instant had been overpowered by a smell that took away all his senses. Mr Nathaniel Barnwell, of Beaufort, had a negro who could, from the acuteness of his smell, at all times discover the rattlesnake within a distance of two hundred feet, when in the exercise of his fascinating power; and when traced by this sense, some object of prey was always found suffering from this influence. To these facts Major Garden added some anecdotes collected from Vaillant's Travels and other sources, corroborating his theory. When gorged with food, the serpent is supine: it is only when under the stimulus of hunger that he exerts this fascinating faculty. The cases mentioned by Mr Pintard, at the last meeting of the society, are among the many evidences of the existence of the power in the serpent to influence birds to approach it, maugre their

dread; and the circumstances related by him do not militate with the hypothesis of Major Garden."

Mammoth Cave of Indiana.—The Kentucky Commentator contains a letter from a Mr Adams, giving an account of a cave which he had explored in Indiana. The editor of the Commentator, in his introduction to the letter, says, this cave "has never yet been fully explored, though several individuals, whose testimony is to be relied on, have penetrated from six to nine miles into this subterraneous region."

Mr Adams states that the cave is situated in the north-west quarter of section 27, in Township No. 3 of the second eastern range in the district of lands offered for sale at Jeffersonville. It was first discovered about eleven years ago, at which time the bottom of the cave was covered with salts from six to nine inches deep; the sides were also coated in the same manner, and had the appearance of snow.

The hill in which the cave is situated is 400 feet high, the top principally covered with oak and chesnut. The entrance is about half way from the base to the summit, and the surface of the cave preserves about that elevation.

The entrance is by an aperture of 12 or 15 feet wide, and three or four feet in height. With an easy descent, you enter a room which continues a quarter of a mile, varying in height from 8 to 30 feet, and in breadth from 10 to 20; the roof arched in some places, resembling an inside view of the roof of a house. At the extremity of this room the cave forks, the right soon terminates, the left rises by a flight of rocky stairs, nearly ten feet high, into another story, and has a S.E. direction. In this room the roof has a regular arch from 5 to 8 feet high, and from 7 to 12 feet wide, which continues to what is called the Creeping Place, where it becomes necessary to crawl 10 or 12 feet to get into the next room, from which, to the distance of one mile and a quarter, there are many large and small rooms, variously situated. At

the end of this journey, a stately white pillar presents itself, which is about 15 feet in diameter, and from 20 to 30 in height, regularly reeded from top to bottom. In the vicinity are several other smaller pillars of the same description. Mr Adams was not certain what were the constituents of their columns, but lime appeared to be the base. Major Warren states that they are the satin spar.

The cave abounds in sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts, which is found in a great variety of forms, and different stages of formation—sometimes in lumps from one to ten pounds, from the surface to three feet below it,—the walls are covered with the same article. Mr Adams removed from a spot in the cave every vestige of salt, and in four or five weeks the place was covered with small needle-shaped crystals resembling frost.

The quality of salts is very superior, the worst earth yielding four pounds to the bushel, and the best from 20 to 25 pounds.

The cave also contains great quantities of nitrate of lime, or saltpetre earth; nitrate of alumina, or nitrate of argil; each yielding an equal quantity of saltpetre. The sulphate of lime is seen variously formed, ponderous crystallized, soft, or light and spongy: there are also vestiges of the sulphate of iron, and small specimens of the carbonate and nitrate of magnesia. The rocks in the cave are principally of carbonate of lime or common limestone.

Mr Adams closes his letter by stating, that near the forks of the cave are two specimens of painting, probably of Indian origin. One appears to be a savage with something like a bow in his hand, and furnishes the hint, that it was done when that instrument of death was in use. The other is so much defaced that it is impossible to say what it was intended to represent.

A full account of this remarkable cave, with a drawing of it, previous to its having been visited by Mr Adams, will be found in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, conducted by Dr Brewster, art. KENTUCKY.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

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Description of a Journey up the Nile, from Assouan to Dar el Mahass, on the frontiers of Dengola. Performed in the months of February and March, 1813. By J. L. Burckhardt. 4to.

A Narrative of the Expedition to Algiers, in the year 1816, under the command of the Right Hon. Admiral Lord Viscount Exmouth. By Mr Abraham Salame, a native of Alexandria in Egypt, interpreter in his Britannic Majesty's service for the Oriental Languages, who accompanied his Lordship in quality of Interpreter, for the subsequent Negotiations with the Dey. Published by permission, and ornamented with some plates. 8vo.

Narrative of an Expedition in Aid of the South American Patriots, which sailed from England November 1817. By James Hackett, an Officer in the Expedition.

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The History and Antiquities of the Tower of London, with Biographical Anecdotes of royal and distinguished Persons, deduced

from records, state papers, manuscripts, and other original and authentic sources. By John Bayley, of his Majesty's Record Office, Tower, and of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple. This work will likewise comprise an Historical Account of the Record Office, with Memoirs of Eminent Men who have been intrusted with its custody; also the History of the Mint, the Regalia, the Origin of the Ordnance Establishment, &c. In 1 vol. 4to. illustrated with 30 engravings, by Artists of the first eminence.

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The Dream of Youth, a Poem, elegantly printed, in one volume.

In the press, a new and corrected edition of Butler's Hudibras, with the whole of Dr Grey's Annotations, embellished with Portraits, and with Engravings on Wood, by Branston, Hughes, &c., from original designs by Thurston. Part I. will be published on the 1st January 1819. To be completed in 6 Parts, forming 3 vols. 8vo.

The Editor of "*Mortimer's Commercial Dictionary, Universal Commerce,*" and other publications upon similar subjects, has in the press, a Work, entitled "*FOREIGN EXCHANGES,*" being a complete set of Tables of Foreign Exchanges, calculated from the lowest to the highest course of Exchange; and from one penny to a thousand pounds sterling. It will shew, at one view, any sum of Foreign money reduced into British sterling, and British money into Foreign. Tables shewing the method of calculating the Exchanges between the different Cities on the Continent with each other; and concluding with a Table of the Real and Imaginary Monies of the World, the mode of reckoning the same, and their value reduced into British sterling. This Work, which is about to be published by Subscription, is a grand desideratum in Commercial Literature. The terms are £1: 10s. per copy to Subscribers, and £2 to Non-Subscribers. *The Work to be paid for on delivery.*

The Life of Jesus Christ, including his Apocryphal History, from the Spurious Gospels, Unpublished Manuscripts, &c.—Contents. History of Emerentiana and St Anne, ancestors of the Virgin Mary—Birth and marriage of the Virgin Mary—History of the Infancy of Jesus, from the Evangelium Infantiae—St Joseph's deliverance from Demons after death, from his Life, attributed to Jesus—The Virgin Mary's death and ascension to heaven—Æbenether's account of the restoration of his sight by the waters of Siloam, from a MS. history of Jesus, attributed to him—History of the Death of Jesus, from a MS. ascribed to the Virgin

Mary—The Gospel of Nicodemus entire—Catalogue of the writings attributed to Jesus—List of Apocryphal Gospels and other ancient writings relating to Jesus, still extant—Catalogue of the most interesting Lives of Jesus Christ—The Play of Christ's descent into Hell, formerly acted by the Monks at Chester, from a MS. entire—List of French and Italian Mysteries—Jewish Mahommedan, and Heterodox Lives of Jesus—The History of the Holy Cross—Coins—Catalogue of Picture Bibles, and Books of Prints relating to the Life of Christ—Indexes, will be published, in one volume, 8vo. 7s.

The Rev. W. B. Williams has in the press, Eight Sermons at the Lecture founded by the Hon. Robert Boyle; with an Appendix, containing Strictures on Mr Gisborne's Testimony of Natural Theology.

The Rev. Wm Faulkner is printing a Work on the simplicity and ingenuity of the Evidence in favour of the Miracles recorded in the Gospels, contrasted with the most striking wonders of the Christian Church in the succeeding centuries.

Mr Zachariah Jackson will soon publish, in an 8vo volume, a Restoration of 700 Passages to their pristine beauty, which, in the Plays of Shakspeare, have hitherto remained corrupt.

Brig. Gen. Macdonnell is preparing for publication, in two 4to volumes, a Polybian View of the late War in Spain and Portugal.

Mr Gorham of Queen's College, Cambridge, is preparing for publication, in an 8vo volume, the Typographical and Monastic Antiquities of St Neot and Eynesbury, Hunts, and of St Neot, Cornwall, illustrated by engravings on copper and wood.

Mrs Peck will soon publish, in three volumes, the Bard of the West, an historic romance, founded on certain public events of the seventh century.

Madame Panache, author of *Manners*, has in the press, a *Year and a Day*, a novel, in two volumes.

Mr Caulfield of Bath has a volume in the press, containing every important transaction of the Regency, from the year 1811 to the last Dissolution of Parliament.

Mr Guy is printing a *School Astronomy*, illustrated by plates, in a similar size with his *school Geography*.

Miss Trimmer will soon publish a short History of France, after the manner of Mrs Trimmer's *Histories for Children*.

A Modern London Catalogue of Books (since 1800), with their sizes, prices, and publishers, is expected to appear the end of this month.

Dr Bostock will shortly publish an account of the History and present state of Galvanism.

Lieut. Elmhirst is about to publish, Occurrences during a six Months' Residence in the Province of Calabria Ulterior.

An Account of the Life, Ministry, and
VOL. IV.

Writings, of the Rev. John Fawcett, D.D. fifty-four years minister of the gospel at Waingate and Hebden-bridge, near Halifax, will be shortly published by his son.

In the course of November will be published the third and concluding volume of Archdeacon Coxe's *Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough*.

A descriptive poem, called *Night*, by M. E. Elliot, jun. will shortly appear. It is an attempt to paint the scenery of night, as connected with great and interesting events.

Prince Chilia, a satirical history of all nations in the world, after the manner of Swift's *Gulliver*, by Tom Brown, will appear in a few days.

A new novel, from the pen of Miss Anna Maria Porter, author of "*the Knight of St John*," &c. will appear shortly, entitled *the Fast of St Magdalen*.

A History of Greenland is preparing for the press, containing a description of the country and its inhabitants, together with an account of the missions of the United Brethren in that country, from the German of Crantz. The former part will also comprehend valuable details of the original discovery and colonization of Greenland by the Norwegians, the vain attempts made by the English, Danes, and others, to explore the east coast, along with a succinct narrative of the partially successful mission at Gatt-haab. As an appendix to the whole, will be added, a continuation of the History of the Mission of the Brethren down to the present time, comprising a period of about eighty years. The work will be accompanied with supplementary notes from authentic sources, including interesting notices of Labrador.

Dr Armstrong is preparing new editions, considerably improved, of his three works on *Scarlet Fever*, &c. *Typhus Fever*, and *Puerperal Fever*.

Dr Henry is printing a new and improved edition of his valuable *Elements of Chemistry*.

A philosophical romance, called *Charenton*, or the *Follies of the Age*, translated from the French of M. Lourdoueix, will soon appear. Charenton is a well-known establishment near Paris for insane persons. Some supposed inhabitants of it are the author's *dramatis personæ*. The work gives a view of the political state of France, and of its parties.

A new edition is in the press, of *Gumal and Lina*, or the *African Children*, translated from the French by S. B. Moens.

A novel, entitled the *Mock Moralist*, or a *Dressing for Dissenters*, is announced.

A volume of *Pathological and Surgical Observations on Diseases of the Joints*; by Mr B. C. Brodie, will immediately be published.

A novel, in three volumes, entitled, "*Lamioli*," from the pen of C. F. Wicles, Esq. may be expected in November.

EDINBURGH.

The Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland. We refer our readers to the Prospectus which accompanies this Number, for the details and conditions of this very splendid and spirited undertaking.

Geometrical Analysis, a new edition enlarged and improved, followed by the Geometry of Curved Lines, being the treatise on lines of the second order, much expanded, and now besides augmented by the description and properties of all the remarkable higher curves, by John Leslie, F. R. S. E. Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh.

An Abridgement of the Statutes relative to the Revenue of Excise in Great Britain, methodically arranged and alphabetically digested. Third edition, revised and brought down to the end of the Session of Parliament 1818; by James Huie, Collector of Excise; in one large volume octavo.

Coquetry, a novel. 3 vols. 12mo.

We are happy to learn that M. Bellecour, so well known for his critical knowledge of the French language, has in the press,

1. A New Methodical Grammar of the French Language;—containing concise but clear rules on the various Parts of Speech, with appropriate Illustrations and Examples. 12mo.

2. Exercises on the Rules in the New Grammar, accompanied by accurate References to the Rules they illustrate. 12mo.

3. French Pronunciation Exemplified; to which is added a selection of all the most elegant figurative expressions in the French Language, explained in French, and accurately translated into English. 12mo.

Laurentii, Jo. Rubi Epistolarum Edinburgensium Libri III, written during three years' attendance on the Medical Institutions of that City, and calculated to illustrate, among other matters, the System of Medical Education pursued there, the habits of the Students, and the general process of Graduation in that University, will shortly be published, in one volume, 12mo.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ALGEBRA.

ESSAYS on the Combinatorial Analysis; shewing its application to the most useful and interesting problems of Algebra, in the multiplication, division, extraction of Roots, &c.; by Peter Nicholson, 8vo. 16s.

ANTIQUITIES.

Cathedral Antiquities of England; by John Britton, F.S.A. No XVII. being No III. of York Cathedral. 4to. 12s.—imperial 4to, £1.

BIOGRAPHY.

A new edition of President Edwards' Life of the late Rev, David Brainerd, missionary to the Indians, from the Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge, 8vo. 12s.

Anecdotes of the Court and Family of Napoleon Bonaparte; by the Countess de ***; in French and English. 10s. 6d.

CHEMISTRY.

A Treatise on the General Principles of Chemical Analysis, translated from the French of L. J. Thenard; by Arnold Merck, 8vo.

COMMERCE.

The American Negotiator; consisting of Tables of Exchange of the United States, calculated from one cent up to one thousand dollars, and equated with the currencies of Great Britain, Ireland, France, &c.; by the Editor of Mortimer's Dictionary, 18mo. 4s.

EDUCATION.

A Grammar of Rhetoric and Polite Literature, for the use of schools and private teachers; by Alexander Jamieson, 12mo. 6s. 6d.

A Greek Tree, or Skeleton of Verbs: demonstrating the dependencies of their several parts, &c.; by Mr John Tilt of Brighton. 8s.

A Critical Grammar of the French and English Languages, with Tabular Elucidations: calculated to aid the English student in the acquirement of the niceties of the French language, and to give the French scholar a knowledge of the English tongue; by W. Hodgson, 12mo. 9s.

The Literary and Scientific Pursuits which are encouraged and enforced in the University of Cambridge, briefly described and vindicated: with various notes; by the Rev. L. Wainwright, 8vo. 6s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

British Gallery of Pictures, first series; by W. Yotley, Esq. F.S.A. No LXIV. 4to, 10s. 6d.—folio, 21s.

Elements of Anatomy: designed for the use of Students in the Fine Arts; by J. B. Sharpe, royal 8vo. 10s.

A History of the Rise and Progress of Music, theoretical and practical; by G. Jones. 15s. plain plates,—£1, 1s. coloured.

GEOGRAPHY.

A Complete Survey of Scripture Geography: containing an historical account of primitive nations, and of all countries and peo-

ple mentioned in sacred history; by Thomas Heming. Illustrated by a superb and accurate set of maps, and a chart of the world. £3, 10s.

HISTORY.

Letters from St Helena, in continuation of the Letters from the Cape of Good Hope; with an Appendix, containing the clandestine letter to Lucien Bonaparte from Las Casas; also his Letter to Lord Bathurst, 8vo. 8s.

Naval Chronology of Great Britain, or an Historical Account of Maritime Events, with engravings; by J. Ralfe. Part IV. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

LAW.

A Practical Treatise on the Law relative to the Foreign and Domestic Commerce of Great Britain; by J. Chitty, Esq. 2 vols royal 8vo. £3, 3s.

A Practical Treatise on the Criminal Law: adapted to the use of the profession, magistrates, and private gentlemen; by Joseph Chitty, Esq. 4 vols royal 8vo. £4, 4s.

A Letter to a Surrogate; containing a summary of the laws relating to marriage-licences, with suggestions; by John S. Hardy. 8vo. 1s.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Court of King's Bench, in Trinity Term, 58 George III. 1818; by R. V. Barnewall, and E. H. Alderson. Vol. I. Part IV. royal 8vo. 7s.

MEDICINE.

A Manual of Practical Anatomy, for the use of students engaged in dissections; by Edward Stanley, assistant surgeon and demonstrator of anatomy at St Bartholomew's Hospital, 12mo.

Practical Researches on the Nature, Cure, and Prevention of Gout; by James Johnson, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Directions for the Treatment of Persons who have taken Poison, and those in a State of Suspended Animation; by M. P. Orfila, 12mo. 5s.

Surgical Observations, being a quarterly Report of Cases in Surgery; by Charles Bell. Part I. Vol. II. 6s.

Surgical Essays; by Astley Cooper, F.R.S. with thirteen engravings. Part I. 10s. 6d.

The Art of Preserving the Feet, or Practical Observations on the Prevention and Cure of Corns, Bunions, &c. 5s. 6d.

Results of an Investigation respecting Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases, including Researches in the Levant concerning the Plague; by Charles Maclean, M.D. royal 8vo. £2, 2s.

Observations on the Symptoms and Specific Distinctions of Venereal Diseases; interspersed with Hints for the more effectual Prosecution of the present Inquiry, into the Uses and Abuses of Mercury, in their treatment; by Richard Carmichael, M.R.I.A. one of the Surgeons of the Richmond Hospital, House of Industry, &c. 8vo. 9s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fables of Æsop and others; with designs

engraved on wood by Thomas Bewick. Imperial 8vo, £1, 11s. 6d.—royal 8vo, £1, 1s.—demy 8vo, 15s.—This volume contains 400 pages, 188 Fables, with a cut at the head of each, and upwards of 100 original tail pieces.

The Emigrant's Guide to the United States of America, economical and political; by Robert Holditch, Esq. 4s. 6d.

El Espanol Constitucional; o Miscellanea de Politica, Ciencias Y artes Literatura. No I. 8vo. 3s.

Neckclothiana, or Titeania, an Essay on Starchers; by one of the Cloth, 12mo. 2s.

Margaret Melville, and the Soldier's Daughter; or, Juvenile Memoirs: interspersed with Remarks on the Propriety of encouraging British Manufactures; by Alicia Catherine Mant, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Fuci; or, Coloured Figures and Descriptions of the Plants referred by Botanists, &c. to the Genus Fucus; by Dawson Turner, Esq. A.M. F.R.S. & L.S. &c. &c. No XLV. 4to. 7s. 6d.

NOVELS.

The Cumberland Cottage; a story, founded on facts, by Miss Broderich, 3 vols 12mo. 16s. 6d.

POETRY.

Poetry and Tales, in verse; by Mrs Ænias Lamont, foolscap 8vo. 6s.

Johnny Newcome in the Navy; a poem, in four cantos, with notes. Part I. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Revenge Defeated and Self-punished; a dramatic poem, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Poems, by Mrs Brooke, 12mo. 7s.

Kleist's Vernal Seasons, a poem, after the manner of Thomson: second edition, translated from the German, 8vo. 3s. 6d.

POLITICS.

An Essay on Money, by C. R. Princep, Esq.

A Letter, addressed to the Proprietors of the Bank of England, on the Division of the Surplus Profits of that Corporation; by C. Arnot, solicitor.

THEOLOGY.

Lectures on the Principal Evidences and the several Dispensations of Revealed Religion; by W. Roby, 8vo. 3s.

Sermons on various occasions; by the Rev. James Knight, M.A. 8vo. 7s.

Observations on the Doctrine, Discipline, and Manners of the Wesleyan Methodists, and also of the Evangelical Party; by the Rev. L. Wainwright, A.M. &c. 8vo. 6s.

Sermons, in which the connexion is traced between a belief in the truths of Revelation and the character, comfort, &c. of Christians; by the Rev. Miles Jackson of Leeds, 8vo. 12s.

A Plain Answer to the important Question, What must I do to be saved? With an earnest and affectionate address to the reader; by the Rev. Joseph Freeston, 8vo.

Sermons selected from the MSS. of the late Rev. E. Robson, M.A. Vicar of Orston;

by the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, A.M. 2 vols 8vo. £1, 1s.

Sermons, selected from the Manuscripts of the late Rev. Charles Moore, M.A. Rector of Cuxton, Vicar of St Nicholas, Rochester, one of the six Preachers at Canterbury Cathedral, and formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; author of a full Inquiry into the Subject of Suicide, with two Treatises on Duelling and Gaming; published by his Son, Captain Charles Moore, 2 vols 8vo. £1, 1s.

A Charge, delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of London, at the Visitation in July and August, 1818; by William, Lord Bishop of London. 1s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Lester's Illustration of London, with sixty-four plates, and a letter-press description. Vol. I. 8vo.

An improved Edition of Leigh's New Picture of London; or, a View of the Political, Religious, Medical, Literary, Municipal, Commercial, and Moral State of the British Metropolis: presenting a brief and luminous guide to the Stranger, on all subjects connected with general Information, Business, or Amusement. With numerous views, map, and plan, 18mo. 9s.—An edition may be had, with the addition of 22 coloured plates of Costume, &c. 12s.

The Tourist through Ireland; by which the Traveller is directed to the objects most worthy of notice, whether of Antiquity, Art, Science, or the Picturesque; by an Irish Gentleman, aided by the Communication of Friends. Illustrated with views and maps, 12mo. 6s.—coloured maps, 7s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Year's Residence in the United States of America; by W. Cobbett. Part I. 6s. Caution to Continental Travellers; by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham. 3s. 6d.

A Narrative of the Shipwreck of the *Osego*, on the Coast of South Barbary, and of the Sufferings of the Master and the Crew while in Bondage among the Arabs; interspersed with numerous Remarks upon the Country and its Inhabitants, and the peculiar Perils of that Coast; by Judah Paddock, her late Master, 4to. £1, 5s.

EDINBURGH.

The System of the Weather of the British Islands; discovered in 1816 and 1817, from a journal commencing November 1802; by Lieut. George Mackenzie, R.P.M. 4to. £1, 1s.

Memoirs of an unfortunate Son of Thespis; being a Sketch of the Life of Edward Cape Everard, Comedian, twenty-three years of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, London, and pupil of the late David Garrick, Esq. with Reflections, Remarks, and Anecdotes, written by himself. 5s.

Observations on the different kinds of Small-pox, and especially on that which sometimes follows vaccination. Illustrated by a number of cases; by Alexander Mon-

ro, M.D. F.R.S.E. Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Appeal; a Tragedy, in Three Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. 3s.

An Engraving and Report relative to a design for a Chain Bridge, proposed to be thrown over the Frith of Forth at Queensferry; by James Anderson, civil-engineer and land-surveyor, Edinburgh. Engraving, 2 feet 5 inches by 1 foot 10 inches. Proof impressions, £1, 10s.—common copies £1, 1s. Report 5s.

The Caledonian Shipping List and General Register of Vessels, belonging to the ports on the east coast of Scotland, and the Clyde on the west; with an account of the Coasting and Whale Fishing Companies, and a variety of other interesting information, collected and arranged up to August 1818. 2s. 6d.

A new edition of an Enquiry whether Crime and Misery are produced or prevented, by our present System of Prison Discipline; by Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq. M. P. 1s. 6d.

An examination of the Justice and Expediency of a Bill, intituled, "An Act for building and promoting the building of additional Churches in Scotland;" by a Member of the Scots Bar. 1s.

The Confession, &c. of Nichol Muschet of Boghall, who was executed in the Grassmarket, January 1721, for the murder of his Wife in the Duke's Walk, near Edinburgh, containing a brief narrative of his life, and a full account of the contrivance and perpetration of his crime. 1s.

A Statement of the Results of Practice in Continued Fever, as it prevailed in Auchtermuchty and neighbourhood, in 1817; with an Appendix, containing a few Practical Remarks on Measles, Scarlatina, &c.; by James Bonnar, Surgeon. 3s. 6d.

The Bagpipe Preceptor; or, the Art of Playing the Great Highland Bagpipe rendered perfectly easy to every capacity; by which any one who has a taste for music may soon acquire a knowledge of that grand and warlike instrument without the aid of a master. To which are added, a few favourite Simple Airs, calculated to catch the ear and attention of the pupil, and lead him on in the science of music. 3s.

Letter from a Physician in the Highlands to his Friend in London, on the Subject of a Consumptive Habit; showing the good effects of a particular regimen in consumptive habits, and the most natural means of repairing a broken-up constitution; with a Preface and Notes by the Editor. 1s.

Reports of the Practice in the Clinical Wards of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh; by Dr Andrew Duncan, jun. 4s.

Facts and Observations towards forming a new Theory of the Earth.

Caledonia, or the Clans of Yore; a Tragedy, in five acts; by William Thomson. 8vo. 2s.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE month of September commenced with showery weather, which was succeeded by dry winds from the west and north-west. From the 20th, and downwards, it rained frequently, and at times heavily, making the quantity of rain, altogether, about three times as much as that of the same month last year. The mean temperature, at the beginning of the month, was somewhat higher than during the latter end of August, the Thermometer rising daily above 60, and sometimes as high as 68. For some days during the second week it never reached 60, but an increase of temperature again took place between the 12th and 20th. From that till the end of the month the temperature of the day gradually declined, but that of the night suffered little or no diminution. The mean of the whole month is about half-a-degree lower than that of September last year. It will be seen from the abstract, that the mean of the extremes differs from the mean of ten morning and evening only by one tenth of a degree, and that the former, instead of being higher, as is generally the case, is in the present instance lower than the latter. The mean point of deposition corresponds also very nearly with the mean minimum temperature. The range of the Barometer has been greater than any month since March, though the mean height does not differ much from the annual average. The Hygrometer, notwithstanding the quantity of rain, indicates a greater degree of dryness than last year, and the evaporation is also greater. The prevailing wind in September 1817 was east and south-east—this year it has been west and north-west. A more satisfactory explanation of the fact, however, may perhaps be found in the comparative dryness of the summer months of this year. In 1817, the ground was perpetually soaked with water till the end of August, so that the atmosphere in September, though disposed to be dry, was rapidly supplied with moisture from the earth. On the contrary, during the preceding month of this year, the ground was so dry as to absorb quickly the rain of September, and thus to prevent the atmosphere from being so soon saturated as it would otherwise have been.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

SEPTEMBER 1818.

<i>Means.</i>		<i>Extremes.</i>	
THERMOMETER.		THERMOMETER.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat, ...	59.1	Maximum, 4th day, ...	68.5
..... cold, ...	46.5	Minimum, 15th, ...	36.0
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	55.5	Lowest maximum, 15th, ...	53.5
..... 10 P. M.	50.3	Highest minimum, 18th, ...	55.0
..... of daily extremes, ...	52.8	Highest, 10 A. M. 4th, ...	61.0
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.	52.9	Lowest ditto, 26th, ...	49.0
..... 4 daily observations, ...	52.8	Highest, 10 P. M. 18th, ...	59.0
Whole range of thermometer, ...	575.0	Lowest ditto 15th, ...	41.0
Mean daily ditto, ...	12.5	Greatest range in 24 hours, 22d, ...	20.5
..... temperature of spring water, ...	54.2	Least ditto, 29th, ...	3.5
BAROMETER.		BAROMETER.	
	Inches.		Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 58)	29.581	Highest, 10 A. M. 13th, ...	30.125
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 58)	29.595	Lowest ditto, 1st, ...	29.285
..... both, (temp. of mer. 58)	29.588	Highest, 10 P. M. 12th, ...	30.100
Whole range of barometer, ...	6.659	Lowest ditto, 21st, ...	29.100
Mean daily ditto, ...	.221	Greatest range in 24 hours, 18th, ...	.500
HYGROMETER (LESLIE'S.)		HYGROMETER.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.	20.4	Highest, 10 A. M. 8th, ...	45.0
..... 10 P. M.	11.4	Lowest ditto, 28th, ...	1.0
..... of both, ...	15.8	Highest, 10 P. M. 16th, ...	24.0
..... point of deposition 10 A. M.	46.7	Lowest ditto, 28th, ...	2.0
..... 10 P. M.	45.1	Highest P. of D. 10 A. M. 4th, ...	59.4
..... of both, ...	45.8	Lowest ditto, 9th, ...	33.4
Rain in inches, ...	2.660	Highest P. of D. 10 P. M. 18th, ...	56.0
Evaporation in ditto, ...	1.800	Lowest ditto, 16th, ...	32.0
Mean daily Evaporation, ...	.060	WILSON'S HYGROMETER.	
WILSON'S HYGROMETER.		WILSON'S HYGROMETER.	
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.	24.8	Greatest dryness, 17th, 10 A. M.	41.0
..... 10 P. M.	18.4	Least ditto, 28th, 10 P. M.	0.0

Fair days 12; rainy days 18. Wind west of meridian 19; East of meridian 11.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, after-noon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Sep. 1	M. 59 A. 55½	29.154 .105	M. 59 A. 59	W.	Clear foren. rain aftern.	Sep. 16	M. 59 A. 40	29.207 .409	M. 51 A. 50	W.	Clear foren. cloudy after.
2	M. 60 A. 47	.235 —	M. 59 A. 57	W.	Cloud. warm	17	M. 50 A. 40	.692 .781	M. 52 A. 53	W.	Clear.
3	M. 62½ A. 45	.641 .640	M. 57 A. 59	W.	Clear foren. show. after.	18	M. 59 A. 44	.559 .427	M. 56 A. 58	S. W.	Clear.
4	M. 60 A. 53½	.462 .470	M. 62 A. 63	W.	Clear.	19	M. 59 A. 45	.225 .282	M. 59 A. 58	S. W.	Cloudy.
5	M. 62 A. 50	.515 .315	M. 63 A. 60	W.	Clear.	20	M. 59 A. 47½	.358 .351	M. 53 A. 52	E.	Rain.
6	M. 59 A. 49½	.260 .286	M. 62 A. 59	N. W.	Showery.	21	M. 59 A. 45½	.178 28.877	M. 54 A. 58	S. E.	Cloudy, rain after.
7	M. 60 A. 44	.468 .584	M. 58 A. 56	W.	Clear foren. rain aftern.	22	M. 59 A. 47½	29.170 .441	M. 58 A. 59	S.	Clear.
8	M. 59 A. 42	.576 .576	M. 55 A. 56	W.	Clear foren. cloud. after.	23	M. 59 A. 43	.414 .228	M. 57 A. 58	E.	Clear foren. cloud. after.
9	M. 59 A. 41	.537 .537	M. 52 A. 51	N. E.	Cloud. show.	24	M. 59 A. 49	.279 .279	M. 56 A. 58	S. E.	Clear foren. cloud. after.
10	M. 59 A. 39	.537 .537	M. 50 A. 49	N. E.	Cloud. show.	25	M. 59 A. 48½	.325 .305	M. 58 A. 56	S. W.	Clear.
11	M. 59 A. 39	.563 .704	M. 49 A. 51	N. E.	Cloudy.	26	M. 59 A. 44	.184 .279	M. 56 A. 55	S. W.	Rain foren. clear after.
12	M. 59 A. 45	.807 .995	M. 52 A. 54	Cble.	Rain foren. clear aftern.	27	M. 59 A. 45½	.329 .329	M. 53 A. 53	E.	Rain.
13	M. 59 A. 41½	.935 .882	M. 52 A. 56	W.	Cloudy.	28	M. 59 A. 42	.440 .460	M. 55 A. 57	E.	Cloudy.
14	M. 59 A. 48	.547 .429	M. 58 A. 57	W.	Showery.	29	M. 59 A. 48	.555 .555	M. 55 A. 56	E.	Cloudy.
15	M. 59 A. 44	.734 .136	M. 57 A. 50	N. W.	Showery.	30	M. 59 A. 49	.470 .455	M. 55 A. 54	E.	Cloudy.

Average of rain at Nelson's Monument, 1.8 inches.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—Oct. 10th 1818.

Sugar. The market for this article has for several weeks been very dull; and since the beginning of last week, the prices have given way considerably. The falling in the London market is about 6s. per cwt. and at this decline the market is very heavy. The arrivals for some time past have been very considerable; but the whole of the crops for the present year may now be considered as at market, as the small quantities of produce left in the islands is scarcely worth taking into account. The quantity in the London warehouses is about 4000 less than at the same period of last year. It is therefore extremely probable that the market will soon experience a revival. No business is doing in Foreign Sugars. The Refined market has been very heavy, chiefly because the exports to Russia are closed for the season. The holders are therefore endeavouring to effect sales at a decline in price.—*Coffee.* The great depression of prices on this article has again brought speculators into the market; but the prices do not vary much. Some extensive purchases, which had been made for cash, were brought forward, and sold at a considerable advance. The general opinion is, that the price of this article is now about the lowest rate it is likely to be for some time. The market may be considered at present as very dull.—*Cotton.* The extensive sales of this article by the East India Company in London have depressed the market in the capital. At the other ports the market is heavy, but the holders are less disposed to effect sales at reduced rates. Activity being now restored to the vast manufacturing districts around Manchester, by the return of the workmen to their duty, will no doubt tend to keep the market steady, in the face of the extensive arrivals. The quantity imported into the United Kingdom last month amounted to 65,164 bags, which gives an increase of 42,747 bags during last month. The prodigious quantity of Cotton imported this year is sufficient to account for the present dullness in the market. The manufactures are all in full activity.—*Corn.* Although the ports are now shut, from the Bidassoa to the Eyder, yet it has had no effect on the London markets. Grain, which had advanced considerably in price, may now be considered as at a stand; and the abundant harvest over all the northern parts of Great Britain and Ireland will abundantly repay the labours of the farmer in these parts, and fully make up for the deficiency in the southern counties of England, occasioned by a severe drought. The harvest in Scotland may now be considered as completely over, and the grain housed in excellent order. Potatoes, which had greatly advanced in price, from extensive speculations made to supply the London market, are now returning to their proper level, and the greedy speculators have paid most severely for their folly, having been compelled to sell the article in London cheaper than what it cost them in Scotland, besides a prodigious loss, occasioned by the potatoes spoiling from being too soon raised.—*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.* The demand for Rum is again become limited, and the prices, as might have been anticipated, are on the decline. Pur-

chases can now be made lower than our quotations. Brandy is merely nominal in price. Geneva is without any variation.—*Tobacco*. The market for Tobacco is exceedingly heavy, and purchases may be made at a decline in price. The report of exceeding high prices in London has brought most extensive supplies from the United States. The stock is, in consequence, 9144 hhds.—*Oil*. The demand for Whale Oil has been regular and steady, and the prices may be quoted as gradually improving. Linseed may be quoted at a small decline. In other kinds there is no variation.—*Tar* is in demand.—In rough *Turpentine* there is no alteration.—*Pitch and Rosin* are without variation.—The demand for *Tallow* has been limited.—*Flax* is in limited request, and the price of *Hemp* remains steady.—On the other articles of commerce there is no alteration worth stating.

PRICES CURRENT.—October 3, 1818.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.		DUTIES.	
SUGAR, Musc.	80	to	77	to	81	to	79	77	to	79
B. F. Dry Brown, . cwt.	86	90	82	90	80	88	80	84	82	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	92	96	91	95	89	94	84	84	90	
Fine and very fine, .	150	160	—	—	—	—	155	—	—	
Refined, Doub. Loaves, .	124	126	—	—	—	—	122	—	—	
Powder ditto, .	120	122	119	124	124	126	122	—	—	
Single ditto, .	116	118	114	116	124	126	120	—	—	
Small Lumps . .	114	115	110	112	113	118	112	—	—	
Large ditto, .	—	67	66	67	69	72	—	—	—	
Crushed Lumps, .	45	46	45	46	45	—	40	41	—	
MOLASSES, British, . cwt.	142	154	140	152	122	130	136	140	—	
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	154	166	152	164	132	146	148	158	—	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	125	136	—	—	115	124	132	134	—	
Dutch, Triange and very ord.	133	146	—	—	126	136	141	148	—	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	148	157	—	—	138	148	150	155	—	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	154	158	—	—	130	135	135	158	—	
St Domingo, .	—	11½d	9½	10	—	10	9½	10	—	
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
SPICERIES.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	4s 2d	4s 4d	3s 11d	4s 0d	3s 5d	4s 2d	4s 1d	4s 5d	—	
Brandy, ...	9 6	10 6	—	—	—	—	7 6	8 0	—	
Geneva, ...	3 8	3 10	—	—	—	—	3 11	4 0	—	
Aqua, ...	8 3	8 6	—	—	—	—	14 6	—	—	
WINE.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60	64	—	—	—	—	£50	£55	Os.	
Portugal Red, pipe.	48	54	—	—	—	—	46	52	10	
Spanish White, butt.	34	55	—	—	—	—	26	60	0	
Teneriffe, pipe.	50	55	—	—	—	—	28	54	0	
Madeira, ...	60	70	—	—	—	—	40	45	—	
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£10 0	—	8 5	8 10	8 10	—	8 15	9 0	—	
Honduras, ...	10 10	—	8 10	9 0	8 15	9 0	9 0	—	—	
Campeachy, ...	11 0	—	9 0	10 0	9 0	9 10	9 15	10 0	—	
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	12 0	—	10 10	—	10 15	11 0	11 0	12 0	—	
Cuba, ...	15 0	—	—	—	13 10	14 0	13 0	15 0	—	
INDIGO, Caracacas fine, lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	8 6	9 6	—	—	11 0d	11 6	—	
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 2	2 4	—	—	2 3	2 7	2 6	—	—	
Ditto Oak, ...	4 6	5 0	—	—	—	—	3 1	3 11	—	
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 3	2 4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Honduras Mahogany	1 4	1 8	0 10	1 8	1 2½	1 6	1s 2½d	1s 4d	—	
St Domingo, ditto	—	—	1 2	3 0	1 8	2 0	2 0	2 2	—	
TAR, American, . . brl.	—	—	—	—	15 0	16 6	20	21	—	
Archangel, ...	21	23	—	—	18 0	20 0	21 6	—	—	
PITCH, Foreign, . . cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	12	—	—	
TALLOW, Rus. Vel. Cand.	91	93	92	94	98	—	93	94	—	
Horse Melted, . . .	92	94	—	—	—	—	76	80	—	
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	51	53	51	53	—	—	£50 0	—	—	
Petersburgh Clean, .	50	52	50	52	48	50	49 0	50	—	
FLAX.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	80	82	—	—	—	—	82	85	—	
Dutch, ...	60	140	—	—	—	—	80	81	—	
Irish, ...	56	75	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	105	—	—	—	—	—	105	110	—	
BRISFLES.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 0	16 0	—	—	—	—	14 10	15 0	—	
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	50	52	—	—	—	—	50	52	—	
Montreal ditto, . .	60	—	60	—	58	—	63	65	—	
Pot, ...	35	56	53	54	50	52	53	54	—	
OIL, Whale, . . . tun.	43	—	43	44	44	—	44	—	—	
Cod, ...	80	(p. brl.)	—	—	40	42	46	47	—	
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	11	12	12½	13	0 9½	1 0½	1 1	1 2	—	
Middling, ...	10	10½	11½	—	0 8	0 9	9½	11	—	
Inferior, ...	9	10	9½	10½	0 7	0 7½	8	9½	—	
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	—	1 8	1 9½	1 7	1 9½	—	—	—	
Sea Island, fine, . .	—	—	3 10	4 0	3 1	3 3	—	—	—	
good, ...	—	—	3 6	3 9	2 10	3 0	—	—	—	
middling, ...	—	—	3 3	3 5	2 0	2 4	—	—	—	
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	1 11	2 2	1 9	2 2	1 10½	2 1½	—	
West India, ...	—	—	1 8	2 0	1 8	1 9	1 7	1 10	—	
Pernambuco, ...	—	—	2 2½	2 3½	2 1	2 2	2 1	2 2	—	
Mananham, ...	—	—	2 1	2 2	1 11½	2 0½	1 11½	0	—	

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 29th September 1818.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.	29th.
Bank stock, ...	268½ 9¼	—	—	—	—
3 per cent. reduced, ...	74½ 3½	—	—	—	—
3 per cent. consols, ...	73½	75½ 6½	75 ¼	—	74½ 5½
4 per cent. consols, ...	93½	—	—	—	—
5 per cent. navy ann.	103½ ¼	105½ 6	105½ ½	—	105 ½
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	—	—	—	—	—
India stock, ...	—	—	—	—	—
— bonds, ...	78 70pr.	84 85pr.	—	—	—
Exchequer bills, 2½d. p.d.	17 18pr.	—	—	—	—
Consols for acc.	74½	76½	75½	—	—
American 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—	—
— new loan, 6p. c.	—	—	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	—	74 90 cents.

Course of Exchange, October 6.—Amsterdam, 37:6 B. 2 U. Antwerp, 11:14 Ex. Hamburg, 34:82½ U. Frankfort, 143½ Ex. Paris, 24:90, 2 U. Bordeaux, 24:90. Madrid, 39 effect. Cadiz, 39 effect. Gibraltar, 34. Leghorn, 50½. Genoa, 46½. Malta, 50. Naples, 43. Palermo, 129 per oz. Oporto, 58. Rio Janeiro, 67. Dublin, 9½. Cork, 9½. Agio of the Bank of Holland, 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0:0:0. Foreign gold, in bars, £4:2:0. New doubloons, £0:0:0. New dollars, 5s. 4½d. Silver, in bars, 5s. 4½d.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of August and the 30th of September 1818, extracted from the London Gazette:

Bonsfield, W. May's buildings, St Martin's Lane, woollen-draper	Hopkins, J. Hopmarket, Worcester, hop-merchant
Bruford, C. Galloway-street, St Luke's, cabinet-maker	Jones, M. M. Blackfriars Road, livery-stable-keeper
Burton, W. Hinekey, hosier	James, W. Clement's-lane, merchant
Boyle, R. Upper Thames-street, merchant	Jorden, W. Barnwood, Gloucester, corn-dealer
Buckland, M. Bayswater, victualler	Johnson, J. E. Hyde-street, Bloomsbury, master mariner
Ball, G. R. Exeter, perfumer	Ker, R. Hull, merchant
Brown, W. College-hill, merchant	Leigh, W. Bath-street, Bethnal-green, merchant
Bragg, J. Birmingham, tye-maker	Lumley, W. Jermyn-street, merchant
Buck, C. Southwark, hop-merchant	Lane, J. E. Evesham, Worcestershire, jeweller
Bolt, J., and J. Jones, Bath, grocer	Lear, F. Strand, brush-maker
Belt, W. A. Great Driffield, Yorkshire, currier	Latham, N. Manchester, baker
Cook, W. Chapel-street, New Road, grocer	Marshall, J. Sheffield, shoemaker
Cowper, W. Bell-court, Wallbrook, paper-merchant	Maussar, A. Gwynne's buildings, City Road, merchant
Cooper, H. D. Back-street, Horslydown, hop-merchant	Mackennel, J. W. Keith, late of the Old South Sea House, merchant
Carpenter, H. and W. Alresford, Hants, brewers	Morton, W. Worksop, Nottinghamshire, porter-merchant
Cumbers, F. Boar's-head-court, King-street, coach-master	Moran, T. Holyhead, innkeeper
Cross, T. Bath, butcher	Marshall, E. Adlington, Kent, factor
Coffin, J. W. Plymouth Dock, merchant	Moody, J. York Mews, Paddington-street, livery-stable-keeper
Curriage, T. Hersford, Norfolk, grocer	Mead, J. Stone, Buckinghamshire, wheelwright
Devereux, F., and M. Lambert, Brabant-court, Philpot-lane, merchant	Moat, T. Cheapside, broker
Durand, J. N. Upper Cumming-street, Pentonville, merchant	Moreton, C. Derby Arms, Croyden, Surrey, stable-keeper
Davidson, W. Little-street, Thomas Apostle, wholesale stationer	Norton, C. Birmingham, builder
Dawson, J. Burnham, Westgate, Norfolk, book-seller	Pagely, G. Cranbourne-street, silk-mercier
Damin, J. Warrford-court, merchant	Penn, F. jun. Walthamstow, plumber
Dyson, W., J. Fowler, Sheffield, Yorkshire, and W. Russel, Hough, Yorkshire, scissor-manufacturers	Prosser, W. Birmingham, builder
Dussard, P. Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, milliner	Rose, J. St Michael's Alley, provision-merchant
Durrant, J. East Dereham, Norfolk, innkeeper	Rhodes, W. East Smithfield, baker
Daftor, M. Whitminster, Gloucestershire, linen-draper	Roberts, G. Marton, Shropshire, maltster
Evans, G. sen. and G. Evans, jun. High-street, Southwark, hop-merchants	Ryde, W. Cannon-street, grocer
Felton, R. Lawrence Pountney-lane, merchant	Rumford, R. W. Bartholomew-lane, stock-broker
Furnival, D. Liverpool, grocer	Roach, W. Clifton, Bristol, victualler
Fowler, W. and J. Alder-mills, Tamworth, Staffordshire, corn-millers	Spooner, R. Cornhill, woollen-draper
Griffiths, J. Bristol, victualler	Saunders, E. Feversham, grocer
Gafney, M. Manchester, cotton-broker	Storey, T. South Blyth, Northumberland, ship-owner
Hoare, J. Bristol, calenderer	Stephens, T. Torkington, Cheshire, dealer
Hyne, R. sen. Dartmouth, merchant	Simmons, S. Hilperton, Wilts, hawkler
Head, J. O. Liverpool, merchant	Shane, J. E. Fleet-street, boot and shoemaker
Howarth, J. Warrminster, linen-draper	Thomas, R. Northumberland-court, Strand, dealer
	Thorogood, C. Strand, dealer
	Thorne, W. H. Strutton-ground, Westminster, oilman
	Trustum, J. King-street, Goswell-street, carpenter
	Varley, W. Slaithwaite, Yorkshire, woollen-cord-manufacturer

Voight, G. G. Greville-street, factor
 Workman, J. Push, Cumberland, sheep and cattle-dealer
 Worthington, W. Preston, Lancashire, grocer
 Wakefield, W. late of the City Road, builder
 Warburton, J. Timperley, Cheshire, distiller
 Wilshaw, J. Manchester, shoemaker

Warrington, N. High-street, Southwark, hop-merchant
 West, R. E. St Margaret's Hill, hop-merchant
 Watkins, W. Norton, Worcestershire, corn-factor
 Warrington, J., and J. E. Warrington, Gracechurch-street, tailors

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 30th September 1818, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Buchan, William, jun. coal-merchant and baker, Portobello
 Baxter, Andrew, jun. china and stoneware merchant, Glasgow
 Craig, William, merchant, Glasgow
 Dowie, Robert, wright, Citadel-street, Leith
 Fetter, Robert, some time corn-merchant, St Andrews
 Henderson, James, merchant, Stirling
 Lawrie, Robert, merchant, and one of the partners of the late firm of Andrew Lawrie and Son, upholsterers, Edinburgh
 McDonald, Alexander, builder, Leith
 Maclean and Macdonnell, merchants, Inverness, as a company; and Alexander Maclean, sole surviving partner of said company, as an individual
 Morrison, Murdoch, merchant, Leith
 Pinkerton, James, jun. brewer, Glasgow
 T aylor, Henry, merchant, Irvine
 Walker, Peter, tacksman of, and cattle-dealer, Inverberg

DIVIDENDS.

Craig, John, the late senior, leather-merchant, Glasgow; 14s. 6d. 5d November; by Duncan Kennedy, accountant there
 Cooper, David, haberdasher, Glasgow; by James M'Ewan, merchant there, 7th November
 Eddie, Thomas, and Co. merchants, Forres, and Thomas Eddie, as a partner and individual; by John Cumming, agent for the British Linen Co. Falkirk Union Bank, and individual partners thereof; 17th October, by James Russel, writer, Falkirk; by T. and A. Crawford, Glasgow, 2d and 5d November; and at the Royal Exchange Coffeehouse, Edinburgh, 10th and 11th November, from 10 to 4.

Hutton, Donald Fraser, merchant, Kirkcaldy; by Thomas Ronald there. A second dividend.
 Hamilton, James, grocer, Hutchison-street, Glasgow; by Thomas Samuel there.
 Hamilton, John, of Dowan and Co. who carried on business in Glasgow, and in the State of Virginia, and became insolvent in 1775; by James Kerr, accountant, Glasgow, 29th October
 Linton, Joan, late milliner, Langholm; by Henderson and Scott, writers there
 M'Feat, Walter, and Co. booksellers and stationers, Glasgow, and Walter M'Feat, bookseller and stationer there; by David Strong, accountant there, 7th October
 M'Gowns, Watson, and Co. merchants, Greenock, and John and Duncan M'Gowns, John Watson, and James Gardner, four of the individual partners; by Archibald Newbiggin, merchant, Glasgow
 Mitchell, Colin, and Co. some time publishers, Perth; by Patrick Sangster there
 Purdon, Robert, hinge-maker, Cowcaddens, near Glasgow; by Peter Paterson, writer, Glasgow
 Phillips, Thomas, and Co. some time sugar-refiners, Glasgow; by Archibald Warden there
 Robb, George, late merchant, Leith; by Charles Ferrier, accountant, Edinburgh
 Scott and M'Bean, merchants, Inverness, as a company, and William Scott of Seabank, and William M'Bean, merchant, Inverness, as individuals; by John Jamieson, agent for the British Linen Co. there
 Smith, James, late grocer, Horse-wynd, Edinburgh; at the trustee's office, 12, Katharine-street, Edinburgh

London, Corn Exchange, Oct. 20.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, Red, . . .	60	to	70	Maple	68 to 70
Fine	72	to	74	White Pease . .	71 to 75
Superfine . . .	76	to	78	Boilers	85 to 92
New	80	to	82	Small Beans . .	70 to 82
English, White, .	61	to	74	Tick do.	65 to 68
Fine	76	to	79	Fine	68 to 70
Superfine . . .	82	to	84	New	73 to 76
New	82	to	86	Feed Oats . . .	25 to 30
Rye	42	to	56	Fine	32 to 33
New	65	to	76	Poland do. . .	30 to 33
Barley (new) . .	38	to	48	Fine	35 to 37
Fine	48	to	54	Potato do. . .	32 to 36
Superfine . . .	46	to	66	Fine	35 to 41
New	68	to	72	Fine Flour, . .	70 to 75
Malt, ...	66	to	80	Seconds	65 to 70
Fine	82	to	86	Bran, per q. . .	17 to 18
Rog Pease . . .	60	to	68	Fine Pollard . .	16 to 40

Seeds, &c.—Oct. 6.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Must. Brown, . .	15	to	24	Hempseed . . .	70 to 76
—White	15	to	20	Linseed, crush. .	65 to 75
Tares	12	to	15	Ryegrass, . . .	5 to 52
Turnips, ...	12	to	20	Clover, Red, . .	28 to 130
—Red	—	to	—	—White	50 to 130
—Yellow, new . .	—	to	—	—Coriander . . .	16 to 22
Caraway, ...	60	to	65	New Trefoil . .	14 to 63
Canary, ...	100	to	130		

New Rapeseed, £46 to £52.

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 26th September 1818.

Wheat, 82s. 0d.—Rye, 62s. 2d.—Barley, 60s. 10d.—Oats, 35s. 3d.—Beans, 76s. 6d.—Pease, 71s. 2d.—Oatmeal, 0s. 0d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th September 1818.

Wheat, 68s. 11d.—Rye, 53s. 2d.—Barley, 45s. 11d.—Oats, 30s. 11d.—Beans, 51s. 4d.—Pease, 50s. 2d.—Oatmeal, 25s. 9d.—Beer or Big, 41s. 1d.

Liverpool, October 3.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, ...	per 70 lbs.				Rice, p. cwt.	—	to	—	
English	11 0 to 12 3				Flour, English,	p. 280lb. fine	—	to	—
—New	11 6 to 12 0				—Seconds . . .	—	to	—	
Scotch	10 9 to 11 6				—Irish	50 0 to 52 0			
Welch	11 3 to 11 9				—Ameri. p. bl.	45 0 to 47 6			
Irish, old	8 6 to 10 0				—Sour do. . . .	38 0 to 40 0			
—New	11 0 to 11 9				Clover-seed, p. bush.	—			
Dantzic	12 0 to 12 6				—White	—	to	—	
Wismar	11 9 to 12 5				—Red	—	to	—	
American	11 0 to 11 9				Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—			
Quebec	10 9 to 11 0				English	41 0 to 43 0			
Barley, per 60 lbs.					Scotch	0 0 to 0 0			
English, old . . .	7 6 to 8 9				Irish	34 0 to 38 0			
—New	9 6 to 10 6								
Irish, old	7 0 to 7 6				Butter, Beef, &c.				
Malt p. 9 gals. .	11 6 to 13 3				Butter, per cwt. s.	s.			
Rye, per qr. . . .	0 0 to 0 0				Belfast	128 to 130			
Oats, per 45 lb.					Newry	126 to 128			
Eng. new	4 9 to 5 0				Drogheda . . .	124 to 0			
Scotch	4 9 to 5 0				Waterford (new)	0 to 0			
Foreign	4 3 to 4 10				Cork, 3d	0 to 0			
Irish, old	4 6 to 4 11				—New, 2d . . .	136 to 0			
—New	4 9 to 5 0				Beef, p. tierce .	85 to 95			
Beans, pr qr. . .					—p. barrel . . .	60 to 63			
English	74 0 to 76 0				Pork, p. bri. . .	100 to 110			
Foreign	72 0 to 76 0				Bacon, per cwt.	—			
Irish	70 0 to 72 0				—Short middles	0 to 0			
Pease, per quar.					—Long do. . . .	0 to 0			
—Boiling	76 0 to 86 0								

EDINBURGH.—SEPTEMBER 30.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....46s. Od.	1st,.....45s. Od.	1st,.....29s. Od.	1st,.....37s. Od.
2d,.....42s. Od.	2d,.....43s. Od.	2d,.....26s. Od.	2d,.....34s. Od.
3d,.....40s. Od.	3d,.....40s. Od.	3d,.....25s. Od.	3d,.....32s. Od.

Tuesday, October 6.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	Os. 5d. to Os. 8d.	Quartern Loaf	Os. 11d. to Os. 0d.
Mutton	Os. 7d. to Os. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	1s. 0d. to Os. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	2s. 6d. to 4s. 0d.	Butter, per lb.	1s. 6d. to Os. 0d.
Veal	Os. 8d. to Os. 10d.	New Salt, per stone	24s. 0d. to Os. 0d.
Pork	Os. 6d. to Os. 0d.	Ditto per lb.	1s. 6d. to 1s. 7d.
Tallow, per stone	11s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen	1s. 0d. to Os. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—OCTOBER 2.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....41s. Od.	1st,..... 0s. Od.	1st,.....27s. Od.	1st,.....33s. Od.	1st,.....33s. Od.
2d,.....38s. Od.	2d,..... 0s. Od.	2d,.....26s. Od.	2d,.....30s. Od.	2d,.....30s. Od.
3d,.....30s. Od.	3d,..... 0s. Od.	3d,.....24s. Od.	3d,.....27s. Od.	3d,.....27s. Od.

Note.—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has appointed Samuel M'Cormick, Esq. advocate, to be sheriff-depute of Bute, in the room of John Edmonstone, Esq. resigned; also Robert Bruce, Esq. advocate, to be sheriff-depute of Argyle, in room of H. T. Campbell, Esq. deceased; and John Walker, Esq. advocate, to be sheriff-depute of Wigton, in room of J. B. Maitland, Esq. resigned.

His Royal Highness has approved of Mr Peter Emanuel Schow, as his Danish Majesty's consul at Plymouth.

S. Surg. S. Rawling, from h. p. to be Surg. to the Forces, vice Wallace, ret. 25th Aug.

Exchanges.

Brev. Major R. Campbell, from 15 F. with Bt. Major Light, h. p. 28 F.
 Capt. D. Campbell, from 83 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hutchinson, h. p. 94 F.
 — Fox, from 1 F. G. with Capt. Swann, 98 F.
 — Johnston, from 58 F. with Capt. Verity, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
 — Ness, from 71 F. with Capt. Roy, h. p.
 — M'Donald, from York Rang. with Capt. Frith, h. p. 8 W. I. R.
 Lieut. Day, from 2d W. I. R. with Lieut. Grant, R. W. I. R.
 — Reid, from 11 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Marcon, h. p. 54 F.
 — Hughes, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Candell, h. p. 82 F.
 — Burrell, from 4 W. I. R. with Lieut. Barrie, h. p. 3 Gar. Bn.
 — Wright, from York Rang. with Lt. Guest, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn.
 — Duke, from Coldst. Gds. with Ensign Butler, 46 F.

Dismissed.

Paymaster Graham, R. W. I. Rang.
 Assist. Com. Gen. Hogan, Forces.

Cashiered.

Ensign Fields, 1 W. I. R.

Officers Killed and Wounded in the Operations in India under Lt. Gen. Sir Thomas Hislop, Bt. K.C.B. on the 27th Feb. 1818.

KILLED.

Major John Gordon, 1 F.
 Captain P. M'Gregor, 1 F.

WOUNDED.

Lt. Col. Murray (severely), 8 Dr. Dep. Adj. Gen.
 Lieut. Macgregor (severely), 1 F.

General.

Earl of Lindsey, 89 F. Gov. of Charlemont 17 Sept. 1818

Lieut.-General.

Wm Murray, late of 24 Dr.

Colonels.

Kelly, 24 F. 21 Aug. 1818
 Sir W. Douglas, K. C. B. 91 F. 23d do.

Lieut.-Colonels.

Fisher, 6 Dr. G. Sept. 1818
 Cashell, h. p. 10 F. 4th Dec. 1817

Major.

Wall, Royal Art. 29th Aug. 1818

Captains.

Rothwell, h. p. 1 F. 14 June 1818
 Thomson, 37 F. 31st Aug.

Lieutenants.

Twigge, h. p. 8 F. 25th Aug. 1818

Reynolds, 89 F. 18th Jan. 1818
 2d Lieutenant.

Stutzer, (kill.) 1 C. R. 18 Feb. 1818

Paymaster.

Cruckshanks, 80 F. 2d Mar. 1818

Adjutant.

Lt Curwen, h. p. Rec. Dis. Sep. 1818
 Dep. Assist. Commissary General.

T. Bisset, Nova Scotia
 T. Hemington, Africa

IV. NAVAL.

Promotions.

Names.	Names.	Names.
<i>Commanders.</i>	John Brothers	Hen. Robert Moorsom
Geo. F. Bridges	Henry Bolton	Jas E. Home
Robert Deans	Hon. Geo. John Cavendish	Hon. Fred. Spencer
Joseph Harrison	Geo. Thos Gooch	Edward Belcher
<i>Superannuated Commander.</i>	Chas Gordon	Chas R. Malden
Sir Thos Legard, Bart.	Chas. S. Swinburne	Horatio D'E. Darby
<i>Lieutenants.</i>	Thos. H. Bulteel	Christopher Austen
Chas Graham	The Right Hon. Lord Henry	<i>Assistant Surgeon.</i>
John J. Sawyer	John Spencer Churchill	James Adair.

Appointments.

Rear-Admiral R. W. Otway, Commander-in-Chief at Leith.—Flag Lieutenant, James Burton.
 Rear-Admiral Donald Campbell, Commander-in-Chief at the Leeward Islands.—Flag Lieutenant, John M'Dougall.

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
<i>Captains.</i>			
H. I. Leeke	Alert	Henry King	Primrose
Andrew Mitchell	Bann	Chas H. Swinburne	Racoon
Wm Bowles	Creole	J. H. Wheatley	Raleigh
W. B. Dashwood	Ditto	Philip Justice	Ditto
Aaron Tozer	Cyrene	R. L. Conolly	Ramillies
Charles S. White	Cyrus	Henry Ellis	Ditto
Thomas Huskisson	Euryalus	Daniel Leary	Ditto
Thomas Searle	Hyperion	David Welch	Ditto
D. E. Bartholomew	Leven	Charles Croker	Redwing
Hon. H. Duncan	Liffey	Richard Peace	Ditto
Edward Collier	Mersey	Thos Gregory	Revolutionaire
George Gosling	Ontario	Wm Cotesworth	Ditto
W. B. Bigland	Parthian	R. B. Roe	Ditto
W. A. Baumgardt	Raleigh	Edward Sparshot	Rochfort
Fre L. Hunn	Redwing	Hen. S. Marsham	Ditto
Hon. F. B. R. Pellew	Revolutionaire	Alex. Shairp	Ditto
Andrew Green	Rochfort	John Chamberlayne	Ditto
John Wilson	Salisbury	Henry Jenkins	Ditto
Henry Hart	Sapphire	Robert Tait	Ditto
D. H. O'Brien	Slaney	John Branford	Ditto
Sir W. S. Wiseman, Bart.	Sophie	Richard Dickinson	Salisbury
N. J. Willoughby	Tribune	George Prettyman	Ditto
<i>Lieutenants.</i>		George Blackman	Ditto
John J. Onslow	Alert	Robert Boyle	Ditto
Lord H. J. S. Churchill	Amphion	John M'Dougall	Ditto
J. J. Sawyer	Andromache	R. S. Triscott	Sapphire
George Arden	Bann	Chris. S. Jackson	Ditto
James Edgecombe	Ditto	Lewis Davies	Ditto
Henry Bolton	Blossom	Thos H. Bulteel	Scamander
James S. Quintin	Confiance	Wm Peirson	Severn
Arthur F. Seeds	Ditto	James Elphick	<i>Super. do. do.</i>
Wm Martin	Creole	James Robinson	Ditto do.
Henry A. Elliot	Ditto	Philip Graham	Ditto do.
Aug. H. Kellet	Ditto	Geo. B. Skardon	Ditto do.
Ed. Hillman	Ditto	Herbert Mackworth	Ditto do.
Peter Drummond	Cyrene	Samuel Grandy	Ditto do.
Wm Lutman	Ditto	Abraham H. White	Ditto do.
B. P. Sadler	Cyrus	C. F. Turner	Ditto do.
James Newton	Driver	Charles Byne	Ditto do.
Robert S. Gibson	Dwarf	Henry Foster	Ditto do.
Hon. Geo. J. Cavendish	Egeria	James N. Purches	Ditto do.
J. K. Blois	Euryalus	Hon. Edw. Gore	Sir Francis Drake
Charles Peake	Ditto	Thos Colebrooke	Slaney
Jos R. Thomas	Ditto	Charles Tuthill	Ditto
Thomas Bevis	Ditto	John Golding	Sophie
Geo. Thomas Gooch	Eurydice	Geo. S. Burnett	Ditto
Francis Witham	Ditto	Wm Sandom	Spencer
Rt Hon. Visc. Kelburne	Favourite	Aug. Donaldson	Superb
C. A. M. Pynsent	Fly	C. D. Acland	Tagus
Thomas Holbrook	Ditto	Henry R. Moorsom	Ditto
Chas. Jobson	Ganymede	Digby Marsh	Tartar
Chas Gordon	Glasgow	Godfrey Brereton	Tees
Nath. Martin	Grecian	Edward Purcell	Tribune
John Foreman	Hyperion	Francis Woollams	Ditto
George Peard	Ditto	Hume Johnston	Ditto
James Roy	Ditto	Henry Loney	Ditto
Edmund Collier	Ditto	Wm Radcliffe	Tyne
James E. Home	Larne	John M. Hutchison	Vengeur
Stewart Blacker	Lee	Richard Connor	Ditto
A. T. E. Vidal	Leven	<i>Marines.</i>	
Robert Baldey	Ditto	Capt. Thos Carter	Salisbury
W. H. Higgs	Liffey	Capt. J. M. Bevians	Superb
Henry Reneau	Mersey	Capt. W. H. Snowe	Tonnant
Gilbert Traill	Ditto	1st Lt. G. A. Bell	Bulwark
L. A. Robinson	Ditto	1st Lt. R. C. Holland	Leander
Hon. Fred. Spencer	Myrmidon	1st Lt. Thos Dymock	Mersey
Edward Gordon	Ontario	1st Lt. Ed. Pengelly	Revolutionaire
Whit. Lloyd	Ditto	1st Lt. Jas Whylock	Rochfort
J. M. Waugh	Parthian	1st Lt. Chas Forbes	Salisbury
George Chevallier	Phaeton	1st Lt. T. B. Hornbrooke	Superb
Robert Stuart	Ditto	2d Lt. J. H. Morgan	Creole
Jos C. Jellicoe	Phaasant	2d Lt. Alex. Jervis	Euryalus

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
2d Lt. Charles Clarke	Hyperion	John Isatt	Creole
2d Lt. W. Davies	Liffey	Wm M'Auly	Cyrene
2d Lt. W. R. Pearson	Queen Charlotte	Jas Gorthy	Driver
2d Lt. H. M. Blennerhasset	Ditto	Rob. Somerville	Esk
2d Lt. James Whitecombe	Ramillies	John Caithness	Euryalus
2d Lt. Henry Smith	Rochfort	John Riddell	Falmouth
2d Lt. B. Shillito	Spencer	Rob. Scott	Grecian
2d Lt. J. H. Cater	Tartar	Thos Bell	Hyperion
2d Lt. Campbell Robertson	Tribune	John Thomas	Leven
<i>Masters.</i>		Camp. France	Liffey
Chas Brown	Bann	Jas Ellis	Mersey
B. Hazell	Carron	Jas Rankin	Ontario
T. Porter	Creole	Fair, Kely	Parthian
J. Jordan	Cyrene	J. G. Seibre	Raleigh
John Thacker	Euryalus	Rob. Gosden	Ramillies
Thos L. Roberts	Favourite	Geo. Roberts	Redwing
J. W. Carpenter	Hyperion	Pat. Coleman	Revolutionaire
J. E. Harfield	Mersey	Pat. Hill	Salisbury
J. M'Dougall	Ontario	Peter Fisher	Ditto
M. Browne	Parthian	And. Hutchison	Sapphire
J. Maccallum	Pike	John Brown	Scamander
Richard Anderson	Raleigh	Adam Young	Slaney
James Geary	Redwing	Wm Aitchison	Sophie
Wm Farley	Revolutionaire	Wm Cowling	Spencer
Robert Yule	Rochfort	Wm Rogan	Ditto
Wm Adeane	Salisbury	Alex. Baird	Starling
J. R. Mayne	Sir Francis Drake	Jas Gregory	Swan
S. Stonehouse	Slaney	Rob. Lamond	Tartar
L. Nicholas	Starling	Jas Veitch	Tribune
Jas Finlaison	Tartar		
John Woolcock	Tribune	<i>Pursers.</i>	
<i>Surgeons.</i>		Thos Nisbet	Alert
Samuel Cummings	Alert	Jas Starr	Bann
Gab. Bielli	Bann	J. J. Lanyon	Bulwark
Wm Falls	Bellette	Wm Soady	Cherub
David Patton	Britomart	Joseph Sherrard	Creole
Richard Goodwin	Creole	Alex. Penprase	Cyrene
J. M. Caldwell	Cyrene	Wm Savory	Cyrus
D. M'Manus	Cyrus	Wm Callaway	Euryalus
Wm Bruce	Driver	John Windeyer	Hyperion
Robert Riddell	Euryalus	C. D. Unwin	Lee
William Hindman	Hyperion	J. P. Clarke	Leven
James Dickson	Lee	John Warden	Liffey
Jos. Cook	Leven	Thos Cox	Mersey
S. J. Swayne	Liffey	John H. Cook	Ontario
Ebenezer Johnston	Mersey	Philip Mark	Parthian
John Stephenson	Ontario	Jos. Williams	Raleigh
Robert Whitelaw	Parthian	John Tackle	Ramillies
N. Churchill	Raleigh	Wm Crane	Redwing
J. S. Hasted	Ramillies	John Maddocks	Revolutionaire
Wm Clapperton	Redwing	Arch. Murray	Rochfort
Rowland Griffiths	Revolutionaire	John Brown	Salisbury
John M'Leod	Roy. Sov. Yacht	Thos Jennings	Sapphire
Wm Williamson	Salisbury	Joseph Williamson	Seyern
John Corsan	Sapphire	Daniel Sparshott	<i>Supernum.</i> do.
Wm West	Slaney	Thomas Irwin	Ditto do.
John Cochrane	Sophie	Wm Blair	Slaney
David Jones	Tartar	George Nicholls	Sophie
Isaac Noot	Tribune	W. B. Page	Spencer
<i>Assistant Surgeons.</i>		Thomas Berry	Tartar
Jas Adair	Bann	John M'Leod	Tribune
Wm Porteus	Carron	<i>Chaplains.</i>	
John Hamet	Coromandel	John Morgan	Rochfort
		John Jones	Tartar

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 15. On board the ship Lady Raffles, at sea, the lady of Sir Stamford Raffles, a daughter.

Aug. 25. At Tullamore, Ireland, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Martin Lindsay (78th regiment) of Halbeath, a son.

31. At No 50, Hanover-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Dr Gairdner, a daughter.

Sept. 1. At Kemnay-house, Mrs Burnet, a daughter.

3. At Bishop's-court, the Episcopal seat in the Isle of Man, the Right Hon. Lady Sarah Murray, a son and heir.

4. At Elgin, Lady Dunbar of Northfield, a son.

5. At Rochester, the lady of Rear-admiral Sir John Gore, K.C.B. and Commander-in-Chief, a daughter.

7. At Wellington-place, Leith, Mrs Mackie, a son.

— At Links-place, Leith, Mrs James Scott, jun. a daughter.

— At Hampton, Middlesex, the Hon. Lady Edmonstone, a son.

9. At Dalkeith, the lady of W. Graham, M. D. of Jamaica, a daughter.

11. At Whitcroft-house, Mrs Henderson Somerville of Fingask, a son.

— At Cupar, Mrs Horsburgh, a son.

12. At the Earl of Wicklow's, in Rutland-square, Dublin, the Right Hon. Lady Isabella Smyth, a son and heir.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs C. Tawse, a daughter.

13. At Sonachan, Mrs Campbell, a daughter.

14. At Kneesworth, the Right Hon. Lady Jane Pym, a son.

16. At Brisbane-place, Largs, the lady of Arch. Douglas, Esq. advocate, a daughter.

19. The lady of James Kerr, Esq. younger of Blackshields, a son.

— In Jermyn-street, London, the Right Hon. Lady Sinclair, a daughter.

20. At Hilton, Mrs Pearson of Myrecairn, a son.

22. At Rockville-house, the Right Hon. Lady Eleanor Balfour, a son and heir.

23. At the house of the Right Hon. the Lord Advocate, Mrs Macdonachie, a son.

— Mrs Erskine of Amondell, a son.

25. Mrs John Wardrop, 105, George-street, Edinburgh, a son.

28. At Prince's-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Ivory, a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 4. At St Vincent's, Allan Macdowall, Esq., M.D. to Susan Harriett, only daughter of Colonel Thomas Brown of that island.

Aug. 17. At the Cathedral-church of Clogher, in Ireland, Captain Carmichael, of the 6th dragoon guards, to Miss Porter, daughter of the Lord Bishop of Clogher.

Sept. 1. At the manse of Prestonpans, Peter Maclellan, Esq., accountant, Edinburgh, to Agnes, second daughter of the Rev. Peter Primrose.

— At Boreland, John Forbes, Esq., surgeon, R.N. to Miss Mary Belshes Campbell, daughter of John Campbell, Esq., of Boreland.

— At London, T. Henry Esq., merchant of Great Tower-street, to Mary, only daughter of A. Grant, Esq., of Newburgh.

5. At Ramsgate, Hart Logan, Esq., of Finsbury-square, London, to Mrs Gillespie, widow of the late John Gillespie, Esq.

7. At Stranraer, Captain John Henryson, of the royal engineers, to Anne, the only daughter of John Fergusson, Esq.

— At Burntisland, John D. Anderson, Esq., to Elizabeth Louisa, daughter of the late John Ogilvie, Esq., of the revenue service.

— At Lausanne, at the house of Stratford Canning, Esq., the British minister, Robert Sutherland, Esq., to Janeita C. M. Murray, eldest daughter of Col. R. Macgregor Murray.

Lately, at Paris, the Hon. Mr Clifford, eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Clifford of Ughbrooke-park, in the county of Devon, to Miss Weld, the only daughter of Thomas Weld, Esq., of Lulworth-castle, in the county of Dorset.

Thomas Pagan, Esq., of Ely-place, London, to Lady Plomer, widow of Alderman Sir W. Plomer.

8. At the College, Glasgow, John Aytoun, Esq., of Inchdarny, to Margaret Anne Jeffery of Craigton, eldest daughter of Dr J. Jeffery of that university.

— At Invermorriston, Thomas Fraser, Esq., of Balmain, to Miss Henrietta Ann Grant, eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. John Grant of Glenmorriston.

— At Ballymaber, Captain Graham, of the half-pay of the 57th regiment, to Frances, only daughter of the late John Wright, Esq., and niece of Lieut.-Gen. Wright of the royal artillery.

— At Hutton, Lieut.-Col. D. Forbes, half-pay 78th Highlanders, to Maria Isabella, eldest daughter of James Forbes, Esq., of Hutton hall, Essex.

9. At Edinburgh, Thomas Richardson, Esq., writer to the signet, to Isabella, daughter of the late James Heggie, Esq., younger of Pitlessie.

— Lieutenant Thomas Snook, Fife militia, to Ann Zella Myles, widow of Lieut. and Adj. John Myles, late of the 50th regiment of foot.

10. At Paisley, David Reid, Esq., of the Hon. India Company's medical service, to Miss C. N. Simson, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr Alex. Simson, Pittenweem.

— William Stanley Roscoe, Esq., eldest son of William Roscoe, Esq., of Liverpool, to Hannah Eliza, eldest daughter of James Caldwell, Esq., of Linlithgow.

13. In St Paul's chapel, York-place, Edinburgh, W. Swinton Maclean, eldest son of Dr Maclean, to Marion, only daughter of the late Roderick Neil Maclean, Esq., and niece of Alexander Maclean, Esq., of Coll.

14. At Kirkcaldy, Mr Gavin Lang, writer, Paisley, to Miss Margaret Russell, eldest daughter of the late Mr Robert Russell, merchant, Kirkcaldy.

16. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Rymer, S. L. Edinburgh, to Eliza, third daughter of William Coker, Esq.

— At Halline, Lieutenant Thompson of the 79th regiment, British infantry, son of Joseph Thompson, Esq., of Jedburgh, to Miss Angelica, only daughter of J. Horne, Esq., of Halline.

17. Mr William Cochrane, cloth-merchant, Edinburgh, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Mr Ralph Richardson, merchant there.

— At Edinburgh, Mr George Traquair, builder, Lasswade, to Miss Mary Cadell Taylor, youngest daughter of the late Mr Robert Taylor, Canongate.

— At the house of the Miss Williamsons of Cardross, James Kerr, Esq., judge of the Courts of

King's Bench, and Vice-Admiralty at Quebec, and one of His Majesty's executive counsel for the province of Lower Canada, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the Rev. Alexander Ker of Stobo.

— At Edinburgh, George Bennett, Esq., to Miss Johanna Gibson, daughter of Mr John Gibson, merchant, Catharine-street.

21. At Greenock, Robert Sinclair, Esq., to Margaret, eldest daughter of John Scott, Esq., of Hawkhill, ship-builder in Greenock.

22. At Ayrton, by special license, the Earl of Brownlow, to Caroline, second daughter of George Fludger, Esq., M. P. of Ayrton, in the county of Rutland, and niece to the Earl of Westmoreland.

— At Kenleith, by the Rev. John Sommerville, Mr S. Drysdale, purser in the Honourable East India Company's service, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr W. Watson, Kenleith.

25. At Edinburgh, the Rev. John Edward Touch, minister of Maderty, to Penelope, second daughter of John Gray, Esq., George-square.

24. At Edinburgh, Mr Hector Murray, merchant, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Mr James Hume, Lasswade.

DEATHS.

Sept. 6, 1817. At Whitehall, Jamaica, Mr Glassford Chalmers, youngest son of the late William Chalmers, Esq., of Dalry, surgeon in Edinburgh.

Jan. 28. At Madras-roads, Lieutenant Alexander Pringle Russell, youngest son of the late Colonel Russell of Ashiesteel.

Feb. 15. At Nuddengong, in the East Indies, in the 22d year of his age, John Ross, M.D., only son of John Ross, writer, Edinburgh, assistant-surgeon on the Bengal establishment, and temporary attached to His Majesty's 24th light dragoons, and who had resided seven months at the Court of Persia as a body physician to the King.

27. At Nassau, New Providence, James Calder, Esq., son to the Rev. John Calder, late minister of Roskeen.

— Killed at the storming of the fort of Talneir, in the East Indies, Major John Gordon, of the 2d battalion of Royal Scots, eldest son of the late Mr John Gordon of Mill of Laggan, Glenrineaes, Banffshire.

March 1. At Maheidipoor, in the East Indies, Captain Harry Norton, of the 19th regiment Madras native infantry.

April 10. At Nassau, New Providence, William Storey, Esq., surgeon to His Majesty's forces serving in the Bahianas.

— At the house of Sir Charles Doily, Bart. Calcutta, Georgina, third daughter of Colonel Macleod of Colbecks.

May 9. At Bombay, in his 78th year, George Wick, Esq., of the Honourable East India Company's civil service, formerly a member of council, and governor of that presidency.

June 29. At Green-island, Jamaica, aged 33 years, Mr Peter Ballantyne, commander of the ship Columbus of Kirkcaldy, youngest son of the late Mr James Ballantyne, surveyor of the customs, Anstruther.

July 21. At Meadowfield, near Edinburgh, Mrs Anne Batty Prendergast, aged 24, wife of Alex. Murahison, M.D. of Vere, island of Jamaica.

Aug. 11. At Vienna, at the age of 75, Prince George Metternich Oelsenhausen, the father of the minister for foreign affairs. His principal department was the management of the conferences; and it will be recollected, that he was one of the three Austrian ministers who assisted at the last congress at Rastadt.

18. At Cintra, near Lisbon, Mrs Margaret Dowie, wife of Mr Robert Monro, merchant in Lisbon.

19. Aged 18, Amelia, youngest daughter of Mr J. Baker, sen. of Ashen, Essex. The unfortunate death of this young lady was occasioned by the circumstance of her taking an ounce of salt of tartar, sent by the shopkeeper to whom the servant applied, instead of an ounce of Epsom salts.

24. In the Fleshmarket-close, Edinburgh, Agnes Campbell, aged 103.

— At Sundridge Lodge, in Wiltshire, in the 61st year of his age, Lord Audley. His Lordship was nephew to the late Earl of Castlehaven, and succeeded, on his decease, to the barony of Heleigh in Staffordshire. His Lordship's first lady was the third daughter of Lord Delaval; and the present Lady Dowager Audley, his second wife, was the widow of the gallant Colonel Moorhouse, who fell at the siege of Bangalore. His Lordship's only son,

the Hon. John Tuchet, succeeds to the title and estates.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James West, late leather-merchant, Netherbow, aged 87.

25. At Milton of Durno, in the 78th year of his age, James Garioch, Esq. of Gariochsford.

— At Valenciennes, Colonel Sir Wm. Douglas, K.C.B. 91st regiment.

26. At Gilmore Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Helen M'Lagan, wife of Mr James Inverarity, merchant there.

— At his son's house, 32, Thistle-street, Edinburgh, in the 67th year of his age, George Smart, Esq. of London. He was one of the founders and treasurer of that excellent institution, the New Musical Fund.

27. At her house in George-street, Edinburgh, Lady Ann Hope Johnstone of Annandale, wife of Rear-admiral Sir William Johnstone Hope, K.C.B. member for the county of Dumfries. Lady Ann belonged to that class of characters whose deaths are justly regarded as a public calamity as well as a private loss. In her own family she was every thing that is amiable and excellent; the most affectionate wife, and the most indulgent, yet the most judicious mother. When she mingled in the fashionable world, her demeanour was such as befitted the daughter of a Scottish nobleman, and the spouse of a British admiral; but home, the native soil of all the domestic virtues, was the scene of her truest enjoyments; and there are few who have visited her hospitable mansion without retaining a warm sense of the unbounded goodness of her heart, and the unaffected simplicity of her manners. To every victim of misery and misfortune she was the unwearied and beneficent friend. Indeed, to the poor in general, as well as to her own family, her loss is irreparable.

— At Rednock-house, Robert Graham, Esq. W.S.

— At Leith, Mr Mungo Henderson, merchant there.

29. At Crieff, Mr James Arnott, aged 61.

— At his house at Banner-Cross, near Sheffield, in the county of York, Lieut.-general Murray.

— At Jersey, Major Wall, of the royal artillery. The death of this officer, in a few hours, was occasioned by the bursting of a blood-vessel. He had been married only about three weeks to a very amiable lady (Miss Edwards of Arundel). The circumstances were truly afflicting. He started from his bed, and ran to the window, complaining of a pain in his chest. His terrified wife hastened to his assistance just in time to receive him in her arms a breathless corpse!

30. At Canaan Grove, Robert Wilson, Esq. accountant in Edinburgh.

— At Dumfries, Thomas Clark, Esq. adjutant of the Dumfries-shire militia, aged 40.

31. At Airfield, Mr John Scott, late merchant, Dalkeith.

— At the Holt, near Bishop's Waltham, Admiral Sir Robert Calder, Bart. in the 74th year of his age.

Sept. 2. At Dunbar, Mrs Elizabeth Drysdale.

3. At Glasgow, in the 60th year of his age, Mr John Bell, merchant. He was distinguished for his learning in the Oriental languages, his industry and benevolence.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Scott, surgeon, Edinburgh.

— At Arbroath, Mrs Kyd, wife of Provost Kyd.

4. At Belfast, Mr James Crossen, cotton-manufacturer there, in the 67th year of his age, and 26th of business.

— At Richmond, the Right Hon. Lady Hervey, widow of Lord Hervey, eldest son of the late Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry.

— At Dalkeith, Mr Thomas Milne, supervisor of excise.

5. At Inch, by Dunkeld, Captain Alexander Fraser, royal navy.

6. At Powderhall, near Edinburgh, Thomas Currie, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

7. At her house in Arundel-street, Strand, London, Mrs Morton, widow of the late Mr John Morton, many years printer of the Sunday Review.

— In Drummond-street, Edinburgh, aged 78, John Bogue, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At St Andrews, in the 92d year of her age, Mrs Helen Tullideph, daughter of the late Principal Tullideph, and relict of the Rev. James Jobson, late minister of Errol.

— At Bucharn, the Rev. Robert Leith, minister of Towie.

— At Bath, Maria Elizabeth Margaret, wife of Major-general Orde, eldest daughter of William Beckford, Esq. of Fonthill Abbey, and sister of the Marchioness of Douglas.

8. At Muircroft, near Alloa, William Geddes, Esq. one of the partners and chief manager of the late Alloa Glass-house Company.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Dundas, widow of the Right Hon. Robert Dundas of Armistoun, Lord President of the Court of Session.

9. At Cassels Place, Leith, Grace, infant daughter of Mr Walter Cowan, merchant there.

— At Teddington, near London, William Forbes, the infant son of Dr Ashburner, Fitzroy-square.

10. At Ashted Park, Surrey, in the 73d year of her age, the Hon. Frances, wife of Richard Howard, Esq. daughter of William Viscount Andover, and sister to Henry, the 12th Earl of Suffolk.

— After a short illness, aged 71, Mr Stephen Jackson, 43 years editor of the Ipswich Journal, and nephew of the late Mr William Craghton, who first printed it on the 17th of February 1738-9.

11. At Edinburgh, Miss Mary Cunningham Macvicar, youngest daughter of the late Neil Macvicar, Esq. of Fergushill.

— At his Mines at Leadhills, Lanarkshire, John Horner, aged 63 years.

14. Mrs Park, wife of Mr Archibald Park, collector of customs, Tobermory, Mull.

15. At St Andrews, Mrs Dr Melville.

16. At South Shields, of typhus fever, Mr William Beveridge, baker.

17. At her house in Castle-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Congalton, relict of Dr Charles Congalton.

— At Paris, the Right Hon. Lady James Hay.

— At his seat at Uffington, near Stamford, Lincolnshire, aged 74, the Right Hon. Albemarle Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, a general in the army, colonel of the 89th regiment of foot, and governor of Charlemont. His Lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, Albemarle, Lord Bertie, born 14th November 1814.

18. At Kirkcaldy, Miss Jane Landale.

19. Miss Scott, James's Court, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh.

— At Ford, Path-head, Miss Catherine P. Torrance, daughter of the late Mr David Torrance.

20. At Glasgow, Mr James Ritchie.

21. At Urrad, John Stewart, Esq. of Urrad.

— At Edinburgh, John Robertson, Esq. of Bellemont, St Elizabeth, Jamaica, many years a medical practitioner in that island.

25. At Canterbury, Captain Alexander M'Intosh, of the 48th regiment, of disease contracted by fatigue in the service of his country during the Peninsular war, in which he was wounded at the battle of Albuera. He was a brave officer and worthy man, much esteemed by his friends and brother officers.

Lately—In the 69th year of his age, the Count of Oxinstein, the father of the Swedish nobility. This nobleman translated *Paradise Lost*, and was esteemed one of the first poets of his country.

James Bindley, Esq. one of the commissioners of stamps for upwards of half a century.

At Lyons, the Right Hon. Lady Cecilia Charlotte Leeson, eldest daughter of Lady Cloncurry, and only sister of Earl Miltown. Her rank as an earl's daughter had only a few months ago been confirmed by order of the Prince Regent. She was in her 17th year, and one of the most accomplished and admired ladies of her country.

At Littlecot, Colonel W. Kelly, C.B. and lieutenant-colonel of his Majesty's 24th regiment of foot. The services of this gallant officer were extended to the four quarters of the globe. In Egypt, the Peninsula, America, and latterly in India, he alike distinguished himself; and repeated official reports of the Duke of Wellington, as well as of the Marquis of Hastings, bear ample and honourable testimony to the gallant conduct of this brave and excellent officer. His death was occasioned by a wound he had received at the battle of Vittoria, from the effects of which (though subsequently commanding a brigade in India) he never recovered.

The last report of the African Institution announces the death of the well-known black merchant, Captain Paul Cuffee.

At Richmond, Lady Harvey.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XX.

NOVEMBER 1818.

VOL. IV.

AN ACCOUNT OF ACBER II. THE PRESENT GREAT MOGUL, OR EMPEROR OF DELHI, WITH THE MODERN HISTORY OF THAT CITY TO A RECENT DATE.

A MIGHTY dynasty, which long filled the chief place in the history of India, has gradually disappeared from its annals; and although still possessing both, by many is not known to have either a local habitation or a name. It may consequently be supposed that some account of the existing sovereign of Delhi, of his ancient capital, and of the political relations in which he stands towards the British government, will not be unacceptable or destitute of interest, now that the cessation of European warfare has restored to India that portion of attention to which it was always entitled, but which has been for many years suspended by the vital importance of the tremendous conflict, at length brought to so happy a conclusion. As introductory to the subject, it will be necessary to give a brief sketch of the long, eventful, and disastrous reign of the present prince's father and predecessor, Shah Allum the Second.

This monarch ascended the throne in 1761, and commenced his reign by an unprovoked and ill-conducted attack on the British possessions in Bengal, then recently acquired; but being baffled and repulsed by the Company's troops, and foreseeing that he was more likely to benefit by their friendship than hostility, he altered his system of politics, and voluntarily surrendered himself at the British camp, without treaty, condition, or stipulation. On the acquisition of the Dewanny by Lord Clive, in 1765, a pension of 26 lacks of rupees was assigned to him, with a considerable tract of fertile territory in Upper Hindostan, both of which he forfeited in

1771, by quitting the protection of his benefactors, and repairing to Delhi, where he became a prisoner and political instrument in the custody of the Maharattas.

These marauders, by a series of continual encroachments and conquests, after the dissolution of the Mogul empire, had extended their dominions over a great part of Hindostan; about 1770, Delhi, its ancient capital, came also under their sway, and was governed by officers of their nation when Shah Allum put himself under their protection. The inefficiency of this protection he afterwards most wofully experienced; for in 1788, Gholam Kadir the Rohilahi, having, by a sudden irruption, made himself master of Delhi, seized the unfortunate emperor; and after exposing him for many weeks to every species of insult and degradation, in order to extort the disclosure of supposed concealed treasures, concluded by piercing his eyes with a dagger, so as completely to extinguish the sight. For the attainment of the same object, he massacred, starved to death, and tortured, many of the royal family and of the chief inhabitants of Delhi, but was himself soon overtaken by a retribution; for being compelled to quit the city by a detachment from Sindia's army, he was captured during his flight, and expired under tortures exactly like those which he had so mercilessly inflicted. A detail of the atrocities committed by this wretch, or madman, would only create disgust; but some exposure seemed necessary, that the reader might enabled to compare the prior felicit

(as it has been called) of the Mogul emperor, with the oppression which, with equal truth, it has been asserted, his descendants suffer under the British domination.

Nor was the misery of his condition alleviated by the transfer in Jaghire, which about this period took place, of Delhi and some adjacent territory, to the French officers commanding the corps of disciplined infantry retained in the service of Madhagee, and afterwards of his nephew, Dowlet Row Sindia; for although the aged emperor came successively under the ostensible superintendence of M. de Boigne, M. Perron, and M. Dugeon, he effectively remained a prisoner in the hands of the native Maharatta officers, and subjected to all their proverbial rapacity. During 1802, when there were fifty-two sons and daughters of the emperor, the monthly stipend allowed to each prince of the imperial family did not exceed 15 rupees per month (£21 per annum); and the sums disbursed by M. Dugeon, who had charge of the emperor's person, for the aggregate expenses of his Majesty, the royal family, dependants, and establishments, amounted to only 17,000 rupees per month, or £23,664 per annum, while, with an avarice and meanness almost unparalleled, the Maharattas retained and converted to their own use all the gardens and houses, in and about the city, which were royal property.

Upon this wretched pittance the descendants of a monarch (Aurengzebe), whose revenue was under-estimated at 32 millions sterling, were compelled to subsist, or rather to starve; for there is reason to apprehend they were frequently destitute of the commonest necessities, and certainly of all the comforts of life. But low as Shah Allum's income had fallen, his authority had fallen still lower; for his name was never brought forward but to sanction some unjust claim, or to legalize extortion. The individual placed near his person by the Maharattas, administered justice and injustice on all occasions, without the slightest reference to his imperial prisoner; great cruelties were exercised in his name, for the basest purposes; commerce was obstructed, or rather annihilated; and the city became the asylum of all sorts of banditti who could purchase impunity.

Such was the desolation of this ancient capital in 1803, when Lord Lake, having defeated the army of Dowlet Row Sindia, six miles from Delhi, on the 11th of September, entered it next day, to the infinite joy of the aged emperor, whose subsequent conduct, however, evinced a greater eagerness to profit by the existing confusion, than any sense of gratitude to the brave army which had effected his liberation. Soon after his arrival, Lord Lake was informed, that a sum of money, amounting to six lacks of rupees, had been lodged in the care of M. Dugeon, the commandant of Delhi, for the payment of his troops, of which sum that officer had only disbursed 60,000 rupees; and that on the approach of the British army, to prevent their obtaining it, the Frenchman had transferred the balance to the emperor's treasurer, Shah Nawaz Khan. The commander-in-chief being satisfied that the treasure in question was enemy's property, thus attempted to be fraudulently withheld, claimed it for the British forces, his Majesty, after some deliberation, despatched the amount to the camp. This tardy act of justice was accompanied with a message, stating the money to be a donation from the emperor to the troops that had relieved him from his captivity with the Maharattas, and placed him under the long-desired protection of the British nation.

Lord Lake received the money, and referred the decision of the question to the Marquis Wellesley, then governor-general, who, without delay, informed the commander-in-chief, that the sum being unquestionably enemy's property, its surreptitious transfer, on the advance of the British army, could not alter its nature, and that it consequently could be accepted in no other light than prize-money, the legitimate right of the captors. The state of indigence and misery to which his Majesty, the royal family and household, had been subjected by the Maharattas,—the degraded and destitute condition to which the imperial house of Timour had been reduced by Sindia's officers,—and the utterly deplorable circumstances in which Lord Lake found the emperor on the surrender of Delhi,—precluded the possibility of supposing that M. Dugeon, by a sudden impulse of generosity, intended so large a sum to alleviate the sufferings

of Shah Allum and his impoverished court; the object of the unexpected deposit being manifestly to elude the well-earned claims of the conquerors. The sum in dispute was accordingly distributed among the troops; but in consideration of the distressed condition of the old emperor, instructions were issued to pay into the royal treasury the sum of six lacks of rupees, with the view of providing for the immediate wants of his Majesty. Owing, however, to the pressing exigencies of the public service, funds could not be collected until 1807, when the whole amount was discharged at one payment. Shah Allum no longer survived to experience the benefit of this generosity, his troubles having ceased in December 1806: the sum was, in consequence, paid into the treasury of his successor, Acher the Second, to whom it was not unacceptable.

Soon after the surrender of Delhi, the Maharatta sway being completely destroyed in Upper Hindostan by a series of discomfitures, the Bengal government proceeded to make arrangements for the support of their blind protégé, and, as a commencement, restored to the royal family all the houses, gardens, and lands, of which they had been deprived by the Maharattas, and which, from the increased scarcity of property, soon became of great value. It was also determined that a specified proportion of the territories in the vicinity of Delhi, situated on the right bank of the Jumna, should be assigned in part of the provision for the maintenance of the royal family;—these lands to remain under the charge of the resident at Delhi, but the revenue to be collected, and justice to be administered, in the name of his Majesty Shah Allum, under regulations to be promulgated by the supreme government: That his Majesty should be permitted to appoint a dewan, and other inferior officers, to attend at the office of the collector, for the purpose of ascertaining and reporting to his Majesty the amount of the collections, and satisfying his mind that no part of the revenue of the assigned territory was misappropriated: That two courts of justice should be established, for the distribution of civil and criminal justice, according to the Mahommedan law, to the inhabitants of the city of Delhi and the

assigned territory: That no sentences of the criminal court, extending to the punishment of death, should be carried into execution without the express sanction of his Majesty, to whom the proceedings in all trials of this description were to be reported; and that sentences of mutilation should be commuted: That, to provide for the immediate wants of his Majesty and the royal household, the following sums should be paid in money from the treasury of the resident at Delhi:

	Rupees, per month.
To his Majesty, for his private expenses,	60,000
To the heir apparent, exclusive of certain jaghires,	10,000
To a favourite son of his Majesty, named Mirza Izzit Baksh,	5,000
To his Majesty's 50 younger sons and daughters,	10,000
To Shah Nawauz Khan, his Majesty's treasurer,	2,500
To Seid Rizeez Khan, British agent at his Majesty's court, and related to him by marriage,	2,500
Total per mensem,	90,000
	£125,280 per annum.

To be afterwards augmented to one lack of rupees per month, if the produce of the assigned lands admitted of it—exclusive of all the private property, and of 10,000 rupees to be paid to his Majesty on the celebration of certain festivals.

The most urgent wants of the aged monarch and his family being supplied, various municipal improvements were effected, some of the canals were cleaned, the principal streets cleared of rubbish, and an efficient police established. The punishment of mutilation was abolished in this and in all the territories adjacent subject to the British jurisdiction, and a regulation was enacted, directing, that when a person, by the Mahommedan law, was condemned to lose two limbs, the decree should be commuted to imprisonment and hard labour for a term of fourteen years; and if one limb, the same for seven years. The frequent assassinations which were customary during the Maharatta administration were effectually suppressed, more by the institution of regular courts, to which persons aggrieved could appeal, than by any extension of the penal code, or sanguinary examples; the long suspension of justice having in a manner compelled the inhabitants to take the law into their own hands, and to seek redress by poison and the dagger.

In thus protecting the person and

increasing the comforts of the blind and despised Mogul emperor, it was never intended by the British government to employ the royal prerogative as an instrument to establish any control over the different states and chieftains of India. An object of importance was attained by his rescue from the custody of the French and Maharrattas, who made use of his name to sanction their machinations for the subversion of the British dominion in Hindostan, and retained, in the most degraded condition of poverty and insult, this unhappy representative of the house of Timour. The most rational course appeared to be, to leave the king's authority exactly in the state in which it was found, and to afford the royal family the means of subsistence, not merely in a style of comfort, but of decent splendour, not unsuitable to a fallen but illustrious race, to whose power the British nation had in a great measure succeeded.

From this period (September 1803) the tranquillity of Delhi remained undisturbed, until 1804, when Holcar, who was retreating from Mathura before Lord Lake, sent his infantry, provided with a formidable train of artillery, to invest the city; and the siege was accordingly commenced on the 7th day of that month. Owing to a variety of pressing exigencies in other quarters, the garrison was at this time not only too small for the defence of so immense a city (the walls of which, besides their great extent, were accessible on all sides), but extremely faulty in its composition, consisting partly of 300 Mewaties, robbers by profession, and of a body of irregular horse, whose fidelity could not be relied on. The Mewaties justified their character, by going over to the enemy at an early stage of the siege; and the irregular horse fled on the approach of the enemy, and could not be prevailed on to impede his advance by an attack while on the march. The enemy, a few days afterwards, having opened their batteries, and several breaches being effected, as much by the concussion of the guns on the crumbling ramparts, as by their shot, an attempt was made to carry the place by escalade, in which they were repulsed; and soon after the guns were spiked in their batteries, during a sortie, by a detachment under Lieutenant Rose. Finding they had mis-

calculated the facility of gaining the town, they moved off on the 15th, although they had prepared three mines laid under the bastions between the Turkoman and Ajmeer gates, one of them pushed directly under the bastion, and ready to be loaded. In this manner, by the judicious arrangements of Colonels Burn and Ochterlony, and the determined resistance of their troops, a small force was enabled to sustain a siege of nine days, repelled an assault, and defended a city ten miles in circumference, which had ever heretofore been given up on the first appearance of an enemy.

The siege of his capital by a rapacious enemy was viewed by the aged sovereign with the characteristic apathy of a person whose life had been a succession of vicissitudes; nor did the danger to which they were exposed in the slightest degree animate the inhabitants. Like Hudibras in the stocks, they seemed to think, that he that is down can fall no lower, and waited the event as indifferent spectators. Shah Allum also probably foresaw, that in whichever way it might end, his interest in the drama would not be of long continuance, as his health had been gradually declining, and his advanced age precluded all hopes of a protracted existence. Accordingly it came to a close in December 1806, when he finished, in his eighty-third year, a long and calamitous reign of forty-five years; and on the same day his eldest legitimate son, Acber, was placed on the throne. In happier times Shah Allum might have been a beneficent sovereign; but his abilities, or perhaps any human abilities, were unequal to the task of retrieving the fortunes of that tottering dynasty: he fell with a falling state, and appears neither to have retarded nor accelerated the impetus of the descent.

The accession of Acber the Second was marked by the most unexampled tranquillity, the commencement of every prior reign having been invariably stained with bloodshed, and disturbed with tumult and commotion. Of this prince nothing very brilliant was anticipated, as, during his father's life, he had been for many years entirely under the guidance of a woman of low extraction, weak, proud, ignorant, and of insatiable rapacity. The peculiarities of his destiny, however, did not call for the exertion of any

transcendent energies—as he was protected by the British power from external invasion; for his internal comforts a large stipend had been assigned; and from within the extensive walls of his seraglio, where his sway was not questioned, he might apparently, like the gods of Epicurus, or the inhabitants of the happy valley, have viewed with indifference the passing events of an agitated world, enjoying, in all its perfection, leisure and a large pension. But of all institutions ever invented by the ingenuity of man for the promotion of his own misery, a seraglio appears to be the most efficacious; as the materials of which it is composed, consisting of wives, concubines, slave-girls, eunuchs, poets, musicians, singing and dancing boys and girls, dealers in sweetmeats, venders of opium and perfumes, tumblers, snake-dancers, barbers, nail-cutters, hair-extirpators, and shampooers, are certainly the best adapted for producing the greatest quantity of discord from the smallest causes. As might be expected in a community so constituted, the buzz and ferment are incessant; discordant interests, low amours, petty intrigues, plots, and squabbles, lies, messages, notes, and whispers, keep up the combustion, while the intervention of the anarchy old, by his decision, more embroils the fray.

Being entirely under the influence of such advisers, Aker the Second had scarcely ascended the throne, when he commenced a series of intrigues, with the view of effecting the exclusion of his eldest son (to whom he had taken a most preposterous aversion), from the succession, and of procuring the sanction of the British government to the nomination of his fourth and favourite son, Jehandar Shah, as Wulli Ahad, or heir apparent. The causes of the different princes were supported by parties within the walls of the palace; and the most contemptible acts of meanness and absurdity were practised by the different factions. The cause of the legitimate heir, however, was fast declining, owing to the unnatural hatred of his father; and he was described to the British functionaries at the court of Delhi as an idiot, who, so far from being equal to the government of an empire, was scarcely able to perform the commonest offices for himself, and in intellect little superior to the brute creation. Nor

could these strong assertions be controverted, as, owing to the complete state of seclusion in which he had been retained by his father, his character was wholly unknown, while the mind of the infatuated sovereign, naturally weak, was perplexed by the artifices of his servants, among whom no honest man could remain without external support. Being entirely ignorant, also, of his relative situation to the British government, he persevered in his determination to alter the line of the succession, notwithstanding the reiterated remonstrances of the resident, who soon found that the effect of the kindness of the British government was quite destroyed by the impositions practised on him by his family and attendants, each of whom claimed the merit of accomplishing every object which the British administration acquiesced in.

The operation of this intestine war at length reached beyond the walls of the seraglio, and threatened to disturb the peace of the metropolis. The Emperor, after several preliminary steps, proceeded to the extremity of openly proclaiming his fourth son, Jehandar Shah, heir apparent, to the exclusion of his eldest son, under the pretext, that he was disqualified for such an elevation, by the weakness of his intellects, not reflecting that the same allegation, if listened to, might have precluded his own accession. In this emergency, the interposition of the British government became necessary, and the resident at Delhi was accordingly directed to institute an investigation regarding the sanity or derangement of the legitimate successor. The result proved highly favourable, as, on examination, he was found to possess a perfectly sound, although not very capacious mind—a mind certainly fully equal to that of his worthy parent, or to the transaction of any affairs to which his fortune seemed ever likely to destine him. This fact being established, his Majesty was informed, that it was an invariable maxim of British policy, never to pass over the next in succession and lawful claimant to the throne, unless circumstances were so strongly against him as to shut out all hopes of amendment or improvement: That in the present case, no such urgency existed, as the heir apparent's mind seemed quite adequate to his duties, and that the evils

which would originate from an irregular succession were too great to permit so momentous a deviation, merely for the possible benefit to be derived from a successor of greater abilities. Nor could any thing very satisfactory be expected from the conduct of such a sovereign as his favourite Jehandar Shah, whose youth, and whatever abilities he possessed, had been directed to the base purpose of supplanting his eldest brother. To prevent the repetition of the miserable artifices which had so long distracted the interior of the seraglio, and now threatened the capital with commotion, Jehandar Shah was ordered to take up his future residence at Allahabad, there to remain under the supervision of the judge and magistrate.

Acer the second reluctantly acquiesced in what he could not prevent, and shrunk into the recesses of his seraglio. But it soon appeared that he was not the only discontented person within the royal precincts; for in 1809 the brothers of the king represented to Lord Minto, then governor-general, and *ex officio* the arbiter elegantiarum of the palace, the severe restraints under which they were kept by his Majesty, being deprived of their arms, horses, and equipage, and not permitted to take the slightest recreation, or to pass the gates of the royal residence. This harsh treatment was attributed to the influence of Boodsua Begum, the king's mother, who, accustomed to the forms that had subsisted during the reign of Shah Allam, could not be prevailed on to depart from them, alleging their great antiquity, and the number of centuries during which they had regulated the etiquette of the Mogul court. Nor probably, in more tempestuous times, would these relations of his Majesty have wished for greater liberty, as they would have been inevitably involved in the intrigues of the factions that agitate all oriental courts, and have become objects of distrust and jealousy to the reigning prince, whose suspicions would have consigned them to a closer prison, or expedited their final exit. Within the last half century, great alteration has taken place in the peculiar feelings of the higher classes of natives, who used formerly to consider seclusion as essential to their dignity and safety; but since the establishment of the British judicial sys-

tem, and the consequent individual security which they have experienced, imprisonment for life does not now excite the same degree of admiration. Of this change, in process of time the female portion of the population will also feel the benefit, as in all probability they were originally doomed to strict seclusion, only from the absence of efficient laws to protect them from violence, if exposed to public notice.

In consequence of this appeal from the royal brothers, the governor-general was induced to proffer his kind offices, and a reconciliation, at least in appearance, was effected in this disunited family. The Emperor's brothers were permitted to attend his Majesty during the customary religious processions and ceremonies, and also at certain festivals to visit the tomb of their father, a gratification from which they had been hitherto debarred, and for the recovery of which they expressed the utmost gratitude to the mediator.

The mortifications which the Delhi sovereign experienced from these petty alterations, were qualified to a certain degree in 1807, by the donation of the six lacks of rupees already mentioned, and in 1812 by the augmentation of his stipend to one lack of rupees (£11600) per month, the prosperous state of the assigned territories fully admitting of this augmentation. On their acquisition in 1803, they were leased on a triennial settlement, and the first year they yielded only 353,952 rupees (£41,058); the second 390,701 rupees; and the third 432,432 rupees; but so rapidly did a few years of tranquillity and good government ameliorate the condition of the cultivators, and the productive powers of lands, that

In 1812 they yielded 994,944 rupees.

1813	1,039,560	
1814	1,256,505	(£145,754.)

and the revenue was not only sufficient to defray the expences of the royal family, but also to leave a considerable surplus applicable to general purposes. Within the assigned territories are several jaghires, the principal holders of which are the Nabob Bhamboo Khan, the Nabob Nijabut Ali Khan, and the Seik chiefs Bhang, Singh, and others; a further increase of revenue may therefore be expected on the falling in of these by the decease of the existing incumbents, besides what may be anticipated to arise

on the reconstruction of the Nuhri Fyz, or canal of bounty.

Nor did the ancient and venerable capital experience less benefit from the transfer than the surrounding territory, although the effects were not so quickly perceptible, and although no improved system of government could at once compensate for the absence of a splendid and luxurious court, which in India will always collect a population, and create a city, as if by enchantment. Notwithstanding its great antiquity, and the long period of time during which it has ranked as the first city of Hindostan, there is nothing in the situation of Delhi peculiarly attractive, the adjacent soil being rather of a sterile than fruitful description, and the river not navigable during the dry season for boats of any considerable burthen. Under these disadvantages, however, it had become a city of great fame and magnitude prior to the Mahommedan invasion, when it was distinguished in the Hindoo books of history, or rather Mythology, by the appellation of Indraprest; but it never appears to have had the same sanctity of character in popular estimation as Mathura and Kanoje. In 1011 it was taken and sacked by Sultan Mahmood of Ghizni; but it did not become the permanent residence of a Mussulmaun dynasty until A. D. 1193, since which date, with the exception of a short interval during the reign of Acher I., when the royal court was removed to Agra, it has continued to be the metropolis of Hindostan.

According to popular tradition, during its splendid era, Delhi covered a space twenty miles in circumference; and its ruins still occupy that surface, although its present walls cannot be reckoned at more than ten miles in compass. Ever since the death of Aurengzebe in 1707, the population has been decreasing, and it received a serious blow in 1739, during the invasion of Nadir Shah, who massacred 100,000 of the inhabitants; nor was it likely to recover during the state of anarchy which subsisted in Upper Hindostan from that period until the British conquest in 1803. Under the Sindia family its decline was uninterrupted, every year exhibiting some palace newly dilapidated, or some street choked up with rubbish or jungle. In fact, the decay was so rapid, and apparently so hopeless, that

the land within the walls became of little or no value to the owners, who carelessly disposed of their rights for any trifle of ready money, and frequently to escape extortion, left their properties unclaimed altogether. Of this supineness they had subsequently cause to repent; for no sooner had the city surrendered to Lord Lake, than the value of houses and lands within the walls instantaneously doubled, and it has been progressively increasing ever since.

Among the most magnificent and useful memorials of the taste and splendour of the Emperor Shah Jehan remaining at Delhi, is the well belonging to the Jamma Musjeed (mosque), which was excavated at an immense expense out of the solid rock on which that edifice stands. The water is raised by a complicated machinery, and a succession of reservoirs, to the area of the mosque, where, at the top of a grand flight of steps, it fills a small fish-pond; it is of great utility to all ranks of persons, but more especially to the Mahommedans in performing their prescribed ablutions. For many years the decayed state of some of the principal wheels, and the ruinous condition of the masonry, rendered the supply of water both difficult to be procured, and extremely scanty. At length, in 1809, it completely failed, and the consequences during the intensity of the hot season were extremely distressing to the inhabitants, and excited considerable interest in the mind of the Emperor. Under these circumstances, Mr Seton, the resident at Delhi, conceiving that the repair of the well, at the expence of the British government, would be highly gratifying to the inhabitants, authorised its being put in a state of repair, and the expense incurred was sanctioned by the governor-general.

Many other repairs and improvements of a similar description were gradually carried into execution; but much remains still to be done, especially the renewal of the great canal, excavated in the reign of Shah Jehan, by Ali Mordan Khan, a Persian nobleman, which is now choked up as useless. In the reconstruction of this, the credit of the British government is implicated, and the augmented fertility of the tract it intersects would more than compensate for the expenditure. There is no region in Hindostan sus-

ceptible of greater improvement by irrigation than the province of Delhi; and it is probable an immense extent of moving sand, at present not merely unproductive, but threatening to overwhelm the adjacent lands, might again be brought under cultivation. In remote times, several rivers traversed the north western quarter, which have long ceased to flow, and one of them, now lost, the Sereswati, was of such magnitude as to mark a geographical division in the books of Hindoo mythological history. At a very moderate expense, and without much labour, the rivers which have been absorbed and choked up, might be again led into their former channels, and much valuable moisture, which now flows undisturbed to the sea, through the Satuleje and Jamna, might be arrested in its progress, and made subservient to the purposes of husbandry. Four years ago, an intelligent engineer officer* was deputed to survey and take the levels of the extinct canals and rivers; but his services being called for in the Nepaul war, he was withdrawn from the investigation, which does not appear to have been since resumed. As in Egypt, the surface of the country, subject to alluvion, has probably risen, by successive deposits, and the channels of the rivers in proportion sunk; but as they all issue from lofty mountains, a high level may always be found; and it is to be apprehended, that the fertility of Egypt will never be restored until canals are drawn from above the cataracts of the Nile, where the elevation is sufficient to admit of their irrigating an immense extent of what is at present a sandy desert.

No regular census of the inhabitants of Delhi has ever been taken, and any attempt at an actual enumeration would be viewed with jealousy and distrust by a people naturally averse to innovation, or to any new arrangement which tends to bring them more under observation, or seems likely to impose on them either additional duties or expense. From a concurrence of circumstances, there is reason to believe, that the total number is somewhere between 150,000 and 200,000 souls; and low as this estimate is for so great a capital, the a-

mount more than doubles that of Agra, its former rival, the population of which is not now supposed to exceed 60,000.

Having proceeded thus far with the description of the city, which, like Rome, and some other ancient capitals, still promises to linger on for centuries, we may now resume the history of its sovereign. Ever since the conquest of Delhi, no task has been found more difficult, or has employed more of the time and exertions of the different residents at this court, than to impress the Emperor's mind with a due sense of the relative situation in which he stands towards the British nation; for although destitute both of energy of character, and vigour of mind, he is easily led by the flattery of those about him, to entertain erroneous notions of his own importance, and is in consequence much disposed to increase his influence by a system of importunate solicitation and petty encroachment. And certainly an impression is still prevalent all over India, that the power which has possession of Delhi, and the king's person, is the virtual ruler of Hindostan; and under this idea many independent states have repeatedly applied to be received as subjects and tributaries, and complained of the refusal as a dereliction of duty on the part of the British government. Applications of this nature have been pressingly urged by the Rajas of Joudpoor, Jeypoor, Bicanere, Jesselmere, Assam, Cachar, and Aracan, the Nabobs of Mooltan and Behawulpoor, and by the innumerable petty states exposed to the rapine of Sindia, Holcar, and other Maharatta depredators; and so far from an insatiable desire having been shown to extend the British limits, the difficulty has been, for the last ten years, to resist the importunities of the surrounding states. Of this fact, our limits will not permit us to multiply examples; we shall therefore make one suffice, that of the Raja of Jesselmere.

In 1808, this chief applied to Mr Seton, then resident at Delhi, stating the desire he entertained of visiting the banks of the sacred Ganges, for devotional purposes, provided he could receive from the British government assurances of respectful treatment; for it appears he had received very erroneous impressions of that people, both

* Lieutenant Blane of the Bengal Establishment.

individually and as a nation. He was encouraged to proceed, and his confidence being restored, he adverted to his political situation, representing, that many chiefs had by violence obtained fragments of the Mogul empire, which they ruled with an iron hand, while he and his ancestors had remained at rest from the remotest antiquity within their own domains; but even these were now endangered, as such encroachments were daily making on his hereditary possessions as threatened utterly to annihilate his principality. He therefore appealed to the British, as sovereigns of Hindostan, to whose protection he was entitled, and entreated them to save for him his small residue of country, which its natural barrenness and seclusion could not preserve from molestation. To this petition a conciliating answer was sent, with some presents; but the Raja was informed, that the principles which regulated the conduct of the British government precluded all extension of territory, unless they were compelled to it in their own defence; and that therefore all interference with his political concerns must be declined; but that he would experience every office of friendship due to a friendly neighbour, and the utmost hospitality during his contemplated pilgrimage.

Although the Delhi sovereign had been deprived of all real power and dominion, before political events made him connected with the British government, almost every state, and every class of people in India, still continues to reverence his nominal authority. The current coin of every established power is still struck in his name, and princes of the highest rank still bear the titles, and display the insignia which they or their ancestors derived from this source, and the Delhi Emperor, amidst all his vicissitudes, is still considered the only legitimate fountain of similar honours. In conformity with this notion, it is still usual, when a Hindoo prince succeeds to his deceased father, to solicit the Mogul to honour him with a *zeeka*, as a mark of investiture, or at least, of royal approbation, which ceremony consists in having the forehead anointed with a preparation of bruised sandal wood. Although this injunction had long ceased to be a necessary token of confirmation of the

successor's right, it was still considered as so gratifying a mark of distinction, that, in 1807, Maun Singh, the powerful Raja of Joudpoor, petitioned the British government with much anxiety, to interfere with the king to obtain it for him. The British government, however, refused to interfere, the right of conferring the mark of distinction in question being considered an obsolete act of sovereignty, the revival of which would be particularly objectionable.—It was feared, moreover, that their interference would be considered as a recognition of the pretensions of Raja Maun Singh, then disputed by a competitor, and as a departure from the neutrality which had always been observed. The Raja was accordingly apprized of this determination; the inutility of the act, as a mark of confirmation, was represented to him, as well as the folly of making an unmeaning reference of the validity of his title to a power which neither claimed nor exercised a right to grant or to withhold it.

The universality of this impression throughout Hindostan may be farther inferred from the conduct of the Tambaretty, or Princess of Travancore, a Hindoo state, situated near Cape Cormorin, the southern extremity of Hindostan, and at no period of its history subject to the Mogul, or to any Mahomedan superior; yet, in 1813, she applied to have a dress of investiture for her son, the infant Raja, although he was under the special guardianship of the British government, to which he was indebted for the tranquillity of his accession. The result of her application was the same as the one above mentioned, but she could not be convinced that the ceremonial was wholly superfluous. Under existing circumstances, his Majesty's assumption of legitimate authority is altogether incompatible with the situation in which he is placed; his granting dresses of investiture was accordingly prohibited, both as impolitic, and as adding nothing to the validity of the succession. The same objection did not apply to the granting of titles, which have been admitted through the agency of the British government, in favour of the Nizam, and of the Nabobs of the Carnatic and Bengal.

These and similar applications, the king, being a man of weak intellects,

and quite infatuated with his own importance, is much disposed to encourage, because they at once gratify his visions of departed dignity, and promise to prove a source of emolument to his servants, and the horde of intriguers by which he is surrounded. The exercise of such authority, however, is completely at variance with the scheme of British policy, the fundamental maxim of which is, that the British government shall not derive, from the charge of protecting and supporting his Majesty, the privilege of employing the royal prerogative as an instrument for establishing any control or ascendancy over the chiefs or states of India, or of asserting, on the part of his Majesty, any of the claims which, in his capacity of Emperor of Hindostan, that prince may consider himself to possess upon the provinces formerly composing the Mogul Empire. The British power in India is of too substantial a nature to incur the hazard of resorting to the dangerous expedient of borrowing any portion of authority from the lustre of the Mogul name; it could not therefore permit his interference to withdraw the inhabitants from their obedience to their actual superiors, or that he should attempt to convert his nominal into any thing like a real supremacy. From the Emperor nothing was derived by the British government in return for the rescue of himself and his family from a state of penury and degradation, and his support in comparative comfort and affluence under its protection; he is only required to continue to live peaceably, and to abandon all dreams of ancient grandeur.*

* As may be supposed from the prior narrative, the British resident at Delhi is the efficient prime minister to the Emperor, on which account the Bengal government always selects for that office men of established reputation and conciliatory manners. At an early stage of the conquest, Colonel, now General Sir David Ochterlony, Bart. and K. C. B. officiated; he was succeeded by Archibald Seton, Esq. afterwards promoted to the Supreme Council, on which event C. T. Metcalfe, Esq. was appointed, having for his assistants the Honourable E. Gardner, at present ambassador at Catmandoo, the capital of Nepaul, and Mr Fraser, from whose intended journey to the sources of the Sutuleje and Jumna rivers, much valuable information may be expected.

LETTER CONCERNING HAYTI.*

H. M. S
Port Royal, Sept. 1, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

I PROMISED you, if I could give you any information from Hayti, I would send it. I am just returned from paying the King a visit at Cape Henry. I send you, by Lieut. Bunce of the marines, in the Pique, all the Haytian publications; and I am sure you will be pleased to hear that the Baron Vastey is compiling a very full history of King Henry, from his earliest days, with a large appendix of original letters and papers. Mr Steevens wished to have the documents sent him to complete a history, but the king desired him to be told, that he wished one of his own subjects to have the credit of writing it, but that it should be sent him after publication, with whatever other documents he might wish. I told Baron Dupuey (who is every thing at the Cape, what you may call the king's *factotum*, and certainly far the ablest man he has), that I hoped they meant to give a true and fair account of the king's early years, before he became a conspicuous character. He answered, that the king, when Baron Vastey and he were speaking about the history, said, "my desire is, that it may, in what regards my life, be a plain and clear statement of facts, and that those who knew me in early life, when they see those facts in the book, may vouch for their *truth*." If they really do this, it will not only be curious but valuable, for few more extraordinary characters have appeared—He has risen from a slave at St Kitts, where he was born, to be a steward in one of Count D'Estaing's fleet, and from that to uncontrolled power and riches, beyond what any individual almost ever possessed. When in good humour he calls himself an Englishman.

To account for my kind and friendly reception at the Cape, it is necessary to say that since my former visit in 1814, the king has always remembered me.

Strong impressions have gone out

* This Letter was addressed to a friend of the Editor, by a Naval Officer of high character.

all over the world against this man, of his tyranny, cruelty, avarice, and injustice, both to his own subjects, and those strangers who reside as merchants in his dominions—but always remember one thing in reading accounts of his atrocities, that there are three set of men whose interest it is to hold him up as a monster. The republicans, his neighbours, they have more justice on their side than the other two—the proprietors of slaves and advocates for slavery all over the world—and the merchants who trade with him; they do it, to keep others, by fear, away, that they may monopolise the trade. This was the first cause of our opening a correspondence, and that has had the desired effect in a great measure.

In 1814, I was sent by Admiral Brown to visit Cape Henry, for the purpose of ascertaining the true state of our commerce with Hayti; for there were strange reports in circulation, both to windward and at Jamaica. It was said that neither the persons nor the property of our merchants were safe; that on the most trivial occasions he threw them into prison, and seized and confiscated their property—in short, such was the impression upon me, that I actually thought that my person was endangered by landing. However, I ventured, and once on shore, I remained all the time the ship lay there, and certainly was not a little astonished to find myself, after all, in the midst of a gentlemanlike well-informed set of merchants. And the following report, which I gave Admiral Brown, will show you the state of that body of men:—"According to your orders, I first of all communicated privately with the principal merchants, and then with these in a body at a public meeting. Their answer was unanimous. (Some of them, at that time, had the experience of eight years). 'We conceive our persons and property under the protection of the king to be as safe as at Kingston, unless the French land an expedition, and then he has given us notice that all property, public and private, will be burnt with the city, but that he will give every protection to our persons, and we have the most perfect confidence in his promises.' And they added, 'we hope the Admiral will send a man of war frequently to pay us a visit; it gives us consequence

here.'" Such, in 1814, were the sentiments I found the merchants impressed with, and such they are at this moment; nor could I hear of one act of injustice that could fairly be attributed to the king. He is sharp in his dealings, and in making them fulfil their contracts. But it is almost needless to mention how far a *merchant adventurer* will go for gain, and how necessary it is to watch them. They have now nearly given up attempting to take him in by outward show. He has too good judges about him; and being a good one himself, and when they least expect it, seeing every thing, it would be a bad job for them to bring bad goods. I was asked by one of the principal merchants in Kingston, who had lost a good deal by the trade with Cape Henry, and who, of course, attributed that loss to the king, will you tell me of one man, Capt. _____ who has made money by trading there? I answered, will you tell me, Mr Pavishaw, of one merchant that ever made money by sending his goods to a market where double its consumption is thrown in annually, and from which there is no other outlet, except by reshipping your goods back to England?

In the following remarks, I intend just to write you what I have seen myself or heard from the best authority. It would be presumption in me to venture to give the character of this most extraordinary man,—so you must draw your own conclusions from the facts.

The king is in his person what in England you would call a fine portly looking man, about 5 feet 10 inches. He is now growing stout, and on horseback, where he certainly looks the best, has much the appearance of old George. His dress, except on state days, is very like the Windsor uniform, without lace or star. He is quite black, with a manner and countenance, when in good humour (and I have never seen him in any other), very intelligent, pleasant and expressive—his features are much that of his countrymen—his nose rather long, but flat at the nostrils—his lips are not thick—his eyes, except when in a rage, rather small, but quick—his forehead, which gives so much character to his countenance, high—when I saw him last, his hair was gray, and until he remarked it to me

himself (for I thought he wore powder), I did not observe that it is now grown quite white. I am told by those who have seen him in one of his gusts of passion, that it can only be compared to a hurricane for its fury; but fortunately the fit now comes very seldom, and does not last long. A friend, who has seen a great deal of him, told me he one day saw him in one—his form absolutely dilated, his countenance changed, and his eyes became enlarged and rolled in his head. He looked like a demon—it was over in five minutes, expending itself in words, and he was then as quiet as a child. None but the queen dare go near him in those paroxysms.

Since my last visit, he has entered into a close and intimate alliance with Mr Wilberforce and his party. His three great advisers for the improvement of his subjects are Messrs Wilberforce, Steevens, and Clarkson. He has many others, amongst whom is Sir John Sinclair.

His avowed intention is a religious, moral, and political change. How far he is sincere, and how far he possesses talents capable of bringing about so great a change, time will best show. He appears to me a man possessing strong powers of mind, attended with strong passions. He is wholly without education, and even now can read very badly, and can only write enough to sign his name. But to make up for that, he has been brought up in the school of danger, difficulties, and intrigue, where his deep policy and knowledge of human character have shone as conspicuously as his courage and talent as a soldier.

It is *his* mind, and his alone, that governs all; he has the ablest men of his kingdom employed about his person, but they are mere executors of his will. One proof of his being neither a very changeable or cruel man, is, that almost all the great officers of the palace, who were there four years ago, are there now; and they bear, generally speaking, the characters of good and just men. And if he is in himself cruel to his subjects, he takes care to punish with the greatest severity that crime in others.

There is one striking part of his character,—he never forgives a fault. He even sent his own son, the prince royal, a prisoner to the citadel, to show he paid no regard to high rank. But

before you judge too severely of him for this, think who he has to govern—a set of slaves, brought up without any principle of either religion or morality, and who have, in the sanguinary and dreadful contest for liberty, been accustomed, by the example of their enemies, to all sorts of butcherous and dreadful crimes. And well did their cruel and faithless masters, generally speaking, deserve their fate—Till this spirit, by time, &c. dies away, I think he is the only man who can govern them, to do them real and lasting good.

The gentleman before mentioned, who has certainly had the best opportunity of seeing him in private life, says he is a most affectionate father of a family, and that his children in his presence are under no fear or restraint. He has in his palace several little children, the orphans of old officers of his—they are always running about the room, when he has no business, and feeling his pockets for bon-bons.

When Dr Burt was bleeding the princess royal, he came into the room and took the bason, and when Dr Burt wished to relieve him from it, he said, remember I am a father. There are many other little traits of a good and an affectionate heart in domestic life. I only give those trifling anecdotes to show you that the man is not a devil in a human shape. He is very much attached to the Queen, who, by what every person says of her, deserves it. She is said to be of a most amiable character, and her charities are most extensive—she is plain in her manners, and quite jet black. Her two daughters, as the lady told me that attended them as preceptress for a year (an American lady), are very accomplished, speaking English well—in their manners particularly engaging and affable to all about them—they are 16 and 18.

When I left Port Royal this last time, I was told by a Captain of a man of war, that the strangers were confined to within the Barriers, except on Sunday, and then they were allowed to go out to dinner to a small place they had about 4 miles from town. What did I find?—that strangers were allowed to go out at all times as far as 18 miles without a passport; they were allowed to go out shooting; in short, that they did as they liked. They asked the king for permission to take a house

in the country to dine at now and then; he immediately gave them a place, 4 miles out of town, called *Hawt du Cap*, an excellent house, beautiful garden, and 100 acres of fine land for pasture or any use they chose to put them to. One of his courtiers, some time afterwards, wanted to buy it, and he said, it was no longer his, he had given it to the strangers. I told the *strangers* that the King ought to take it from them they kept it in such bad order.

He is now building a college at *Sans-Souci*, where it is his intention to have professors of the different sciences from England. They, like all beginners, were too sanguine, and thought that nothing else was necessary than to have out all kinds of learned doctors. They were going to teach their boys Latin, Greek; in short, they were at once to rival our colleges. However, as this mania wore off, *Baron Vastey*, who has the management, began to see that he was all wrong, and that they must creep and walk before they could run, and now they are proceeding on rationally, until the college is built. He has established four schools under Englishmen on the Lancasterian system—one at *Cape Henry*, *Sans-Souci*, *Gonaives*, and *Port-au-Paix*.

Mr Gulliver, at *Cape Henry*, came out two years ago—he was a monitor at one of the establishments on the city road—he is a very clever fine young man, and deserving the good opinion the king has of him—his school has 177 boys. I was much astonished at the wonderful progress that was made by many in spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic—they did sums in addition in the most perfect manner above 400 millions. It is from this school he takes his masters for the small towns and villages, and the cleverest of those, of good connections, are sent to learn Latin and Mathematics with *Mr —*, the clergyman, who is, I believe, a good teacher. It will be as well to mention to you how the opinions of the professor of anatomy, *Dr Stuart* (a man in whose judgment I should place the most perfect reliance, and who is really a truly public benefit to the whole kingdom), and *Mr Gulliver*, upon the natural capacities of the blacks. “There is no doubt that they are quick at learning

the early rudiments of education, and have wonderful memories, but the grand question, it appears, still remains to be solved, viz. how far they have powers of reasoning, &c.” You will understand what they mean. Many mulattoes are found very able men—both *Barons Dupuey* and *Vastey* are so; also *Count Limonade*, the secretary. I was delighted to see a little flat nosed beetle-browed black boy, about 11 years old, get above all the big fellows at the first going off, and keep the head of the class throughout the whole trial; from his accuracy and perfection in every change of subject, he deserved it. *Mr Gulliver* has them in great order, and, I am sorry to say, they require it; for they are brought up, notwithstanding every thing, very loose in their principles. The king, if he wishes thoroughly to succeed, must form the girls into schools, and so try to mend them. He has, in his late journey through his dominions, married them wherever he went by ranks, carrying a clergyman with him. This is what may be called a rough commencement of his moral system.

Sans-Souci is the next school,—this is more select, the schoolmaster, a young *Aberdeen* collegian, is said to be of very considerable talents, and to have got a regular college education. He is also tutor to the prince royal. This youth's character is so differently represented that I do not know what to think of him—he is not yet 15 years old, very large they say, quite as large as his father—not wanting in talent, but prefers being on horseback to studying *Euclid*—liberal of his money when he has any—in short he may turn out any think yet for what people know.

Gonaives—the master at this place is dead, and an excellent riddance, by all accounts of those that knew him, it is. He was a most detestable canting hypocrite, but possessing considerable talents. He was secretary to one of the missionary societies. I was told by an English gentleman from *Gonaives*, that people are not very sorry for him.

Port-au-Paix—this is another bad bargain. The king found him drunk at 12 o'clock in the day amongst his scholars. He is certain of dying, I think, this season, from all accounts. The king has paid each of these teachers monthly, 100 dollars, but the two good

ones he has said shall go home independent.

Mr ———, the clergyman, was usher at a school at Plymouth.—He was ordained about a week before he left England, and makes up in zeal, &c. &c. what he wants in sense. I believe he is not a bad schoolmaster, but to bring about a reformation in religion, it requires something very different,—he has so well managed his matters in three months, that none of the merchants or indeed any one visit him, and even the ladies have given up going to hear him preach. Mrs ——— instructs the young ladies.

Dr Stuart, the professor of anatomy, is come out with Mrs Stuart—he appears a man about 28, and very clever—he has taken charge of the hospitals, and no one, not even the governor, dare ask him a question—he orders what he takes, and it is immediately given him—in short, he says, that there is nowhere in Europe a more liberally endowed hospital—if a common soldier requires two bottles of wine a day, he has it, and good. The king went round the hospital when I was there. I saw Dr Stuart just after it; he was perfectly astonished. He said there was not an individual that he did not know by name, his character, his regimen, disease, and every thing about him; and whenever he came to a blackguard (and the Doctor said every one he singled out had been a troublesome patient), he gave him a confounded crack on the head with his cane, saying ———, ————there were above 300 in—the soldiers were all delighted to see him, and cut jokes—not so the officers, they looked frightened—the wards for the officers are really elegantly fitted up, and he sends them of all ranks there, from a Duke, downwards.

When I arrived here, I sent to him at his palace at Sans-Souci to beg an audience. I wished very much to have gone out there. I am wrong. He first sent to know if I had any particular business with him; if I had, he would see me, but he had not recovered from the fatigue of his journey; at the same time an order came in to ask for every attention as his friend. I sent out to say I wished to see him very particularly—an answer to this brought an excuse, at which I was very much vexed—however, two of his principal officers came in imme-

diately afterwards from him with a fine message, that if I was going to stay till Wednesday the king would be in town; of course, I staid, and on Thursday morning had a long audience. He was in high good humour, and received me as an old friend—we were obliged to speak through Baron Dupuey, as I cannot speak French well enough, and he wont speak English. We conversed a great deal upon the changes that had taken place since my last visit. In answer to something complimentary which I had said of his schools, he said, “my wish is that my fellow-citizens may be made capable, by education, of enjoying the constitution I intend for them; and if I live long enough, the world will see that this has always been nearest my heart, and occupied all my thoughts; but I must have time; we require it.” He has offered, through England, twenty millions of dollars to France to make an independent peace, guaranteed by England, but without the guarantee, he would not give 20 dollars, and till that is done, all his towns and the country will be kept in the present ruinous state; for if they make the trial, the hour they land they will find themselves in a wilderness, without a house to cover them, or a morsel of food but what they bring with them. When I mentioned to him the talent which I thought I saw in the boys, he said, with a smile, I think we shall be able to prove that we are capable of thinking and acting for ourselves. He certainly is bringing that great question to a fair trial, whether the negroes possess sufficient reasoning powers to govern themselves, or, in short, whether they have the same capacities as white men. And he is the only man, I think, in the world who could have given it so bold a trial.

In conversation one day with Baron Dupuey upon his treasures, he said, “it is true I do possess immense treasures, and I know men think I am hording it for the mere pleasure of hording; but they are mistaken; and whenever that treasure can be of use to my fellow-citizens, in procuring them liberty and independence, it is ready to come down from the citadel.” What a pity that such grand plans should depend upon the life of one individual, but I hope he will live long enough to give stability to his government and sys-

tem, but should any thing happen to him now, all would go in a minority to perfect ruin and barbarism.

On my taking leave, I said I had only one thing to regret, not seeing Sans-Souci and Citadel d'Henry: he said, when you come back you shall come out to me at Sans-Souci, and I will go with you myself to the Citadel, but I have been putting down a great deal, and making alterations and enlargements, and I don't like to show things in an unfinished state.

Sans-Souci, which, in my last visit, was merely his country palace, is now become, I am told, a handsome town, with a larger population than Cape Henry. The palace, they say, has undergone great alterations and improvements, and you may guess his magnificence when I tell you that the furniture for his grand hall of audience and state is expected daily from Paris, agreed for at one million of francs, and a German (for he will not allow a Frenchman to come) is to have 5000 dollars to fit it up.

The Citadel is hardly to be described. It appears from the sea at the distance of 15 miles, when clear of clouds, like one of those enchanted castles in old romances. It is built on the rocky pinnacle of the highest hill, said to be 1,500 feet above the level of the sea. He is now enlarging it, and I was told, but I do not believe it, that it will contain 20,000 men. I should guess 8000. He has a very handsome palace in it. Here are all his treasures. He is now building strong martello towers on the adjoining hills, which will give him a great command of hill country for raising food for his army. Except by treachery, I think it impregnable. There is no want of water, for it is always in the clouds.

The governor of Cape Henry, the Duke of Marmalade, a regular old black fellow, but an excellent and upright man, gave the officers and me a grand dinner. I took 12 of them, and we sat down 36. We had two Dukes, three Counts, and four Barons, and all the strangers who had asked me to dinner. He gave us a most gentlemanlike dinner, with an elegant desert and good wine, and we drank all our toasts standing with three times three. They were very moderate, but this is not natural; they like a glass of wine. But the king might

send for any of them, as they were all of his staff,

By the time you have got this far, I think you will be as tired of reading as my fingers are of writing. I send this through Mr _____. And believe me, very truly, yours,

* * * *

P. S. Did I mention that the king is determined to change the language from bad French to English? In consequence of the schools, those who do speak English speak it most correctly. They wish to annihilate every trace of a Frenchman.

AN HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL
ESSAY ON THE TRADE AND COMMUNICATION OF THE ARABIANS
AND PERSIANS WITH RUSSIA AND
SCANDINAVIA, DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.*

Introduction.

AMONG the great monarchies which conquerors have founded in the world, scarcely any was more remarkable in its origin, or more extensive in its comprehension, than that empire which

* The following essay, translated from the Danish of J. L. Rasmussen, prælector of the oriental languages in the University of Copenhagen (Copenh. 1815), will, it is presumed, be considered as affording a great deal of information, hitherto but very little known, respecting the state of Russia, and the northern countries of Europe, during the middle ages, drawn from sources which have hitherto been in a great measure inaccessible. The learned author has been at the trouble of collecting most that is to be found in the best Arabian geographers, relating to those countries. Their accounts are indeed, on the whole, very unsatisfactory, inaccurate, and sometimes entirely fabulous; yet they, at the same time, contain a great deal of truth and curious matter, and frequently surprise us by indications of a much more extensive acquaintance with the north of Europe than we could have expected in a people so far to the south. The principal argument by which it is proved that a commercial communication must have existed between the Arabians and Persians and the Scandinavians, through the medium of the Russians, during the middle ages, is the circumstance, that Cufic, or ancient Arabic coins, from the countries lying near the Caspian Sea, have frequently been found in various parts of Russia, and on the shores of the Baltic Sea, and appear to have found

was established by the successors of Mahommed, and called the Chalifat. The Arabians, who had long before been celebrated for their bravery and invincible spirit, but lived mutually separated, and without any regular connexion between the different tribes, wanted only a man, who could, by religion and political ambition, unite their separate races into one people, rouse their latent power, and communicate to them a high character, proportionable to the vivid imagination of the nation. Such a man was Mahommed. The noble inspiration, the firm conviction of the truth and divine origin of the new religion, the consequent extraordinary courage and immoveable firmness in all undertakings which animated the Prophet, and his successors the Chalifs, the deficiency of good governments among unwarlike neighbours, the native propensity of the Arabians to war and adventurous undertakings; to which may be added, the command to propagate religion by the sword, enjoined by the koran, that highest ideal of poetry and eloquence: all these circumstances are sufficient to shew us how it was possible, that the empire of the Arabians, together with their religion and language, was, in less than a century after the death of the Prophet, extended from the Atlantic Ocean to India, and from the deserts of Africa and the Indian Ocean to France, the Mediterranean Sea, Asia Minor, Georgia and the Caspian Sea. Under the Abbassidæ the sciences began to flourish among the Arabians, especially from the zeal of Harun Alrashid and his son Almamun, and their zealous exertions for their advancement. The learned were now no longer satisfied, like their forefathers, with cultivating poetry and language, but devoted themselves to the mathematical, philosophical, historical, and geographical sciences. Their immense conquests, which comprehended the largest and best part of the inhabited world, must have greatly contributed to extend their knowledge of the earth, which was certainly but limited

their way thither in such vast quantities, that they are hardly ever found any where else; which can only be explained by the supposition, that commerce was the channel by which they were brought. Almost all the notes given by the author have been omitted by the translator, having been judged to be here unnecessary.

before; and the same effect must have been continued even after some of the conquered countries had delivered themselves from the yoke of the Chalifs, and had become independent kingdoms, since their mutual intercourse was very seldom entirely interrupted.

It need not, therefore, be matter of astonishment, that we owe almost entirely to the Arabians our more accurate acquaintance with these countries during the middle ages. But the Arabians did not continue to be conquerors alone; greater power and wealth, and the natural consequences of these, a change of life, the desire and want of more numerous and refined enjoyments, created of course a great many wants, which were unknown to them in a Nomadic state, and rendered commerce necessary, of which the different conquered nations, that were for the most part civilized, presented them with examples, and which the Prophet himself promoted by the injunction of the pilgrimage to Mecca. The Mediterranean Sea, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean (for they seldom or never ventured upon the Atlantic, but sailed along the coasts only), gave their inartine commerce a considerable compass, although that was never any thing more than of a secondary consequence compared with the usual trade, which was carried on from their own country, by means of caravans, a method rendered necessary in consequence of the immense plains of their country. This trade was divided into three great branches, not to mention the innumerable inferior channels, and the great pilgrimage to Mecca. One of these passed, and is still continued, towards the south from Barbary (the country of the Berbers), the country of Dates and Egypt, through the desert of Sahara, which abounds in salt, to Nigritia, whence they fetched gold, slaves, and ivory. The other was directed to the east from Persia, through Cashmere to India and China, or, from the northern provinces of Persia, through the wastes of Tartary to China. The direction of the third, of which alone we shall treat, was to the north from Armenia, Derbend (Babel-abwab), and the northern provinces of Persia over the Caspian Sea to Chazaria (now Astracan), and thence farther to the countries of the Bulgarians, Russians and Slavi, and our northern regions.

Although the Byzantine historians have given us considerable information, especially concerning a part of southern Russia, the accounts of the Arabian geographers, derived from more or less credible authorities, respecting these immense regions, are nevertheless of no inconsiderable importance. From these we shall see, that the acquaintance which the Arabians had with the countries to the north of the Caspian Sea, reached, if not so far as the Baltic Sea (which we have no sufficient proofs for believing they knew by name), at least very near it, and was therefore very extensive, and much greater than could have been expected from a people, who, as inhabiting the south, could have no very favourable ideas of the north, and besides, as true believers, must have considered all those of a different religion, and particularly heathens and idolaters, as an abomination. It will finally also be seen, that Scandinavia was not altogether unknown to the Arabians in the middle ages, although their knowledge of it was, in consequence of the distance, but very imperfect; that the accounts they received of it, as they passed through several reporters, and as no Arabians ever proceeded so far north, must have been extremely falsified and mixed up with fables; and lastly, that the names of places and countries, on account of the vast difference between the language and pronunciation of the ancient Danes and those of the Arabians, and the great number of intermediate peoples, each of which pronounced the words in their own manner, are to us, at present, in a great degree unintelligible.

The printed and manuscript Arabic geographers which have been made use of in this inquiry stand thus in chronological order. Alfragani's *elementa astronomica*, ed. Golius. *Alfragani* wrote about the year of the Hegira 230, A. D. 800, under the Chalifat of Almamun. What he says on these countries, however, as well as the whole of his description of the world, is very short. *Ibn Haukal* wrote, in the tenth century, a geographical work, which, according to a Persian version, has been translated and published in English by Ouseley. *Abulhasan Ali*, surnamed *Masudi*; a writer of the tenth century, wrote an universal history, called, "Golden Pastures and Mines rich in Pearls." Of this work

Deguignes has given a short description in the *Notices et Extraits des MSS. de la Bibliotheque du Roi*, tom i. The geography of *Edrisi*, the Nubian geographer, called "The Recreation of a curious Mind." He wrote in the twelfth century in Sicily, under the government of Roger I. This work was printed in Rome in Arabic only, and a Latin version by two Maronites at Paris in 1619. *Abdallah Yacuti* wrote a geographical dictionary in alphabetical order, called "Mojamel Boldan." Nothing is said of this author in D'Herbelot's *Bibliotheque Orientale*, but it appears from the beginning of his work, which he says he commenced on the 11th night of the month of Moharram, in the year (of the Hegira) 625, that he is to be referred to the 13th century. *Nasiriddin's* Tables of Latitude and Longitude. He lived in the thirteenth century. *Ulug Beg*, the son-in-law of Tamerlane, and lord of Samarcand, wrote his Tables, A. H. 841, A. D. 1437. *Zecharia Ben Mohammed*, surnamed *Cazwini* (from Cazwin, a city of Persian Irak), a writer of the thirteenth century, has written, besides several other works, one, called "The Wonders of Countries." This work, being the best of all, has been chiefly here made use of. *Serajiddin Abu Giafar Omar ben Modhaffer Ibn Mohammed ben Omar Ibn Alvardi*, an author of the thirteenth century, wrote a work, entitled "The Unperforated Pearl of Wonders and the Precious Stone of Rarities." The time in which he lived is not exactly known, but he appears to have been contemporary with Cazwini, who, according to the testimony of Deguignes, speaks of him frequently. This being the case, Cazwini must have copied from Ibn Alvardi, for their respective works resemble one another so much, that he who has read that of the former will find it scarcely necessary to read that of the latter. Deguignes has given an extract of this in the *Notices et Extraits des MSS.*, &c. tom ii. *Abderrashid ben Saleh ben Nuri*, surnamed *Yacuti*, or *Bakui*, who lived in the fifteenth century, is the author of a geographical work, called "An Explanation of what is most remarkable among the Wonderful Works of the Almighty King." According to Deguignes, he lived about A. H. 800, A. D. 1403, and followed Cazwini.

Deguignes has given an extract of his work in the *Notices et Extraits, &c.* tom ii. which has here been made use of.

The northern provinces of the Persian kingdom, which lie to the south of the Caspian sea, fell very soon under the dominion of the Chalifs. As early as the time of the Chalif Omar, Armenia, which has on the north Georgia and Mount Caucasus, Aderbijan, and other Persian provinces, had been seized upon, and before the conclusion of his Chalifat, the conquest of the whole kingdom was accomplished, and the last king Yezdijird was killed in his flight, by the treachery of a miller at Merv, in the year 651. In the year 714, the Chalif Soliman, of the family of the Ommiadæ, conquered Georgia; so that, while the power of the Chalifs was at its height, under the first of the Abbassidæ, they possessed, in the neighbourhood of the Caspian sea, the whole of Georgia, Circassia, Armenia, Persia, Chorasán, Zablistan, and the country between the rivers Jihoon and Sihoon (the Oxus or Iaxartes of the ancients), which the Arabians called *Mawaralnahr*, *i. e.* the country beyond the river.

But no long time elapsed after the death of Harun Alrashid (in the year 808), before these countries successively cast off the yoke of the Chalifs, who, in consequence of theological contentions, and of internal and external enemies, daily became weaker, so that new dynasties were raised, which changed and fell as quickly as they arose. The first of these that appeared in the dominions of the Chalifat was that of the Thaheridæ, which was founded in Chorasán by Thaher, in the year 820 of the christian era, during the reign of Chalif Almamun. It stood only 55 years, and was destroyed by the Soffaridæ. This dynasty was founded by Laith, surnamed Jacob, the son of Soffar, in Sejestan, in the year 872. His successor ruled over Chorasán, Sejestan, Thabarestan, Fars, and Jebal; but after a period of 30 years, this family was extinguished by the Samanidæ. The founder of these, Saman, was at first a camel-driver, and afterwards the leader of a band of robbers, but his posterity were afterwards, in the year 819, governors of the countries on the other

side of the Oxus, and soon after became the independent sovereigns of Persia and Transoxiana, but in the year 999 their power was annihilated by the Turks in Turkestan, in conjunction with the rebellious generals and Mahmoud, son of Seboktigin, a Turk, the founder of the Gaznevide dynasty. The Gaznevdes, so called from Gazna, a city on the borders of Chorasán, ruled over Chorasán and Transoxiana from the year 999 until 1183, but were obliged to give place to the Ghourides, who, with the decrease of their power, had become powerful in Hindostan. These in their turn were overthrown by the Sultans of Chowaresm in the year 1208. These Sultans had raised themselves by means of the Seljucidæ, from whom they received Chowaresm by tenure, after which they rendered themselves independent, subjugated their country, and would undoubtedly have attained a high degree of power, if they had not been utterly reduced by Jengizchan.

Besides these dynasties, which ruled particularly the countries in the east and south east side of the Caspian sea, two other distinguished families deserve to be mentioned, of which one especially bore rule in the country lying to the south west of that sea, namely the Dilemites and the Bouides. The first governed, from the year 927 to 1012, Dilém, Ghilan, Georgia, Thabarstan, and the country lying along the Caspian sea, but they were repressed on one side by the Gaznevdes, and on the other by the Bouides, to whom they had themselves given assistance. The latter first became known about the year 933; they made themselves master of many countries; and their princes enjoyed the title of Emir-al-omra, until Togrul Beg, the founder of the Seljucidan dynasty succeeded in their place in the year 1055.

Although all these countries to the south of the Caspian sea, which formed the nearest points of union with the northern countries, were exposed to constant political revolutions, and were continually changing their masters, yet all these internal revolutions appear to have had no very considerable prejudicial influence upon commerce, as such events were of very ordinary occurrence in the east, and ended as suddenly as they were instan-

taneous in their commencement; especially as the new rulers, none of whom were mere barbarians, were obliged, by necessity and for their own advantage, to attend to the progress of commerce, as much as the old ones. It is, however, not improbable that there were sometimes some cessation and interruption of that commerce, which was carried on by caravans, partly with China through Tartary, for a length of a hundred days' journey to the Ilihoon or Oxus, and partly with India, by way of Cashmere to the same river, and over the Caspian sea, and thence farther by the river Rion (Phasis) and the Black sea to Constantinople, by which difficult way the Greeks, or rather the Venetians, and Genoese received their Chinese and Indian commodities. On the contrary, commerce was seldom carried on by land between the southern part of Asia and the countries lying to the north of the Caspian sea, but for the greater part by sea, from the commercial towns situated on its southern and south western shore, and was consequently subjected in no inconsiderable degree to the dispositions and interested views of the constantly changing rulers.

Among these commercial towns, that which is most spoken of is the celebrated and still flourishing city of Derbend, which the Arabians call Bab (door, gate) in the province of Daghestan, close to Shirwan. It received its name from the narrow pass formed by a branch of Caucasus and the sea, near which it lies. Its situation for commerce could hardly be more favourable; being surrounded by the fertile countries of Dagestan and particularly Shirwan, which produces all kinds of grain and fruit, it is, as it were, the point of union between the countries to the south and north of Mount Caucasus. Abulfeda confirms this in the following words: "Bab-al-abwab is the place of meeting and staple city for all traders from Thabarestan, Georgia, Dailem (Ghilen), as also for those from Assaris (Shirwan), Chazaria, and other infidel countries. No linen cloths are manufactured in the three first mentioned provinces, but only in this city. There is likewise Safran, to which slaves are brought from the northern people." Derbend was built by the great Persian king Chosru Anushirwan (who died

A. D. 579), in order to separate his dominions from the Chazarians of the north. There he built a wall of extraordinary length, on which he placed watchmen, that he might prevent the incursions of the Chazarians, the Turks, and other infidels.

Besides the city Sabran, as Edrisi informs us, Chosru built on the Caspian sea also the city Karkara, created many towns on the mountain Alkabk, to the number of three hundred at least, and besides the city Bab, on the side of the Chazarians, he built Balangiar, Samandar, and Albaida. On Derbend, Cazwini speaks thus: "Bab and Alabwab lie in the north of Persia. Bab, which was built by Anushirwan upon the sea of Alcabzr (the Caspian sea), abounds in gardens and fruits. There is the haven of the Chazarians and other nations (when they land with their merchandize), which is closed by a chain from one side to the other, by which they can prevent an entrance or egress whenever they please. Alabwab is the narrow pass in Mount Caucasus, which is called, in ancient chronicles, the mountain of Alfatach (the mountain of the opening, probably because the only passage to the northern countries lay through it), where there are many fortresses, such as Bab-Sul, Bab-Alan (the gate of the Alani), Bab-Assbaran, Bab-Alarfah, Bab-Sejesi, Bab-Sahib Assarir (the gate of the lord of the throne), Bab-Filan Shah, &c. It is said, that when the Persians subdued this country, they built the cities of Bilkan, Bosdah, and Sad-albar, to keep them in subordination. Anushirwan built the cities Sabran, Karkarah, Bab and Alwabwab, in order to command the mountain Alkabk, which is likewise called Alfatach, and besides three hundred and sixty fortresses on the side of the Chazarians." Anushirwan also appointed a governor, one of his own people, to protect the boundaries and the passes of the mountains, whose residence, which was in Shirwan, was called Assarir (the throne), while the chief himself was called the lord of the throne. This name was given to him, according to Cazwini, "because he had a golden throne adorned with precious stones, on which the labour of ten years had been expended; which throne, when the Greeks (Alroum) took possession of the country, remained in its place, and has continu-

ed so down to our times." This kingdom, founded by Chosru, continued to the time of the Mohammedans, when the prince, with his subjects, at length were converted to Christianity.

Besides these cities, Yacuti mentions two others; one is called Kabalah, of which he says, that it is an old city, lies near Derbend, *i. e.* Albab and Alabwab, and belongs to the provinces of Armenia; the other, he calls Filan, and says, that it is a city and district near Bab Alabwab in the regions of the Chazarians. Its king is called Filanshah, the inhabitants are Christians, and have a peculiar language. Masadi says that Filanshah is the peculiar name of the king of Assarir, he being called Filan from the district of Assarir.

There were then two ways of communication between the countries of the south and those of the north in the direction of the Caspian sea, namely, over the sea itself, or over Mount Caucasus. These two remarkable ways must be a little more accurately explained. Mount Caucasus is thus described by Yacuti in his Lexicon: "Caucasus is a mountain, which borders upon Bab-al-abwab and the country of the Alani, and is the extreme boundary of Armenia. Ibn Alfakih says, that seventy-two languages are spoken in Mount Caucasus, so that frequently one person cannot understand another without an interpreter. The length of the mountain is said to be five hundred parasangs, for it extends to the country of Alroum, and to the limits of the Chazarians and Alani. It is said to be the same chain of mountains, of which the mountain Alarach, between Mecca and Medina, is a part, which extends to Syria, until it unites itself with Lebanon, in the land of Hems, and on the road from Damascus, then joins the mountains of Antioch and Samsath, and is there called Allakam. It thence stretches itself to Malathia, Samsath, and Kalikala, and as far as the Caspian sea, where Bab-al-abwab is situated."

Cazwini gives, under the article Bab and Alabwab, the following account of this celebrated mountain: "The mountain Alfatach, of which we have before spoken, is vast and high. Abul Hasan Almasudi thinks that it contains 800 districts, the in-

habitants of which speak entirely different languages. Alhaucali says, and Ankar positively assures us, that there are in this mountain many kingdoms, among which are the wide extended dominions of Shirwan Shah, to which belong many towns, villages, districts, and cultivated places, and the considerable kingdom of Alkakar, which possesses villages and cultivated ground, and is inhabited by a powerful infidel people, who live independent. There are, moreover, the kingdom of Alaidan Shah, that of Almuninah, Arrudeinah (the inhabitants of which are the worst people in the world), Tabustan, Hidan, Atik, Daznakwan, Algandek, (to which belong, as is reported, 1200 villages), Allania, Alangas, Alchazrih, Alsathcha (which is inhabited by a powerful, cruel, and independent people), Aldharih, Shaki, which lies by itself at the end of these mountains, Alsaghlik, and lastly, the kingdom of Kaschak. No where are found handsomer men and women than here, no where more beautiful and voluptuous girls, &c."

Before we leave the subject of Caucasus, we must enter a little more into detail concerning that remarkable people the Alani, which at that time dwelt upon the northern or north-western side of the mountain, near the source of the Kur, of whom no traces appear now to be in existence. Yacuti, in his geographical dictionary, speaks of them in the following manner, under the article Alan: "The Alans possess a large country, and are a powerful people. They have territories which border upon Darinait, on Mount Caucasus. Here is no large or celebrated city. Some of the Alani are Mohammedans, but the greater part are Christians. They have no king who is obeyed by all, but over every distinct race there is an emir, who is cruel and hard-hearted, and shews no mark of mildness. Ben Cadi Balatis has informed me, that one of their principal men once fell sick, and asked some one who was by, concerning the sickness, &c. (The story imports, that he had the hypochondria, and that, in order to see the cause of his sickness with his own eyes, he cut a hole in his own body, took out the spleen, and examined it; but he died under the operation of getting it replaced.) The kings of the Alani embraced the Christian religion after the

promulgation of Islamism, during the time of the Abbassidæ, having been previously idolaters, (in the same state of ignorance as the Arabians were before the time of Mohammed, *في الجاهلية*); but after 320 years they forsook Christianity, and persecuted the bishops and priests that the Greek emperors had sent to them. Between the kingdom of the Alani and Mount Caucasus there is a fortress, and a bridge across a large river: the fortress is called the castle of the gate of Alania, and was built by one of the old Persian kings, who was called Sendobad, son of Borchtasef, son of Lohrasef. I have seen men there preventing the Alani from approaching Mount Caucasus; and the passage by the bridge is precluded from them, being commanded by the fortress above it, which could not be reduced without a siege. A spring of fresh water issues from the higher part of the rock on which the fortress stands. This fortress is one of the most celebrated in the world. Selame Ben Abdolmelek came to this place, took possession of the fortress, and stationed in it some Arabians, for the purpose of guarding it. The means of their subsistence were brought from Teflis. Between this fortress and Tunis there is a journey of some days. If one man only went into this mountain fastness, he could prevent all the kings of the earth from taking it, as it hangs in the air, and impends over the road, the bridge, and the river."

What Cazwini says is of importance. "The land of the Alani is widely extended and cultivated. Its most celebrated city is Bardah, a large place, and abounding in the necessaries of life. Here are the best cultivated lands in the world; here are castles, gardens, enchanting scenery, fruits, dates, hazel-nuts, and chesnuts, which are nowhere surpassed in respect of taste or quantity, and are therefore exported to the east and to the west. Besides these, there is found here a zighan, which is a sort of ambergris, and is unequalled. This city lies upon the river Kur, and has a gate called Alakra, and a market-place called Alkuraki, which is three miles in extent."

Although it will appear evident, from what has been adduced, that Mount Caucasus and the surrounding country was well peopled and culti-

vated, and furnished with towns and fortresses; and it is extremely probable, that the inhabitants carried on no inconsiderable internal commerce, partly by means of the rivers Kur and Rhion, in the fruits of the south, chesnuts, wax, wine, silver and the inferior metals, tame and wild animals: it may yet be doubted, whether caravans travelled through the country from south to north, or conversely, to convey merchandise from and to southern Asia (which is not the case at present), and that for several reasons: The route over the mountain was tedious and difficult; the caravans would frequently be exposed to be plundered by the surrounding mountaineers; a journey through a vast number of small states, each of which had likewise its peculiar language, would have been attended with great difficulties; and, lastly, the way by the Caspian Sea would have been infinitely more convenient. With regard to the trade that was carried on from east to west, it is certain that it was very considerable, from the most ancient times, until the passage to India by sea was discovered. In the earliest times it was carried on by the Greeks, in the middle ages by the Byzantines, and, for the period they were in the Crimea, by the Genoese, who had seven silver-works on Mount Caucasus, of which there still remain traces; and in more modern times that commerce has not entirely ceased. There is still carried on, as formerly, a considerable commerce in inland productions, which are conveyed down the river Rhion (Phasis) to the Black Sea.

(To be continued.)

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ENGLISH
WRITINGS OF THE BRAHMIN RAM-
MOHUN ROY.

THAT it is the duty of every Christian to do whatever in him lies, in order that they who "sit in darkness" may see the light, is acknowledged as a general position by all who have studied those scriptures wherein Christians profess to see and reverence the rule of their conduct. The obligation which is thus admitted to lie on every Christian must, *ex facie*, be held to attach no less to every society of Christians—to every nation at least in whose laws and institutions, and

whole system of government, the presiding and directing authority of the Christian faith is expressly and unequivocally recognised. This national obligation has not merely been acknowledged theoretically: it has received additional sanction from the actual conduct of every Christian nation in the world, excepting one. Since Christianity was first adopted as the established religion of the Roman empire, no Christian government whatever has hesitated to avow itself, wherever its influence could be exerted over infidel subjects, a proselytising government. The work of conversion was in the earlier ages of Christian history carried on, not, as in the case of the Mohammedans, by any one indefatigable tribe, but by every tribe in succession, as it embraced the truth. The flame spread broadly and brightly, and every thing which came within its reach was converted, not only into the subject of immediate, but into the instrument of ulterior triumph. With whatever follies and tyrannies it may have been mingled, the zeal of the more polished nations of modern Christendom has in like manner been exerted wherever opportunity has been afforded. It is strange, that the only great and remarkable exception to this rule has been found in the case of that nation whose opportunities have been the most splendid, the only Christian nation which has been called upon by the arrangements of Providence to find itself invested with the political rule of a mighty population, of reading, writing, and philosophising heathens.

The neglect with which England has been chargeable in regard to the Christianizing of her empire in Hindostan, is not merely acknowledged, but defended by those of our countrymen who have contemplated with their own eyes, or who have at least possessed the opportunity of contemplating, the debasing influences and disgusting effects of the dark superstitions which prevail throughout that mighty region. The success, the almost miraculous success of our measures of external polity, is proof sufficient that there is no want of power or of knowledge among the higher classes of English residents in India. The difficulties which they must have met with in every other portion of their undertaking, have not appalled them; but the first and most obvious difficulty which

must attend any interference with the religion of their native dependants, seems completely to have confounded their elsewhere indefatigable energies. The errors in which their listlessness has rendered them so largely partakers abroad, are defended by them at home from vanity, and with much ignorance. Whenever the subject of converting the Hindoos is mentioned in presence of one who has sojourned in Hindostan, you are sure to hear an obstinate repetition of old and weakly sillinesses, a faded strain, mingled throughout with begging of the question, confusion of the premises, and every other blunder whereof logicians can be guilty. It is to be hoped, that the arguments of such reasoners, either in or out of Parliament, will not long be suffered to exert any influence upon the public opinion of our country.

Many circumstances have come within our own knowledge, which, if pursued into their consequences by rational men, could not, we think, fail to prove how largely the difficulties of Christianizing Hindostan have been exaggerated by the fears, or at least the coldness, of our dogmatising Asiatics. These circumstances are very different in kind and in importance; but we shall make no apology for beginning with the following. With a very few exceptions, the whole Sepoys of the army which we lately transported from the Continent of India to Java, abandoned, during their absence from their native soil, those superstitious observances which are most scrupulously, and, to all appearance, most fervently adhered to by them on the Banks of the Ganges. The full import of this fact, which we are in no fear of seeing contradicted, will be appreciated by every person of understanding at home. It will find, we venture to say, easy belief among most of those gentlemen who have at any period of their lives served in India; for we challenge any one of these gentlemen to assert that he has *not* found his Hindoo attendants willing to dispense in private with many of the most sacred parts of their superstition, to perform a thousand times, when not seen by other Hindoos, not only readily, but cheerfully, services, one single public performance of which would be more than sufficient for ever to degrade and ruin them. It is at least clear, that these men are not at heart what they

pretend to be. It seems to be almost as clear, that what each will do in private, all would do in public, were that charm once dissolved which at present prevents any one man from communicating his indifference to his neighbour. This charm was dissolved at Java. There the whole army became accomplices in the plot, and threw off their hypocrisy for a season. They resumed it on relanding in India, because there they were necessarily dispersed, and as necessarily exposed. But who can doubt the willingness of those Brahmins and Raj-poots to return once more, were they but favoured with an equally convenient season, to all the offences, both of eating and of drinking, both of omission and of commission, from which they seemed to derive so much pleasure in their Batavian cantonments?

The next circumstance to which we shall allude, is one of a very different kind, and, we think, of very superior importance. The necessities of our government and its functionaries have now, for many years, demanded of a great and continually increasing number of native Hindoos, such an acquaintance with the English language, as implies no ordinary familiarity with the literature of England. This is at last beginning to operate in a manner that might have been easily foreseen. It has been said, absurdly enough, that he who speaks two languages has no country. But there is no absurdity in stating, that the Hindoo who has made himself completely master of English literature, cannot possibly be a slave to the more disgusting or absurd parts of his native superstition. Men who read Locke, and Johnson, and Milton, and Shakspeare, have lost all capacity to believe in the horrible tenets which have produced the bloody spectacles of Guzerat and Jaggernaut. The salutary effects of such studies are becoming daily more visible. A spirit of inquiry has been excited among the learned Brahmins employed in teaching the English youth at Calcutta and Fort St George; and this is all that is wanted—in the first place. There can be little reason to doubt where the spirit of inquiry thus excited will terminate. The examination and purification of the Vedas will prepare men for the reception of the bible.

A considerable sensation has been
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produced among our countrymen in Bengal, by the appearance of a reformer of the religion of Hindostan in the person of a learned and acute Brahmin, by name RAMMOHUN ROY. This person, to use his own words, “after spending several years in the endeavour to convince his countrymen of the true meaning of the sacred books,” has more lately published several tracts, written by himself in excellent English, for the purpose “of proving to his European friends, that the superstitious practices which deform the Hindoo religion have nothing to do with the pure spirit of its dictates.”

“I have observed,” says he, “that, both in their writings and conversation, many Europeans feel a wish to palliate and soften the features of Hindoo Idolatry; and are inclined to inculcate, that all objects of worship are considered by their votaries as emblematical representations of the Supreme Divinity!—If this were indeed the case, I might perhaps be led into some examination of the subject; but the truth is, the Hindoos of the present day have no such views of the subject, but firmly believe in the real existence of innumerable Gods and Goddesses, who possess, in their own departments, full and independent power; and to propitiate them, and not the true God, are temples erected, and ceremonies performed. There can be no doubt, however, and it is my whole design to prove, that every rite has its derivation from the allegorical adoration of the true Deity; but, at the present day, all this is forgotten, and among many it is even heresy to mention it!

“I hope it will not be presumed, that I intend to establish the preference of my faith over that of other men. The result of controversy on such a subject, however multiplied, must be ever unsatisfactory; for the reasoning faculty, which leads men to certainty in things within its reach, produces no effect on questions beyond its comprehension. I do no more than assert, that, if correct reasoning, and the dictates of common sense, induce the belief of a wise, uncreated Being, who is the supporter and ruler of the boundless universe, we should also consider him the most powerful and supreme existence—far surpassing our powers of comprehension or description! And although men of uncultivated minds, and even some learned individuals (but in this one point blinded by prejudice), readily choose, as the object of their adoration, any thing which they can always see, and which they pretend to feed, the absurdity of such conduct is not thereby in the least degree diminished.

“My constant reflections on the inconvenient, or rather injurious rites, introduced by the peculiar practice of Hindoo Idolatry, which, more than any other Pagan worship, destroys the texture of society, together with

compassion for my countrymen, have compelled me to use every possible effort to awaken them from their dream of error; and by making them acquainted with their scriptures, enable them to contemplate, with true devotion, the unity and omnipresence of nature's God.

By taking the path which conscience and sincerity direct, I, born a Brahmin, have exposed myself to the complainings and reproaches even of some of my relations, whose prejudices are strong, and whose temporal advantage depends upon the present system. But these, however accumulated, I can tranquilly bear, trusting that a day will arrive when my humble endeavours will be viewed with justice—perhaps acknowledged with gratitude. At any rate, whatever men may say, I cannot be deprived of this consolation: my motives are acceptable to that Being who beholds in secret, and compensates openly!"

The three principal English tracts of Rammohun Roy which have come into our hands are, 1st, "*A Translation of an Abridgement of the Vedant, or Resolution of all the Veds.*" 2d, "*A Translation of the Cēna Upanishad, one of the Chapters of the Sama Vēda; according to the Gloss of Shancaráchārya.*" 3d, "*A Translation of the Ishopanishad, one of the Chapters of the Yajur Vēda;*" according to the commentary of the same celebrated person.—Each of these, as he has assured us in his title pages, "*establishing the unity and incomprehensibility of the Supreme Being, and that his Worship alone can lead to Eternal Beatitude.*"

Those who have never at all attended to the subject of Hindoo literature, will be astonished with the display of metaphysical acuteness in all and each of these performances. The same minute controversies concerning the *essence* and *mode* of the Supreme Being, which occupy so much space in the writings of the later Platonists, it will here be seen, have perplexed the understandings of the most skilful commentators on the sacred books of the Hindoos. The same arguments, for and against the adoration of beings inferior to the Supreme, which have been so hackneyed among the theologians of modern Europe, are, at this moment, employed in the most imposing and logical array, by Rammohun Roy and his principal opponent *Senkara Sastri*. Even in the most trivial illustrations introduced into these voluminous controversies, the likeness to what we have seen before is such, that it cannot escape the notice of the most

cursorly observer. It is not however with these parts of our Brahmin's writings that we wish to trouble our readers; we would rather direct the attention of such of them as have never considered the nature and scope of the sacred books of the Hindoos, to some of those striking passages which he has selected in proof of their adherence to what we all regard as the primary doctrine of all true religion.

The first of the tracts, which we have named above, commences thus:

"The illustrious Byas,* in his celebrated work, the Vedant, insinuates in the first text, that it is absolutely necessary for mankind to acquire knowledge respecting the Supreme Being, who is the subject of discourse in all the Veds, and the Vedant, as well as in the other Systems of Theology. But he found, from the following passages of the Veds, that this inquiry is limited to very narrow bounds: viz. "The Supreme Being is not comprehensible by vision, or by any other of the organs of sense; nor can he be conceived by means of devotion, or virtuous practices!" "He sees every thing, though never seen; hears every thing, though never directly heard of! He is neither short, nor is he long; inaccessible to the reasoning faculty; not to be compassed by description; beyond the limits of the explanation of the Ved, or of human conception!" Byas, also, from the result of various arguments coinciding with the Vede, found, that the accurate and positive knowledge of the Supreme Being, is not within the boundary of comprehension: i. e. that *what*, and *how*, the Supreme Being is, cannot be definitely ascertained. He has, therefore, in the second text, explained the Supreme Being by his effects and works, without attempting to define his essence; in like manner as we, not knowing the real nature of the Sun, explain him to be the cause of the succession of days and epochs. "He, by whom the birth, existence, and annihilation of the world is regulated, is the Supreme Being!" We see the multifarious, wonderful universe, as well as the birth, existence, and annihilation, of its different parts; hence, we naturally infer the existence of a being, who regulates the whole, and call him the Supreme: in the same manner as from the sight of a pot, we conclude the existence of its artificer. The Ved in like manner declares the Supreme

* The greatest of the Indian Theologists, Philosophers and Poets, was begotten by the celebrated Purasur and Satyubutee: Byas collected and divided the Veds into certain Books and Chapters, he is therefore commonly called Vede Byas; the word Byas is composed of the preposition *bi* and the verb *ass* to divide.

Being thus, "He from whom the universal world proceeds, who is the Lord of the universe, and he whose work is the universe, is the Supreme Being!"

"The Ved begins and concludes with the three peculiar and mysterious epithets of God viz. 1st ONG, 2d TUT, 3d SUT. The first of these signifies, "That Being, which preserves, destroys, and creates!" The second implies, "That only being, which is neither male nor female!" The third announces, "The true being!" These collective terms simply affirm, that, ONE, UNKNOWN, TRUE BEING, IS THE CREATOR, PRESERVER, AND DESTROYER OF THE UNIVERSE."

The same doctrine is stated over and over again in a thousand different shapes—as, for example, in the following *Slokams* :

"He is eternal, he is the splendor of splendor."

"He is supreme and glorious."

"The sun shines not with respect to him, nor the moon nor fire."

"Thou hearest without ears."

"Thou smell'st without a nose."

"Thou walkest without legs."

"Thou seest without eyes."

"Thou tastest without a tongue."

"Thou hast no gotram, nor birth, nor name, nor shape, nor state, nor place."

"Though thou art thus, yet thou art the Lord of the Earth and the Heaven."

"In the same manner as the illusive appearance of water, produced by the reflection of the rays in the mirage,

"So the universe shines in thee, the real and intelligent spirit."

"Thou canst not be known either by the Organs or by the mind, as thou art self-represented and distinct from elemental Being."

"If ignorance be annihilated by knowledge, as darkness by the dawn, thy light will shine like the sun."

"The whole had its birth in thee."

"The whole rests in thee."

"The whole obtains its destruction in thee like bubbles in water."

The translation of the *Upanishad* begins thus:—

"1st, Who is he [*asks a Pupil of his Spiritual Father*] under whose sole will the Intellectual Power makes its approach to different objects? Who is he, under whose authority *Breath*, the primitive power in the body, makes its operation? Who is he, by whose direction language is regularly pronounced? And who is that immaterial being, that applies vision and hearing to their respective objects?"

"2d, He [*answers the spiritual parent*] who is the sense of the sense of hearing; the intellect of the intellect; the essential cause of language; the breath of breath; the sense of the sense of vision:—This is

the being, concerning whom you would inquire:—Learned men having relinquished the notion of self-independence and self-consideration, from knowing the Supreme understanding to be the sole source of sense, enjoy everlasting beatitude, after their departure from this world.

"3d, Hence no vision can approach him; no language can describe him; no intellectual power can compass or determine him. We know nothing of how the Supreme Being should be explained: He is beyond all that is within the reach of comprehension, and also beyond nature, which is above conception. Our ancient *spiritual parents* have thus explained him to us.

"4th, He alone, who has never been described by language, and who directs language to its meaning, is the Supreme Being; and not any specified thing which men worship: Know THOU this,

"5th, He alone, whom understanding cannot comprehend, and who, as said by *learned men*, knows the real nature of understanding, is the Supreme Being; and not any specified thing which men worship: Know THOU this,

"6th, He alone, whom no one can conceive by vision, and by whose superintendence every one perceives the objects of vision, is the Supreme Being, and not any specified thing which men worship: Know THOU this,

"7th, He alone, whom no one can hear through the sense of hearing, and who knows the real nature of the sense of hearing, is the Supreme Being, and not any specified thing which men worship: Know THOU this.

"8th, He alone, whom no one can perceive through the sense of smelling, and who applies the sense of smelling to its objects, is the Supreme Being, and not any specified thing which men worship: Know THOU this

"9th, If you, [*continues the Spiritual Parent*] from what I have stated, suppose and say, that 'I know the Supreme Being thoroughly,' you in truth know very little of the Omnipresent Being; and any conception of that Being which you limit to your powers of sense, is not only deficient, but also his description, which you extend to the bodies of the celestial Gods, is also imperfect; you, consequently, should inquire into the true knowledge of the Supreme Being. To this the pupil replies: 'I perceive that at this moment I begin to know God.'

"10th, 'Not that I suppose, *continues he*, that I know God thoroughly, nor do I suppose that I do not know him at all; as among us, he who knows the meaning of the above-stated assertion, is possessed of the knowledge respecting God; viz. 'that I neither know him thoroughly, nor am entirely ignorant of him.'

"11th, [*The Spiritual Father again resumes*: He, who believes that he cannot

comprehend God, *does* know him; and he who believes that he can comprehend God, *does not* know him; as men of perfect understanding acknowledge him to be beyond comprehension, and men of imperfect understanding suppose him to be within the reach of their simplest perception."

In another of his publications, after quoting several similar passages, our author proceeds as follows:

"Should it be said 'it still remains unaccountable, that notwithstanding the Védas and Purans repeatedly declare the unity of the Supreme Being, and direct mankind to adore him alone, yet the generality of Hindoos have a contrary faith, and continue to practise Idolatry,' I would in answer request attention to the foundation, on which the practical part of the Hindoo religion is built.—Many learned Brahmins are perfectly aware of the absurdity of Idolatry, and are well informed of the nature of the purer mode of divine worship. But as in the rites, ceremonies, and festivals of Idolatry, they find the source of their comforts and fortune, they not only never fail to protect Idol worship from all attacks, but even advance and encourage it to the utmost of their power, by keeping the knowledge of their scriptures concealed from the rest of the people. Their followers too, confiding in these leaders, feel gratification in the idea of the divine Nature residing in a being resembling themselves, in birth, shape, and propensities; and are naturally delighted with a mode of worship agreeable to the senses, though destructive of moral principles, and the fruitful parent of prejudice and superstition.

"Hindoos of the present age, with a very few exceptions, have not the least idea that it is to the attributes of the Supreme Being as figuratively represented by shapes, corresponding to the nature of those attributes, they offer adoration and worship under the denomination of Gods and Goddesses. On the contrary, the slightest investigation will clearly satisfy every inquirer, that it makes a material part of their system to hold as articles of faith all those particular circumstances, which are essential to a belief in the independent existence of the objects of their Idolatry as deities clothed with Divine Power.

"Locality of habitation, and a mode of existence analogous to their own views of earthly things, are uniformly ascribed to each particular God. Thus the devotees of *Siva*, misconceiving the real spirit of the Scriptures, not only place an implicit credence in the separate existence of *Siva*, but even regard him as an omnipotent being, the greatest of all the divinities, who, as they say, inhabit the northern mountain of Calas; and that he is accompanied by two wives and several children, and surrounded with numerous attendants. In like manner the followers of Vishnu, mistaking the alle-

gorical representations of the Sastras for relations of real facts, believe him to be chief over all other Gods, and that he resides with his wife and attendants on the summit of heaven. Similar opinions are also held by the worshippers of Cali, in respect to that Goddess. And in fact the same observations are equally applicable to every class of Hindoo devotees in regard to their respective Gods and Goddesses. And so tenacious are those devotees in respect to the honour due to their chosen divinities, that when they meet in such holy places, as *Haridwar*, *Pryag*, *Siva-Canchi* or *Vishnu-Canchi* in the *Dekhin*, the adjustment of the point of precedence, not only occasions the warmest verbal altercations, but sometimes even blows and violence. Neither do they regard the images of those Gods merely in the light of instruments for elevating the mind to the conception of those supposed beings; they are simply in themselves made objects of worship. For whatever Hindoo purchases an Idol in the market, or constructs one with his own hands, or has one made up under his own superintendence, it is his invariable practice to perform certain ceremonies, called *Pran Pratistha* or the endowment of animation; by which he believes that its nature is changed from that of the mere materials of which it is formed, and that it acquires not only life but supernatural powers. Shortly afterwards, if the Idol be of the masculine gender, he marries it to a feminine one, with no less pomp and magnificence than he celebrates the nuptials of his own children. The mysterious process is now complete; and the God and Goddess are esteemed the arbiters of his destiny, and continually receive his most ardent adoration.

"At the same time, the worshipper of Images ascribes to them at once the opposite natures of human and of super-human beings. In attention to their supposed wants as living beings, he is seen feeding, or pretending to feed them, every morning and evening; and as in the hot season he is careful to fan them, so in the cold, he is equally regardless of their comfort, covering them by day with warm clothing, and placing them at night in a snug bed. But superstition does not find a limit here; the acts and speeches of the Idols, and their assumption of various shapes and colours, are gravely related by the Brahmins, and with all the marks of veneration, are firmly believed by their deluded followers. Other practices they have with regard to those Idols which decency forbids me to explain. In thus endeavouring to remove a mistake into which I have reason to believe many European gentlemen have been led by a benevolent wish to find an excuse for the errors of my countrymen, it is a considerable gratification to me to find that the latter have begun to be so far sensible of the absurdity of their real belief and practices, as to find it convenient to shelter them under

such a cloak, however flimsy and borrowed. The adoption of such a subterfuge encourages me greatly to hope, that they will in time abandon what they are sensible cannot be defended; and that, forsaking the superstition of Idolatry, they will embrace the rational worship of the God of nature."

In the same work the following eloquent and feeling passage occurs.

"The physical powers of man are limited; and when viewed comparatively, sink into insignificance; while in the same ratio, his moral faculties rise in our estimation, as embracing a wide sphere of action, and possessing a capability of almost boundless improvement. If the short duration of human life be contrasted with the great age of the universe, and the limited extent of bodily strength with the many objects to which there is a necessity of applying it, we must necessarily be disposed to entertain but a very humble opinion of our own nature; and nothing, perhaps, is so well calculated to restore our self-complacency, as the contemplation of our more extensive moral powers, together with the highly beneficial objects which the appropriate exercise of them may produce.

"On the other hand, sorrow and remorse can scarcely fail sooner or later to be the portion of him, who is conscious of having neglected opportunities of rendering benefit to his fellow-creatures. From considerations like these, it has been, that I (although born a *Brahmin*, and instructed in my youth in all the principles of that sect), being thoroughly convinced of the lamentable errors of my countrymen, have been stimulated to employ every means in my power to improve their minds, and lead them to the knowledge of a purer system of morality. Living constantly amongst *Hindoo*s of different sects and professions, I have had ample opportunity of observing the superstitious puerilities into which they have been thrown by their self-interested guides; who, in defiance of the law as well as of common sense, have succeeded but too well in conducting them to the temple of Idolatry; and while they hide from their view the true substance of morality, have infused into their simple hearts a weak attachment for its mere shadow.

"For the chief part of the theory and practice of *Hindooism*, I am sorry to say, is made to consist in the adoption of a peculiar mode of diet; the least aberration from which (even though the conduct of the offender may in other respects be pure and blameless) is not only visited with the severest censure, but actually punished by exclusion from the society of his family and friends. In a word, he is doomed to undergo what is commonly called loss of cast.

"On the contrary, the rigid observance of this grand article of *Hindoo* faith is considered in so high a light, as to compensate for every moral defect. Even the most atrocious crimes weigh little or nothing in

the balance against the supposed guilt of its violation.

"Murder, theft, or perjury, though brought home to the party by a judicial sentence, so far from inducing loss of cast, is visited in their society with no peculiar mark of infamy or disgrace.

"A trifling present to the *Brahmin*, commonly called *Prayaschit*, with the performance of a few idle ceremonies, are held as a sufficient atonement for all those crimes; and the delinquent is at once freed from all temporal inconvenience, as well as all dread of future retribution.

"My reflections upon these solemn truths have been most painful for many years. I have never ceased to contemplate, with the strongest feelings of regret, the obstinate adherence of my countrymen to their fatal system of idolatry, inducing, for the sake of propitiating their supposed Deities, the violation of every humane and social feeling. And this in various instances; but more especially in the dreadful acts of self-destruction, and the immolation of the nearest relations, under the delusion of conforming to sacred religious rites. I have never ceased, I repeat, to contemplate these practices with the strongest feelings of regret, and to view in them the moral debasement of a race who, I cannot help thinking, are capable of better things;—whose susceptibility, patience, and mildness of character, render them worthy of a better destiny. Under these impressions, therefore, I have been impelled to lay before them genuine translations of parts of their scripture, which inculcates not only the enlightened worship of one God, but the purest principles of morality, accompanied with such notices as I deemed requisite to oppose the arguments employed by the *Brahmins*, in defence of their beloved system. Most earnestly do I pray, that the whole may sooner or later prove efficient in producing, on the minds of *Hindoo*s in general, a conviction of the rationality of believing in and adoring the Supreme Being only; together with a complete perception and practice of that grand and comprehensive moral principle—*Do unto others as ye would be done by.*"

We should have embraced the present opportunity of entering more in detail into the merits of this eminent man's performances; but we have deferred doing so, because we hope ere long to have more of them in our possession. We understand he is himself, at this moment, on his way to England, for the purpose of procuring information and countenance to assist him in the prosecution of the noble work he has undertaken. May his success be such as he deserves! In the intimate knowledge of our language and literature which he has evidently attained, he has command of an instrument such

as no heathen philosopher ever before possessed. His own candid and manly understanding is, we have no doubt, well prepared for the more full reception of the Truth; and in him, we would fain hope, Providence has at last raised up one destined to work great things for India.

NINE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF
HORACE WALPOLE.

THE recent publication of Horace Walpole's correspondence with his friend, a man of fashion, which soon excited curiosity, at the same time highly gratified public taste. That exquisite letter-writer, in a manner quite his own, "caught the Cynthia of the minute;" events so fugitive, that they scarcely can be deemed events, and personages of such slight appearances, that they would have proved impalpable under a less ethereal pen. With a truth of nature he has communicated just that sort of interest which we cannot refuse him. More or less had been fatal: less, and all would have been flatness; more, and he would have turned out that most intolerable of all triflers, a serious one. There is a feminine delicacy in the character of our letter-writer, for which we might distinguish him as the Madame Sevigné of men; but his abounding wit, his polished sarcasm, and the entire absence of all sympathy for any human being, has enabled him to prove at once his sex and his originality. But we must not forget that Horace Walpole was a literary character, and we regretted a deficiency, in that volume, of his literary correspondence. We wish to see it supplied, because we have reason to believe the thing is obtainable. We have already had specimens of this nature, which have only whetted our appetite. These will be found published about four years ago in Mr D'Israeli's "*Calamities of Authors.*" In that work, among many other original discoveries concerning those authors who formed the subjects of his inquiries, we find the literary character of Horace Walpole struck out with great originality and truth, from a perusal of a considerable correspondence Walpole held for twenty years with the literary antiquary Cole, who left his collections, where all such

collections ought to be left, to our great national depository, the British Museum. It is but justice to Mr D'Israeli, to acknowledge, that he appears to have been the first who discovered the peculiar talent of our letter-writer; for, after rather a severe estimate of his literary character, he adds: "His most pleasing, if not his great talent, lay in letter-writing: here he was without a rival." We may consider this critical decision as a sort of prophecy, which the large volume, recently published, has most amply verified.

We have just received some of these letters, transcribed from their originals; but we observe, that none of them appear to have been those from which Mr D'Israeli offers so many passages to shew "how he delighted to ridicule authors, and to starve the miserable artists he so grudgingly paid;" and how "he quarrelled with and ridiculed every man of genius he personally knew;" and how "he who had contemned Sidney, &c. at length came to scorn himself."* There must therefore remain behind these no inconsiderable number: the admirable one in our last appears to have been drawn from the same source.

Strawberry Hill, March 9, 1765.

DEAR SIR,—I had time to write but a short note with the Castle of Otranto. Your partiality to me and Strawberry, have, I hope, inclined you to excuse the wildness of the story. You will even have found some traits to put you in mind of this place. When you read of the picture quitting its pannel, did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland all in white in my gallery? Shall I even confess to you what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning in the beginning of last June from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head, filled, like mine, with gothic story), and that in the uppermost banister of a great staircase, I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sate down and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work

* See the whole character, designed to illustrate "the pains of fastidious egotism," in "*Calamities of Authors.*" Vol. i. p. 100.

grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—Add, that I was very glad to think of any thing rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months*, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left off Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness; but if I have amused you, by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days, I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please.

My bower is determined, but not at all what it is to be. Though I write romances, I cannot tell how to build all that belongs to them. Madame Danois, in the fairy tales, used to tapestry them with jonquils, but as that furniture will not last above a fortnight in the year, I shall prefer something more huckaback. I have decided that the outside shall be of treillage, which, however, I shall not commence, till I have again seen some of old Louis's old fashioned galantries at Versailles. Rosamond's bower, you and I and Tom Hearne know was a labyrinth; but as my territory will admit of a very short clue, I lay aside all thoughts of a mazy habitation, though a bower is very different from an arbour, and must have more chambers than one. In short, I both know and don't know what it should be. I am almost afraid I must go and read Spenser, and wade through his allegories and drawling stanzas to get at a picture †; but good night! See how

* In a little volume entitled *Walpoliana*, edited by Mr Pinkerton, and probably containing some, perhaps many genuine things which fell from Walpole in conversation, he is made to say, "I wrote the Castle of Otranto in eight days, or rather eight nights, for my general hours of composition are from ten o'clock at night till two in the morning, when I am sure not to be disturbed by visitants." Thus are wonderful stories propagated in conversation by the vanity of the author, and the wondering of the literati, that serve for *Anas!* or printed *conversations*.

† To judge by the intolerable mediocrity of Walpole's own verses, one conceives how such a man might be afraid to go and read Spenser, the poet of poets!

one gossips when one is alone and quiet on one's own dunghill. Well, it may be trifling, yet it is such trifling as ambition never is happy enough to know! Ambition orders palaces, but it is Content that chats for a page or two over a bower. Yours ever,

H. W.

1769.

"HAVE you seen Granger's Supplement? Methinks it grows too diffuse. I have hinted to him that fewer panegyrics from funeral sermons would not hurt it. There are few copies printed but on one side of the leaf. To my mortification, though I have four thousand heads, I find, upon a rough calculation, that I still want three or four hundred."

It appears that Granger received only £100, to the times of Charles I.—and the rest to depend on public favour, for the continuation. Walpole seems to have been doubtful of its success, from the small number of collectors then, though he hopes that the anecdotic part of it will make it "more known and tasted."

After the death of Granger, he writes, "Granger's papers have been purchased by Lord Mountstuart, who has the portrait-frenzy as well as I; and though I am the head of the sect, I have no longer the rage of propagating it; nor would I on any account take the trouble of revising and publishing the MSS. Mr Granger has drowned his taste for portraits in the ocean of biography; and though he began with elucidating prints, he at last only sought prints, that he might write the lives of those they represented. His work was grown, and growing so voluminous, that an abridgement only could have made it useful to collectors."*

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1772.

MR MASON has shewn me the relics of poor Mr Gray. I am sadly disappointed at finding them so very incon-

* An abridgement of Granger would only have been committing an injury with Granger; but the desired object for the mere collector, has since been obtained by Bromby's "Catalogue of Engraved Portraits," a valuable book for its size and completeness.

siderable. He always persisted, when I enquired about his writings, that he had nothing by him. I own I doubted. I am grieved he was so very near exact. Since given to the world for 12 guineas! Gray valued them as "nothing," and Mason would not publish even a scrap. I speak of my own satisfaction. As to his genius, what he published during his life will establish his fame as long as our language lasts, and there is a man of genius left. There is a silly fellow, I do not know who, that has published a volume of letters on the English nation, with characters of our modern authors. He has talked such nonsense of Mr Gray, that I have no patience with the compliments he has paid me. He must have an excellent taste! and gives me a woful opinion of my own trifles, when he likes them, and cannot see the beauties of a poet that ought to be ranked in the first line. I am more humbled by any applause in the present age, than by hosts of such critics as Dr Mills. Is not Garrick reckoned a tolerable author, though he has proved how little sense is necessary to form a great actor! His Cymon, his prologues and epilogues, and forty such pieces of trash, are below mediocrity, and yet delight the mob in the boxes, as well as in the footman's gallery. I do not mention the things written in his praise, because he writes most of them himself. But you know any one popular merit can confer all merit. Two women talking of Wilkes, one said he squinted; the other replied, "Well, if he does, it is not more than a man should squint." For my part, I can see extremely well how Garrick acts, without thinking him six feet high. It is said that Shakspeare was a bad actor. Why do not his divine plays make our wise judges conclude that he was a good one? They have not a proof of the contrary as they have in Garrick's works—but what is it to you or me what he is? We may see him act with pleasure, and nothing obliges us to read his writings. Adieu, dear sir, yours most truly, H. W.

"I AM charmed with Gray's life, and prefer it to all the biography I ever saw. The style is excellent, simple, unaffected; the method admirable,

artful and judicious: He has framed the fragments, as a person said, so well, that they are fine drawings, if not finished pictures. For my part I am so interested in it, that I shall certainly read it over and over. I do not find that this is likely to be the case with many *yet*. Never was a book which people pretended to expect with so much impatience, less devoured—at least in London, where quartos are not of quick digestion. Faults are found, I hear, at Eton, with the Latin poems for false quantities—no matter, they are equal to the English. Can one say more?

"At Cambridge, I should think, the book would offend much, and please, at least if they are sensible to humour, as to ill-humour. And there is orthodoxy enough to wash down a camel. The Scotch, or the Reviewers will be still more angry, and the latter have not a syllable to pacify them; so they who wait for their decisions, will probably miss of reading one of the most entertaining books in the world—a punishment which they who trust to such wretched judges deserve; for who are more contemptible than such judges, but they who give their faith to them?"

In a subsequent letter, Horace Walpole adds on Gray:

I find more people like the grave letters than those of humour; and some think the latter a little affected, which is as wrong judgment as they could make; for *Gray never wrote any thing easily, but things of humour*.—Humour was his natural and original turn, and though, from his childhood, he was grave and reserved, his genius led him to see things ludicrously and satyrically, and though his health and dissatisfaction gave him low spirits, his *melancholy turn* was much more affected than his pleasantry in writing. You knew him enough to know I am in the right; but the world, in general, always wants to be told *how* to think, as well as *what* to think.

"The *print*, I agree with you, though like, is a very disagreeable likeness, and the worst likeness of him. It gives the *griminess* he had when under *constraint*. It just serves to help the reader to an image of the person, whose genius and integrity they must admire, if they are so happy as to have a taste for either." H. W.

Cole had observed of Gray's print, "It gives him a sharpness, a snapshifness, a fierceness, that was not his common feature, though it might occasionally be so. The print of him by Mr Mason, and since copied by Henshaw, conveys a much stronger idea of him.

May 22, 1777.

"THE beauty of Kings College, Cambridge, now it is restored, penetrated me with a visionary longing to be a monk in it. Though my life has been passed in turbulent scenes, in pleasure, or rather pastimes, and in much fashionable dissipation, still books, antiquity, and virtue, kept hold of a corner of my heart, and since necessity has forced me of late years to be a man of business, my disposition tends to be a recluse for what remains—but it will not be my lot. And though there is some excuse for the young doing what they like, I doubt an old man should do nothing but what he ought; and I hope doing one's duty is the best preparation for death. Sitting with one's arms folded to think about it, is a very long way of preparing for it. If Charles V. had resolved to make some amends for his abominable ambition, by doing good (his duty as a king), there would have been infinitely more merit, than going to doze in a convent. One may avoid active guilt in a sequestered life, but the virtue of it is merely negative, though innocence is beautiful.

"Were my course to recommence, and could one think in youth as one does at 65, I have a notion that I should have courage to appear as an author. Do you know, too, that I look on fame now, as the idlest of all visions? but this theme would lead me too far. I have always lived *post*, and shall now die before I can bait.

H. WALPOLE."

Strawberry Hill, March 28, 1779.

I HAVE been much amused with new travels through Spain, by a Mr Swinburne—at least with the account of the Alhambra, of the minor parts of which there are two beautiful prints. The Moors were the most polished, and had most taste, of any people in the Gothic ages, and I hate the knave Ferdinand and his bigotted queen for destroying them. These new travels

are simple, and do tell one a little more than late voyagers, by whose accounts one would think there was nothing in Spain but Muleteers and Fandangos. In truth, there does not seem to be much worth seeing but prospects—and those, unless I were a bird, I would never visit, when the accommodations are so wretched.

Mr Cumberland has given the town a masque, called Calypso, which is a prodigy of dulness. Would you believe that such a sentimental writer would be so gross as to make Cantharides one of the ingredients of the love potion for enamouring Telemachus? If you think I exaggerate, here are the lines,

To these the hot Hispanian fly
Shall bid his languid pulse beat high.

Proteus and Antiope are Minerva's missionaries for securing the prince's virtue, and, in recompense, they are married and crowned king and queen.

I have bought at Hudson's sale a fine design of a chimney piece, by Holbein, for Henry 8th. If I had a room left I would erect it. It is certainly not so Gothic as that in my Holbein-room, but there is a great deal of taste for that bastard style.

I do intend, under Mr Essex's inspection, to begin my offices next spring. It is late in my day, I confess, to return to brick and mortar, but I shall be glad to perfect my plan, or the next possessor will marry my castle to a Doric stable. There is a perspective through two or three rooms in the Alhambra, that might easily be improved into Gothic, though there seems but small affinity between them, and they might be finished within with Dutch tiles and painting, or bits of ordinary marble, as there must be gilding. Mosaic seems to have been their chief ornament, for walls, ceilings, and floors. Fancy must sport in the furniture, and mottoes might be gallant, and would be very Arabesque. I would have a mixture of colours, but with strict attention to harmony and taste; and some one should predominate, as supposing it to be the favourite colour of the lady who was sovereign of the knight's affections who built the house. Carpets are classically Mahometan, and Fountains,—but alas! our climate, till last summer, was never romantic! Were I not so old, I would at least build—a Moorish

novel—for you see my head runs on Granada—and by taking the most picturesque parts of the Mahometan and Catholic religions, and with the mixture of African and Spanish names, one might make something very agreeable,—at least, I will not give the hint to Mr Cumberland. Adieu!

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Berkeley Square, Feb. 5, 1780.

I HAVE been turning over the new second volume of the *Biographia*, and find the additions very poor and lean performances. The lives, entirely new, are partial and flattering, being contributions of the friends of those whose lives are recorded. This publication, made at a time when I have lived to see several of my contemporaries deposited in this national temple of Fame, has made me smile, and made me reflect that many preceding authors, who have been installed there with much respect, may have been as trifling personages as those we have known, and now behold consecrated to memory. Three or four have struck me particularly, as Dr *Birch*, who was a worthy good-natured soul, full of industry and activity, and running about, like a young setting-dog, in quest of any thing new or old, and with no parts, taste, or judgment. Then there is Dr *Blackwell*, the most impertinent literary coxcomb upon earth. But the editor has been so just, as to insert a very merited satire on his Court of Augustus. The third is Dr *Browne*, that mountebank, who for a little time made as much noise by his *Estimate*, as ever quack did by a nostrum. I do not know whether I ever told you how much I was struck the only time I ever saw him. You know one object of the anathemas of his *Estimate*, was the Italian opera. Yet did I find him, one evening in Passion week, accompanying some of the Italian singers at a concert at Lady Carlisle's. A clergyman, no doubt; is not obliged to be on his knees the whole week before Easter, and music and a concert are harmless amusements; but when Cato or Calvin are out of character, reformation becomes ridiculous. But poor Dr Browne was mad, and therefore might be in earnest, whether he played the fool or the reformer.

You recollect, perhaps, the threat of Dr Kippis to me, which is to be executed on my father, for my calling

the first edition of the *Biographia* the *Vindictio Britannica*. But observe how truth emerges at last! In this new volume, he confesses that the article of Lord Arlington, which I had specified as one of the most censurable, is the one most deserving that censure, and that the character of Lord Arlington is palliated beyond all truth or reason. Words stronger than mine. Yet mine deserved to draw vengeance on my father! So a presbyterian divine invents divine judgment, and visits the sins of the children on the parents!

Cardinal Beaton's character, softened in the first edition, gentle Dr Kippis pronounces extremely detestable. Yet was I to blame for hinting at such defects in that work! and yet my words are quoted to shew that Lord Orrery's poetry was ridiculously bad. In like manner, Mr, Dr Cumberland, who assumes the whole honour of publishing his grandfather's *Lucan*, and does not deign to mention its being published at Strawberry Hill, (though, by the way, I believe it will be oftener purchased for having been printed there, than for wearing Mr Cumberland's name to the dedication.) And yet he quotes me for having praised his ancestor in one of my publications. These little instances of pride and spleen divert me, and then make me sadly reflect on human weaknesses. I am very apt myself to like what flatters my opinions or passions, and to reject scornfully what thwarts them, even in the same persons. The longer one lives, the more one discovers one's own uglinesses in the features of others.—Yours ever, H. WALPOLE.

P. S.—I remember two other instances where my impartiality, or at least my sincerity, have exposed me to double censure. Many, perhaps you, condemned my severity on Charles I. Yet the late Mr Hollis wrote against me in the newspapers, for condemning the republicans for their destruction of ancient monuments. Some blamed me for undervaluing the Flemish and Dutch painters in my preface to the *Ædes Walpolianæ*. Barry, the painter, because I laughed at his extravagancies, says, in his rejection of that school, "But I leave them to be admired by the Hon. H. W. and such judges." Would not one think I had been their champion?

Cole observes, Mr W. is manifestly hurt by the threats on his father, and the slights on himself; he sees not with the same eyes that I do the vile design of the book throughout, nor indeed cares for it—I mean the steady purpose of the editors to defame the Church of England, and to propagate the doctrine of independence and socialism, a plan never out of sight; and the additions to the old articles of any orthodox clergyman of the Church of England are all on this principle.

Strawberry Hill, March 13, 1780.

You compliment me, my good friend, on a sagacity that is surely very common. How frequently do we see portraits that have caught the features, and missed the countenance or character, which is far more difficult to hit. Nor is it unfrequent to hear that remark made.

I have confessed to you that I am fond of local histories. It is the general execution of them that I condemn, and that I call the *worst kind of reading*. I cannot comprehend but they might be performed with taste. I did mention this winter the new edition of Atkyn's Gloucestershire, as having additional descriptions of situations, that I thought had merit. I have just got another, a view of Northumberland, in two volumes quarto, with cuts; but I do not devour it fast, for the author's predilection is to Roman antiquities, which, such as are found in this island, are very indifferent, and inspire me with little curiosity. A barbarous country so remote from the seat of empire, and occupied by a few legions, that very rarely decided any great events, is not very interesting, though one's own country—nor do I care a straw for a stone that preserves the name of a standard-bearer of a cohort, or of a Colonel's daughter. Then, I have no patience to read the tiresome disputes of antiquaries, to settle forgotten names of vanished towns, and to prove that such a village was called something else in Antoninus's Itinerary. I do not say that the Gothic antiquities that I like are of more importance; but, at least, they exist. The scite of a Roman camp, of which nothing remains but a bank, gives me not the smallest pleasure. One knows they had square camps—has one a clearer idea from the spot, which is barely

distinguishable? How often does it happen that the lumps of earth are so imperfect, that it is never clear whether they are Roman, Druidic, Danish, or Saxon fragments—the moment it is uncertain, it is plain, they furnish no specific idea of art or history, and then I neither desire to see or read of them.

I have been directed, too, to another work, in which I am personally a little concerned. Yesterday was published an octavo, pretending to contain the correspondence of Hackman and Miss Wray, that he murdered. I doubt whether the letters are genuine, and yet, if fictitious, they are executed well, and enter into his character;—her's appear less natural, and yet the editors were certainly more likely to be in possession of her's than of his. It is not probable that Lord Sandwich should have sent what he found in her apartment to the press. No account is pretended to be given of how they came to light.

You will wonder how I should be concerned in that correspondence, who never saw either of the lovers in my days. In fact, my being dragged in, is a reason for my doubting the authenticity; nor can I believe that the long letter, in which I am frequently mentioned, could be written by the wretched lunatic. It pretends that Miss Wray desired him to give her a particular account of Chatterton. He does give a most ample one; but is there a glimpse of probability that a being so frantic should have gone to Bristol, and sifted Chatterton's sister and others, with as much cool curiosity as Mr Lort could do? and at such a moment? Besides, he murdered Miss Wray, I think, in March; my printed defence was not at all dispersed before the preceding January or February, nor do I conceive that Hackman could ever see it. There are notes, indeed, of the editor, who has certainly seen it; but I rather imagine that the editor, whoever he is, composed the whole volume. I am acquitted as being accessory to the lad's death, which is gracious, but much blamed for speaking of his bad character, and for being too hard on his forgeries, though I took so much pains to specify the innocence of them; and for his character, I only quoted the very words of his own editor and panegyrist. I did not repeat what Dr Gold-

smith told me at the royal academy, where I first heard of his death, that he went by the appellation of *the Young Villain*; but it is not new to me, as you know, to be blamed by two opposite parties. The editor has in one place confounded me and my uncle, who, he says, as is true, checked Lord Chatham for being too forward a young man in 1740. In that year I was not even come into parliament, and must have been absurd indeed, if I had taunted Lord Chatham with youth, who was at least six or seven years younger than he was; and how could he reply by reproaching me with old age, who was then not twenty-three? I shall make no answer to these absurdities, nor to any part of the work. Blunder I see people will, and talk of what they do not understand; and what care I? There is another trifling mistake of still less consequence. The editor supposes that it was Macpherson who communicated Ossian to me. It was Sir David Dalrymple who sent me the first specimens. Macpherson did once come to me, but my credulity was then a little shaken.

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Strawberry Hill, June 15, 1780.

You may like to know one is alive, dear sir, after a massacre and the conflagration of a capital. I was in it both on the Friday and on the *black Wednesday*, the most horrible night I ever beheld, and which, for six hours together, I expected to end in half the town being reduced to ashes.

I can give you little account of the origin of this shocking affair. Negligence was certainly its nurse, and religion only its god-mother. The ostensible author is in the tower. Twelve or fourteen thousand men have quashed all tumults; and as no bad account is come from the country, except for a moment at Bath, and as eight days have passed, nay more, since the commencement,—I flatter myself, the whole nation is shocked at the scene, and that, if plan there was, it was laid only in and for the metropolis. The lowest and most villanous of the people, and to no great amount, were almost the sole actors.

I hope your electioneering rioting has not, nor will mix in these tumults. It would be most absurd; for Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, Sir George Saville, and Mr Burke, the patrons of toleration, were devoted to

destruction as much as the ministers. The rails torn from Sir George's house were the chief weapons and instruments of the mob. For the honour of the nation, I should be glad to have it proved that the French were the engineers. You and I have lived too long for our comfort,—shall we close our eyes in peace? You and I, that can amuse ourselves with our books and papers, feel as much indignation at the turbulent as they have scorn for us. It is hard, at least, that they who disturb nobody, can have no asylum in which to pursue their innocent indolence. Who is secure against Jack Straw and a whirlwind? How I abominate Mr Banks and Dr Solander, who routed the poor Otaheitans out of the centre of the ocean, and carried our abominable passions among them! Not even that poor little speck could escape European restlessness. Och! I have seen many tempestuous scenes, and outlived them! The present prospect is too thick to see through—it is well hope never forsakes us. Adieu. Yours, most sincerely, *H. W.*

We have no time to add a few notes to these letters, to counteract a little the caustic pleasantry of Walpole on some authors. But *Cole's character*, and that of his *collections*, have been given by Mr D'Israeli, from whom we beg leave to borrow them for the present purpose. "Cole was the college friend of Walpole, Mason, and Gray; a striking proof how dissimilar habits, and opposite tastes and feelings, can associate in literary friendship; for Cole, indeed, the public had informed him that his friends were poets and men of wit, and for them Cole's patient and curious turn was useful, and by its extravagant trifling must have been very useful. He had a gossip's ear, and a tatter's pen; and, among better things, wrote down every grain of literary scandal his insatiable and minute curiosity could lick up;—as patient and voracious as an ant-eater, he stretched out his tongue till it was covered by the tiny creatures, and drew them all in at one digestion. All these tales were registered, with the utmost simplicity, as the reporter received them; yet, still anxious after truth, and usually telling lies, it is very amusing to observe, that, as he proceeds, he very laudably contradicts, or explains away in subsequent me-

miranda, what he had before written. Walpole, in a correspondence of forty years, he was perpetually flattering, though he must have imperfectly relished his fine taste, while he abhorred the more liberal feelings to which sometimes he addressed a submissive remonstrance. He has at times written a letter coolly, and at the same moment chronicled his suppressed feelings in his diary with all the flame and sputter of his strong prejudices. He was expressively nicknamed *Cardinal Cole*. These scandalous chronicles were ordered not to be opened till twenty years after his decease: he wished to do as little mischief as he could, but loved to do some. When the lid was removed from this Pandora's box, it happened that some of his intimate friends lived to perceive in what strange figures they were exhibited by their quondam admirer."

ON THE CANDIDE OF VOLTAIRE.

A WORK evolved from the mind, like *Candide*, as it were spontaneously, and not modelled in conformity to any established rules of art, is of the kind that is best adapted to express habits of thought and sentiment. The combinations of ideas that are dictated by logic, or by rules of composition, have comparatively little interest or meaning. They sink into oblivion because there is no soul or character embalmed in them, and because they merely exhibit the human mind working mechanically according to certain principles.

Although *Candide* professes to be a refutation of optimism, it is by no means confined to considerations applicable to that subject. Whatever is signified in it, is signified rather by means of incidents than of arguments. The incidents which the cynic introduces, are all of them extreme cases; but they are well chosen to ridicule the idea that the moral world is a scene fit to be contemplated with complacency. Voltaire had probably no very distinct conception of what he was attacking, at least he follows no close train of reasoning against it; but he had too much sagacity to concur with those low-minded sophists who endeavour to represent the condition of the moral world as a thing alto-

gether free from mystery, and with regard to which the human mind should feel no demand either for explanation or amendment. Many of his contemporaries satisfied themselves with a sort of cant that every thing would go right if men would follow the unperverted dictates of nature. Voltaire, on the other hand, perceived around him every where the seeds of discord and wretchedness, and he did not attempt to disguise the fact. But the true view of the universe did not lead him to just conclusions. Having suppressed in his soul what affords consolation amidst the assaults of misfortune, it remained for him to consider what other habits of thought and feeling were best calculated to fortify a human being in making his way through the jarring chaos by which he is surrounded. *Candide* is merely an amusing parable, in which he develops his system of tactics for the campaign of human life. Voltaire's own nature, and the number of intellectual enjoyments which he possessed, led him rather to shun external causes of pain, than to search after external causes of pleasure. He perceived, in general, that the less purchase outward circumstances obtained over him, the less he would suffer; and the scope of *Candide*, accordingly, is to palsy within the mind, by means of derision, every movement of pride, or vanity, or shame, or the feeling of responsibility, which are all of them sentiments tending to entangle us with others, and subject us to the course of events. Pride he pays off, not by congratulating himself on the possession of merit, but by saying, "The whole world is only a subject for mockery and contempt. As nothing in it claims my respect, or mortifies me with the appearance of enviable superiority, I can well afford to deride even myself, and dispense with ambition." The same scorn of mankind teaches him to extinguish vanity, by representing men's suffrages as not worth obtaining, and by considering the cultivation of the good opinion of others as a piece of ridiculous drudgery. Shame he gets quit of by saying to himself, "It is impudence in others to expect me to be ashamed before them of any thing I can do." Although he shakes off all regard for mankind, he is not in the least a misanthrope, but rather cultivates good nature as more conve-

nient and agreeable for him who feels it ; and he would consider misanthropical indignation as foolish and useless. He prizes the pleasures of health and sense, and wishes, in many respects, to resemble the inferior animals, in order to be altogether free from the stirrings of what he considers as unprofitable sentiments, although he still relishes and enjoys the pleasures of the understanding. But having suppressed the sources of so many inquietudes, he finds that he has suppressed also the sources of those pleasures and interests which serve to fill up the span of existence ; and, accordingly, Candide and Martin, in cultivating their garden, find themselves beset by the weariness of life, after they had endeavoured, by apathy, to emancipate themselves from almost all other evils. The freedom which philosophers of this school attain by extinguishing sentiment, is like the escape of a prisoner into a barren and rocky island, where he finds nothing to subsist upon ; and they are obliged, by the want of enjoyment, to submit themselves again to the impulses of human feeling.

As the philosophy developed in *Candide* does not foster any of the passions, it does not lead to acts of positive immorality, but only prompts men to a scornful neglect of all they owe to their fellow-creatures, and to a deliberate isolation of self-interest. It inspires no arrogance, but extinguishes all respect. It teaches us to consider mankind as mischievous animals, with whom it would be folly to contend in earnest, but whose malice must be guarded against by whatever means are found most convenient, and whose good offices should be considered as so much good luck. It bids us contemplate them, not under the relations of morality or personal feeling, but as machines by which we must take care not to be hurt in passing. Although it stifles enthusiasm, it is no enemy to the pleasures of taste, or elegant perception, because they are so many detached enjoyments, which may be taken up and abandoned at will, without subjecting us either to our own passions, or entangling us with the movements of events. The general tendency of this philosophy would evidently be to disorganize society (so far as its organization hinges upon the feeling of duty), and to resolve men

into so many separate individuals, who acknowledge no mutual obligations, but who are willing to transact coolly with each other upon the principles of self-interest. The habits of feeling which it engenders are now generally condemned in theory throughout Europe, but at the same time there can be little doubt that they are too extensively acted upon. In France their bitter consequences have been practically felt in politics ; and it is to be hoped that the rest of the nations, in struggling to obtain rights that have been too long denied them, will beware of supposing that the torch of self-interest is all that is necessary to conduct them safely to freedom ; and that the severest virtues are not required from individuals, as ballast for the vessel of the state, when it makes a voyage into unknown seas.

This novel, remarkable as a composition for the uncommon distinctness of the ideas, and the liveliness of their appositions, is also a model for compression and vivacity of language.—Every common-place succession of thought is industriously broken by some amusing interruptions, so that the attention never flags. Neither is any thing introduced for the sake of the imagination. We are never allowed to dwell upon a detached object, but are hurried from one to another, that every feeling may be shocked by the atrocity of their relations, and the mind filled with amazement and derision, by the naked absurdities which are displayed. So long as Voltaire continues to paint the worst side of life, he is supplied with a diabolical copiousness of examples ; but when, in describing *El Dorado*, he attempts to show what human nature ought to be, the poverty of his soul becomes woefully apparent, and he sinks into absolute childishness. His imaginary people are well fed, well clothed, good natured, and live under a just government, but we see nothing of their aims or enjoyments. Whatever may have been the errors of Rousseau, his views of human nature were, for the most part, profound and just. He did not seek, like Voltaire, to deaden the sensibility of his nature, but chose rather to suffer to the last, and strove to neutralize the pains to which his genius subjected him, by a double enjoyment of all those sweet and generous sentiments with which he was so

amply endowed. The internal fermentations of his mind revealed every thing to him, and he was almost never mistaken, except in deducing practical consequences. He was called a sophist, because the purity of the sentiments which he uttered was unadapted to the grovelling passions of society; but no person ever had a more disinterested love of truth. Voltaire, in his youth, had been well drilled amidst the cabals of Paris, and therefore understood better how to gain credit among his contemporaries.

THE LATE HOT WEATHER.

MR EDITOR,

BEING very desirous of becoming acquainted with you, for reasons which the fear of being suspected of flattery, reluctance to offend your modesty, &c. &c. prevent me from offering,—I shall take the opportunity of a sober overcast day to make my overtures. Allow me to begin after the orthodox manner of my countrymen,—this is fine cool weather, Mr Editor;—this is pleasanter than the great heat of last summer. You will cease to smile at the salutation, when you learn in what hazard the interests of this Magazine have been put by the state of the late season. Know then, it is wholly owing to this cause that I have not hitherto attempted to approach that coifed wizard with the thistle wreath encircled, whose effigy oft hath fixed and low abashed mine eye, and to tender him the produce of my pen, though I have felt a wondrous longing so to do any time these three months. Leaden languor sat upon the wings of my imagination. It was with me, during the whole summer, an everyday history of suction and evaporation—nothing else. The heat of the weather, in fact, I felt, I thought of, and, when I could slumber, dreamt of. It entered into all my perceptions, and regulated, in a great measure, all my functions, corporal and mental; disposing me to light diet, light reading, light clothing, light sleep, and, I had almost said, light thoughts. No sublime flights—no profound reflections—the deuce a bit. A fortunate succession of showers has gradually restored me so far, as to enable me to set about a whole book!

(whereof more anon) and likewise to indite this epistle,—both of which are of course to be devoted to the interesting subject which has so long occupied my mind. In short, the theory of the union of light and heat became perfectly familiar to me. I have taken it for granted, that you in the north are well aware that his Majesty's liege subjects, in this part of the empire, did, for a long space of time now past, grievously complain that the atmosphere was warm, sultry, hot, close, oppressive, intolerable, and killing; and that although the same could not but be well known to certain persons holding certain high situations, yet that no remedy whatever was in this case provided. Carrying the charge no farther, we may at least aver, that most culpable negligence is chargeable somewhere. How far, indeed, those whom we are entitled, or, which is the same thing, accustomed, to charge with all the evils which befall the nation, may have even *contributed*, (as some, who shall be nameless, have ventured to surmise,) to our sufferings, is a matter of much graver and weightier import. For the present, I will only hint, that the confidence with which the temperature of the late season was predicted by one gentleman in office; the visit of the Esquimaux to this island, where he met with the greatest attention from individuals of distinction; the appearance in London of an American chief and suite, in the suspicious character of players; the fitting out, at an immense expense, of ships of war, destined to the north for the ostensible purpose of discovery; and the particular communications which appear to have been kept up between the Admiralty and the Greenland whalers, (not to mention the unusual number of ice-poles which those vessels have been known to carry of late)—are facts which cannot have escaped the sagacity of your readers. The politicians, to whom I allude, scruple not to assert, mistakenly I hope, that his Majesty's government has formed an alliance with the Esquimaux and Copper Indians on the one side, and with the Samoieds and Tchukotskoi on the Asiatic margin of the polar basin; that these nations, in furtherance of the objects of the treaty, have, by a powerful contemporaneous direction of their 'physical force,' (as a great

orator of modern times has it) projected the huge cake of ice, which had fastened itself to the shores of Greenland, into the Atlantic Ocean; that the whale-fishers were engaged to co-operate, with the aid of gunpowder or steam, in this movement; and that the vessels of war were fraught with subsidies, and are instructed to concert ulterior measures. Now it was long ago foreseen, that such an operation, if it could be brought about, would increase prodigiously the degree of heat in this country; and we all know that the quality of every national constitution depends almost exclusively upon climate, the genius of liberty being utterly incapable to reside or breathe in any country where the thermometer ordinarily stands above a certain point. What better plan, then, could be devised to extinguish the last spark of freedom in this 'once happy' land, and to prepare our minds and bodies for absolute slavery, than to spread over this island the climate of Spain? or Otaheite? of Constantinople? or China? or Terra Australis? or of the Terra del Fuego?—May such a scheme be finally defeated! May the clouds of to-day be the harbingers of a biting winter and a soaking spring!—I am becoming warm, Mr Editor—a sensation I am weary of—a truce for a moment to politics, and now to my principal object in addressing you at the present moment, and to which, I trust, the remarks I have already made will be considered an appropriate prelude.

In a word then, it is my intention—(excuse me if I feel a kind of delicate embarrassment in making this communication)—it is my intention, I say, to come out in the course of the winter in two handsome quartos; with a view, statistical, philosophical, and economical, of the pernicious effects of the hot summer of 1818 upon domestic trade, commerce, and the different ranks of society in London; and an ingenious and feasible project for the prevention of all those evils which may be expected to flow from the recurrence of equally high degrees of temperature. I request leave, through the medium of your invaluable Miscellany, to put the public in possession of the heads and ends of my intended treatise; not doubting, at the same time, that when the work itself shall appear, you will find it worthy of favourable notice in

some one of the columns of your Magazine usually devoted to critical analysis.

We have heard so much of the effects of the season upon turnips and cabbages; that I shall not meddle with any thing so low and trite. What I purpose laying before the public are, —*1st*, An account of the number of quarts of soda water and ginger beer taken off during the late season, with a statement of its excess in amount, over and above the average consumption for the three preceding summers; an aerostatic computation of the cubic feet of fixed air disengaged, and an inquiry into its necessary effects upon the atmosphere. From which data, I doubt not to shew that an augmentation of heat was created to the extent of at least one degree Fahrenheit. In this calculation I shall have the friendly assistance of a gentleman connected with the Edinburgh Review, whose profound skill in mathematics has enabled him to expose many commonly received errors which have crept into that science. When I mention, that we owe to this gentleman's article on the Pauperism Report in the number for February last, our present knowledge of the fact that the proportion of 900,000 to 10,000,000 is as 9 to 10, the public will know how to appreciate the accuracy of the arithmetical results to be found in my intended treatise. *2dly*, An account of all the fares received during the present season by watermen and hackney-coachmen respectively, shewing the just balance of profit to the former, and of loss to the latter; with a view of probable consequences. *3dly*, A statement of the Sunday receipts at the Cumberland, Flora, and other tea-gardens, Kilburne Wells, Mother Redcaps, the Elephant and Castle, and other houses off the stones, to be compared with those of the Metropolitan Republicans. *4thly*, Ditto, ditto, number of pounds of ice consumed at all the confectioners, fish-mongers, and tavern-keepers throughout the bills of mortality; with a dissertation on the physical properties of currant and pine-apple ices. In short, I should tire you (if I have not done so already) with all the details of my embryo volumes. Suffice it to say, that they will contain the precise increase during the summer of the number of street minstrels; a critical discourse on the individual pro-

fessions of that art; schedules of the Sabbath tolls at Hyde Park corner, Marshgate, Whitechapel, and Tyburn turnpikes; tables for ascertaining, upon the new principle, the depth in the earth at which the state of atmospheric temperature, for any given distance of time past, may be dug out;—in the year, when Henry VIII. retired to a monastery, for instance;—and many other particulars too numerous to mention. From the whole body of evidence thus collected, I shall draw irrefragable inferences, and acute prognostications, which will be to the full as surprising, just, and satisfactory, as half the political speculations and prophecies which have been delivered by a certain class of augurs for many years past. But as details are not worth a fig, unless they furnish a sage and profound theory, I shall touch upon a few general principles.

Whatever, by the process of internal traffic, is gained to one class of persons, is ultimately subtracted from another, and a corresponding degree of political influence passes with the profit; for wealth is power. It is easy to see what great political changes may be wrought, when power has thus shifted its channels, and how much strength may be given to a government, by any contrivance which shall transfer a large portion of national wealth from those of whom it feels jealous, to others whom it is interested in favouring; and it will be my business to shew hereafter what reprehensible motives have given birth to that conniving negligence, or those more reprehensible schemes to which we owe the late alarming innovations in our climate—innovations which have sacrificed the interests of the truly British chop-house to those of the fashionable and frenchified confectioner, and by which the blunt hackney charioteer has been made to succumb to the trimming time-and-tide-serving wherryman. Awake to these considerations, I have turned my thoughts to the discovery of some barrier against these frightful inroads, feeling assured, that such a discovery would meet the cordial approbation of our constitutional representatives. With what success, let the public judge, when they shall see in my work (the price of which will be unusually moderate), the particulars of my scheme for the creation of artificial clouds, by means

of that universal agent of our times, steam.

The *personal* of the establishments to be under the joint direction of the founder of the new musical school, and the *material* under that of Mr D. E. of Knightsbridge, whose flying fish is to be put in requisition, for the purpose of keeping up a communication between the several boilers.

The money required to be borrowed from the trustees of Drury Lane Theatre, and the proprietors of Waterloo Bridge, who have kindly promised your humble servant to advance it out of the profits they have realised, and to be secured by a capitation-tax, from which all brewers, members of gas and water-work companies, soap and sugar boilers are to be exempt, provided that their manufactories are situated to the east of the metropolis. A proportionate allowance to be made to all melting chandlers, masters of steam-boats, and publicans, who permit the use of tobacco in their houses. The author pledges himself not to require more (as his compensation) than 20 per cent. upon the capital stock; and if this plan be approved of by the public (as he doubts not it will) he will be the first fortunate projector whose schemes ended in smoke. L. M. U. B.

INACCURACIES OF POETS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

To determine the specific characters and local manners of animals is not the task either of the poet or the novelist; yet no doubt the pleasure derived from works of imagination may be much lessened in the minds of many by means of incongruous associations.

Thus, in the *Lady of the Lake*, the solitude and desolation of an ancient field of battle is described as follows:

“The knot-grass fettered there the hand,
Which once could burst an iron band;
Beneath the broad and ample bone
That bucklered heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The field-fare framed her lowly nest.”

p. 103.

Now it is well known to every school-boy, that the field-fare only visits this country during the winter season, that it has never been known to breed in the island, and consequent-

ly is never associated with the idea of a nest, or "the leafy month of June."

The author of *Mandeville* has committed a somewhat similar mistake in regard to another of the feathered tribe.

"It was a small part of the edifice only that was inhabited in my time. Several magnificent galleries, and a number of spacious apartments, were wholly neglected, and suffered to remain in a woful state of dilapidation. Indeed it was one wing only that was now tenanted, and that imperfectly; the centre and the other wing had long been resigned to the owls and the bitterns."

vol. i. p. 48.

The last-mentioned bird is one which, more than most others, avoids the dwellings of the human race, and usually chooses, for the purposes of nidification, some lonely spot in the vicinity of fens or marshes.

In the works of *Gesner* there is an engraving of a whale, in which the lines are so strongly marked, and disposed in such a manner, that the animal appears as if covered with large scales. There is also a vessel near it, with an inscription, expressing that the whale is often mistaken for an island, and that seamen frequently incur great danger by attempting to cast anchor by its side. *Shaw* is of opinion that *Milton* was conversant with the writings of *Gesner*, whose work was then the great depository of natural knowledge, and that this plate suggested to him the expression of "scaly rind" in the following sublime passage, which has been censured by some hypercritics.

"That sea beast

Leviathan, which God, of all his works,
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream.
Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays."

The term is no doubt inaccurate when applied to the whale tribe, to which the Leviathan of the Scriptures is generally referred. Some authors have been of opinion that the crocodile is mentioned under that name, and in a paper in one of your late Numbers, the great sea-snake is considered as the animal probably alluded to.

The butterfly has always been considered as an emblem of immortality. Deriving its existence from a comparatively shapeless body, in which, had it long been confined in a state of appar-

ent torpor and death, and suddenly winging its flight through the air, adorned with life and beauty, its relation to the chrysalis or nymph, has been deemed analogous to that between the soul and the body of man. The order of things has, however, been completely reversed in the mind of a modern poet, as evinced in the following passage;

"Thus the gay moth by sun and vernal gales
Call'd forth to wander o'er the dewy vales,
From flower to flower, from sweet to sweet
will stray,

Till, tir'd and satiate with her food and play,
Deep in the shades she builds her peaceful
nest,

In lov'd seclusion pleas'd at length to rest :
There folds the wings that erst so widely bore;
Becomes a household nymph, and seeks to
range no more."

From which it would appear that the chrysalis is derived from the moth, and not the moth from the chrysalis.

I conceive *Southey* to be the most correct, as well as the most skilful of all the living poets, in adapting the facts of Natural History to the uses of Poetry. According, however, to those skilful and intelligent entomologists, Messrs Kirby and Spence, in some of the most picturesque descriptions in *Madoc*, he confounds the fire-fly of *St Domingo* (*Elatér noctilucus*) with a quite different insect, the lantern-fly (*Fulgora laternaria*) of *Madam Merian*.

"She beckoned, and descended, and drew out
From underneath her vest, a cage, or net
It rather might be called, so fine the twigs,
Which knit it, where, confined, two fire-flies
gave

Their lustre. By that light did *Madoc* first
Behold the features of his lovely guide."

The same insect is again alluded to in the following beautiful passage :

"Sorrowing we beheld

The night come on; but soon did night display

More wonders than it veiled; innumerable
tribes

From the wood-cover swarmed, and darkness made

Their beauties visible; one while they stream'd

A bright blue radiance upon flowers that
closed

Their gorgeous colours from the eye of day;
Now motionless and dark, eluded search
Self-shrouded; and anon, starring the sky,
Rose like a shower of fire."

From the days of *Solomon* until the middle of last century, it was generally affirmed, that the ant "prepared her bread in the summer, and gather-

ed her food in the harvest." Whatever may be the case in regard to the species of more southern climes, it appears to have been very generally admitted by every naturalist, from Gould to Huber and Latreille, that the European species of ants are torpid during winter, and consequently do not require a supply of food. The pupa, or intermediate state of these insects, bears a considerable resemblance to a grain of corn, and, as the future population of the colony depends in a great measure upon the welfare of such as exist in that state, they are particularly careful in removing them from danger, and in exposing them occasionally to such a degree of heat as may tend to hasten their extrusion. It is probable that these circumstances alone have occasioned the general idea of their provident habits; so that the many poetical descriptions and sage reflections which have arisen from the impression of their being

"Stidious, ere stormy winter frowns, to lay
Safe in their cells the treasured prey,"
have originated in misconception.

Every one must have observed, in the stillness of a fine summer evening, the choral dances of water-flies, for the most part above the stream which gave them birth. What a beautiful picture has been drawn by Wordsworth of that simple image.

"Nor wanting here to entertain the thought,
Creatures that in communities exist,
Less, as might seem, for general guardianship,

Or thro' dependance upon mutual aid,
Than by participation of delight,
And a strict love of fellowship combined.
What other spirit can it be that prompts
The gilded summer flies to mix and weave
Their sports together in the solar beam,
Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy?"

Dr Darwin, notwithstanding the frequency of his learned references, has been guilty of many inaccuracies in his poetry. Of these, the following may be taken as an instance:

"So sleeps in silence the curculio, shut
In the dark chamber of the cavern'd nut;
Erodes with ivory beak the vaulted shell,
And quits on filmy wings its narrow cell."

Now, although the larva of the curculio "dwells in the hollow nut," the perfect insect is never found there, but undergoes its final transformation under ground.*

The preceding are a few of the many

examples which might be adduced of the general negligence of poets, in regard to a subject which, if properly attended to, might be rendered one of the most beautiful auxiliaries of their art.

THE COMPLAINT OF CERES.

(From the German of Schiller.)

MR EDITOR,

I SEND you the following translation of one of the smaller poems of Schiller, which do not seem as yet to be so generally known in this country as they deserve to be. It is remarked by Madame de Stael, that one of the distinguishing excellences of the German writers, is the facility with which they identify their own feelings with those of the age and character which they delineate. I know none of these writers to whom this applies with greater truth than to Schiller. His feeling, too, is under the control of a purer taste than belongs in general to the genius of his country; and we are never offended in his works with that extravagance and affectation on which some of our critics would pronounce sentence of excommunication against the whole body of German literature. The woes of a personage of the heathen mythology would make but a sorry appearance in most hands; but in this author there is an unrivalled power of blending the classic images of antiquity with that depth of passion and sentiment which we consider to belong more peculiarly to the moderns. I think this remark will be found to be verified in the following piece. If not, let the want be imputed to the weakness of the translation, and not to any deficiency in the original.

Now the kindly Spring appears,
The earth exults in youth again—
Each sunny hill his green slope rears,
And bursts each stream its icy chain;
See Jove looks down, and smiles serene
O'er its blue and glassy bosom;
Mild the Zephyr waves his wing,
And spreads to air the opening blossom.
In each grove new songs I hear—
Hark! the mountain-nymph replies—
"Thy flowers return to glad the year—
But not thy child to glad thine eyes."

Aye me! I've wandered long and far,
And sought through earth each distant
place;

* See the Introduction to Entomology by Kirby and Spence, Vol. ii. p. 416.

O Sol, thine all-revealing star
 I've called in vain her steps to trace.
 No friendly ray of thine hath told
 Where roams my Child; this searching day
 Which pours its light on all below;
 Hath beamed not on her wand'ring way.
 Hast thou, O Jove, this evil wrought?—
 Or thou, fell Monarch of the dead—
 Smit by her charms—to thy dark floods,
 Hast thou my hapless Child conveyed?

Who will my cheerless message take
 Down to that cold and gloomy shore?
 The boat flits ever o'er the lake,
 Yet wafts but airy shadows o'er.
 These fields are shut from mortal view,
 Wrapped up in midnight's deepest shroud;
 Since Styx his mournful current drew,—
 No living form e'er crossed his flood.
 A thousand ways to death lead down,
 But none lead back to light again;
 Her tears below in silence flow,
 And I unweeting here remain.

E'en those whose race from Pyrrha came,
 —The death-doomed daughters of the
 earth—
 Dare follow through the funeral flame
 The offspring of a painful birth!
 Only she who Heav'n inherits,
 May not touch the gloomy strand;—
 Powers of Fate! must heavenly spirits
 'Escape alone your mighty hand!
 Plunge me from these realms of light
 Down to Ruin's deep abyss!
 Spare not aught my heav'n-born right—
 Ah! comes a mother's woe to this!

Where with her gloomy spouse she sits,
 In joyless state, I hie me down,
 And mingle with the ghosts that flit
 In phantom pomp around her throne.
 Her straining eye is dim with tears,
 And seeks in vain the golden light,—
 It wanders to the distant spheres,
 But cannot meet her mother's sight;
 And will not, till our joys shall leap
 From heart to heart, with bosoms joined;
 Till the stern Orcus melt, and weep
 With tears of sympathetic kind.

Idle wish, and hopeless moan!
 See in one unvarying track
 The steady oar of day rolls on—
 And shall the will of Jove go back?
 No! fixed it stands;—from every woe
 He turns his haughty eyes away;
 If once thou'st trod the realms below,—
 Fare thee well, my Child, for aye!
 Till Aurora's beams shall glow
 O'er these darkling streams—farewell—
 Till Hope shall stretch her radiant bow
 Across the gloomy depths of Hell.

And is there nought with me to rest,—
 No kind remembering pledge to tell;
 Though distant far, within thy breast
 There lives thy Mother's image still?
 Are there no ties by love entwined
 'Twixt Child and Mother? Is there not

Some cov'nant of mysterious kind
 'Twixt those who are, and who are not?
 Are they all fled?—they are not gone—
 No! thou art not for ever left;
 A tie there is,—and 'tis but one—
 The Gods in pity yet have left.

When Winter comes to chill the year,
 To bid the blooms of Spring decay,
 And lays the shiv'ring forests bare,
 And sweeps their leafy pomp away;
 Then from Vertumnus' flowing horn
 The rich and precious gift I take
 That teems with life,—the golden corn,
 An off'ring to the shades to make.
 Mourning, I sink it in the furrow,
 It lies upon my Daughter's breast,—
 Thus shall my mingled love and sorrow
 Be in this mystic form expressed.

Anon the hours in circling train
 Lead in the renovating Spring;
 Then that which died shall wake again,
 —New life the vernal suns shall bring;
 The seed to all that seemed as dead,
 When pent within the earth's cold bosom,
 Lifts to the light its joyful head,
 And thousand colours paint its blossom.
 The stem ascends to upper sky,
 While deep in earth its fibres twine;
 To nurse the plant, thus Heav'n on high,
 And earth below their powers combine.

Half in the world of living light,
 Half in the realms of darkness hid;
 To me they're messengers of hope,—
 Sweet voices warbled from the dead.
 Tho' Fate have doomed it, and tho' Hell
 Have bound her with its hundred streams,
 She may be blessed:—these blossoms tell
 In voice soft mingling with my dreams,—
 "That e'en though far from day's bright
 beams,
 Where only shapes of sorrow roam,—
 There yet are breasts where kindness streams,
 And hearts where love can hold his home."

Ye flowers that o'er the meadow blow;
 To you my blessing here is given,
 May your full chalice ever flow
 With purest nectared dew of heaven.
 I'll dip you in the streams of light;
 With colours from the rainbow borne,
 I'll paint your blooms with hues as bright
 As glitter on the brow of morn.
 Thus shall each kindly bosom read
 In you my mingled joy and pain,—
 When Autumn's sickly garlands fade,
 When Spring recalls their bloom again.

Y.

FORTUNE.

From the Italian of Guidi.

A Lady, like to Juno in her state,
 Upon the air her golden tresses streaming,
 And with celestial eyes of azure beaming,
 Entered whilere my gate.

Like a Barbaric Queen
On the Euphrates shore,
In purple and fine linen was she pall'd,
Nor flower nor laurel green,
Her tresses for their garland wore
The splendor of the Indian emerald.
But through the rigid pride and pomp un-
bending

Of beauty and of haughtiness,
Sparkled a flattery sweet and condescending;
And from her inmost bosom sent,
Came accents of most wondrous gentleness,
Officious and intent

To thrall my soul in soft imprisonment.

And, "place (she said) thy hand within
my hair,

And all around thou'lt see
Delightful chances fair
On golden feet come dancing unto thee.
Me Jove's daughter shalt thou own
That with my sister fate
Sits by his side in state
On the eternal throne.

Great Neptune to my will the ocean gives,
In vain in well appointed strength secure,
The Indian and the Britain strives
The assailing billows to endure;
Unless their flying sails I guide
Where over the smooth tide
On my sweet spirit's wings I ride.

I banish to their bound
The storms of dismal sound,
And o'er them take my stand with foot se-
rene;

The Æolian caverns under
The wings of the rude winds I chain,
And with my hand I burst asunder
The fiery chariot wheels of the hurricane:
And in its fount the horrid restless fire
I quench ere it aspire
To Heaven to colour the red Comet's train.
This is the hand that forg'd on Ganges'
shore

The Indians empire; by Orontes set
The royal tiar the Assyrian wore;
Hung jewels on the brow of Babylon,
By Tigris wreath'd the Persian's coronet,
And at the Macedonian's foot bow'd every
throne.

It was my lavish gift,
The triumph and the song
Around the youth of Pella loud uplift,
When he through Asia swept along,
A torrent swift and strong,
With me, with me the Conqueror ran
To where the Sun his golden course began;
And the high Monarch left on earth
A faith unquestion'd of his heavenly birth;
By valour mingled with the Gods above,
And made a glory of himself to his great
Father Jove.

My royal spirits oft
Their solemn mystic round
On Rome's great birth-day wound:
And I the haughty Eagles sprung aloft
Unto the Star of Mars upborne,
Till, poisoning on their plumy sails,
They 'gan their native vales
And Sabine palms to scorn:

And I on the seven hills to sway
That Senate House of King's conven'd,
On me their guide and stay
Ever the Roman counsels leaned
In dangers lofty way.
I guerdoned the wise delay
Of Fabius with the laurel crown,
And not Marcellus' fiercer battle tone;
And I on the Tarpeian did deliver
Afric a captive, and through me Nile flow'd
Under the laws of the great Latin river,
And of his bow and quiver
The Parthian rear'd a trophy high and
broad:

The Dacian's fierce inroad
Against the gates of iron broke,
Taurus and Caucasus endured my yoke:
Then my vassal and my slave
Did every native land of every wind be-
come,

And when I had o'ercome
All earth beneath my feet, I gave
The vanquish'd world in one great gift to
Rome.

I know that in thine high imagination,
Other daughters of Great Jove
Have taken their Imperial station,
And queen-like thy submissive passions
move:

From them thou hop'st a high and god-like
fate,

From them thy haughty verse presages
An everlasting sway o'er distant ages
And with their glorious rages
Thy mind intoxicate
Deems 'tis in triumphal motion
On courser fleet or winged bark
Over earth and over ocean;
While in shepherd hamlet dark
Thou liv'st, with want within, and raiment
coarse without;

And none upon thy state hath thrown
Gentle regard; I, I alone
To new and lofty venture call thee out;
Then follow, thus besought,
Waste not thy soul in thought;
Brooks nor sloth nor lingering
The great moment on the wing.
"A blissful lady and immortal, born
From the eternal mind of Deity,
(I answer'd, bold and free),
My soul hath in her queenly care:
She mine imagination doth upbear,
And steeps it in the light of her rich morn,
That overshades and sicklies all thy shining,
And though my lowly hair
Presume not to bright crowns of thy en-
twining,

Yet in my mind I bear
Gifts nobler and more rare
Than the kingdoms thou canst lavish,
Gifts thou canst nor give nor ravish:
And though my spirit may not comprehend
Thy chances bright and fair,
Yet neither doth her sight offend
The aspect pale of miserable care:
Horror to her is not
Of this coarse raiment, and this humble cot;
She with the golden muses doth abide,

And oh! the darling children of thy pride
 Shall then be truly glorified,
 When they may merit to be wrapt around
 With my Poesy's eternal sound."
 She kindled at my words and flam'd, as when
 A cruel star hath wide dispread
 Its locks of bloody red,
 She burst in wrathful menace then :
 " Me fears the Dacian, me the band
 Of wandering Scythians fears,
 Me the rough mothers of Barbarie kings ;
 In woe and dread amid the rings
 Of their encircling spears
 The purple tyrants stand ;
 And a shepherd here forlorn
 Treats my proffer'd boons with scorn,
 And fears he not my wrath ?
 And knows he not my works of scathe ;
 Nor how with angry foot I went,
 Of every province in the Orient
 Branding the bosom with deep tracks of death ;
 From three Empresses I rent
 The tresses and imperial wreath,
 And bar'd them to the pitiless element.
 Well I remember when his armed grasp
 From Afric stretch'd, rash Xerxes took his
 stand

Upon the formidable bridge to clasp
 And manacle sad Europe's trembling hand :
 In the great day of battle there was I,
 Busy with myriads of the Persian slaughter.
 The Salaminian sea's fair face to dye,
 That yet admires its dark and bloody water ;
 Full vengeance wreak'd I for the affront
 Done Neptune at the fetter'd Hellespont.

To the Nile then did I go,
 The fatal collar wound,
 The fair neck of the Egyptian Queen around ;
 And I the merciless poison made to flow
 Into her breast of snow.
 Ere that within the mined cave,
 I forc'd dark Afric's valour stoop
 Confounded, and its dauntless spirit droop,
 When to the Carthaginian brave,
 With mine own hand, the hemlock draught
 I gave.

And Rome through me the ravenous flame
 In the heart of her great rival, Carthage, cast,
 That went through Lybia wandering, a
 scorn'd shade,

Till, sunk to equal shame,
 Her mighty enemy at last
 A shape of mockery was made ;
 Then miserably pleas'd,
 Her fierce and ancient vengeance she appeas'd,
 And even drew a sigh
 Over the ruins vast
 Of the deep-hated Latin majesty.
 I will not call to mind the horrid sword
 Upon the Memphian shore,
 Steep'd treasonously in great Pompey's gore ;
 Nor that for rigid Cato's death abhorr'd ;
 Nor that which in the hand of Brutus wore,
 The first deep colouring of a Caesar's blood.
 Nor will I honour thee with my high mood
 Of wrath, that kingdoms doth exterminate ;
 Incapable art thou of my great hate,
 As my great glories. Therefore shall be
 thine

Of my revenge a slighter sign ;
 Yet will I make its fearful sound
 Hoarse and slow rebound,
 Till seem the gentle pipings low,
 To equal the fierce trumpets brazen glow."
 Then sprung she on her flight,
 Furious, and at her call,
 Upon my cottage did the storms alight,
 Did hurricanes and thunders fall.
 But I, with brow serene,
 Beheld the angry hail
 And lightning flashing pale,
 Devour the promise green
 Of my poor native vale.

SABINA.

*Morning—Scenes in the Dressing-room
 of a rich Roman Lady.*

SCENE II.

*Hair-dressers—Salves—Hair-painting
 —Mirrors—Hair-pins.*

BEAUMARCHAIS, that witty merchant,
 that incomparable painter of manners,
 whose memory is kept fresh among
 our fair readers by the *Figaro* and the
Tarare, found a little silk cloak one
 night, in the Pantheon at Vauxhall,
 and had the skill to extract from it
 alone the age, the height, the com-
 plexion, nay, more wonderful still, the
 inclinations and propensities of its
 beautiful owner—her true and her
 false nature—her life and her love.
 It must be allowed, that Beaumarchais
 deserves more credit for this than the
 English themselves do for the science
 which enabled them, from the colossal
 hand they picked up in Egypt, to as-
 certain, that the statue to which it
 had belonged must have been precise-
 ly one hundred and twenty feet tall.
 Would that we could light upon some
 fragment of the head-dress, some knot
 or pin that had belonged to our Sa-
 bina! A single fortunate discovery of
 that kind would, I am sure, enable
 my fair and intelligent readers to un-
 derstand, without the smallest diffi-
 culty, every part of the dressing-scene
 which follows. How active and alert
 would be their fancy, could they but
 have before their eyes some actual re-
 lic of Sabina's toilette! I wish we had
 at least one of those dressing-pins of
 which there are said to be so many in
 the Museum Gabinum, that mine of
 rarities dug from the ruins of Gabii,
 by the insatiable Prince Borghese, and

his friend Gavin Hamilton! Who knows but some of these, picked out of urns and cemeteries, might have once been the property of our *Domina* herself? But, alas! the ideas of the Italian collectors have been sadly changed, by means of French requisitions on the one hand, and English guineas on the other; and I fear we could expect very little, even from more generous people than Prince Borghese.* As it is, my friends must be contented with the best that a poor, though an indefatigable, Cicerone can afford them.

The smoothened, polished, painted Sabina, with her new-born teeth and eyebrows, now summons her circle of hair-dressing girls, who to-day must exert, to the utmost, every art of adorning that lies within their province. To-day is the 15th of July—to-day is the solemn mustering of the Roman knights; and every Roman lady that pretends to any admiration, either of horses or horsemen, has secured a place in the balcony of some of her friends that live in the *holy street* (via sacra) where the procession is to pass. The young Saturninus, long the faithful dangler of Sabina, her beau at every promenade and every assembly, is to ride in the front of this festal parade of Castor and Pollux (the tutelaries of the day), and is no doubt to “witch, with noble horsemanship,” the eyes and hearts of all the window-gazers around him. What a spur does all this give to the toilette-slaves of Sabina! How fervently does the Domina wish that she may look so beautiful in her balcony, as to disgrace the choice of her lover neither in his own eyes nor in those of her rivals.

Gold-yellow hair, with a tendency to the fire-red, has been, ever since the conquests in Gaul and Germany (where hair of that sort was then universal),† the rage among the Roman

ladies—the *sine quâ non* of beauty. She who has not received such hair from nature, must thank art for the boon; and so is it with our Sabina. In vain has she as yet tried every outlandish pomade, and caustic-soap, for the colouring of her locks.* Their dark brown has indeed become lighter in its die, but they still want the high golden lustre, the exquisite reddish. Already had she almost made up her mind to take the bold step recommended by some, but strenuously condemned by others of her advisers, of cutting off, unmercilessly, her stubborn locks, and buying, in their stead, a beautiful blonde periwig, from an old woman by the Temple of Hercules, who had just received a supply of the genuine Sicambrian yellow from the banks of the Rhine. But, in these days, a peruke was considered as the *dernier resort*, a thing never to be used unless every possible means of avoiding it failed; because one who wore a periwig could not hope to conceal her trick from the company she met with in the Public Baths. How much does Horace laugh over the ill luck of the witch, Sagana, who in her

tava. Luvæu, in his *histoire de France avant Clovis*, gives, as the causes of the change which has taken place in the colour of French hair, the use of mustard and the mixture of Italian blood. He might perhaps have added, the increased use of wine, and other changes in the mode of living.

* How strange are the variations of fashion! At present, every lady in France or England, who has any tinge of the red in her hair, is sure to employ means for altering it. Exactly the reverse was the case with the ancient Roman ladies. The caustic soap—(the *spuma caustica* of Martial (xiv. 26), the mode of preparing which is justly described by Pliny, xxviii. 12. Compare Wesseling on Diodorus, t. 1. p. 351)—which was sent for from France for the purpose of reddening the hair, when it was applied to any other part of the body, producing a most unhealthy and bloating effect. Read the history of a certain heroic Roman in Plutarch (t. ii. p. 771, ed. Frank.), and compare it with some passages in Beckman's History of Inventions, vol. iv. S. 5. The burning effect of the application is mentioned in a fragment of Cato's *origines*, preserved by Servius—“*Mulieres nostras cinere capillum ungitabant ut rutilus esset erinis*.” Isaac Vossius (in Catullum, p. 142) deduces, from the use of this soap, the name *Cinerarius*, which occurs as applied to one of the attendants of the Roman lady's toilette.

* This prince, with all his love for collecting, was so mean, that when his wife has gone with him to a party, he has been known to sell the antique rings and cameos off her person.

† All the authorities, for this fact, may be seen most diligently collected, for the honour of his country, by the Dutch philologist *Joannes Arnen*, in his learned treatise *de Capillorum Coloribus et Tinctura*. The red or yellow-staining pomatum is, by the way, called in Martial (viii. 33.) *Spuma Ba-*

panic parted with her wig!* Sabina, therefore, would fain avoid having recourse to this anchor of necessity. Luckily *Nape*,† the eldest and most confidential of her hair attendants, has received the recipe for a totally new gold-salve, from a Gallic perfumer who has his booth near the Circus Maximus. The hair must be carefully washed over and over with this new water of deceit, and then suffered to dry and crisp in the sun.‡ Sabina, in order that she may have perfect leisure to try the effect of this new remedy, has passed some days in the country, at a celebrated bath.—Yesterday morning she had her hair completely saturated for the last time with a dry golden powder and this far-famed salve, curled with a hot-iron, and then packed up into a sort of cap, which is again covered with a species of bladder.§ In this attire has she been into

the city—in this has she spent the whole night; and now is come the important moment, when the bandages are to be removed by *Nape*, and the efficacy or inefficacy of the spell to be ascertained. “Oh! how red!” “Aurora herself is not more golden haired!” Such are the unanimous exclamations of the attendants, and Sabina, between her own wishes and their assurances, is persuaded, when she looks into her mirror, that *her hair is red*! She smiles with joyful satisfaction, and seats herself loftily in the *Cathedra*, where four attendants are to finish the last and most costly part of her *coiffure*, while *Kalamis* applies the iron which she has made hot in a little silver basin of charcoal, and crimps the hair in the front into small curls and ringlets (*meches et crochets*.) *Pseacas*, with a dexterity which only long practice could produce, tinctures the long floating locks that are to be bound upon the summit with costly nard-oil and oriental essences, in order that for the whole day they may exhale the breath of Ambrosia. What the comical Lucian says is the passage already quoted by us, that “they lavish the whole substance of their husbands upon the hair, so that all Arabia seems to breathe from the locks of one of them,” is now proved to be no exaggeration. The Greek historians inform us, that the Queen of Persia had the revenues of great cities and provinces set apart for their *salve-money*; and perhaps our Sabina is scarcely less extravagant in her ideas. It is true, that she is ignorant of many sweet smelling *powders* and *extracts* afterwards known by the names of Pompadour, Kingston, Portland, &c. but what are all these when compared with the apparatus of salve-flasks and *Narthechia*, possessed by a Roman lady of the first rank?

* Sermon. I. 8. 48, *altum Saganeæ Cæniendum*, &c.

But we must not forget that there is a great difference between the different periods of Roman fashion, and perhaps, in the text, this is a little overlooked. It is true, that the earlier Roman poets do speak about *crines emptæ*, bought hair, &c. but it is always with disgust and in derision. When Messalina, for example, wishes to assume the appearance of a *Mulier perditæ*, she covers her black hair with a yellow wig (*nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero*). The careful historiographer of perukes, Nicolai (*über d. gebrauch der falschen haare und perucken in alten und neuen zeiten mit 66 kupfern Berlin 1801*), has distinguished, with great accuracy, between the early period when periwigs were worn only from the last necessity, or by courtizans, and the later, in which the use of false hair was as universal at Rome as it has ever been in Paris. The bald marble busts at Potsdam, from which one can remove the marble periwigs, are a sufficient proof of the universality of the mode at one time. But indeed, with regard to these, Visconti has made a very delicate observation, viz. that the statues might have been made bald by the order of their vain originals, simply that they might be, from time to time, altered so as not to disgrace their fashion, or, perhaps, betray their age.—See *Museum Pio-Clementinum*, t. ii. t. 51. p. 91.

† The name of a hairdressing girl in Ovid.

‡ Bartolinus asserts, that the modern Italian ladies make use of the sun's rays for colouring their hair.—See *Reincsius Inscript. class. ii. 89*.

§ The iron with which the hair was curled was called *καλαμίσκος*, or *calamistrum*.

The slaves who applied it were called by the very singular name of *Cinifrones*. The cap for covering the hair was called properly *Calantica*. The use of the bladder is mentioned by Martial (viii. 33).

Fortiter intortos servat vesica capillos,

The hair was sometimes put into a net-cap or *redesilla*; the proper Greek name for this was *κεκερυφαλος*, which is rendered by Hesychius *σαβανικλιν διαμορταχον*. The Greek ladies used this kind of cap as commonly as the Spanish or Italian ladies do at this day their *redesillas*.

The perfume dealers of Antioch and Alexandria had, with wonderful inventiveness, subdivided these articles of luxury, and enhanced their price. Two articles of Indian produce, the root of the plant *kostum*,* and the leaf of the spikenard, were in general the principal and the most costly ingredients in those salve-oils. But these perfumes were so varied by their minor refinements, that in the work of an ancient physician *upon the art of the toilette*, five and twenty different species are enumerated.† So soon as *Psœas* has finished her work, *Kypassis* begins hers,—a negress slave, active, cunning, flattering, the best of all go-betweens, the confidante and favourite of Sabina.‡ The principal management of this department of the toilette falls to her share. It is hers to arrange the locks already combed and perfumed by the others—it is hers to form them into that high and swelling shape which, in the language of the Roman fair, was called generally *Notus*, the knot, but of which there were a thousand varieties, and a thousand minor appellations. The dark *Kypassis* now selects from the casket of her mistress the large and sculptured dressing-pin, which is to bind together the whole mass of locks; nor is her choice without its difficulties. The object is to select that whose ornaments may express, by the happiest allusion, something of the secret wishes of the wearer. The first she pulled out was one, the head of which represented a rich Corinthian capital, sustaining a statue of *Psyche*, with

Cupid in her arms. But a luckier thought at last recalled to *Kypassis* a pin which bore on its summit a goddess of plenty (*Abundantia*) with a dolphin on her left, and in her right hand the cornucopia; on her head the two high horns, the well-known symbols of *Isis*. Sabina had been wont to wear this pin when she attended the worship of *Isis* by the side of *Tiber*; and on one of these occasions her *Saturninus* had of late attended her by the appointment of *Kypassis*. The pin itself, moreover, was a new year's gift of the youth, and Sabina well understood the meaning of *Kypassis* in selecting it. It was at that time the custom for Roman gallants to send such articles of dress to their mistresses, wrapped up in little pieces of parchment, containing love mottoes. Of these the poet of fashion and gallantry, *Martial*, had composed an innumerable variety for every possible occasion, and every possible ornament. The golden pin of *Saturninus* was unfolded from a covering which bore on it these words:*

"Tenuiane madidi violent Bombycina crines,
Fingat acus tortas sustineatque comas!"†

Nape, the superintendent of the whole band, herself a scientific mistress of hair-dressing, now terminates the labour of her inferiors. Her lady has taken care to have her educated in the theory as well as the practice of the art, so that she can pronounce a skilful judgment concerning every variety of *coiffure*, and tell with the precision of an artist, what suits and what does not suit every particular shape of head, every form of coun-

* The first of these was called (*par excellencè*) *radix*, the root; the second *folium*, the leaf. Our first accurate information concerning the nature of each has been derived from the English writers who have visited Calcutta; as, Sir W. Jones in the *Asiatic Miscellanies*, and Gilbert Blanc in the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. cxxx. p. 2. The great consumption of these articles in the cosmetic art was one principal cause of the enormous traffic in the spices of India, which was then to the gold what *Chira* is now to the silver of Europe. See Dr Robertson's *Historical Disquisition*, s. II. p. 54. &c.

† *Crito*, physician to the Empress *Plotina*. See his list of these essences and salves in *Fabrics Bibl. Græc.* vol. xii. p. 690.

‡ Negress slaves practised the same arts, and attained the same favour among the Roman ladies as they do now among the lazy Creole, or European Ladies in the West-India Islands and Brazil.

* The same thing which was called by the Greeks *κορυμβιον* or *κερκυλος* was, in Latin, *Nodus*. The pin or needle which fastened this was the *acus discriminialis*. This pin, which was of many inches in length, was at times hollow, and might be made to contain poison, like the ring of Hannibal. This use seems to have been made of it by the celebrated poisoning woman *Martina* (see *Tacitus*, *Annal.* III. 7.); and indeed it has been thought by many, that *Cleopatra* terminated her existence by means of a poison-pin of the same kind, fashioned in the shape of an asp. See *Dio Cassius*, s. 644. 24. with the note of *Reimar*us. In countries where the excise is very strictly attended to, we sometimes hear of modern ladies smuggling lace under their periwigs. The ancient dames concealed in the same way the instrument of death. Who need wonder, after this, at the *naïf* and heroic style of the Antique?

† *Martial*, xiv. 24.

tenance, every species of hair, every variety of costume.* Even to-day there is room for no small doubt and discussion, whether Sabina should have her front locks fastened with a *diadem*, and leave the others to float in careless ringlets, or whether she ought to have the whole of her hair bundled into one *toupée* over her forehead. The diadem was originally the same with that worn by kings, and on the busts of Apotheized heroes, a narrow legature around the whole head, which suffered only a few small ringlets to escape and cluſtre on the front; but it has now become a broad bandeau above the eyes, rising up to a considerable elevation in the shape of a segment of a circle. This appearance was produced at times by a plate of beaten gold fastened above the bandeau, more frequently the bandeau itself was covered with plate work, and set with pearls. But this head-dress was of too majestic and Junonian a character for this day. Sabina, to-day, wishes not to impress with awe, but to conquer and to please; so she adopts the *knot*. This consists of the hair itself, the various locks being all entwined and knotted together upon the front, and the swell produced by them being again sustained by lesser locks twisted up upon it from the sides.†

Of all, however, who bear their share in this strife and bustle for the array of a single person, there is none who has to perform a more troublesome and disagreeable part than *Latris*.‡ So

* We know from the Roman law books these hair-dressing maids received an education of several months. We find that such as had only been instructed for two months, were not entitled to the appellation of *artists*. Dig. xxxii. 65. 3. There is nothing new, therefore, in the pomposity of the French *artistes* and *academies de cheveux*.

† The diadem arose out of the *Nimbus* or *Σπερδων*. The swell of hair adopted by Sabina on this occasion was not only called by the general name of *nodus*, but by the more precise one of *tutulus*. There is perfect evidence that it was an usual thing for a Roman lady to have a maid for this part of her dress alone, as Nape is represented in the text. An *Ornatrice a Tutulo* occurs in an ancient inscription in *Gruter*, DLXXXIX. 3. Compare *Gualco's* Dissertazione Toscolana sopra un' antica iscrizione appartenente ad una ornatrice. Roma, 1771.

‡ So she is called in Propertius, iv. 7. 75. See Tischbein's Engravings of Grecian Vases, vol. i. t. 10.

is the slave called whose business it is to hold the mirror now on the right, now on the left of her mistress. The inventive art of the cabinet-makers of our time, has formed cunning mirrors with locomotive powers, which, by the touch of a spring, are made to change their position, and shift higher, lower, or to either side as it pleases the caprice of the fine lady; but in the days of Sabina, these things were all accomplished by simpler means. The Roman dames had living mirror cases, slaves who watched every glance of the eye, and shifted the glass by a far less artificial sort of mechanism. At times, indeed, the office of mirror-holder was discharged by no less a person than the *Cecisbeo* or *Caveliere Servente* himself; who held such occupation to be an honourable one, upon the unquestionable authority of Ovid.

"To hold the mirror to a lady's face,
Is glorious slavery that a king might grace."

But, indeed, such a costly mirror as that which Sabina employed, might well be entitled to have a slave for itself. The mirrors of this kind were among the most costly and splendid of all the luxuries of antiquity.*

They were formed, as you are aware, not of glass, like ours, but like the mirror plates in telescopes, of the most exquisitely polished metal. The toilette-mirror of Sabina is set round with precious stones, and consists of a plate of silver, with a backing of gold, which was supposed to increase the accuracy of the reflection.† The circular mirror is held by a beautiful ivory handle, to which two small sponges are attached for clearing the surface ever and anon from the dust.‡

Poor *Latris*! should any accident happen to this costly mirror, her body and life would afford but a small atonement for her mishap. The mirror costs much more than *Latris* herself did when she was bought from the Alexandrian slave-merchant. The sage Seneca was thinking, no doubt, of this mirror, or of some other similar one, when he said, in railing against the extravagant luxury of his contemporaries—"A single mirror costs more in our days than the amount of

* See Beckman's History, &c. vol. iii. s. 275. also Tischbein, part iii. p. 46.

† See Beckman's History of Inventions, vol. iii. s. 275.

‡ Pliny, xxxiii. 9.

the whole portion afforded by the state, in better times, to the daughter of a poor General. The dowry which the Senate gave to the daughter of Scipio would not now purchase a mirror for the flaunting wife of a freedman!"

ON THE DIFFERENT MODES OF DRESS-
ING THE HAIR AMONG THE ROMAN
LADIES.

(Appendix to the Second Scene of Sabina.)

It may not perhaps be disagreeable to many of our readers to examine somewhat more at length into the different methods of dressing the hair, and the different kinds of hair-pins, as both may be illustrated by the actual remains of antiquity. There are many other parts of the Roman toilette which we shall, in the sequel, attempt, in like manner, to render more familiar to you.

The simplest, and in the old plain times of Rome, the most common, head-dress was merely a rolling together of the whole hair upon the top of the head, either with or without a previous division of it into two great locks. The hair thus dressed was held together in general by a narrow band, the *taenia* or *fascia*, of which many specimens may be seen in the collections of antique heads. (See *Caylus recueil d'antiquites*, vol. 1. plate 78. 7.) This simple method of arranging the hair was particularly convenient for the wearers of garlands, and therefore was in use among the Greeks also, who indeed never failed to reconcile the utmost elegance with the utmost plainness. The great and unchanging model of the married Roman ladies or matrons, however, was always to be found in the Vestals; and as these wore an open veil, which was fastened on the head, and fell down on the shoulders, the matrons copying them, introduced the universal fashion of the *Vitta Matronalis*. See *Bronze d'Erculano*, vol. ii. tav. lxxxii. To this simple ornament fashion added so much, that out of it arose all the innumerable varieties of the *bandeau* or *diadem*. As the general luxury of Roman manners advanced, it became the mode to weave the hair with pearls, after the Oriental fashion, at one time -- at another, to crown it with the

leaves of the *lotus*, with enormous feathers, or with other symbols of fruitfulness, *a l'Egyptienne*. It is well known how popular the worship of Isis and Serapis became in Rome towards the end of the seventh century of the city; and this will account for the prevalence of these fashions, in themselves by no means remarkable for gracefulness.

But by far the most considerable change which ever occurred in the hair-dressing of the Roman ladies was introduced after the victories gained over the German tribes of Belgium, and the Banks of the Rhine. Not contented with borrowing the barbarous and horn-like *nodi* of these people, they would needs imitate the colours of their hair also, and assume upon the shores of Tiber the same yellow or reddish locks which were then so universal upon those of the Rhine, the Schelde, and the Maese. The best account of the methods of converting dark hair into light hues may be found in one of Lafontaines romances, *Heymeran von Flaming*. These arts, however, effectual as they seem to have been, were soon found to be very troublesome, and the custom of wearing perukes, already familiar upon the stage, was first introduced into private life out of this new rage for red hair. The wives of the Sicambri and the Catti were stript of their flowing curls, in order to supply the insatiable market of the Roman *Matronae*. The same folly which was lately so common in Paris, was then no less so in Rome.

In Ovid's Art of Love we find the poet of gallantry frankly confessing, that it would be more easy for him to enumerate the acorns upon a huge oak, than to count up all the varieties of the Roman ladies' head-dresses. There are eight main divisions of the subject, however, upon which he does touch; there is the method of combing it flat off the head, and curling it down over the ears, which this master recommends to long-faced ladies of the Quixote race. (See *Bronzi d'Erculano* i. ii. tav. lxxiv.)—there is the method of combing the hair entirely up from the ears, and curling it upon the top of the head, which, with equal propriety, he recommends to the round-faced. The ladies who read these pages will perhaps stare to find, that some of their best secrets were

known to a Roman poet, who wrote nearly two thousand years ago—the principle, however, is a very simple one, viz. that a countenance is beautiful in its outline exactly in proportion as it approaches to the oval.

I need not enumerate the other six—they are of minor consequence, and indeed the whole varieties of the Roman *coiffure* may be reduced under two great heads; in the first, the main body of the hair was combed flat upon the head, but all round under the *bandeau* there clustered down bunches of small ringlets, crisped and curled with the hot iron. In the second, the whole of the hair, into whatever number of locks it might be divided, was gathered into one large *knot* upon the top of the head, and fastened there with the *acus discriminialis*, of which I have already spoken. A single glance at one of the heads dressed in this fashion is sufficient to shew, that it could scarcely be arranged without some use of false hair or cushions; and that this was the case, we find hinted over and over in Ovid and Propertius, but more frequently still in Juvenal and Martial. The changes of fashion in the arrangement of the hair were innumerable, as might be guessed from what we have already seen concerning the number of slaves employed about that branch of the toilette. The wives of the emperors were of course the leaders of the fashions, and nothing is more easy for an antiquarian than to discover a Poppea—a Plotina—a Matidia—a Soämias by the arrangement of the hair on the coin. The different fashions, no doubt, took their names from these givers of the *Ton*, exactly as in Paris the same sort of fashions have done from the ruling belles of the day—Pompadour, Maintenon, Montpensier, Hortense, Lisbeth, Josephine. The rapidities of the changes were such, that, as has been observed above, even statues were made with moveable perukes, in order that they might not be compelled to appear out of the fashion. It was only carrying the same idea a little farther, when the custom was introduced of taking off not the hair, but the whole head, and so of making the same statue serve for several successive generations of beauties.

The combs, &c. which the Roman waiting-maids employed in dressing the hair of their mistresses, were all

adorned with the same unwearied profusion of luxurious decoration. My fair readers do not need to be told about the beauty of these combs—the exquisitely sculptured ivory or boxwood into which the steel teeth were inserted. The only parts of the modern *friseur's* apparatus of which they knew nothing, are the powder-puffs, &c.; for much as they dealt in pomatums, they made no use of starch. They used, indeed, gold dust and other contrivances to make their hair yellow; but they knew nothing of our modern hair-powder which owed its origin to a loathsome disease, and first made its appearance at the court of Louis XIV. (See *Histoire des Modes Françaises, contenant tout ce que concerne la Tête des Français. Amsterd. 1773. p. 116.*) There is perhaps more truth than might at first sight be suspected, in the remark of a Pomeranian antiquary, who deduces the use of hair-powder from the old oriental custom of strewing ashes on the head in affliction. (See *Rango de Capillamentis, vulgo Perukeis. Magdeburg, 1663.*) It is, at least, not to be denied, that the first person who wore it had good cause to repent her sins in sackcloth and ashes. Of all this uncleanly work the Roman ladies knew nothing. Their extravagance was confined to their precious essences, and latterly to their bought locks.

The size of these ancient *coiffures* is such, that at first it may seem very difficult to conceive how the whole mass could be held together by a single pin; and yet it was so. Many of these *acus* are still in existence, some of them seven or eight inches in length; which furnishes another proof how vast the quantity of hair was which they held together. Some of these pins are very plain and simple, having no ornament but that which arises from a small opening at the top, through which probably the fillet might pass. (See *Museum Romanum, class v. tab. lii. 3; with Bonani's Remarks, § 166.*) Count Caylus had in his collection one which had two of these openings, the one above the other, which rendered their use still more evident. These openings are often wrought round about with exquisite devices. There is one, in particular, in the Royal Museum at Portici, of the most beautiful kind, of silver. It is eight inches in length;

it has the shaft and capital of a Corinthian pillar, and at the top a rich representation of Venus dressing her hair, and Cupid standing before her with the mirror in his hand. In many parts of Germany, the female peasants still wear hair-pins at least as long as these. On another of these pins, at Perlici, there is a group of Cupid and Psyche. One is described in Tassie's *Catalogue (Mus. Florent. t. 1. tab. 72, 2.)*, as representing a Venus leaning on the bust of Priapus, with her left foot in her right hand. Many others have been found both in Italy and in France.*

HIXWOOD'S HIERARCHY OF BLESSED ANGELS.

IN an article in our August Number, entitled, "Phantasmagoriana," several allusions were made to Thomas Heywood's "Hierarchy of Blessed Angels;" and perhaps our readers may be amused with some stories narrated in that singular performance. It is a long poem, in nine books, severally entitled, The Seraphim, The Cherubim, The Thrones, The Dominations, The Virtues, The Powers, The Principats, The Arch-angel, and the Angel. To each book is prefixed an argument, and to each argument is annexed the name of an angel—Uriel, Jophiel, Zaphkiel, Zadcheil, Haniel, Raphael, Camael, Michael, and Gabriel. Each book also is illustrated by "Theological, Philosophical, Moral, Poetical, Historical, and Emblematical Observations"—so that the whole work comprises upwards of six hundred pages folio. The two last books are the most curious—and though not a few of the ghost-stories, &c. told there have found their way into modern collections, yet, doubtless, most of our readers will find something novel in the following pages. Besides, ghost-stories are not the worse of being twice told—for their interest lies deep in the imagination, and we have not time to weary ourselves with gazing upon shadows.

* A great many of the descriptive passages have been omitted in the translation (and, among the rest, one whole *Excursus on Venus dressed by the Graces, after a Cameo in the Florentine Museum*), from the fear that they could scarcely be made intelligible without the plates.

The eighth book treats

"Of Sattan's wiles and feats prestigious,
Appearing wondrous and prodigious,
Confirmed by histories far-sought,
Of novels by bad demons wrought," &c.

The author discusses at great length the subject of Incubi and Succubæ. The former prevailed, it seems, to a deplorable extent in Germany, and two grave and learned men were chosen by Pope Innocent VIII. to extirpate them, and a patent granted for that purpose. These patentees made wonderful discoveries, but we are not told that they kept down the breed of Incubi. They detected a number of "old crones and beldames," in intrigues with such paramours, when

"The foul act imagined to be past,
A filthy noysome vapour rose at last
(In bigness of a man) from their embrace,
And at the instant vanished from the place."

These Incubi were also frequently detected in very suspicious circumstances with married women, but as they always vanished in smoke, the husbands were accused of causeless jealousy. Near Rotemburch, a town in Upper Germany, one of these spirits, with a large suite, was constant in his attendance on a rich heiress—but the old gentleman, suspecting the infernal family of his daughter's suitor, plied him one evening so hard with texts of Scripture, that he could no longer stand it, "But he with all his train vanished in smoke, And of his people they no more could find, Saving three ugly bodies left behind (With a foul stench), and they were known to be

Felons before time strangled on a tree!"

Jacobus Springerus reports, that a young nun had an amour with one of these demons, but getting tired and repentant of it, took advice from a sister, who heroically engaged to occupy her place in bed, and give the unearthly suitor a valedictory scold. But when the Incubus appeared "she was forced to fly out of the bed, and, humbling herself on her knees, devoutly to betake herself to her prayers. Notwithstanding which, she was so vexed and beaten for the whole night after, that meeting with her friend next morning, she shewed her the marks of the stripes, and vowed from thenceforth never to attempt so dangerous an undertaking, affirming, that with much difficulty she avoided his temptation, and with great peril of life." Cesarius Colonensis writes of a priest's daughter who was so importuned by one of these Incubi that

her father had to send her across the Rhine; but the devil, missing her, "fell violently on the father, and so beat and buffeted him that he died within thirty-three days after." Jacobus Rufus writes of a woman who was seduced by an Incubus, and "when her time of childing came, after infinite pangs and throwes she was delivered of nothing save keyes, chips, pieces of iron, and fragments of old leather." Heywood then quotes from Boethius "a strange History of a Scottish lady," who, having become pregnant, acknowledged that she had received nightly visits from a beautiful youth. One night her father broke into her chamber, when she was seated with "a hideous monster beyond human capacities," who, on a single holy word from the parson, "suddenly vanished in a terrible storm, carrying with him the roof of the chamber, and setting fire to the bed wherein he had lien, which was in a moment burned to ashes." The same author makes mention of a vessel nearly suffering shipwreck in seas usually calm, when the devil, or some Incubus or other, being accidentally discovered making love to a female passenger below decks, a priest insists on his leaving the ship instantly, which he does, "in a cloud or dark shadow in the shape of a man with a great sound, fire, smoke, and stench." The subject of Incubi is summed up with the "attestation" of Torfinius and Jordanus Gothus, that Filmeras, king of the Goths, banished all loose women from his army, and that Incubi, cohabiting with them in solitary and desert places, gave origin to the nation of the Huns, "whose manners and conditions are not only alienate from all humanity, but even their language degenerate from all other tongues spoken by man."

Of Incubæ, Heywood narrates two stories, one in verse, not unpoetically, and the other in prose. A young man swimming off the coast of Sicily, drags to shore what he supposes to be the body of a drowning companion, when it turns out to be a beautiful female creature. He carries her home, and she bears to him a lovely child. But during all this time she never speaks—smiles are her only language. At last her lover threatens to stab the child, unless she tells who and what she is—whereupon she vanishes,—and some years afterwards the child, swimming

in the same place where his mother first appeared, is dragged down into the deeps, and never more seen. The prose story is more terrible. A French nobleman has been enticed by a beautiful woman—and in the morning finds a cold dead corpse at his side. "In their distraction, the hostess, looking on her face, thinks that her countenance had been familiar to her; then recollecting herself, she seemed perfectly to know her, affirming her to be a witch who had two days before suffered on the gallows. This seemed at first incredible; yet the present necessity enforced them to make trial whether it were so or no, and therefore, making inquiry where the body of the witch was buried, and not being found there, it was afterwards, by all circumstances, proved to be the same which a Succabas had entered."

Heywood becomes very confused and desultory throughout the remainder of this book, mixing up ancient and modern stories together in a very ludicrous way. None of them are very striking, but that of the apparition, which appeared on their bridal night to Alexander the III. of Scotland and his wife, Iolanta, "the fair daughter of the great Earl of Campania."

"In the mid revels, the first ominous night
Of their espousals, when the room shone bright
With lighted tapers,—the King and the
Queen leading

The curious measures, Lords and Ladies
treading

The self-same strains; the King looks back
by chance,

And spies a strange intruder fill the dance;
Namely, a mere anatomy, quite bare,
His naked limbs both without flesh and hair
(As we decipher death), who stalks about,
Keeping true measure till the dance be out.
The King, with all the rest, affrighted stand;
The spector vanished, and then strict command

Was given to break up revels, each 'gan fear
The other, and presage disaster near.

If any ask, what did of this succeed?

The King soon after falling from his steed,
Unhappily died. After whose death, ensuing
Was to the land, sedition, wrack, and ruin."

In the prose illustrations of this book, various other stories are told, of air, earth, fire, and water-spirits, the longest and most striking of which we have not room to abridge. One of these spirits, in the shape of a night-ingle, sung so sweetly to certain learned men journeying through a forest, that one of them "demanded of it, in

the name of God, what or who it was;" the bird presently answered, "I am the soul of one that is damned, and am engaged to sing thus till the last day of the great judgment;" which said, with a terrible shriek, which amazed them all, she flew away, and soon vanished. The event was, "that all that heard those sirenical notes, recently fell into grievous distress, and soon after died." Of water-spirits, the following is a tolerable specimen: In a lake in Poland, it was shrewdly suspected a spirit had taken up his residence; and the fishermen casting their nets, drew "up a fish with a goat's head and horns, and the eyes flaming and sparkling like fire, with whose aspect and filthy stench that it brought with it, being terrified, they fled; and the monster making a fearful noise, like the howling of a wolf, and troubling the water, vanished."

The argument of the 9th book, or Tractat, runs thus:—

"To spirits called Lucifugi
(From shunning light) I next apply.
My sore tried pen, &c.
Of Robin Good-fellow and of Fairies,
With many other strange vagaries
Done by Hob-goblins. I next write
Of a Noon-devile and a Buttry-sprite," &c.

This "Tractat" is even more desultory than the preceding—and the paragraphs hold time and place in derision. Our author treats at considerable length of treasures kept in the earth, and guarded by spirits. He recites a story from Stumpsius, of a heroic butcher, who entered into a hideous cave near Basil, and came at last to a noble palace in the middle of a "fresh fragrant garden," where he beheld a beautiful lady seated on a magnificent throne. An enormous chest of treasure, guarded by a black fierce bun-dog, was placed on each side of the throne. The lady informed him, that she was a princess, held enthralled by a stepdame's spell, and to be released only by three kisses from a young man, immaculate from his childhood. The butcher attempts to kiss her, but is repelled by her features, that wax hideous and horrid, and more especially by a mouth furnished with formidable grinders. On another occasion he returns to the cave, but is no more heard of; and,

"Not many years ensuing this, another
Of the same town, a kinsman or a brother,

Hoping thereby a desperate state to raise
By his direction, had made oft essays,
This strange enchanted palace to discover,
And to that Queen to be a constant lover.
At length he entered, but there nothing
found,

Save bones, and skulls, and corpses, under
ground;

But was withal so far distract in sense,
Hedied some three days after parting thence."

The following passage, descriptive of the Lucifugi, is not unpoetical.

"These in obscure vaults themselves invest,
And, above all things, light and day detest,
Called Kottri and Kibaldi—such as we
Pugs and Hob-goblins call. Their dwell-
ings be

In corners of old houses least frequented,
Or beneath stacks of wood: and these con-
vented,

Make fearful noise in Buttries and in Dairies.
Robin Goodfellows some, some call them
fairies.

In solitary rooms these uproars keep,
And beat at doors to wake them from their
sleep,

Seeming to force locks, be they near so strong,
And keeping Christmas gambols all night-
long—

Pots, glasses, trenchers, dishes, pans, and
kettles,

They will make dance about the shelves and
settles,

As if about the kitchen tost and cast,
Yet in the morning nothing found displast.
Others such houses to their use have fitted,
In which base murders have been once com-
mitted.

Some have their fearful habitations taken,
In desolate houses, ruined and forsaken."

The poet then starts off to a story reported by Fincelius, which does not seem to fall under any general head; but it is well told. "A mighty rich man and a belly-god had died."

"After whose death (his soul gone heaven
knows whether)

Not one night failed, for many months to-
gether,

But all the rooms with lighted tapers shone,
As if the darkness had been chased and gone,
And day then only for his pleasure staid.

In the great chamber, where before were
made

His riotous feasts (the casements standing
wide)

Clearly thro' that transparency is espied
This Glutton, whom they by his habit knew
At the boards' end, feasting a frolic crew
Of lusty stomachs that about him sate,
Served in with many a costly delicate,
Course after course, and every charger full:
Neat servitors attended, not one dull,
But ready to shift trenchers, and fill wine
In gilded bowls; for all with plate do
shine:

And among them you could not spy a guest
But seemed some one he in his life did feast;

At this high rate they seemed to spend the night,

But all were vanished still before day-light."

But the story which old Heywood tells, with the most manifest delight, is that of the "Buttry-sprite,"—and a very good story it is. A certain man, in holy orders, pays a visit to a near relation, "a crafty cook," whom he finds in a very bad way. "This world is not his friend, nor the world's law;" and to a question from his reverend uncle, he confesses with great simplicity.

"O, Uncle, I have sought my state to raise By every indirect and lawless mean.

I buy stale meat, and, at the cheapest rate; Then, if my guests complain, I cog and prate, Out-facing it for good. Sometimes I buy Beeves (have been told me) of the murrain die.

What course have I not took to compass riches?

Ventured on some have been found dead in ditches;

Baked dogs for venison—put them in good paste;

And then, with salt and pepper helpt their taste.

Meat roasted twice, and twice boiled, I oft sell,—

Make pies of fly-blown joints, and bast them well.

I froth my cans,—in every jug I cheat,—

And nick my guests in what they drink or eat. And yet, with these and more slights, all I can,

Doth not declare me for a thriving man;—

I pinch mine own guts, and from others glean,

And yet (tho' I shew fat) my stock is lean."

The worthy old uncle is shocked at this recital, and tells his nephew that he knows well the cause of the evil.

"Pray let me see your Buttry." "Turn your face,"

Saith the Cook, "that way,—you may view the place,—

That casement shews it." "Well done," saith the Priest,

"Now look with me, and tell me what thou seest."

When presently appears to them a ghost, Swoln-checkt, gor-bellied, plumper than mine host,—

His legs with dropsy swelled, gouty his thighs, And able scarce to look out of his eyes,—

Feeding with greediness on every dish, For nothing could escape him, flesh or fish.

Then with empty jugs he seemed to quarrel, And sets his mouth to the bung-hole of a barrel,—

(Less compass than his belly,) at one draught, He seemed to quaff half off, then smiled and laugh;

When jogging it he found it somewhat shallow,

Soparted thence, as full as he could wallow."

The Cook, crafty as he was, had not been at all aware of this boarder and lodger,—and is told by his good uncle, that the only way to get the better of the Buttry-sprite, is to lead an honest life. He accordingly changes his system altogether; and in a few years, not only becomes a burgher, but is invested with city-honours, and bids fair to become Lord Provost. On his second visit, the Priest finds his nephew in excellent case, and tells him once more to look towards the Buttry.

"Then he spies

The self-same sp'rit, with wan cheeks, and dark eyes,

His aspect meagre, his lips thin and pale, (As if his legs would at that instant fail,)

Leaning upon a staff, quite clung his belly, And all his flesh as it were turned to jelly.

Full platters round about the dresser stood, Upon the shelves too, and the meat all good,

At which he snatcht and catcht, but nought prevailed,

Still as he reacht his arm forth, his strength failed;

And, though his greedy appetite was much, There was no dish that he had power to touch.

He crawls then to a barrel, one would think, That, wanting meat, he had a will to drink;

The vessels furnished and full-gaged he saw, But had not strength the spigot forth to draw;

He lifts at jugs, and pots, and cans, but they Had been so well filled that he unnethes may

Advance them (tho' now empty) half so high As to his head, to gain one snuff thereby.

Thus he, that on ill-gotten goods presumed, Parts hunger-starved, and more than half-consumed."

This instructive story is followed by a number of very judicious directions how to discriminate bad from good spirits. These must no doubt have been highly useful in our author's days, when so many occasions occurred of reducing them to practice; but in a spiritless age like ours, such knowledge must be purely theoretical.

In the prose illustrations of this "Tractat," we meet with a large assortment of miscellaneous superstitions, some of which are told with great effect. We read of a Silesian nobleman, who, enraged that some expected guests had not come to an entertainment he had prepared for them, wished "that so many devils of hell would feast with him, and eat up the victuals, and so went to church." During sermon, a servant comes in haste to inform him that "a great troop of horsemen, very black, and of extraordinary aspect and stature," had paid him a visit. All the

domestics had fled from the palace, leaving behind them the nobleman's son, now encircled by a legion of devils, who "looked through the casement, one with the head of a bear, another a wolf, another a cat, a fourth a tiger, &c." They held the child over the window, threatening to destroy it, —when an intrepid servant rushed among them, and, in the name of God, rescued his young master from the infernal crew, who, after carousing for a few days, went off; and "the lord entered into his ancient possession."

Several stories of "Sylvans" are then recorded. Alexander de Alexandro writes of a friend of his, who, with a companion, "fell into desert and uninhabited places, insomuch that the very solitude bred no small feare. The sun being set, and darkness growing upon them, they imagine they hear men talking; and fix their eyes upon three strange human shapes, of a fearful and unmeasurable stature, in long loose gowns, and habited after the manner of mourners, with black and grisly hair hanging over their shoulders, but of countenance most terrible to behold." The father of Adolisius, Lord of Immola, shortly after his decease, appeared to his secretary in the shape of a sylvan spirit on horseback, attired like a huntsman, with an hawk upon his fist, and gave warning to his son of a fatal event that afterwards befell him, namely, the capture of himself and city by Philip Duke of Mediolanum. Another of these sylvan spirits appeared to a poor cottager, who had been ordered by his lord to fell and bring him a huge oak, under penalty of ruin; and, throwing it over his shoulder, flung it down before the gate of the castle, so that the lord, on his return home, had to break a new door into the wall, for the huge tree thus deposited resisted both steel and fire. Then follows a little pleasing anecdote of a familiar spirit, one of the Paredrii, who, falling in love with a young girl, "upon a time pretended to be extremely angry with her, caught her by the gown, and tore it from head to heel; which she seeming to take ill from his hands, he in an instant sewed it up so workmanlike, that it was not possible to discern in what place he had torn it." This amiable spirit is strongly contrasted with one who took the shape of Policrates, Prince of Eto-

lia, and married a Locrensian lady, whom he left pregnant. She was delivered of a monster; and while the senators were deliberating what to do with it, Policrates appeared among them in a long black garment, snatched the creature from the arms of its nurse, ate it up all save the head, and instantly vanished. The senators resolved to consult the oracle about the meaning of this, when "suddenly the infant's head, in the market-place, began to move and speake, and in a grave solid speech predicted a great slaughter to ensue; the which happened not long after, in a great war continued betwixt the Etolians and Acarnenses."

A question is then started by Heywood, Whether spirits can take away a man's sense of feeling, or have the power to cast men into long sleeps, which is answered in the affirmative. These effects are produced by oil extracted from opium, nightshade, &c.; and, in many cases, by applications made of the small bones, the ashes, or fat of infants, or of men slain or executed; or by swallowing a king of the bees, who is prime ruler of the hive, and bigger than the rest, &c.

The treatise concludes with a summary account of the violent deaths of many great magicians. Simon Magus, "after all his cheating, juggling, and prestigion," flying in the air, at the prayers of St Peter his spells failed, so that, falling precipitate from on high, "he brake all his bones to shivers." The magician Gilbertus, contending in power with his master Catillus, the latter threw a short staff on the ground, which the scholar taking up, presently became stiff and hard; and being conveyed into an island belonging to the Ostrogoths, was confined there for evermore in a cavern. In a contest of power between other two magicians, the one put his head out of the window, at the other's desire, when so huge a pair of horns grew on it, that he could not pull it in again. When the cornute was released, he drew the picture of a man on the wall, and ordered his rival to enter and hide himself within that effigies. "But he, seeing before his eyes the terror of imminent death, began to quake and tremble, and beseech him on his knees to spare his life. But the other, inexorable, enjoined him to enter there, as he had commanded; which he with great un-

willingness being enforced to do, the wall was seen to open and give way to his entrance, and shut again, but never returned his body back, dead or alive." Zedechias the Jew delighted in "more gentle ludifications." He tossed a man into the air, and dismembered him piecemeal, limb from limb, and after gathering them together, rejointed him, and made him whole and sound, as at the first. He seemed also to devour and eat up at once a cart full of hay, the carter and horses that drew it, with their team-traces and all. But in the end, for poisoning Charles the Bald, he was drawn to pieces by four wild horses. But there would be no end of this obituary; so, for the present, we take our leave of Thomas Heywood.

ON LITERARY CENSORSHIP.

"I propose

To erect one board for verse, and one for
prose." FRERE.

THE pleasure of communicating to others what fills our own breast, impels youth to write. The dawning of thoughts and feelings, in the spirit of youth, seems to have all the beauty and all the glowing life of genius. To those who behold it, it is beautiful. What wonder that it should deceive him who feels it, into the belief that something stirs within him of the power which gives birth to new creations. The power of conception—the mind's own delight—may well exist without the faculty that can make them available for the general benefit. Why then should the Censors of Literature cry out upon those who have too rashly trusted to their own impulses, and have stepped out from their obscurity to offer to the public the productions of their teeming minds? There seems to be no necessity calling on these functionaries to administer chastisement upon those whose sole error has been to listen too fondly to the suggestion of their hearts, and to believe that they could render some service, or impart some pleasure, to mankind. To defend either the constituted or the innate laws of man against assailants, able or unable, is an act that speaks its own vindication; but to protect, with the same severity

of warfare, the time and patience of the public, against the foolish, ignorant, and dull, is an avocation not so self-evidently meritorious. Neglect and oblivion are sufficient punishment for such offences—for, after all, the trespass on every man's time and patience is of his own making. Pain, thoughtfully inflicted with bitterness and scorn, might well be reserved, one would think, for offenders against the well-being of society. It seems difficult to justify, or in any way account, for such retributions on the self-injuring weaknesses of men innocently self-deceived.

How far the existence of self-erected literary tribunals is, in any way, serviceable to the cause of literature, still remains to be made out. The arena of literature is open to all: and if any writer throw down his gauntlet to challenge the opinions, the belief, the laws that are recognised in the country, it is open for the champion to take it up, and meet the challenger in the lists. But a self-incorporated body of champions, to come forth on every deficiency, seems something monstrous in literary chivalry. Are they judges, accusers, or pleaders? They are one and all. They have in truth no definite character—no consistent purpose. Or have they been simply so good as to undertake the instruction of the public upon all subjects which the occurrences of the times, or the course of literature itself, may happen to bring before them?

The literature of a country is an important object, no doubt—but its excellency does not depend on tribunals of criticism: it depends on the spirit of the people. It is the state of the mind of the whole nation that must determine the character of its literature. If that be sound, strong, aspiring, and enlightened, there will need no such small helps as these to keep its literature from weakness, taint, or degradation. The strength of a nation's mind cannot depend upon the ephemeral instructions of works that start up and float away with the current of the times, but upon men's serious studies—upon studies pursued, with toilsome application, by men whose choice or whose avocations have given up their life to high sources of intellectual labour. It depends too, in a less degree, upon the studies of more ordinary minds, who are led by

a dignified nature to dignified pleasures; and who, without any regular system of thought, apply themselves desultorily, though consistently, to the study of the standard works of literature and philosophy. It is the necessary tendency of periodical criticism to limit the number of such men, and consequently to control the march of knowledge.

The present and proceeding literature of a country is as important to its character as that which is past. For living writers have a far more powerful hold on the minds of men, than those of a former time. Not only does the work itself awaken a more vivid interest, but the mind of the contemporary writer becomes more an object of admiration, and does, in the eyes of every one, raise up the generation itself to which he belongs. His contemporaries feel themselves raised while they know he is among them. Men measure their own character and their condition of being by no absolute standard. But if, when they look around, the highest on whom their eyes can rest are low, they feel in themselves the general degradation. While they can fix their regard on lofty heads, they share in the exultation, and derive to their own bosoms an elated consciousness of existence.

If we are to form wishes for the literature of our country, we must desire to see writers of genius and power perfectly bold and free,—submissive, indeed, where all minds should submit,—but within that circumscription, uncontrolled, impetuous, trusting to their own spirit, and by that light fearlessly exploring and fearlessly creating. A literature generous and aspiring,—yet guarded alike by wisdom and reverence from all transgression,—is alone worthy of England. Such a literature is not, in any way, to be advanced by the limited discussions and paltry feelings of tribunals of criticism. The fountains that water its roots must be deep, and flow silently through the heart of the noblest of her children. The best we can expect from criticism is a refreshing shower, or a stirring breeze.

It is the strong and genuine spirit of a people, then, that can alone give birth to a high literature. But we may do much to assist it, by a kind and loving welcome of all works of genius—by a friendly regard to the efforts of

every warm and aspiring mind, that would impart to others its own treasures. We should encourage power. It is not by repelling the weak, that we shall make way for the strong. The strong are weak in their birth, and it is the indulgence of the elements that must nurse their first growth. They will soon make their own way. It is the sun and the gentle rain that lifts up the young oak from the earth, and woos him to unfold his stately strength. We cannot make power; but we can cherish and invite its natural growth—or we can repress it.

If a nation *wills* to be misled, injured, and corrupted, there is no protection for it. But if a pure and upright sense is strong in their hearts, they will defend themselves. Aggression on those principles, of which they recognize the authority and momentous importance, will call up from the bosom of the nation prompt and powerful defenders. That is the contention a great nation would wish to see. It does not fear even lawless genius and destructive power. Even in the fields of literature there are combats on which a nation may fix its eyes. But examine the case narrowly, and it will be found that the idea of protection, in any kind, to those great causes which may be considered as at stake in the literature of a people, by a Board of Criticism, is as repugnant to sense as their protection by a legal censorship. Such a Board, self-constituted, obtains authority (no matter how) over the general mind: it protects or assails by force of that authority, and not by the real power of thought and knowledge which it brings to each question. In as much as such authority is exerted, there is a false and unnatural substituted for a genuine power. There is a reverse of that effect which literature intends; there is a repression and subjugation, instead of an awakening of the nation's mind. To be strong in their freedom is the character of a great nation in their literature, as well as in their polity.

The very nature of these temporary ephemeral discussions is against the nature of thoughtful inquiry. Questions of great magnitude—of deep investigation—of serious study—are of necessity thrown into a slighter form. They are worked up into palatable entertainment. Instead of sending the mind into the depths of thought, that

it may return with strength and acquisition, they must comprise a whole question within small and convenient limits, and satisfy their reader that he now knows all that can possibly be said upon a subject; where a wise instructor would have told him, that he could give him but the beginning and first suggestion of knowledge, which he must ascertain for himself, in years of after thought, and in still-extending investigation. A literary Intelligencer is an unpretending, moderately interesting, moderately useful, but a consistent and a natural character, which works of the class of which we are speaking have sometimes been contented to bear. The character of a Literary Tribunal is arrogant, useless, injurious, and has never been consistently maintained. Those who have assumed the character have made themselves interesting indeed, but destructive to the public, by masking under it the office of political partizans.

COMPARISON OF THE BEAUTY OF SOUNDS WITH THAT OF COLOURS.

IN most disquisitions upon taste, we find too much of the beauty of sounds and colours ascribed to association, and too little to those immutable relations which nature has established among them. Although associations of every sort were entirely effaced from the human mind, there would still remain a source of pleasure in our naked perceptions concerning sounds and colours; but in many individuals these perceptions are so indistinct as to yield little enjoyment; and with them the pleasures of association constitute almost the only source of interest in music and painting.

That which renders colours and sounds capable of being employed as the subjects of their respective arts, is the fixed and natural relation which they have among themselves. This relation subsists not only in the external physical causes which produce sounds and colours, but also in the human constitution, which recognises corresponding relations among the sensations. Vibrations of the atmosphere, which bear certain proportions

to each other, produce internally, in man, sensations which are recognised as having mutually the relation of tune. The harmony of colours seems to depend entirely upon the agreement of the spectrum of one colour with another which is viewed after it.

It has been a good deal disputed, whether we naturally experience much pleasure in hearing isolated sounds, or viewing isolated colours. With regard to colours, the eyes of all mankind seem to be charmed with pure and brilliant ones, probably because the common routine of colours which present themselves in nature is dull and turbid, and because a pleasing surprise is generated when we meet with hues which exceed the generality in clearness and brightness. All pure colours, taken separately, are beautiful. The isolated sensation of colour (setting aside harmony) seems to be most valued by every person when presented unmixed. There are few children who would not cry out for joy, if the prismatic hues were made to pass vividly before them.

With regard to isolated sounds, there is no such thing in nature. Every sound generates others. A single prolonged musical sound must afford some pleasure to a person with a musical ear, because it produces, at the same time, its own harmonics, which bear musical relations to it. An unmusical sound, passing through different degrees of gravity and acuteness, without reference to musical intervals, confounds the harmonical faculty altogether.

Upon the whole, the pleasure derived from the relations of colours seems not to be intense. Untaught persons, in general, pay far more attention to the isolated beauty of colours than to their combination; but this could not be the case, if the pleasure of looking upon co-related colours were equal to that of hearing a musical concord. Few individuals are so stupid or unobservant, as not to feel gratified if a musical concord were to occur amidst the common routine of sounds; but most persons would pass over the best combination of co-related colours, if there were isolated ones of greater vividness exhibited at the same time.

If we examine sounds and colours as connected with passions and senti-

ments, we shall find that sounds have much more expression than colours. Few persons will maintain that the minor key has not a more sorrowful expression than the major, antecedent to all association; and that a melody, proceeding and moving about according to those intervals which, in harmony, would form the perfect concords of the key, has not a more joyful and contented expression than a melody which introduces a flat third where a sharp one would have naturally resulted from the fundamental bass, or which in other respects follows constrained and forced intervals. Similar instances might easily be multiplied, to prove that music has a great deal of expression within itself, and independent of all association. If colours have any natural expression, it is far more ambiguous and limited. Yet there are some colours which it is difficult to persuade one's self, have not a gay expression, comparatively with others. Yellow, pink, light green, and scarlet, are surely cheerful; while deep transparent blue, rich crimson, clear brown with a reddish tinge, are grave and solemn. Perhaps this depends upon the greater quantity of light which the first colours reflect, and the greater vivacity of the sensation.

What is strictly and properly called the harmony of colours, is perhaps exhibited in greater purity in a common pattern of a carpet, or a border for a papered room, than in the finest picture. That is to say, the colours are there more unmixed; and as they do not represent natural objects, they have no law to follow in their arrangement but that of their mutual relations; and consequently they are so placed, that the spectrum of one colour may fall upon another, and increase its vividness. In paintings, all colours must, in some measure, be deadened and rendered impure by mixture, in order to represent objects with fidelity. The spectra which they produce must certainly be less vivid; and the juxtaposition of the different hues is, besides, much constrained by other considerations than those of harmony. Therefore, if the merits of light and shadow, and of imitation, were withdrawn from a painting, however meritorious, what remained would present relations of colours, agreeable

chiefly from being free from harshness, and not capable of giving much positive pleasure. It is the art exhibited in reconciling harmonious colours with the other requisites of painting, that constitutes a great part of the merit of what is called good colouring. Besides, an eye habituated to examine the relations of colours, takes pains in comparing the different hues exhibited in a picture. These relations are beautiful when perceived, but they do not force themselves so much upon the attention as relations of musical sounds. In music, the sounds which compose a chord are all heard at once; and therefore melody bears a closer resemblance than harmony to the relation of colours, which are, in a great measure, viewed successively. Yet there is also a difference between the sequence of melody and colours. The succession in which colours are viewed depends partly upon our own choice in directing our eyes; but we must take melody in the order in which it is presented to us. In painting, however, it must always be remembered, that only a small part of what is included under the general name of good colouring, depends upon the adaptation of the spectrum of one colour to another colour.

The number of original colours is small, and the number of harmonies that can be made out from them is consequently limited. The more that colours are mixed, the less decided will be the relations they bear to each other.

The number of musical notes is also small; but modulation, by making every note in its turn a fundamental one, productive of a new series of sounds, renders the materials of music almost infinite. Every relation of musical notes, whether concord or discord, is perfect of its kind, and gives pleasure when properly introduced. In painting, the mixture of colours follows no certain law, but is varied through infinite degrees, according to the taste of the artist. In music, the composer may combine what notes he pleases, but the mutual proportions of all the notes are determined by the laws of nature.

In the *Lives of Haydn and Mozart*, by the author of the *Sacred Melodies*, there is an ingenious though somewhat fanciful parallel, in which a

separate colour is pointed out as analogous in expression to the sound of each different instrument. It is as follows:

Wind Instruments.

Trombone	Deep Red
Trumpet	Scarlet
Clarionette	Orange
Oboe	Yellow
Bassoon (Alto)	Deep Yellow
Flute	Sky Blue
Diapason	Deeper Blue
Double Diapason	Purple
Horn	Violet

Stringed Instruments.

Violin	Pink
Viola	Rose
Violoncello	Red
Double Bass	Deep Crimson Red

LETTER ADDRESSED TO PROFESSOR PICTET, DESCRIPTIVE OF ASCENTS TO THE SUMMIT OF THE SOUTH NEEDLE OF CHAMMOUNI, AND TO THAT OF MONT BLANC.

*By a young Polish Gentleman, in the beginning of August in the present Year.**

Geneva, August 1818.

You ask me, sir, to give you an account of my journey to Chammouni. Animated by the love of your country, and your ardour in the pursuit of all knowledge useful to your species, and sensible that things, apparently unimportant, may sometimes prove interesting, you are naturally anxious to learn what has occurred to me. In order then to satisfy you, I must employ my pen in a language which is not my own.

In common with all the world, I admired your lofty mountains and your charming valleys; but I was peculiarly delighted with the shores of the Lake of Geneva. From thence I was not disposed calmly to view the glaciers of Chammouni: I experienced a feeling of impatience when the sun had gone down, and I could no longer see them, or when clouds intercepted my view of their summits. At last,

* The young and modest traveller who has been so kind as to favour us with some details of an enterprise which has been much talked of, has only permitted us to publish them, under the condition of their being given without his name. He has likewise had the goodness to superintend the execution, by an able artist, of a most exact *relievo* of Mont Blanc and the South Needle, which we shall carefully preserve. PICTET.

We have again to thank our friend, Professor Pictet, for this interesting letter which he has kindly forwarded to us.

on a beautiful July evening, I was so enchanted with the aspect of Mont Blanc, that I resolved to go and inspect it more nearly. I shall say nothing of my journey from Geneva to Chammouni; I saw nothing but Mont Blanc, and I only thought of the pleasure of reaching its summit. At Sallanches, where I passed the first night, I made some attempts to procure information, and what I received was extremely unfavourable to my design; they spoke of difficulties without number, of enormous gaps, formed no one knew how; finally, that it was impossible to reach Mont Blanc; and they ended by laughing at me when I expressed my desire to ascend it. The day following I was again unlucky; the weather was overcast, and the rain was talked of as something like an honourable get-off from my perilous enterprise. I arrived then at Chammouni with faint hopes of success; but the guides soon dissipated my fears of those terrible crevices. While we were making some excursions upon the glaciers, the only subject of their conversation was the South Needle, which nobody had ever ascended. It involved perhaps nothing less than the discovery of new districts, or at least new routes. I forgot Mont Blanc to devote my whole attention to this Needle, though the king of mountains had occupied my first thoughts. To reconcile every thing, I formed a project still more extensive; it was no less than, after reaching the Needle, to pass over to Mont Blanc, and to return from it by the ordinary road: you will now see how far I succeeded.

I set out for the South Needle with six guides, and after having passed the Montanvert, and crossed the sea of ice, we resolved to sleep at Tacul, where we arrived about seven o'clock in the evening. You are aware, sir, that this

abode is not very comfortable. It consists of rocks in the middle of ice, close by a small lake which empties itself during the night. It was pretty cold, the thermometer of Reaumur indicating one degree below Zero. We quickly collected a heap of rhododendron, and a good fire soon warmed and enlivened the party. We supped, laughed, and recited and listened to interesting stories of the mountains. Afterwards we lay down around the fire, and a stone, rather less rough than the others, was reserved for me, as the place of honour. We were under a great mass of rock, and on the slightest wind the smoke saluted all our faces: the scene was in all respects too new to allow me to enjoy it in tranquillity; I got up, therefore, and perched myself on a stone at some distance. The moon shed her light upon this vast solitude of ice and rocks, but nothing gladdened the eye nor refreshed the mind, and those men, sleeping around the dying embers of the fire, appeared to have arrived in the land of death to undergo the inevitable destiny which the avalanches foreboded. The cold at last drove me from my observatory; my guides awoke, stirred up the fire, and we prated away the remainder of the night. At four o'clock in the morning we prepared to set off; the barometer which in the evening was 22. 2. had fallen a little in the morning, and the thermometer was at 4 degrees below Zero of Reaumur. We took the precaution to bind ourselves to each other with ropes, and set off. We first skirted the shores of the lake, which had disappeared, for we now only saw the stones which formed its bed; and after having crossed the gaps which we met with in the way to the Col de Géant, we arrived at a plain of snow. Here we held a council on the route we should follow, as three glaciers prevented themselves, each of which would lead us to the South Needle. The first, on our right, appeared too steep and full of gaps; we therefore took the second, the slope of which was pretty moderate, and I soon began to dream of the fine valleys we were about to discover; but we found nothing but precipices, and it was not without much pain, attended with some danger, that we at last got a sight of the South Needle, the summit of which we were not able to reach till

four o'clock. On the side of Chammouni it presents two rocks separated by a ridge covered with snow; we reached the least elevated of these, and even the ridge; the other rock, which is inaccessible, is prolonged by many perpendicular peaks. We soon discovered, that we must not think of approaching Mont Blanc by this route. The view, from the rock on which we stood, was very extensive, and we could discern a great part of Lombardy over the Col de Géant. Italy, thus seen across the glaciers, recalled those Elysian fields which the ancients had a glimpse of beyond the tomb. As we were able to advance without danger to the edge of the rock on the west side, we beheld the priory of Chammouni, but a cloud hid from us a part of the valley. An accident having befallen the barometer, we could make no observations, and now thought only of returning. It was now late, yet it was absolutely necessary to reach our habitation at Tacul; for we were wet and fatigued, and not sufficiently clothed to pass the night on the snow. In descending, we avoided the difficult parts which had cost us so much trouble, and we went in another direction. Skirting the glacier near the Needles, which separated us from Mont Blanc, at ten o'clock in the evening, we at last reached our favourite rocks; there I bid good-bye to reflections and observations, and slept very comfortably on my stone. In the morning we arrived all well at Chammouni.

And now, sir, my task is almost done; for in my journey to Mont Blanc, which I am now to speak of, my route hardly at all differed from that followed by Mr D. Saussure. My eleven guides and I proceeded by the mountain *De la Côte*, and slept on the rocks called the *Grands Mulets*; and at half-past twelve o'clock of the day following (August 4th), we reached the summit. The barometer stood at 15. 9.* and the thermometer at 30°; the weather was glorious. I had carried a prism with me, being desirous to know if increased elevation affected the vivacity of the colours. When at

* We are inclined to believe that the air had not been completely expelled from the instrument, for it stood about four lines lower than that of Saussure on the same summit; while the barometer in the plain was above its medium height. PICTET.

Geneva, I had got the prismatic colours painted with much accuracy, but I could now perceive no change on them; they were precisely of the same power. We spent an hour and a half on the summit, the view from which appeared to me sublime beyond every thing I had previously conceived. The verdure of vale and wood, and the graceful outline of a lake, may charm the eye and the fancy; but here, in the midst of this chaos of mountains, these shapeless and gigantic blocks, rising from among ice and snow, we conceive ourselves present at the creation, every thing connected with humanity vanishes and disappears; we faintly discern some slight indications of cities, which seem, intended by the hand of destiny, to exist but for a day. Every thing announces the moment of their destruction, and we hasten to descend, to avoid being enveloped in the great convulsions which are preparing. We now quitted the most magnificent Belvidere in the world, and arrived at the *Grands Mulets* by six o'clock in the evening. Our satisfaction at having succeeded in our enterprise made every thing appear delightful to us. The ascent of Mont Blanc had proved a party of pleasure compared with the dreary and terrible South Needle. The day following we descended to Chamouni. There I found your friend, Captain Basil Hall, the author of a very interesting account of a voyage to China, just published, who regretted extremely not having been of our party; for he too wished to ascend Mont Blanc, and he shewed me many important observations which he intended to make on its summit.

I have now given you, sir, the account you asked of me. Curiosity, and the pleasure of doing what is not done every day, led me to your mountains, of which I shall ever entertain a pleasing recollection, heightened by the advantage they have afforded me of procuring the honour of your acquaintance.

ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN KATER'S NEW
METHOD OF MEASURING THE LENGTH
OF THE PENDULUM.*

It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers that the attraction of the earth,

considered as at rest, or the force of gravity at any point of its surface, varies as the square of the distance of that point from the centre of gravity of the whole mass. If we could therefore measure with extreme accuracy the force of gravity at various points, we should immediately obtain the distance of these points from the centre; and consequently, the exact figure of the earth. The velocity of falling bodies, at various places, would afford a correct measure of the attractive force; but it is extremely difficult, if not impracticable, to measure these velocities with sufficient accuracy, and therefore philosophers have turned their attention entirely to the pendulum. If we suspend a pendulum, consisting either of an uniform rod of metal, or of a ball attached to the lower part of a rod, and set it in motion, it is obvious that the velocity with which it vibrates, must be a measure of the force of gravity; as it is by the action of this force that it descends from the highest point of its path, and acquires a velocity sufficient to carry it to the same height on the opposite side. But it has been demonstrated, that the number of oscillations performed by a pendulum, in two different places, are as the square roots of the lengths of a pendulum that should vibrate seconds in these places, and therefore, we have only to observe the number of oscillations which a pendulum of invariable length performs at different points of the earth's surface, in order to obtain the relative lengths of a seconds pendulum at these points. When the relative lengths of a pendulum vibrating seconds is thus found for various places, we are then in possession of the relative distances of these places from the centre of the earth, as these distances are inversely as the lengths of the pendulum. The value of the pendulum, as an instrument for ascertaining the figure of the earth, has been long recognized by philosophers; and numerous experiments have been made with it at different points of the earth's surface, from which a tolerably accurate and consistent measure of the flatness at the poles of our globe has been obtained.

the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1818, Part I., and the Council of the Royal Society honoured it with the Copley medal.

* Captain Kater's Paper is published in

When the attention of Parliament was lately directed to a new system of weights and measures, the length of the pendulum was regarded by many distinguished individuals as the only correct foundation of such a system. Government referred the consideration of the subject to the Royal Society of London, and a meeting of the council of that distinguished body was called for the purpose of considering the steps that should be taken for comparing the standard measures with the length of the pendulum in London, and other parts of England, and also with the system of measures adopted in France. The Council appointed a committee consisting, we believe, of Dr Wollaston, Dr Thomas Young, Captain Kater, and Mr Troughton, for the purpose of contriving and executing the best methods of measuring the length of the pendulum in London, and of determining the other points which Government had referred to them. In point of theoretical and practical knowledge, a more able committee could not have been associated in any metropolis of Europe. Without the hope of gain, and animated only by an ardent love of science, these eminent individuals began the labour which was intrusted to them, and in a very short time, they produced several new methods of constructing the pendulum, and measuring its length; methods which, we are persuaded, will be considered, by men of genius of all countries, as far surpassing, in accuracy and ingenuity, any that have hitherto been either tried or suggested. Dr Thomas Young proposed to ascertain the rate of going of a clock, with a pendulum, having a moveable weight in three different positions, about a foot from each other. When their distances were accurately measured, and the weight of the pendulum rod and moveable ball separately ascertained, the true length of the pendulum would be obtained with great accuracy. This ingenious apparatus has been constructed by Mr Troughton; but we believe that, in place of applying the pendulum to a clock, as was first proposed, the lower end of the pendulum is made to give motion to a chronometer. Dr Young's professional occupations have not yet permitted him to finish the course of experiments which he means to execute with this machine.

Mr Troughton's views respecting
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the pendulum related to a new mode of suspension; and he has spent much time in perfecting a method of forming metallic cylinders, of uniform diameter and density. We fear, however, that his important avocations will prevent him from a speedy completion of his plans. We are not well informed respecting the labours of Dr Wollaston, but he has the merit of having first suggested the ingenious principle upon which Captain Kater's method of observing the coincidences is founded.

Captain Kater was at first of opinion, that the least objectionable method of measuring the length of the pendulum, would be to employ a rod drawn as a wire, in which, if the density and diameter were every where the same, the centre of oscillation would be nearly at the distance of two-thirds of its length, from the centre of suspension. By inverting the rod, and taking a mean of the results in each position, he thought that any error would be obviated which arose from a want of uniformity either in the figure or the density of the rod. The impracticability of this scheme, however, shewed itself after numerous trials.

"Not feeling at all satisfied," he remarks, "with the prospect which the use of a rod presented, I endeavoured to discover some property of the pendulum* of which I might avail myself with greater probability of success; and I was so fortunate as to perceive one, which promised an unexceptionable result. It is known that the centres of suspension and oscillation are reciprocal; or, in other words, that if a body be suspended by its centre of oscillation, its former point of suspension becomes the centre of oscillation, and the vibrations in both positions will be performed in equal times. Now, the distance of the centre of oscillation from the point of suspension, depending on the figure of the body employed, if the arrangement of its particles be changed, the place of the centre of oscillation will also suffer a change. Suppose then a body to be furnished with a point of suspension, and another point on which it may vibrate, to be fixed as nearly as can be estimated in the centre of oscillation, and in a line with the point of suspension and centre of gravity. If the vibrations in each position should not be equal in equal times, they may readily be made so, by shifting a moveable weight, with which the body is to be furnished, in a line between the centres of suspension and oscillation;

* The property of the pendulum, of which Captain Kater has thus ingeniously availed himself, was first demonstrated by Huygens.

when the distance between the two points about which the vibrations were performed being measured, the length of a simple pendulum, and the time of its vibration, will at once be known, uninfluenced by any irregularity of density or figure."

Having thus discovered an unexceptionable principle, Captain Kater's next object was to discover the best mode of suspending his pendulum. After studying the relative advantages and disadvantages of diamond points, spheres working in a conical aperture, and knife edges, he gave a decided preference to the latter, notwithstanding the supposed difficulty of forming a perfectly straight edge, and of preventing it from suffering any change during the experiment. The first of these difficulties was soon found to be merely imaginary, and if any error arose from the second, it would have become perceptible in Captain Kater's mode of observation every ninth minute; but independent of that circumstance, he proposed to detect any change in its form, by measuring the distance of the knife edges, both before and after the experiments. The following description of the pendulum is so minute and easily understood, that we can neither abridge it nor make it more perspicuous:

"The pendulum constructed upon these principles is formed of a bar of plate brass, one inch and a half wide, and one eighth of an inch thick. Through this bar, two triangular holes are made, at the distance of 39.4 inches from each other to admit the knife edges. Four strong knees of hammered brass of the same width as the bar, six inches long, and three quarters of an inch thick, are firmly screwed by pairs to each end of the bar, in such a manner, that when the knife edges are passed through the triangular apertures, their backs may bear steadily against the perfectly plane surfaces of the brass knees, which are formed as nearly as possible at right angles to the bar. The bar is cut of such a length, that its ends may be short of the extremities of the knee pieces about two inches.

"Two slips of deal 17 inches long, and of the same thickness as the bar, are inserted in the spaces thus left between the knee pieces, and are firmly secured there by pins and screws. These slips of deal are only half the width of the bar; they are stained black, and in the extremity of each, a small whalebone point is inserted for the purpose of indicating the extent of the arc of vibration.

"A cylindrical weight of brass, three inches and a half diameter, one inch and a quarter thick, and weighing about two pounds seven ounces, has a rectangular opening in the direction of its diameter, to

admit the knee pieces of one end of the pendulum. This weight being passed on the pendulum, is so thoroughly secured there by means of a conical pin fitting an opening made through the weight and knee pieces, as to render any change of position impossible. A second weight of about seven ounces and a half, is made to slide on the bar near the knife edge at the opposite end; and this weight may be fixed at any distance on the bar by two screws with which it is furnished.

"A third weight, or rather slider of only four ounces, is moveable along the bar, and is capable of nice adjustment by means of a screw fixed to a clamp, which clamp is included in the weight. This slider is intended to move near the centre of the bar. It has an opening, through which may be seen divisions, each equal to one twentieth of an inch, engraved on the bar; and a line is drawn on the edge of the opening to serve as an index to determine the distance of the slider from the middle of the bar.

"We now come to the most important part, the knife edges. These are made of that kind of steel which is prepared in India, and known by the name of wootz. Their form is triangular, and their length one inch and three quarters. Mr Stodart was so obliging as to forge them for me: they were made as hard as possible, and tempered by immersing them merely in boiling water.

"The knife edges were ground on a plane tool, which necessarily ensured a perfectly straight edge. This was ascertained by bringing the edge of the one in contact with the plane of the other, when, if no light was perceptible between them in any position, it was inferred that the edge was a right line. They were then carefully finished on a plane green hone, giving them such an inclination as to make the angle on which the vibrations are performed about 120 degrees.

"Previously to the knife edges being hardened, each was tapped half way through, near the extremities, to receive two screws, which being passed through the knee pieces, drew the knife edges into close contact with them, the surfaces of both having been previously ground together to guard against any strain which might injure their figure."

Captain Kater next proceeds to describe the supports of the pendulum, and the other part of his apparatus, for an account of which we must refer our readers to the paper itself; but we cannot restrain ourselves from giving an account of a simple and beautiful little instrument, used by Captain Kater, and invented by our countryman, Mr Hardy, now the first clock-maker in Great Britain, for the purpose of detecting and rendering visible the slightest vibration in the support of the clock. This little instrument, resembling a small inverted pendulum,

with the point of suspension lowest, consists of a steel wire, the lower end of which is inserted in a piece of brass, which serves as its support. The wire is flattened so as to form a delicate spring. A small weight slides on the wire, by the shifting of which the wire may be made to vibrate round its lower extremity, in the same time as the pendulum to which it is to be applied as a test. When this adjustment is effected, so that the pendulum and the wire perform their vibrations in the same time, the machine is placed on the solid body to which the pendulum is attached; and if this body should not be perfectly firm, its motion will be communicated to the wire, which, in a short time, will accompany the pendulum in its vibrations. This contrivance, possessed of extreme sensibility, afforded Captain Kater the most complete proof of the stability of the point of suspension.

The next step in the investigation was to determine the number of vibrations made by the pendulum in 24 hours, or a mean solar day. This result could obviously have been obtained by actually counting the vibrations; but this method, even if it could be adopted without error, would be too laborious for any person to undertake. He therefore suspended his brass pendulum in front of an excellent clock made by Arnold, the pendulum of which performed nearly 86400 vibrations in 24 hours. The pendulum of the clock was a gridiron one, and was suspended by a spring, the strength of which was so adjusted that the vibrations in different arcs were performed in equal times. A circular white disk, pasted on a piece of black paper, was attached to the ball of the pendulum of Arnold's clock; and this disk was of such a diameter, that when both pendulums were at rest, it was just hid from an observer (standing on the opposite side of the room) by one of the slips of deal which form the extremities of the brass pendulum suspended in front of it.

"A firm triangular wooden stand, as high as the ball of the pendulum, was screwed to the floor at the distance of nine feet in front of the clock. This served as a support, to which was attached a small telescope, magnifying about four times, which was capable of a horizontal motion on its axis, a vertical motion, and a motion at right angles to the line of sight. In the focus of the eye-glass was a diaphragm form-

ing a perpendicular opening, the sides of which were parallel, and capable of being placed nearer, or further asunder. The edges of this diaphragm were adjusted so as to form tangents to the horizontal diameter of the white disk, and consequently to coincide with the edges of the slip of deal. When, therefore, both pendulums were at rest, nothing was visible through the telescope, excepting the divided arc for ascertaining the extent of the vibrations, and which was seen through a horizontal opening made for that purpose in the top of the diaphragm.

"If both pendulums be now set in motion, the brass pendulum a little preceding that of the clock, the following appearances may be remarked. The slip of deal will first pass through the field of view of the telescope at each vibration, and will be followed by the white disk. But the distance between the centres of suspension and oscillation, in the brass pendulum, being rather the longer, the pendulum of the clock will gain upon it, the white disk will gradually approach the slip of deal, and at length, at a certain vibration, will be wholly concealed by it. The minute and second at which this total disappearance is observed, must be noted. The pendulums will now be seen to separate, and after a time will again approach each other, when the same phenomenon will take place. The interval between the two coincidences in seconds, will give the number of vibrations made by the pendulum of the clock; and the number of oscillations of the brass pendulum, in the same interval, may be known by considering that it must have made two oscillations less than the pendulum of the clock. Hence, by simple proportion, as the vibrations made by the pendulum of the clock are to the number of vibrations made by the brass pendulum, so are the vibrations made by the pendulum of the clock in 24 hours, to those of the brass pendulum in the same period.*

The distance between the knife edges was then measured with great ingenuity, and by methods in which every probable source of error was anticipated and corrected, and the mean result, obtained by three successive measurements, was 39,44085 inches, suited to a temperature of 62°.

The experiments were now made, and the moveable weights were at last shifted to such a position, on the pendulum rod, that a mean of the number of vibrations, in 24 hours, when the great weight was above the

* In order to render the calculation more easy, the clock has always been supposed to keep mean time, or to make 86,400 vibrations in 24 hours, and the variation from this number, or the rate of the clock (being a very small quantity), has been afterwards applied as a correction."

centre of suspension, was 86058.71; while the mean of the number of vibrations, when the great weight was placed under the centre of suspension, was 86058.72—a coincidence so great as to prove, that the distance of the knife edges, or 39.44085, was the exact distance between the centres of suspension and oscillation, and the true length of a pendulum, which performed 86058.715 vibration, in a mean solar day.

But as 86058.715 is 341.285 seconds less than a mean solar day, which consists of 86,400 seconds, we must reduce the length of 39.44085 by means of the known relation between the lengths of different pendulums, and the number of their vibrations. This will give 39.13829 for the true length of a pendulum vibrating seconds at the place where the experiments were made, namely, at the house of H. Browne, Esq. F.R.S. in Portland-place, situated in latitude $51^{\circ} 31' 8''$ 4. When this is reduced to the level of the sea, which is eighty-three feet lower than the place of observation, it gives 39.1386 inches for the true length of the pendulum.

Captain Kater's valuable paper is terminated with an appendix, consisting of a letter from Dr Thomas Young, containing a demonstration of a new property of the pendulum recently discovered by Laplace, namely, that if the pendulum vibrates upon a cylindrical surface, the length of the pendulum is the exact distance between the cylindrical surface, whatever be its radius and the centre of oscillation. M. Laplace had previously given a very elaborate demonstration of this property, founded upon mechanical principles; but Dr Young has conducted his investigation in a more simple and intelligible manner, and deduces the property immediately from a general theorem for finding the curvature of trochoids. It is impossible not to regret, after the perusal of this letter, that Dr Young has any other occupations than those of physical and mathematical researches. If the whole force of his powerful and cultivated mind had been directed to the advancement of his favourite studies, England would not have had the mortification of yielding to foreigners the palm of mathematical skill.

In concluding this notice of Captain Kater's labours, we feel ourselves bound, in justice to his reputation, to

notice the attempt which has been made to deprive him of the honour of an invention, which, in so far as our information goes, belongs exclusively to himself. Whenever a man of genius either invents or discovers, he must prepare himself for the mortification of having the honour of his labours claimed for some obscure individual, who may have accidentally performed some rude experiment, or uttered some ambiguous conjecture remotely connected with the subject of his investigations. These claims are commonly urged by a set of inferior and half-learned individuals, who derive all their importance from the accidental association of their names with those of superior men; and we regret to say, that men of genius themselves give too much countenance to these inroads upon the reputation of their rivals.

These remarks, though generally applicable to claims of this kind, by no means apply to the case of Captain Kater. The honour of having suggested the idea of a pendulum vibrating on two axes, has been claimed by M. Prony, a member of the Institute of France, and one of the most eminent mathematicians and civil engineers of which any country can boast. From the high character and respectability of this distinguished individual, we are convinced that, when he states, that he had proposed the same method in 1790, he had either mistaken the nature of Captain Kater's invention (probably from having heard of it in conversation), or, what is more likely, that he had made a nearer approach to the invention than appears in his writings. Our readers will be better able to form their own opinions on this subject, from the following statement of Captain Kater.

“ In the *Connoissance des Temps* for 1820, is an article by M. de Prony on a new method of regulating clocks. At the conclusion of this article is a short note, in which the author adds, ‘ J’ai proposé en 1790 à l’Académie des Sciences un moyen de déterminer la longueur du pendule en faisant osciller un pendule composé sur deux ou trois axes attachés à ce corps (voyez mes *Leçons de Mécanique*, art. 1107 et suivans). Il paroît qu’on a fait ou qu’on va faire usage de ce moyen en Angleterre.’ On referring to the *Leçons de Mécanique*, as directed, I can perceive no hint whatever of the possibility of determining the length of the seconds pendulum by means of a compound pendulum vibrating on two axes; but it appears that the method of M. de Prony con-

sists in employing a compound pendulum having three fixed axes of suspension, the distances between which, and the time of vibration upon each, being known, the length of three simple equivalent pendulums may thence be calculated by means of formulae given for that purpose. M. de Prony indeed proposes employing the theorem of Huygens, of which I have availed myself, of the reciprocity of the axis of suspension and that of oscillation, as *one* amongst other means of simplifying his formula, and says, 'J'ai indiqué les moyens de concilier avec la condition à laquelle se rapportent ces formules, celle de rendre l'axe moyen le reciproque de l'un des axes extrêmes; J'emploie pour les ajustemens qu'exigent ces diverses conditions un poids curseur dont j'ai exposé les propriétés dans un mémoire publié avec la Connoissance des Temps de 1817.' Now, it appears evident from this passage, that M. de Prony viewed the theorem of Huygens *solely* with reference to the simplification of his formula; for had he perceived that he might thence have obtained *at once* the length of the pendulum without further calculation, the inevitable conclusion must instantly have followed, that his third axis and his formula were wholly unnecessary."

Since Captain Kater has completed his experiments for determining the length of the seconds pendulum in the latitude of London, he has been employed, at the expense of government, in measuring the length of the pendulum at various stations in the great trigonometrical survey of this country. By means of an invariable pendulum, which vibrates seconds in London, he has this summer determined the relative length of the pendulum at Unst, one of the Shetland Islands; at Portsoy in Banffshire; at Leith Fort near Edinburgh; and at Clifton in Yorkshire; and we have no doubt, that before the season is finished, he will have completed his observations at Arbury-hill and Dun-nose. The zeal which he has displayed in carrying on these experiments, and the cheerfulness with which he has encountered the hardships which are incident to operations of this kind, lead us to indulge the hope, that in some future season he will repeat his experiments at the North Cape, and even extend them to the Equator itself. Such a series of results, obtained by such accurate methods, and by means of the same pendulum and the same observer, will give us more correct information respecting the figure of the earth, than could have been obtained from the insulated observations of half a century.

The present government will, we have no doubt, cheerfully furnish the means of completing such a great work. Since the termination of the late war, they have extended their patronage to science with a zeal and liberality which was never exhibited by any of their predecessors. While the operations of the great trigonometrical survey have been carried on with activity and success, they have, in the short period of a year, remodelled the Board of Longitude, and added to it, with suitable salaries, the names of Dr Wollaston, Dr Young,* and Captain Kater; they have carried on the experiments on the length of the pendulum, which we have already mentioned; and have equipped four ships of discovery on the most interesting expedition which has ever left the British Islands.

ANALYSIS OF MR BARROW'S CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF VOYAGES INTO THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

"How shall I admire your heroicke courage, ye marine worthies, beyond all names of worthiness! that neyther dread so long eyther presence or absence of the sunne; nor those foggy mysts, tempestuous winds, cold blasts, snowes and hayle in the ayre: nor the unequall seas, which might amaze the hearer, and amate the beholder, where the *Tritons* and *Neptune's* selfe would quake with chilling feare, to behold such monstrous icie ilands, renting themselves with terrour of their owne massines, and disdayning otherwise both the sea's soverieignty, and the sunne's hottest violence, mustering themselves in those watery plaines where they hold a continual civill warre, and rushing one upon another, make windes and waves give backe; seeming to rent the eares of others, while they rent themselves with crashing and splitting their congealed armours."

PURCHAS.

THE public have taken such a deep interest in the fate of the two expeditions of discovery, under the command of Captains Ross and Buchan, that they have looked forward with no inconsiderable anxiety for the appearance of the present work. The valuable articles connected with this subject, which we have already received, from the pen of Mr Barrow, through the medium of the Quarterly Review, have indicated his peculiar qualification

* In consequence of Dr Young's recent appointment as Secretary to the Board, his place as commissioner has been filled by Colonel Mudge.

for such a task, even to those who had no previous knowledge of his former writings. In the compilation of this work, Mr Barrow informs us, that he claims no pretensions to authorship; and we cannot help thinking, that he undervalues the literary exertions which are called forth by this species of labour. There is, in our opinion, no talent more estimable, and certainly none more rare, than that of giving a clear, perspicuous, and condensed abstract of the discoveries of others, or of separating new and valuable truths from the trash in which they are generally obscured or concealed. In some cases, this kind of merit is not much inferior to that of the original discoverer, and, in every case, it is an infallible mark of a sound judgment, and of a profound knowledge of the subject. In the present instance, we cannot question the accuracy of Mr Barrow's modest statement, "that the collecting of the materials, though widely scattered through many large, and some few scarce volumes, employed no great share either of the writer's time or research;" but we are convinced, that the public will agree with us in thinking, that the facility of the task was owing to the subject being interwoven with his studies and habits of thinking; and that there were but few individuals who could have seized so happily upon the prominent incidents and the instructive facts which were scattered through the immense mass of materials that came under his eye.

One of the great advantages of having an abridged account of the danger and difficulties which have frustrated every attempt to reach the pole, is to enable us to form an opinion respecting the practicability of such a scheme, and the prudence of attempting to gain an object with which the idea of failure has been so long and so inseparably associated. The peculiar views of Mr Barrow, which, we believe, have met with the approbation of the great body of intelligent and thinking readers, have, as might have been expected, encountered opposition from various quarters. Both politics and physics have been arrayed against them, and the vessels of discovery had scarcely disappeared from our horizon, accompanied with the anxieties and good wishes of every man who loved either science or his country, when a prophetic lamentation was sounded through-

out every corner of the land. We certainly did not expect that the spirit of damping, so common and so excusable in the calculation of political probabilities, would have shown itself so openly in the peaceful empire of science; but we fear, that within her sacred limits, there is an opposition as active as that which animates the body politic; an opposition, however, which does not correct error, as the other watches corruption, but which is characterised by the array of selfishness and egotism, against the inventions, the discoveries, and the reputation of the rest of the world.

To predict the failure of an expedition of discovery, is one of the few exercises of the prophetic spirit, which, even if successful, does not invest its oracle with any portion of supernatural wisdom. A shrewd guesser of contingencies, when the two probabilities are equal, must always be a man of some little consideration among his inferiors; but, in a case like the present, where all the certainties of past experience are on one side, and a few ingenious reasonings and probabilities on the other, the utterance of gloomy responses becomes ridiculous, and we cannot but question the feelings and motives of the men, who interrupted the universal cheers which followed the departure of our intrepid countrymen.

Mr Barrow has, with great forbearance, and, we think, with great wisdom, restrained himself from directly noticing the clamours which have been raised against the expedition; but we have no doubt, that, in his account of the voyage of Richard Chancellor, he has slyly aimed a side blow against the most respectable of his opponents.

"A better fortune (says he) attended Master Richard Chancellor, in the Edward Bonaventure, who succeeded in reaching Wardhuys, in Norway, the appointed rendezvous of the little squadron. Here he waited seven days looking in vain for his consorts, and was preparing to depart, when meeting with 'certaine Scottishmen' they earnestly attempted to dissuade him from the further prosecution of the voyage, magnifying the danger and using every effort to prevent his proceeding: but he was not to be discouraged with 'the speeches and words of the Scots,' and resolutely determined 'either to bring that to passe which was intended, or els to die the death.' Accordingly, on setting out again, 'he held on his course towards that unknown part of the world, and sailed so farre that hee came at last to the place where hee found no night at all, but a continuall light and

brightness of the sunne shining clearly up on the huge and mighty sea." P. 70.

This glorious sight was a reward worthy of the patience of Chancelor; and we hope, that "certaine Scottishmen" were duly informed, that Chancelor's resistance to their earnest dissuasions conducted him to Moscow, where he laid the foundation of the trade with Russia, which has continued to the present day.

The present work of Mr Barrow is divided into five chapters. In the *first* of these he gives an account of the discoveries in the North, from the early periods of Scandinavian navigation to the end of the 15th century. The *second* contains the discoveries made in the North during the 16th

century. The *third* contains the voyages of discovery in the Northern Regions, during the 17th century. The *fourth* contains the discoveries made during the 18th century; and the *fifth*, the voyages undertaken in the early part of the 19th century. As most readers have already a general acquaintance with the nature and results of the voyages made before the commencement of the present century, we shall content ourselves with presenting them with an abridged view of the different attempts which have been made to penetrate into the Arctic Regions. This abstract will, at the same time, give them some idea of the contents of Mr Barrow's work.

Years.	Names of the Voyagers.	Country or place from which the Expedition sailed.	Places which were visited.
1480.	Nicolo and Antonio Zeno,	Venice,	Greenland.
1497.	Christopher Columbus,	Spain,	Iceland.
1496.	John and Sebastian Cabota,	England,	Newfoundland.
1500.	The Cortereals,	Lisbon,	{ Greenland and Labrador.
1508.	Aubert Cartier,	Dieppe,	Newfoundland.
1534.	Jacques Cartier,	France,	St Lawrence.
1524.	Estevan Gomez,	Spain,	{ North Coast of America.
1527.	The Dominus Vobiscum, the name of the ship,	London,	{ Between Newfoundland & Greenland.
1536.	The Trinitie and Minion,	London,	Newfoundland.
1553.	Sir Hugh Willoughby,	London,	{ Wrecked on the Coast of Lapland.
1553.	Richard Chancellor,	London,	Russia.
1556.	Steven Burrough,	London,	Nova Zembla.
1576.	Martin Frobisher,	London,	Greenland.
1577.	Martin Frobisher,	Gravesend,	Greenland.
1578.	Martin Frobisher,	Harwich,	Greenland.
1577.	Edward Fenton,	England,	
1580.	Arthur Pet and Charles Jackman,	Harwich,	Weigatz.
1583.	Sir Humphrey Gilbert,	Cawsand Bay,	North America.
1585.	John Davis,	Dartmouth,	Greenland.
1586.	John Davis,	Dartmouth,	Labrador.
1587.	John Davis,	Dartmouth,	Davis's Straits.
1588.	Maldonado, this was an imposition.		
1592.	Juan de Fuca,	New Spain,	Qu. Charlotte's Sound
1594.	Cornelis Cornelison, William Barentz, &c.	United Provinces,	Nova Zembla.
1595.	William Barentz,	Texel,	Nova Zembla.
1596.	William Barentz,	Amsterdam,	Nova Zembla.
1596.	William Adams,		
1602.	George Weymouth,	Radcliffe,	{ Islands north of Hudson's Straits.
1605.	James Hall,	Copenhagen,	Greenland.
1606.	James Hall,	Elsineur,	Greenland.
1607.	James Hall,	Denmark,	Labrador.
1606.	John Knight,	Gravesend,	Labrador.
1607.	Henry Hudson,	Gravesend,	Greenland.
1608.	Henry Hudson,	Gravesend,	Nova Zembla.
1609.	Henry Hudson,	Holland,	Hudson's River.
1610.	Henry Hudson,	London,	Hudson's Straits.
1612.	Sir Thomas Button,	England,	{ Nelson's River on the west side of Hudson's Bay.

Years.	Names of the Voyagers.	Country or place from which the Expedition sailed.	Places which were visited.
1612.	James Hall,	London,	Coast of Greenland.
1614.	Captain Gibbons,	England,	Hudson's Strait.
1615.	Robert Bylot,	London,	Coast of Greenland.
1616.	Robert Bylot and William Baffin,	Gravesend,	Baffin's Bay.
1603—1615.	Various Voyages of a mixed character to High Northern Latitude.		
1619.	Jens Munk,	Elsineur,	Baffin's Bay.
1631.	Luke Fox,	Deptford,	Hudson's Bay.
1631.	Thomas James,	Bristol,	Hudson's Bay.
1652.	Captain Danell,	Copenhagen,	Coast of Greenland.
1668.	Zacchariah Gillam,	England,	Davis's Straits.
1676.	John Wood and William Flawes,	Nore,	Nova Zembla.
1719.	Knight, Barlow, Vaughan, &c.	Gravesend,	Vessels Lost.
1722.	John Scroggs,	Churchhill River,	Whalebone Straits.
1741.	Christopher Middleton,	England,	Hudson's Straits.
1746.	William Moor and Francis Smith,	London,	{ Wager Strait and Repulse Bay.
1769—1772.	Mr Hearne,	By land,	Copper Mine River.
1773.	Constantine John Phipps, (after-wards Lord Mulgrave),	{ Nore,	Spitzbergen.
1776—1779.	James Cook and Charles Clerke,	Plymouth.	Latitude 80° 48'
1776.	Richard Pickersgill,	Deptford,	{ Latitude 70° 33' Labrador.
1777.	Walter Young,	Nore,	Woman's Islands.
1786.	Capt. Lowenorn, Lieut. Egede,	Copenhagen,	Iceland and Greenland.
1789.	Alexander Mackenzie,	By land,	Mackenzie's River.
1790—1791.	Charles Duncan,	England,	Churchhill River.
1815—1816.	Lieutenant Kotzebue,	Russia,	Behring's Strait.
1818.	John Ross,	London,	{ August 2, north lati- tude 70° 40' north longitude 60°.
1818.	David Buchan,	London,	Spitzbergen.

The voyage of Lieutenant Kotzebue (the son of the celebrated writer of that name), was performed in a vessel called the *Rurick*, which was fitted out at the expense of the Russian Count Romanzoff. Her burden was about 100 tons, and she had 22 men, officers included, besides a physician and a botanist. He was instructed to proceed round Cape Horn, to enter Behring's Strait, and lay up his vessel in some bay on the American side; to penetrate, with a certain number of his men, the American Continent by land, first, to the northward, to determine if Icy Cape is an island; and then to the eastward, keeping the hyperborean sea on their left. The following abstract of his journal is given by Mr Barrow, and cannot fail to be interesting to every reader.

“At one of the Aleutian Islands he observed a vast quantity of drift-wood thrown upon the shore, and, among other species of wood, picked up a log of the camphor tree: In the midst of Behring's Strait, between East Cape and Cape Prince of Wales, he found the current setting strongly to the north-east, at the rate, as he thought, of two miles and a half an hour, which is at least twice the velocity observed by Cook.

In this particular place also the depth of the water was considerably more than the soundings mentioned in Cook's voyage.

“Having passed the Cape Prince of Wales early in August, without any obstruction from ice, and as it would appear without seeing any, an opening was observed in the line of the American coast, in latitude about 67½° to 68°. Into this inlet the *Rurick* entered. Across the mouth was a small island, the shores of which were covered with drift-wood; and among it were observed trees of an enormous size. The tide regularly ebbed and flowed through the passages on each side of the island. Within the entrance, the great bay or inlet spread out to the north and south, and had several coves or sounds on each shore. Its extent to the eastward was not determined, but the *Rurick* proceeded as far in that direction as the meridian of 160°, which corresponds with that of the bottom of Norton Sound.

The shores of this great inlet, and more particularly the northern one, were well peopled with Indians of large size; the men were well armed with bows, arrows, and spears. They wore skin clothing, and leather boots, neatly made and ornamented; their huts were comfortable and sunk deep into the earth; their furniture and implements neatly made; they had sledges drawn apparently by dogs, though the skulls and skins of rein-deer indicated the presence of

that animal in the country. The description given by Lieutenant Kotzebue of these people corresponds almost exactly with that of the Tschutski by Cook on the opposite continent, with whom they sometimes trade and are sometimes at war. They are the same race of people as those on the continent of America lower down and about the Russian settlement of Kadiack, as appeared from a native of that place being able to understand their language.

From these Indians Lieutenant Kotzebue learned, that, at the bottom of the inlet was a strait through which there was a passage into the great sea, and that it required nine days rowing with one of their boats to reach this sea. This, Kotzebue thinks, must be the Great Northern Ocean, and that the whole of the land to the northward of the inlet must either be an island or an archipelago of islands.

At the bottom of a cove on the northern shore of the inlet was an extensive perpendicular cliff, apparently of chalk, of the height of six or seven hundred feet, the summit of which was entirely covered with vegetation; between the foot of this cliff and the shore was a slip of land, in width about five or six hundred yards, covered also with plants, which were afterwards found to be of the same kind as those on the summit. But the astonishment of the travellers may readily be conceived, when they discovered, on their approach to this extensive cliff, that it was actually a mountain of solid ice, down the sides of which the water was trickling by the heat of the sun. At the foot of the cliff several elephants' teeth were picked up, similar to those which have been found in such immense quantities in Siberia and the islands of the Tartarian Sea;* these teeth they concluded to have fallen out of the mass of ice as its surface melted, though no other part of the animal was discovered by them. There was, however, a most oppressive and offensive smell of animal matter, not unlike that of burnt bones, so that it was almost impossible to remain near those parts of the face of the mountain where the water was trickling down. By the gradual slope of the side of this enormous ice-berg, which faced the interior, they were able to ascend to its summit, and to make a collection of the plants that were growing upon it. The stratum of soil which covered it was not deep, and the Lieutenant describes it as being of a calcareous nature. The slip of land at the foot of the mountain was probably formed of the soil and plants which had fallen down from the summit as the ice melted,

* Lieutenant Kotzebue called them Mammoth's teeth (mastodontes); but from a drawing made by the naturalist they were evidently the teeth of elephants; which is the more extraordinary, as being the first remains of this quadruped found in the New World.

and which, in fact, while there, they had the opportunity of observing to fall.

" Besides this mountain of ice, there was no appearance of ice or snow on the land or the water in this part of America, and the weather was exceedingly clear and mild, and even warm; but on the opposite coast of Asia the weather at the same time was cold, and the atmosphere almost constantly loaded with fogs. There was in fact such a great difference between the temperature of the two continents, on the two sides of the strait, that, in standing across, it was like passing instantaneously from summer to winter, and the contrary. This happened about the end of August, at which time a fair and open passage appeared to lie on the American side, as far to the northward as the eye could reach; whereas on the Asiatic side the ice seemed to be fixed to the shore, and its outer edge to extend in the direction of north-east, which was precisely that of the current.

" The season being too far advanced either to attempt to carry the Rurick round Icy Cape, which, however, Lieut. Kotzebue thinks he could have done without any obstruction, or to prosecute the land journey to the eastward; and fearing, if he remained longer in the great inlet, the entrance might be closed up with ice, he thought the most prudent step he could take would be that of proceeding to winter and refit in California, and early in the following spring to renew the attempt to penetrate into the interior of America. He accordingly set out again early in March, called at the Sandwich Islands, and reached the Aleutian Islands in June, where the Rurick suffered much from a violent gale of wind, in which Lieutenant Kotzebue unfortunately had his breast bone broken. This accident threw him into such a state of ill health, that after persevering till they reached Eivooigiena or Clerk's Island, at the mouth of Behring's Strait, the surgeon declared, that nothing but a warmer climate would save his life. The ice had but just left the southern shores of this island, and was gradually moving to the northward, which it appears is its usual course every year, but is hastened or delayed in its progress more or less according to the prevailing winds, and the strength with which they blow. Being thus nearly a month too soon to afford any prospect of immediate access to the inlet on the northern side of Cape Prince of Wales, and his health daily getting worse, he was reluctantly compelled to return with his little bark, and to make the best of his way home round the Cape of Good Hope.

In the course of his circumnavigation, Lieutenant Kotzebue has made several interesting discoveries of new groups of islands in the Pacific; and he has done that which for the first time has been effected, namely, taking the temperature of the sea at the surface, and at a certain depth, at a particular

hour every day, both on the outward and homeward voyage.

It is greatly to the credit of Lieutenant Kotzebue, that, after a voyage of three years, in every variety of climate, he has brought back again every man of his little crew, with the exception of one who embarked in a sickly state.*

In consequence of the disappearance of the Arctic ice from a very considerable extent of the Greenland seas, in the year 1817, it was considered a favourable opportunity to make a new attempt to reach the North Pole. Our readers are already acquainted with the general measures which have been taken for this purpose; but the account of the preparations for the expedition given by Mr Barrow is too interesting to be omitted.

"The ships fitted out for exploring the north-west passage were the *Isabella*, of 382 tons, commanded by Captain John Ross, and the *Alexander*, of 252 tons, under the orders of Lieutenant William Edward Parry. Those destined for the polar passage were the *Dorothea*, of 370 tons, commanded by Captain David Buchan, and the *Trent*, of 250 tons, under the command of Lieutenant John Franklin; to each ship there was also appointed an additional lieutenant and two master's mates or midshipmen. Two of these lieutenants are the sons of two eminent artists, one of the late Mr Hoppner, and the other of Sir William Beechey, and both of them excellent draughtsmen.

"The four ships were all fitted out as strong as wood and iron could make them, and every regard paid in the internal arrangement to the comfort and accommodation of the officers and crews. They were stored with provisions and fuel for two years; supplied with additional quantities of fresh preserved meats, tea, sugar, sago, and other articles of a similar kind. Each of the larger ships had a surgeon and a surgeon's assistant, and the two smaller vessels an assistant surgeon each. A master and a mate accustomed to the Greenland fishery were engaged for each ship, to act as pilots when they should meet with ice. The whole complement of men, including officers, seamen, and marines, in each of the larger ships, was fifty-six; and in the smaller forty. Captain Sabine, of the Royal Artillery, an officer well versed in mathematics and astronomy, and in the practical use of instruments, was recommended by the president and council of the Royal Society, and in consequence thereof engaged to proceed with the north-west expedition; and Mr Fisher, of the University of Cambridge, a gentleman well versed in mathematics and various branches of natural

knowledge, to accompany the polar one. A number of new and valuable instruments were prepared for making observations in all the departments of science, and for conducting philosophical experiments and investigations; in order that, in the event of the main object of the voyage being defeated, either through accident or from utter impracticability, every possible attention might be paid to the advancement of science, and correct information obtained on every interesting subject in high northern latitudes which are rarely visited by scientific men.

"Among other important objects, which the occasion will present, is that of determining the length of the pendulum vibrating seconds in a high degree of latitude. For this purpose, each expedition is supplied with a clock, having a pendulum cast in one solid mass, vibrating on a blunt knife-edge resting in longitudinal sections of hollow cylinders of agate; and to each clock is added a transit instrument. Each ship is also supplied with the following instruments—a dipping needle on a new construction, which, at the same time, is calculated to measure the magnetic force—an azimuth compass improved by Captain Kater—a repeating circle for taking terrestrial angles—an instrument for ascertaining the altitude of celestial bodies when the horizon is obscured by fogs, which is almost always the case in high latitudes—a dip-micrometer and dip-sector, invented by Doctor Wollaston, to correct the variation of the real dip from that given in the tables, arising principally from the difference between the temperature of the sea and the atmosphere—a macrometer, also invented by Doctor Wollaston, for measuring directly the distance of inaccessible objects, by means of two reflectors, mounted as in a common sextant, but at a greater distance from each other—three chronometers to each ship—a hydrometer, intended to determine the specific gravity of sea-water in different latitudes—thermometers of various kinds—a barometer of Sir Henry Englefield's construction for ascertaining the height of objects. Besides these, each expedition is furnished with an apparatus for trying the state of atmospherical electricity, and determining whether there be any thing peculiar in the electricity of the atmosphere in the polar regions; and whether there be any analogy between the aurora borealis and the electrical light—an apparatus for taking up sea-water from given depths; and an apparatus for the analysis of air, which is the more desirable from there being little or no change from vegetable or animal life or decomposition in the polar atmosphere; and consequently a different proportion of oxygen, azote, or carbonic acid, may be expected from that which prevails under ordinary circumstances.

"Each expedition is besides provided with a complete apparatus for collecting, in the sea and on the land, the various

* From personal conversation with Lieut. Kotzebue.

objects of natural history which may occur, and for preserving them in a proper state; and of such as cannot be preserved, accurate drawings will be made by Lieutenants Hoggner and Beechy. On the whole, neither care nor expense appears to have been spared in sending out the two expeditions as complete and as well equipped as possible, and nothing that the commanders of them deemed to be useful was refused. Every suggestion that appeared to merit consideration was attended to, both in the equipment of the ships and in the instruction; to the officers, every one of whom, from the highest to the lowest, left this country in perfect satisfaction, and in full confidence of attaining the great object of the expeditions—or at least with the determination of establishing the fact of its utter impracticability."

The branch of the expedition under Captain Buchan, after attempting in vain to pierce the great barrier of ice which stretches between Spitzbergen and Greenland, has returned to England, as will be seen from another article in our present Number. The ships under Captain Ross have penetrated farther to the north than those of preceding navigators. On the 2d of August they had reached the latitude of $70^{\circ} 40'$ in the meridian of 60° west; and we have no doubt that they will succeed to a still greater extent. But whatever be their fate, they have already done much for science. They have ascertained the magnetic variation in the vicinity of the magnetic pole. They have determined the laws according to which this variation is effected, by the position of the ship's head. They have measured the length of the pendulum in regions where the pendulum had never vibrated before; and they have sent home several objects of natural history of considerable interest and importance.

* * Since the preceding paper was printed, intelligence has been received of the arrival of the *Isabella* and the *Alexander*, under the command of Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry. They reached Lerwick in the Shetland Islands on the 30th October, after having completely succeeded in sailing round Baffin's Bay, and determining that there was no passage through it to the north west. In latitude 76° north, and longitude 66° west, they discovered a savage tribe of Esquimaux Indians, who regarded the ship, as an animal, and its crew as people who had descended from the moon. They were only about five feet high, and seem never to have seen any other people but themselves. The farthest point north which they reached was $76^{\circ} 54'$, the farthest point west $81\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, the greatest dip of the needle 86° , and

the greatest variation 111° west. The most northern point of Baffin's Bay is in 78° of latitude.

The preceding important facts we have gleaned from conversation, and from letters which we have seen; and we can vouch for their accuracy. Some accounts state, that three of the Esquimaux have been brought home by Captain Ross, but we have not been able to ascertain if this is true.

LETTER FROM AN OFFICER CONCERNING THE POLAR EXPEDITION.

[We have been favoured with the following copy of a letter from an officer employed in the recent attempt to approach the north pole, to his friend in Scotland.]

Deptford, the 4th November.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I told you, on leaving England, that you would first hear from me by the way of Kamskatka, or the Columbia river, I little expected that my first letter to you would be dated from the Thames: yet so it is, to our most bitter disappointment and mortification; for so very sanguine were we all of success, that we had appropriated to our two ships' companies alone the two parliamentary rewards of five-and-twenty thousand pounds, rejecting all overtures to share with the *north-westerners*, whom we now find to be in the fairest way possible to do the job. And this, by the way, adds not a little to our mortification; not that we do not hope most sincerely that they may succeed, but because we exercised a sort of triumph over them before our departure, and made ourselves sure of reaching the Pacific before them; having so much a nearer, and, as we thought, so much a fairer, prospect of a free and open passage across the Polar Bason, as Mr Barrow calls it, into the Pacific.

Another subject of mortification, and that not the least, is, that people here with whom we converse, entertain the most absurd notions of our failure: nay, some go so far as to say, that the attempt was nothing less than impious, to pass the frozen boundary which God has been pleased to set to man's researches; foolishly fancying that there is a fixed and impenetrable boundary, and ignorant that many navigators have passed three or four degrees beyond the spot where we were stopped. They know not, in fact, that the disposition of the ice is different every year, and I may add,

every month. In the present year, unluckily for us, it happened to be placed peculiarly unfavourable for a passage through it. The almost perpetual southerly and south-westerly winds hemmed it in to the northward, and choked up the narrow channel between Old Greenland and Spitzbergen, while the north-easterly current, setting round Hakluyt's Headland, not only helped to join it fast, but brought also a constant accession of fresh field-ice. Our persevering efforts to penetrate through this extensive accumulation of ice turned out to be the unfortunate cause of our failure, as you will see by the following brief narrative, which I detail from memory, as all our journals have been sent up to the Admiralty, with the view, we take for granted, of being published: for though we have done little or nothing, and the question of a polar passage, or the possibility of approaching the pole, remains precisely as it did before our departure from England, yet we should not be sorry that our humble endeavours were found to be worthy a niche in the temple of Fame, and to be hereafter included in some of those numerous "Collections of Voyages of Discovery" which find a place in the libraries of our countrymen.

We reached Hakluyt's Headland on the 7th June, and standing on among the loose ice, to the lat. $80^{\circ} 22'$, fell in with six or seven whale-fishers, from whom we learned that all was close to the westward. The wind being north-east, brought with it large flows of ice drifting away to the southward, which gave us the greatest hopes of finding a passage round the land to the eastward; and in fact, in the course of a few days, we observed much clear water in that direction. We were soon, however, beset in the ice, and remained immovable for several days. At length a strong easterly wind dispersed the ice, and set us free; and we reached an anchorage towards the end of June, near the land called *Vogel Sang*. Here we remained about a week, observing with great pleasure vast masses of ice continuing to float to the south-west, and at the end of that time were gratified by the appearance of an open sea to the north-east. We had not proceeded far, however, in that direction, till we were again beset by the floating ice, in which we remained several

days. It was now, I believe, about the 20th July, when we got out of the ice, and stood once more to the westward, being then, as we judged (for the weather would not admit of taking observations), in lat. $80^{\circ} 30'$, this being the highest degree of latitude that we could reach.

On the 29th July we had a heavy swell from the southward, with large masses of stream-ice in motion, which the ships with difficulty avoided, and which, in fact, struck them frequently very hard. On the following day we stood towards the main body of the ice in the north-east quarter. The weather now became squally, the atmosphere was loaded with clouds, and the barometer continued gradually to fall. Our distance from the ice was not more than five miles; and by a shift of the wind to the southward, it became unfortunately what I may call a lee shore. The wind rapidly increased to a gale, and the ships as rapidly approached the ice, which we soon perceived it was impossible for them to weather. Nothing was now left for us but to set all sail, and run the ships directly stem on into the body of the ice; an example being first set by the *Dorothea*, and followed by the *Trent*: for had they taken the ice with their broadsides, they must both inevitably have gone to pieces, strong as they were, in a few moments. The approach to the ice was one of the most awful moments I ever experienced. The sea was rolling mountains high, the wind blew a hurricane, and the waves broke over the mast-heads, and every appearance indicated the immediate destruction of the two ships; and I believe every man on board thought there was but a few moments between him and eternity. The two ships entered the ice with a tremendous crash, and must infallibly have gone to pieces with the shock, had they not been fitted up with all the strength that wood and iron could give them. By degrees the strength of the wind acting on the sails worked the ships into the body of the ice; and in proportion as they advanced from the outer edge, the motion became less, till at length, when they had advanced from a quarter to half a mile, they were completely set fast, and remained in tolerable tranquillity; but, by the first shock, and the working of the ice against their sides, they both sustained

very serious damages, especially the *Dorothea*, which was not expected to reach Smeerenberg Bay. The *Trent's* damage was principally confined to her rudder. On the 31st July the gale had abated, and the wind shifted to the northward, when the ice immediately opened, and both ships having got out, made the best of their way to an anchorage between Amsterdam and Dane's Island, which the Dutch named Smeerenberg Bay; and here we remained the whole month of August, repairing the damages we had sustained. The *Trent* was soon ready for any service; but the *Dorothea* was so bruised and shattered, that, on a minute survey, after every thing had been taken out of her, it was found necessary to keep the *Trent* by her, as she was deemed unsafe to proceed to England alone. Thus you will perceive, that by this untoward accident we completely lost the best month in the year for getting to the northward, and in fact attempted nothing farther in that direction; though, on our return, we did try to make the coast of Greenland, but without success. At the time when the gale occurred, and after it had ceased, there was every appearance of open water to the eastward; and I cannot help thinking, that if a passage shall at any future time be effected, it must be between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla; to try which, since our return to England, I have learned, was part of our instructions: but alas! that terrible gale of wind in which we were caught, rendered us perfectly inefficient for this year.

You must not, however, suppose we were idle during the month which we remained at anchor in Smeerenberg Bay. On the contrary, our astronomical observations, our surveys and sketches of the country and of its natural history, will, I hope, be found not wholly useless or uninteresting. Lieutenant Beechey has made some beautiful sketches of the two ships taking the ice. We are told also, that our observations with the pendulum are important and satisfactory. Indeed, setting aside the grievous disappointment we all feel at the failure of the main object, we have passed a very agreeable six months. We got plenty of game on the islands and on the water, as bears, sea-horses, seals, and foxes; but the most delightful animal was the rein-deer, which af-

forded us abundance of excellent venison, the fat of which was from three to four inches in thickness. How these creatures contrived to keep themselves in such high condition, is quite a mystery; for when we first approached Hakluyt's Headland, the whole of Amsterdam and Dane's Islands appeared to be covered with snow; but on our return to repair our ships, the snow had in many parts disappeared, and the ground was sparingly covered with a kind of moss, which grew particularly between rocks and stones. It is this moss chiefly on which these animals feed.

The water here was free from all ice, except a large iceberg aground, very smooth; and we used to land on a fine sandy beach. One day, in passing this iceberg, the purser of the *Trent* fired off his musket at some birds. The moment the report had ceased, a loud crack was heard, and the moment afterwards the iceberg fell in pieces with a tremendous crash; and the swell it occasioned was so great, that the boat was thrown out of the water upwards of ninety feet from the place where she had just grounded. Immediately afterwards, we perceived the sea, for a mile all round, covered with the fragments of ice. It is probably not fabulous, therefore, what travellers tell us, that the guides in the Alps, on approaching a glacier, desire that a word shall not be spoken above a whisper, lest the sound should bring it down.

We were astonished to find on shore not less, probably, than from three to four hundred graves, mostly of Dutchmen; as we considered it one of the healthiest climates in the world. Some of them, it is true, were a hundred years old; and within a coffin precisely of that date we found the worsted cap on the skull, and the worsted stockings on the leg-bones, as fresh almost as if they had been knit the present year.

We made collections of every thing that occurred, which will be sent by our commodore to the British Museum; but I am not a judge how far they may be curious or useful. I have much more to tell you when we meet; and till then, I am, dear sir, &c.

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The following extract of a very interesting letter from an officer of the *Dorothea* will put our readers in pos-

session of all that is yet known respecting this branch of the expedition.

"We first made the ice about the 27th May, near Cherry Island, which is small, and of remarkable appearance, being composed of many high and pointed rocks or cliffs; and in one bearing, looks as if rent asunder by some convulsion of nature. It lies on the south-east part of Spitzbergen, from which it is distant about 150 miles. During a few days previous to making the ice, we experienced a great change of weather, the thermometer having fallen very considerably, and now continued below 32 deg. We had also frequent and heavy falls of snow; and for several days, in the latter part of May, the thermometer fell to 18 deg. or 14 deg. below the freezing point. We soon described the lofty and snow-capp'd rocks or precipices which compose Spitzbergen—the cheerless, bleak, and sterile aspect of which it is impossible to describe. Running along the western side of the island, our progress was stopped by immense barriers of ice, which extended in every direction as far as the eye could reach, and joining the land to the northward, blocked up all the harbours. We succeeded, however, in gaining a high northern latitude, viz. about 80°; but as we had parted from our consort a few days before, in a heavy gale of wind, we returned in quest of her, and were fortunate enough to fall in with her on the subsequent day. We now put into Magdalena Bay, in the lat. 79° 33' north, lon. 11° east. The upper and inner part of this bay we found so choked up with ice, which was now beginning to break up, that our situation here became very critical. Having surveyed it, however, we again put to sea, and ran along the edge of the ice to the westward, which everywhere presented the appearance of a solid body. On the 10th June we fell in with several sail of Greenlandmen, when we were sorry to learn that no hope existed of getting to the northward by stretching to the westward; and it was the unanimous opinion of the masters of these ships, that to gain a high northern latitude, we must penetrate to the northward; that is to say, that we must stand in with, or near to, the land of Spitzbergen. In consequence of this information, as well as the observations we had already made, and the decisive opinion of our pilots, we retraced our steps to the northward, and were soon completely beset in the ice. You cannot form any conception of the truly picturesque and often solemn grandeur of such a scene. Conceive two vessels hemmed in, jammed, and completely surrounded by immense masses of ice, of the rudest and often most fantastic forms; the two ships appearing, as it were, like specks in the midst of a vast extended plane, of alabaster whiteness, and to which the eye can assign no limits. When the sun shone bright, whether at mid-day or midnight, but particularly at the latter period, its beams as-

sumed a softer hue, and shed a mellow tint on the immense sheet of surrounding ice, while the steep and towering summit of Spitzbergen, forming the back ground, combined to render the whole truly grand and interesting. Whilst gazing on such a scene, I never failed to experience sensations at once solemn and astonishing; for there was something in my breast which for ever associated itself with the possibility, nay, probability, of never being able to extricate ourselves. Indeed, when it is considered that you can, with a glance of the eye, at once embrace pieces of solid ice, without a rent or fissure, ten or twelve miles in circumference, and situated in every possible direction, save here and there, where, from accumulation, and the force of winds and currents, it had formed high, irregular, and impending columns, it is not difficult, I think, to account for my feelings. In this situation we remained ten or twelve days, nearly fixed bodies, except when the different currents changed our situation, which was indicated to us only by altering the bearings of the land, from which we were distant eight or ten leagues. At length we were extricated from our perilous situation by the ice partially opening, so as to enable us to force our way out.

"We now ranged along the edge of the ice, endeavouring, if possible, to discover some vacancy by which we might penetrate northward; but we did so in vain. On the 26th June we again came to anchor in Fair Haven, which is situated between two islands called Vogel Sang and Clover Cliff. On those, and the neighbouring islands, we discovered numerous herds of rein-deer; and in running in for the anchorage, immense numbers of sea-horses were seen lying on the ice, huddled together, and, at a distance, much resembling a group of cattle. We succeeded in killing several, some of which were of prodigious size; for instance, one which we cut up was found to weigh twenty hundred-weight. These animals are seen everywhere, near the land, on the ice, as well as in the sea; and they are found in the bays (which are numerous all along the coast), lying on the beach, sometimes to the amount of several hundreds. To a stranger they present the most forbidding and ugly aspect imaginable. When much annoyed by shot, they assemble their forces; surround the boat, as if determined to retaliate. Thirty, forty, or more, will appear in every direction, and almost at the same moment; and so near, that the muzzle of your musket will often reach their heads. They now make a hissing, barking kind of noise; and no sooner receive your fire than they become apparently furious, roll about, descend probably for a minute, when they reappear with immense increase of numbers, and seem proportionably bolder in their assaults.

"Several of our oars were snapped in two, or otherwise broken by them. In their

upper jaw are two tusks of great size, which seem as if intended by nature to form the principal means of defence, as well against the attacks of their enemies, as to raise and support their huge carcasses when they elevate themselves from the sea to the ice. These tusks are of the purest ivory, and, when they have attained their full growth, are of considerable value. Their hides are very thick, and of the toughest texture; but they are coarse, and fit only for placing on the rigging of ships to prevent chafing. When brought on board, their bodies emitted a most intolerable stench; to get rid of which, as soon as they were skinned, the carcass was thrown overboard. The reindeer of Spitzbergen, of which we procured a plentiful supply, do not, I think, differ essentially from the deer of England, except that, as the autumn advances, they begin to cast their summer coat, and during the winter months become perfectly white. Even in the end of June their winter coat was but beginning to fall off, and many of those we killed were still nearly white. We also saw many white bears, but only succeeded in killing one. Here you will be sorry to learn, that, on the afternoon of the 30th June, having accompanied Captain Buchan and the purser in pursuit of reindeer, I unfortunately received the fire from the rifle of the latter, at the distance of thirty yards, the ball of which struck the upper and inner part of the left knee-bone.

We continued at anchor in Fair Haven about seven or eight days, during which time, we (the two ships) succeeded in killing about forty-five, or fifty deer, the weight of which averaged at least 120 pounds. We again put to sea, hoping, that as the season was now more advanced, we should be able to penetrate towards the north.—Having discovered some partial openings in the ice, we forced our way in; and on this occasion we gained the highest northern latitude we were destined to reach, viz. 80. 32. Here we were again completely surrounded and blocked up, in which state we remained during a period of three weeks! But alas! if during this long time any thing extraordinary presented itself, I was unable to witness it; such, however, did not appear to be the case. At length, on the 29th July, after immense labour and fatigue, we succeeded once more in getting into open water, little aware of the catastrophe which was to befall us on the approaching morn. We had gained an offing of eight or ten miles from the packed ice, when, about four o'clock, A. M. on the 30th of July, a dreadful gale of wind came on, blowing directly on the ice. In a few hours we found ourselves in an awful situation, unable to weather the ice on either tack, and drifting fast upon the main body of it, which the wind and swell had now rendered to every appearance a solid mass. We knew not what to do; there was no time for deliberation; and to prevent the ship from driving broadside on, the only

alternative we had was to put the helm up, and, if possible, to force her head into the ice. The scene must have been awful beyond description; to me it was truly dreadful. A little after nine o'clock, the word was given to put the helm up; an awful pause succeeded, the most solemn dread pervaded every countenance; to all human probability there were but a few moments betwixt us and eternity; and every individual, with the most dreadful anxiety, watched the moment when the ship should receive the first shock. The concussion was tremendous. The sea was running awfully high; and, at the instant of coming in contact with the ice, it threatened every moment to swallow us up. Our ship continued to receive the most dreadful shocks; but, in the course of half an hour had forced herself in, probably about two or three times her own length. The immense masses of ice, which now surrounded us in every direction, served, in a great measure, to shield us from the violence of the sea; and we were now so firmly wedged, that the ship comparatively had little motion. During the whole of this dreadful scene, conceive the horrors of my situation; prostrate on the bed of sickness, and almost incapable of raising my head from the pillow, ignorant of our situation, and not a soul to speak to; every officer and man having been on deck throughout, and too much concerned for their own preservation to think of me. When the ship first struck the ice, the violence of the shock forced me against the upper part of my bed-place, and then threw me nearly out of it. I scrambled, and used every exertion of which I was capable, to get from my bed, expecting every moment to be my last; but it was all in vain—I could not move. At length the assistant surgeon came to me. I was much relieved, as well as astonished, on learning that we were on the ice, having been assured, in my own mind, that we must have struck on a reef of sunken and unknown rocks. Fortunately the gale soon moderated; but we found ourselves in a sinking state—all the pumps going, and unable to keep the ship free. We now expected every moment to go to the bottom. The following morning was providentially fine, and the ice had somewhat separated; with the utmost exertion of every soul on board, we succeeded in getting the ship out of the ice, and were able, on the following morning, to reach Smeerenberg harbour, Spitzbergen. Our ship being now in such a shattered condition, every idea of wintering was at an end; and it became a question whether the ship (the larboard side, in several places, being literally stove in) was sea worthy; or if, every thing considered, and under all the circumstances, it would be prudent to risk our lives in crossing the Atlantic. Having got into Smeerenberg harbour, however, it was found that we possessed the means of materially strengthening our vessel; after the completion of which, it was determined

that we should proceed to England. We accordingly sailed from Smeerenberg harbour, Spitzbergen, about the beginning of September; and, after examining the state of the ice to the westward, we arrived on the coast of England about the 10th of October, without encountering any thing remarkable during our passage home.

THE CHATEAU OF COPPET.

LETTER FIRST.

Lausanne, August 25, 1817.

You ask me to speak of Madame de Staël. On what other subject could I write to you? During a period of twenty-five years her friendship was the charm of my existence: my opinions and my feelings indeed grew up with her's. Regret for her loss is now all I can offer to her memory, and I have no other consolation but in my recollection of her who is departed.

Madame de Staël was distinguished, even in her childhood, by the brilliancy of her imagination, and the liveliness of her repartees. She learnt or guessed every thing. It was even necessary to restrain her application, which injured her health. Idleness was prescribed for her, but nothing could arrest the progress of a mind like her's, which fed upon itself, and which was even more affected by solitude than by society.

The temper of Madame de Staël was in all respects the opposite of that of her mother; of course there never was much confidence between them. This was unfortunate, as both had greatness of mind enough to comprehend and appreciate each other.

To make up for this, however, Madame de Staël was the delight of her father, who indeed was much more alive than could have been supposed to the influence of natural affection and gracefulness of mind. He delighted in the enthusiastic affection shewn him by his daughter; and with her alone he let down the gravity of his manners to bring himself more into unison with her. I have never seen any thing so charming as their intimacy. She was witty, affectionate, and endearing. Years only added to their mutual affection, and Death, which alone could separate, has again united them.

Mr Necker was especially delighted at seeing his daughter unite so much goodness with so much wit; for from infancy she had shewn herself noble

and distinguished in every thing. To this even her enemies have borne testimony. While yet in early youth, she was never intimidated by deference to established reputation, from engaging in what she conceived to be the defence of justice or innocence. Thus at the age of eighteen she wrote the Letters on Rousseau, because Rousseau was in his grave, and could no longer defend himself.

Nobody ever resented oppression and bad faith with more indignation than Madame de Staël. So pure indeed was her character, that even experience could never habituate her to tolerate the slightest act of injustice. On this account she was generally disposed to range herself on the side opposed to authority, because the abuse of power is more generally on the side of authority than on the other.

She never submitted to bad faith, but when she herself was made the object of it, apparently because the part of the oppressed was not disagreeable to her; neither did she ever notice the satirical effusions to which her works were exposed. This did not proceed from affected disdain (for she was neither insensible to praise nor to censure), but from a sense of her own dignity.

Her talent for discriminating truth was the most powerful trait in the genius of Madame de Staël. She discerned it, as it were instinctively, with incredible quickness, and it was almost impossible to deceive her. I never saw a man succeed for five minutes in passing himself off before her for a person of greater wit or sensibility than nature had made him. On this account, the best manner to adopt before her was that of truth and nature.

From society she carried this tact into the studies and into the analysis of our age. Indeed to it she owed her success, genius being in reality nothing more than the intuitive perception of truth.

The first time I saw Madame de Staël was in Switzerland, in the year 1793. She had just quitted France, all her friends having abandoned that unfortunate country, or perished in it. She beheld with despair the bloody march of the Revolution—of that Revolution which she had loved, because it had appeared to be in unison with her character, but the nature of which she had not foreseen: because nobody had been gifted with such extraordi-

nary foresight. She called to remembrance the time when she had seen the Revolution commence with such noble enthusiasm, and the day in which the people conducted her father in triumph from Paris to Versailles. Could she be otherwise than seduced by this triumph, the more glorious because not in unison with our customs? Could she see any thing in it but the presage of a happy future for France, since it was her father whom France had charged with its destiny? We must recal these days and these scenes which so many others have effaced, in order to perceive all the interest which Madame de Staël felt for the events of our age.

Soon, however, neither liberty nor triumph were thought of. Life and death were alone the subject of question. Nobody thought of any thing but the safety of one party and the proscription of another. Every thing between these extremes was of no consequence. The lesser passions were extinguished. Every one was great either in crime or in virtue; and hence it has resulted, that there is still to be observed something more decided in those characters which were formed during the reign of terror than in any others.

Madame de Staël lived retired in Switzerland, surrounded by emigrants, some of whom had owed their lives to her care: for she had been so fortunate as to succeed in effecting their escape from France by her proximity to its frontiers. She had contrived to send guides to meet them on whose fidelity she could depend. These guides entered by the passes of the Jura, and going into certain places, were recognised by conventional signs, after which they returned into Switzerland through the woods. Indeed, she laboured to save them with astonishing industry, of which I myself have been a witness, and which I can never forget.

After the emigrants were in safety, Madame de Staël did every thing in her power to lessen the hardships of their condition. If all of them have not been equally grateful, it is not that the weight of the obligation has not been felt, but that gratitude has been stifled by party spirit. She herself had a soul superior to ingratitude. She even pardoned the injustice of which she had been the object, the moment its author was in misfortune.

No one suffered more persecution from Bonaparte, and no one judged him with more impartiality. Those whom we have seen so long prostrate before this Colossus, have poured out more maledictions on his tomb than this woman, who suffered ten long years of almost solitary exile, but who, notwithstanding, was able to maintain the dignity of the weak against the oppression of the strong.

Madame de Staël passed the first years of the Revolution in her father's house at Coppet. I was then much in their society, where I had the satisfaction of frequently listening to those conversations of which every thing conducive to the happiness of mankind was the general theme.

In these discussions, Madame de Staël had a decided advantage, as her eloquence had no need of any previous reflection. Mr Necker proceeded more slowly, and his daughter occasionally stopped till he came up with her—and she shewed him this filial attention with perfect grace, yet free from all affectation. Mr Necker, would recover his distance, and this mutual exchange of affection and eloquence would frequently last whole hours.

With so much nobleness of mind, Madame de Staël had the merit of never depressing those around her by any intentional display of her own powers. These she employed but to protect the weak, who lived in peace around her. She was formidable to those only who wished to make an ostentatious display of their mediocrity.

LETTER SECOND.

Lausanne, 29th August.

AFTER the death of Robespierre, Madame de Staël was enabled to return to France. During some years, however, she divided her time between Paris and Switzerland. Bonaparte at last made himself master of the world, and banished her to the estate of Coppet. Being at this time engaged in travel, I was removed from her for a considerable period. I read, however, the works which she published during the interval. These had increased my desire of again seeing her; for they all expressed the most striking opinions, and developed the social system to which new ages are inviting us.

At last, in the autumn of 1808, I was able to quit Italy and to return to Switzerland. I pursued my journey without stopping, in order the more quickly to reach Coppet. Approaching the hospitable mansion, where the foreigner was ever sure of a kind reception, I was surprised to find the avenue filled with carriages. The abode of the exiled is seldom distinguished by what M. de Chateaubriant would in the present case have called the pomp of exile.

Following the crowd, I arrived at the *Chateau* and entered it with a sort of dread of so great an assemblage. I proceeded into the vestibule, looking for some one to announce me, but could find nobody at leisure to do it. One servant was running towards a wing of the house with a casque and a lance—another was calling for help to raise up a pillar which had fallen, and a third, half clad, asked in a theatrical tone for knots of ribbands which he had mislaid.

I soon discovered, without much help from the imagination, that they were preparing for a theatrical representation; and I felt that in the state of matters, I should be hardly noticed, even were I presented, and resolved to profit by the politeness of the servants, who invited me to walk in.

I at last entered the great gallery where the stage was erected, and in which nearly 300 persons, of all nations, were already assembled. These were communicating their conjectures to each other, as to the nature of the performance, in different languages, previous to the rising of the curtain.

I thus learnt that Madame de Staël had written the piece which was about to be performed. This redoubled my curiosity. When the curtain rose, the stage represented an Eastern hall, and a group of young Israelites filled the scene. They were preparing for a festival, of which they were practising the dances. In the middle of them I recognised the daughter of Madame de Staël. She was still a child, but of the most perfect beauty and the most charming simplicity.

The play was called *The Shunamite*. The subject, though taken from the Bible, was so handled as at once to avoid profanity and levity. Every thing in it was distinguished by antique and noble simplicity.

Madame de Staël performed the part of the widow of *Shunam*. As happens in the present day, this mother was vain of the talents of her daughter; and, as in the present day, she was aware of the danger of her vanity without endeavouring to conquer it. Her sister, who was of a more humble disposition, blamed that vanity towards which the human heart is so indulgent, but to no purpose; for the Shunamite dwelt ever upon her daughter, and the spectators partook of her delusion.

In order to make a striking example, Heaven, which condemns maternal vanity as well as every other, deprived the child of life. We beheld her grow pale in the midst of the festival they were celebrating on her account. The shawl which she held dropped from her hand: her mother pressed her to her heart, but in vain: the eyes of her child were closed for ever.

The young maidens re-appeared in the second act. Arrayed in mourning they surrounded the bier on which their companion was laid. The unfortunate mother reproached Heaven with her death, but took no reproach to herself. Neither resigned nor submissive, her grief was that of a woman under the influence of passion. Her sister was engaged in prayer at the foot of the bier, expressing her resignation to the will of Heaven.

In the middle of this scene the prophet Elijah entered. Being gifted with the power of working miracles, his presence seemed to inspire even the spectators with confidence.

The prophet shewed this impious mother how the anger of heaven had fallen upon her, but that her repentance could disarm it. While thus under the influence of hope, Elijah disclosed to the Shunamite the mystery of the immortality of the soul. This secret is common in our days, and affects us but slightly; but it had been unheard of at the period when the Eternal deigned, for the first time, to reveal it. This unfortunate mother, who conceived her child to be annihilated, learnt that she still existed, and that we can by no means die.

To attest this mystery Elijah approached the bier. The whole audience looked to the prophet, and the child which he wished to restore to life. We thought we heard her breathe.

She raised her hand, then her face, and at last opened her eyelids. She had just begun to live again, and we had been present at one of those great scenes by which our Creator has judged it proper to teach us our destiny. The impression we received from it must have resembled that which they of old had the happiness to experience.

The *Shunamite* is one of the most remarkable dramatic compositions which has appeared in any language. It belongs to no school, and is neither romantic nor classical. It paints with fidelity the sentiments which our imagination ascribes to the Bible; and that without either overcharging or diminishing them. It awakens in the soul all the religious feelings, without shocking any of them.

After the close of the performance, when the spectators were departing, a singular picture presented itself. A hundred carriages arrived in a line. While waiting for my own, I listened to the remarks of the crowd around me. Many of them were still absorbed in emotion; but the majority had already got rid of it, and were eyeing the bustle which surrounded them. The French exclaimed, "Who could possibly have expected to see such a crowd of company in Switzerland—we really had no idea of it;" the ladies of Lausanne were full of enthusiasm; those of Geneva were complaining of the fatigue they had experienced; and the Germans were so much affected, that it was necessary to support them into their carriages.

This, Sir, was one of the many ways in which Madame de Staël beguiled her exile.—Thanks to her courage and her talents, Coppet was at that period an abode altogether unique, and contained such a union of knowledge, wit, and imagination, as we may never hope to witness again.

[The continuation of these interesting Letters, written by an intimate and dear friend of Madame de Staël, will be given in our next.]

LETTER ON THE PRESENT STATE OF ADMINISTRATION.

Συγγραμματα λογος λεγοντος ἂν ἂν ἀκασομαι μακροῦς
Οὐτος σπασισιν Λακωνισιν. *Aristoph.*

MR EDITOR,

IN one of your late Numbers you presented your readers with an article

"On the State of Parties, and the Edinburgh Review;" the rational tenour and powerful rhetoric of which were, in the general, as agreeable to me, as they must have been distressing to those against whose absurd or unwary *gratis dicta* their strength was levelled. In that excellent paper, however, although you have perhaps done all that was necessary for exposing the errors of the reviewer, you have touched but lightly upon several very important points of the subject which he had so grossly maltreated; and have therefore left abundant room for yourself to resume, or your correspondents to take up, the same line of speculation. You have said quite enough, to shew that you understand the vanity of those arrogant claims with which the eulogists of the present opposition still continue to insult the memory and judgment of their contemporaries,—that you thoroughly comprehend the emptiness of those fine high words in which some of these persons take it upon them to criticise the administration of a country which they themselves did all they could to ruin, and to disguise the spleen wherewith they contemplate that happiness which long and unweariedly they laboured to avert. This was all that your purpose demanded of you; but, if the subject be not already placed in better hands, you will not, perhaps, be displeased that I should endeavour to follow the strain of your disquisition a little farther, and to state, in a few words, the *positive*, as you yourself have already done the *negative*, branch of the argument.—The true strength of the present administration does not arise from the weakness of its opponents; on the contrary, there may be some reason to suspect that minor errors, which, in other circumstances, would have been more carefully avoided, or more speedily corrected, are sometimes permitted to disgrace the proceedings of our rulers, simply because these men, in regard to all matters of general political importance, feel themselves to be strong, and their enemies to be *too weak*. You will perhaps suspect me of mistaking your irony for plain matter of fact; but I assure you, that I do at times wish the Ministry were pitted against an opposition, whose eye of scrutiny, and voice of reproach, might have more chance of

being quickened and echoed by the confidence of the rational part of the community. I shall not, however, touch upon their weakness, till I have said something of their strength.

The circumstances out of which the present division of parties among us has arisen, are of such a nature that it is not to be expected their influence should soon become superannuated. All that Englishmen are accustomed to hold most sacred, was, at the commencement of the French Revolution, declared, by two of the greatest men England ever has produced, to be in danger. An opposite opinion was maintained by a set of statesmen, more remarkable, in private and in public life, for rashness than for prudence,—for genius than for wisdom. The experience of succeeding years has now left no doubt upon any rational mind as to the comparative justice of these opinions; or, rather, of these predictions. The name of Burke is venerated, not only in England, but throughout the whole of cultivated Europe, as that of one raised up by Heaven to speak with the calm voice of authority, in the midst of obloquies, and on the threshold of terrors,—rebuke to the wicked, and warning to the changeful. The name of Pitt, to whom Heaven allotted a longer, a more active, and a far more painful career, is embalmed in the heart of admiring nations, with a yet holier passion; for he not only preached, but fought the good fight; and with the reverence which is paid to him as a prophet, we mingle the love which is due to the memory of a hero and a martyr. Although he died before yet the darkness was dispelled,—although scarcely one ray of human hope was permitted to beam upon his closing eyes, he left behind him the legacy of his strong faith, and in the strength of that faith have his disciples triumphed. The gratitude of those who bless his memory forms a bond of connexion and of confidence that will not easily be disunited.

Hoc est quod jungit, junctos quod servat amicos.

The truth is, that what Mr Burke once said of himself, he might with equal propriety have said of the great active statesman whose indefatigable zeal carried through that system of noble policy which he himself recommended. Pitt was never, either in

the commencement or in the progress of his government, any other than “the representative of the common sentiment of England.” His name indeed has become, and so it well merited to be, the rallying signal and symbol of those who thought as he did; but the honours which have been paid to that glorious name, have not proceeded from men, conscious of any prostration of their own intellects, even to the greatness of him, the superiority of whose genius it was their pride to acknowledge. I am persuaded, that even now, when political zeal has been calmed by the consciousness of security, the associations established in every part of the empire which bear the name of Pitt, would be found, upon examination, to number in their ranks such an immense proportion of the whole property, wealth, and intelligence of the country, as might put to eternal shame the clamours of those who pretend to think that their own purity finds its chief enemies in the creatures of influence, and the corrupt hopes of favour. In vain should we search for any associations of acknowledged, avowed, and intelligible principles, which might sustain any comparison with these, in regard to real knowledge, and real power. We hear less, indeed, of their mighty strength, than we do of the aristocratic opposition and their retained champions, on the one hand, or of the democratic babblers on the other. Property, wherein lies their strong hold, is naturally of an inert and neutralizing character. Those who have it desire no change; they are contented to keep on the defensive, and anxious only, in the general, that things should continue to be as they have been. Their character and habits tend to render them a defensive, perhaps too uniformly, a defensive power; while noise, bustle, and outcry, are the natural arms and instruments of their opponents. Mr Burke’s simile of the oxen and the gnats is the best illustration that can be given; for as he predicted, so has it been proved in the sequel, that the reposing weight, once roused by insult and aggression, is as formidable, as irresistible, as it is slow.

It was by and through the reception which his principles met among this class that Mr Pitt carried on the war through defeat and disaster,—and

by adhering to them that his successors have twice conducted it to victory and triumph. It was, above all, in the strength of the *country gentlemen* of England—a body of men, in native dignity, of sentiment and character, far superior to any class that ever supported any other government in its hour of danger—that our government sustained inviolate the palladium of liberty, in spite of all the mingled energies of foreign despotism and domestic sedition. Nobly, indeed, whenever the cause of their country has appeared to be in danger, have this great class of legitimate aristocrats vindicated their hereditary claim to the respect of England. The deliberate love of orderly liberty is strong within their bosoms, even when they seem to slumber; and the same heroic impulses which, in the days of Charles, drew statesmen and generals from every village-manor, called up, at the voice of Pitt, an army of resolved, steady, and *united* patriots, before whose might the spirit of disaffection was at once rebuked into silence, as, in the end, the menaces of tyranny were quelled into dismay.

To us, who now look back upon the series of glorious successes wherewith the steady support of these men, and of others animated with the same spirit, has crowned the struggle—there is indeed only one subject of wonder, and that is, that the sure victory should have been delayed so long, that the spectacle of triumph should have been denied to the master spirit, and reserved so abundantly for those whose highest praise it is to be called the disciples of his wisdom. It must be admitted, that the first phrenzied energies of republican France, filled with a false opinion of her power, even those who were too proud and too wise to confess their fears by submission. It must be admitted, that some deadening poison had filled the air around us—that some faintness was at the heart, or some blindness before the eyes of those who suffered the generous spirits of La Vendee to lavish their heroism in hopeless sacrifice—who neglected to support among them a far more chivalrous and energetic insurrection than that which we afterwards upheld so promptly, stedfastly, and happily in Spain. It must be admitted, that we squandered upon distant and unhealthy colonies—upon

what were absurdly enough called, by way of excellence, *British* objects—resources which, judiciously concentrated, and firmly applied, would have been more than sufficient to strike an irresistible blow at the very heart of our enemy. We dealt in petty, vexatious, and ruinous expeditions, when we should have girt our loins for one great and decisive encounter. We split the bundle, and our rods were broken. We had no great military genius to infuse into the prudence of the Cabinet the decision of the field. We allowed ourselves to forget, that we had had Edwards and Marlboroughs. The ruling star of Wellington had not as yet arisen.—The first departure from this ruinous system was in the expedition to Egypt; and it is a strange proof of the length to which our delusive apprehensions had been carried, that when the genius of Melville projected that memorable expedition, it was opposed by Pitt himself, and formally protested against by the king.* After the superiority of the British arms was once established, a fair field was all that was necessary for their exertion. Our Archimedes wanted only a *πῦρ σκ*, and he found it in the Peninsula.

Throughout the whole of the succeeding period, the members of administration were alike held together among themselves, and supported in the confidence of the nation by the strength of one idea alone—that they were the disciples, namely, and followers of Mr Pitt—resolved to proceed

* When the late Lord Melville first proposed this expedition, it was strongly contested in the Privy Council, and at last carried by, I believe, only one voice. Pitt gave a very reluctant consent, and the king wrote on the paper in which he signified his acquiescence, words to the following purpose. "I give my consent to this measure with the greatest reluctance, as it tends to expose the flower of my army to perish in a distant, dubious, and perilous expedition." Thus Lord M. had the full responsibility of this important measure.

When he retired from office, during Lord Sidmouth's administration, his Majesty breakfasted with him at Wimbledon, and when about to leave the table, filled a glass of wine, and drank it "To the health of the Minister who dared to advise and press the Egyptian expedition, which terminated so gloriously, against the opinion of his colleagues, and the express disapprobation of his sovereign."

through fair and foul fortune, in steady adherence to those principles which, as has already been remarked, had all along been held sacred, not by one man alone, but by the great majority of wealthy, enlightened, and independent Englishmen. Nor, in spite of all the sneers of their adversaries, is it any mean praise to have been firm in this adherence. By those who can look back to things as they stood but a very few years ago, even by any candid enemy of their measures, who will calmly take such a retrospect, I think it will scarcely be denied, that to withstand and to endure all that these men did resist and suffer, demanded qualities, both moral and intellectual, abundantly entitled to lift their possessors above the reproach of mediocrity. To one of our Ministers in particular, —to him whose solitary counsels nerved the military sovereigns of Europe, when, even in the moment of their success, they trembled, and were afraid to grasp at the full fruits of their victory—who stepped in, and with the natural ascendancy of a truly British spirit, prevented the wavering victors from undoing all that they had done, by signing a peace at Chatillon —to him whose decision of character conferred this one splendid obligation upon his country, and upon Europe—it might be thought, that his rational opponents would at least allow some merits above those of sober diligence and honest intention. In good truth, the unwillingness which the leaders and eulogists of the present opposition shew to acknowledge the existence of any thing like high talent out of their own body, appears to me to bear, of all possible dispositions, the least resemblance to what might be expected from spirits possessed of real elevation and genuine power. It is the part of a coward to doubt the bravery of others—it is the part of those conscious of littleness in themselves, to question with cynical bitterness the existence of greatness in the minds of their opponents. It was not thus that in old times questions of intellectual superiority were wont to be decided among the politicians of England. The day has been when British statesmen of any party would have blushed to see their authorised and authoritative organs employing against such a man as Castlereagh no better weapons than

the mock-philosophy of word-catchers and the subaltern wit of caricaturists.

Ill, however, as its enemies may be entitled to talk of it despidingly, there is no question that, neither in the composition nor in the exercise of its strength, is the present administration exactly what we could wish it to be. The claims which these men possess to our confidence, both in our reverence for the memory of their great master, and in our gratitude for their own meritorious execution of his plans, —are deep and enduring claims; yet it is not to be concealed, that both in their characters and situation there are several circumstances which tend not a little to counterbalance the weight wherewith these pretensions have justly and honourably armed them. They have arisen from Pitt's grave like stock-shoots from a felled oak—they are nourished by the same juices which sustained the parent tree, but destitute of its unity, strength, and confidence—neither opposing so gigantic a resistance to the storm, nor casting so proud a shadow over plants of meaner birth. With the best of intentions, with the most perfect integrity, and with very considerable individual talent, they are yet rather a body of ministers than an administration. Each intrenches himself, like a baron of the middle ages, in his own little tower, instead of lending his head and arm for the formation and execution of one general plan. Each has his department, his dependents, his patronage. They treat each other upon a footing of equality, like the Ptolemies and Seleuci after the death of Alexander. Since the moment when the peace was concluded (as if with that happy consummation all necessity for firm combination had been at an end), they have dispensed with displaying any vigorous and commanding uniformity of views and exertions in regard to measures of great and national importance. To the conclusion of the war they were conducted by the spirit of their master—his voice spake to them out of the tomb, and there was a pious heroism in the submission with which they obeyed its dictates. But surely since the period of repose began, either the inspiration has departed, or the worship has been denied. The high soul which projected the conflict would not have sunk into torpor upon its

triumphant close. The genius of Pitt would have grown by what it fed on,—he would have sprung elastic from his toil, and seen only in martial glory opportunity and excitement for doing good in peace. Would he have suffered those who had in vain endeavoured to thwart him in the prosecution of his majestic foreign policy, to take from him the merit of commencing every new scheme of domestic improvement? Would he have allowed these small men to take the start in anything of the genius that had so long kept them lagging in painful obscurity? Would he have condescended to give a reluctant acquiescence to schemes of obvious policy, proposed by the Tierneys and the Broughams? He would have found a fit exercise for an intellect that could not brook to be idle, in the investigation of the great subjects of the poor's rates, and the national education, and of such practical reforms as might now be with propriety introduced, both into the legislative body, and the actual administration of the law. Mr Pitt would have been the last minister in the world that would have suffered himself to be swindled out of the fair credit due for planning measures of great national advantage, for economizing our resources, or improving our revenue. He who would not consent to repair his house in the hurricane, would have set about the task with energy so soon as the sky was calm above his head.

As he would have been the first to propose every scheme of wise reform and retrenchment, so he would have been the last to adopt, at the suggestion of others, paltry schemes, alike unworthy of himself and of the country which he served. He would have scorned the miserable economy which goes to defraud our defenders of the little retreats which circumstances had allotted for aged, wounded, and meritorious officers and soldiers.—The dismantling of the petty garrisons which afforded, at a cheap rate, the means of honour going to the grave in peace, would have appeared to him an act of national ingratitude. The sale of barracks, which had cost thousands for the tenth of their value, would have appeared to him the expedient of a ruined tradesman, who sells his goods for ready money, at a tythe of what they cost him. The native energy and

confidence of his genius would have saved him and his country from these ineffectual and timorous measures of economy.—The same high spirit would have attended him in his intercourse with the crown and the royal family; he would have made it to be understood at once, that he would be the messenger of no errands, the advocate of no demands, which he himself did not approve; and which the House of Commons, he was well aware, would not sanction. He would have encountered the odium of every measure, which, to his own judgment, appeared right; but he would have placed himself as a barrier betwixt the Crown and the House, and shunned even the semblance of transferring to the latter the task of opposing claims which he himself disapproved.—These are only a few instances, but they are sufficient to mark a line of character. I am sorry to say, they furnish but too much evidence, that the spirits of Mr Pitt's successors are not of the same growth with his. But, alas! that reproach falls not upon them alone—

Καὶ οὐδ' ἔτι

Τὸν, ὃς οὐκ ἔστιν ἐν τῇ πόλει, μαχόμενος!

The charges, therefore, which the friends of the present Ministers think themselves entitled to bring against them, are grounded upon the display of a passive and temporizing character, in a situation where activity and decision would have better become the heirs of the most active and decided of Statesmen. They have relied too much on the deceitful maxim of, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,"—they have omitted to make hay while the sun shines. They have neglected the enacting and enforcing of good laws, on subjects of general and important policy; while, with a modesty which was as ill deserved by the arrogance, as it has been repaid by the ingratitude of their opponents, they have too often condescended to lend an ear to any adventurer on the other side of the House, who has wished to bring himself into consideration, by trying some new medicine on the body politic. These, however, have all been venial errors; sins of omission rather than of commission; and implying no dereliction of principle, no wilful carelessness of duty. By their early support of Spain and Russia, our Ministers were the saviours of Europe—and, as such,

they retain a claim upon our gratitude and our confidence, yet undischarged—titles which have not as yet been forfeited, and which we hope, are in no serious danger of being so. In the session which approaches, we trust, we shall see them act once more with the union and the vigour to which, in former times, they owed all their successes. Relying with sober confidence on the yet unshaken strength of their adherents, let them remember, nevertheless, that nothing tends more to alienate respect, than the disappointment of expectation; and that the same services to which they now owe our attachment, have furnished us with a standard, by which to measure their merits or their deficiencies hereafter.

The dangers to which their power may be exposed, must all arise out of themselves; they can have no reason to transfer the blame, should any reverses come, from their own body to that of their opponents. It is true, that both in and out of Parliament, their characters and services, are attacked by a set of stubborn hard-headed rhetoricians, whom defeat and detection have in vain striven to render less offensively arrogant than before. It is true, that whatever the pertinacity of unblushing self-complacent dullness can do, has been, and will be, done against them. In this, as in all other things, let them remember their master, and destroy the edge of reproach, by taking from it, as they may easily do, even the pretence of justice. The cool and veteran champions that are arrayed against them, are not indeed likely to relax their hostility; *their* wrath has been too well nursed by disappointment; no art can eradicate those *longæ injuriæ* which have struck so deep a root into the lacerated soil of their self-love. But obstinate though they be in their enmity, and loudly as their trumpets may proclaim their strength, it may be doubted whether their array is even now so formidable as they would have us to believe. Are they more united in purpose and design—or can more firmness and unity be expected from the Grenvillites and the Foxites now than in 1806—when, each party standing cramped and committed by their own pledged opinions, they fairly neutralized each others energies like so many chemical liquids—or, rather,

like a man whose two legs should differ as to how they should move—they stood stock still? When the opposition writers talk so vauntingly about the genius and wisdom that are arranged upon their side—when they still continue to echo in our ears their old *jubilate* of “*all the talents*”—it is fair that we should expect from them something more than mere assertion. They have told us, that the leaders of their party have a right to the passive obedience of their followers;—who are the heroes whom these pious worshippers would now invest with this right divine? Is Tierney one of them?—the hack of every administration—he who left the Whigs to join Addington—he who gave rise to Mr Windham’s notable simile of Punch and his Purchasers—he who would have joined the present administration, had they been pleased to think him worth the having. It is rumoured, that this great genius has been chosen for their head—if it be so, they have, no doubt, acted on the principle of placing a weathercock on the summit of their temple.—Or, does the rising star of Brougham aspire so high?—the “great statesman,” whose super-eminent genius is so eternally and so effectually lauded by his friends, or, for aught we know, by himself, in the Edinburgh Review. The claims which these men possess upon the confidence of England, however splendid may be their talents, however honest their intentions, are not surely such as to awaken much apprehension in the breasts of their adversaries. The high terms in which their organs begin to speak of what is due to the official character of party leaders, may induce us to suspect, that they themselves are sensible how little is likely to be given to the personal character of these whom they have elected to that lofty station.—I repeat, that the Ministers have little to fear from their enemies; and I may add, that, if they do but exert themselves, there is nothing which they may not count upon from their friends.

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[We are far from wishing it to be understood that the tenour of the above letter is wholly consistent with our views. We have inserted it, because we wish our pages to be open to free discussion on every subject; and because it is the production of one whose opinions, whatever they may be, are entitled to be listened to with respect.—*Editor.*]

REFLECTIONS ON THE THEORY OF
POPULATION.

THE facts and reasonings on which the theory of population, as illustrated by Malthus, is founded, admit of very brief explanation. The increase of the human species is necessarily limited by that of the means of subsistence. Any increase which exceeds this limit must be productive of poverty, vice, disease, and death. We are taught by experience, that the productive powers of the earth acknowledge at least a practical limitation: that if the utmost point of its possible fertility cannot be speculatively assigned, we are authorised to say that the practical increase will fall within certain limits easily assignable; and that, looking to the same experience, which is the only safe guide in questions of this kind, we cannot fail to perceive, that the constant energy of the principle of population far surpasses the limits of agricultural improvement; and that the necessary and unalterable relations are sustained in practice, either by moral restraint alone, which anticipates and prevents the horrors arising out of any great inequality, or by that sweeping and resistless misery by which nature is avenged for every flagrant contempt of her immutable ordinations.

To prove that his theory is not the gratuitous produce of a gloomy imagination, Mr Malthus refers to the incontestable fact, that the population of British America doubled itself, under many and formidable inconveniences, in the space of twenty-five years: and justly assuming that this is the narrowest limit which can be assigned to the undisturbed energy of this productive power, he asks, in which of the civilized countries of Europe the most vigorous efforts of industry and of science could, within the same short period, double the actual produce of agriculture? Even if this could be done *once*, could it be repeated? Could the same series be continued for centuries to come, even if every inch of European territory were improved to the fertility of the most cultivated garden? Every man of sense will at once answer in the negative. The result is, that the principle of population, not at any future and distant period, but in our own days, as well as in ages that are

past, has been restrained in its natural tendency to transcend the limits of subsistence, by some rigorous and efficient check,—by some moral impediment, which has prevented the existence of a surplus population, doomed to misery and destruction,—or by some fearful visitation, which, when the inexorable laws of the physical world have once been transgressed, has swept the helpless sufferers from the face of that earth which ever groans with the vice and misery of its inhabitants.

Such is a very general outline of the theory of population,—a theory not founded on any remote or uncertain facts, or on a series of hypothetical statements, but established out of the materials which the most common experience supplies, and by a much shorter process of deduction than is usually required to establish the truths of science.

The conclusions from the general principle thus laid down are of infinite importance to the right understanding of some of the most momentous questions of interior policy. If it be true that population has a natural tendency to increase in a more rapid ratio than the means of subsistence, it is obvious that all legislative encouragements to such increase are at best superfluous; but if it be also true that a surplus population, when once called into being by a system of mistaken policy, can be brought down to the inevitable limits which nature has ordained by devouring misery alone, it follows, that all such measures are in the highest degree cruel and impolitic. Let government occupy itself in its legitimate function of extending the resources of the country, by protecting industry in its operation and rewards; an increase of population will surely follow the increased means of providing for it; but let no legislature attempt to invert the natural course of policy by the encouragement of early marriages,—by bestowing premiums and immunities, honours and distinctions, which only give a superfluous and fatal activity to a spring already too powerful for human prudence and self-control.

The same principle involves the clear and unqualified condemnation of poor laws, so far as they not only provide for existing and inevitable misery, but tend to increase its amount by encouraging the growth of population. Private charity, so respectable in its

motive, so pure in its exercise, so beneficial both to the donor and receiver, so free from all objections in point of policy to which a compulsory system is exposed, might be found adequate to the relief of all real and inevitable calamity; and the existence of legal provisions for the support of the poor is therefore without defence, upon the principles of true philosophy. But the questions about the original formation of such establishments, and their continuance when once formed, and interwoven with a vicious system of public morals, are quite distinct. It by no means follows that we are bound instantly to destroy whatever we should have refused, in the first instance, to construct. A tenderness to human suffering often exacts of philosophy great deference even to the most impolitic and barbarous institutions. It is strange, that amid the acknowledged and intolerable evils of the poor laws, which have now excited one universal murmur of condolence and despair, so few should be disposed to recognise the true source of the calamity in the opposition of the principle of policy on which these laws are founded, to the immutable ordinances of nature: that so many intelligent persons should yet stubbornly look to the detail of regulation, instead of turning their eyes to the great and palpable vice of the entire system: that the insanity of that law, which assumes the unlimited abundance of the materials of labour and the means of subsistence, in the midst of the most cogent and touching evidence of their deficiency, should yet be disputed; and that the man who has vigorously and fearlessly unmasked the fatal delusion, should be rewarded with unsparing insolence, and branded as the enemy of his species. It is not the object of Mr Malthus at once to sweep away the poor laws, and to abandon the floating mass of wretchedness which they have created to unpitied destruction: but he has pointed out the true source of the overwhelming calamity; he has cleared the great principle of all such establishments from the mist of prejudice in which it has been immemorably involved; he has shown, not with what unsparing havoc a pretended reformation ought to be accomplished, but *in what direction* all practicable improvements ought to be attempted. With a just and

philosophical rigour, he has deprived the ordinary tamperers with the most delicate subjects of domestic administration of their childish plausibilities for concealing the truth from a misguided public; he has developed the true source and fatal magnitude of the evil, and prepared the way for an efficient remedy, which philosophy may indeed prescribe, but time alone can accomplish. This is all that, in such perplexed problems, science can do for humanity.

Intimately connected with the theory of population is the question of the corn laws, which has long divided the most able and enlightened political economists. This momentous discussion has hitherto been conducted too much on the ground of minute and trifling details, and without that steady regard to general principles, which alone can lead to a satisfactory solution of the difficult problem.

The increase of population in any community becomes, in the present circumstances of Europe, independent of the supply of food afforded by the improved agriculture of that particular state; the demands of commerce for labour, with the facility of a foreign supply of grain, might, but for legislative interference, create the most appalling disproportions. The agriculture of a civilized state cannot, for obvious reasons, sustain a fair competition in the general market with that of semi-barbarous nations; it will therefore, in the natural course of events, be neglected, and the population must, of course, become dependent on foreign states for subsistence. Such is the inevitable course of that state of society in which we live, unless arrested by the interposition of the laws; the same impulse of resistless competition—the same pressure of severe discouragement, which have annihilated the once thriving manufactures, and swept away the commerce of flourishing states, will extinguish also that manufacture of food, which, like all others, thrives only by encouragement and reward. It is true indeed, that a fatal crisis has never yet arrived to any state so as to leave its fields desolate in the abandonment of its agriculture; for the rapid and unequal growth of commerce and manufactures, which can alone hasten such a catastrophe, is comparatively recent in the history of the world; and the calamity of agricultural deso-

lution has been averted by the operation of private interests, demanding and receiving the protection of the laws,—interests which, however selfish in their origin, have in this, as in many other cases, wrought in strict subservience to the public prosperity. But even this constant and powerful instinct has not saved England from occasional and severe agricultural derangements, which, in many possible combinations of European policy, might have left her without resources to propitiate a starving population, and avert the horrors of insurrection. Those who have studied the science of political economy, not merely in its metaphysical details, but in its higher moral bearings, know that the mere accumulation of wealth, although an important, is not the exclusive object of its researches; that there are cases in which its most imperative maxims of a class, strictly economical, must be subordinated to the demands of a higher and more interesting policy; and that where national honour, tranquillity, or security is concerned, the most legitimate theory for the mere increase of wealth must, without scruple, be surrendered. It was thus that the legislature interposed by means of the navigation laws; and by circumscribing its shipping market to the commerce of England, made a sacrifice of profit to security and strength, which has commanded the gratitude of England, and the applauding envy of mankind. The principle of that entire freedom which distinguishes the liberal commercial policy of modern times is indeed sacred in every case which falls within its legitimate application—in every case where the question is singly about the accumulation of wealth, and where the sure sagacity of private interest will triumph over the presumptuous empiricism of legislation,—in every case where those objects alone are at stake, which address themselves to the unerring instinct of that private cupidity from which alone the principle derives its application and its force; but it is weak and unphilosophical to appeal to this maxim for the solution of cases which involve higher elements than the principle itself is intended to embrace, and which can be resolved only by a wider range of comparison, and larger and higher views of policy. The question is not, whether corn may be bought cheaper under

an unrestricted freedom of trade than with the incumbrance of corn laws? or, whether an enhancement of the price of grain does not operate on the price of labour, the state of manufactures, and the course of foreign trade? no man who understands even the elements of political economy can hesitate for a moment as to any of these propositions. But the important matters truly at issue are—whether, under the visible preponderance of manufacturing and commercial enterprise in a state which is excluded by opulence, by taxation, by the accumulated pressure of natural and artificial burdens, from all agricultural competition with the frugal poverty of other nations, agriculture will not inevitably decline, and a fatal disproportion be created betwixt the population and the produce of that particular state? Whether this disproportion will not, unless the legislature interfere, naturally increase till a state of dependence be created not less artificial than formidable? And whether it be not the office of a high and presiding policy to interpose before the mischief of the system be consummated? and by the steady sacrifice of some portion of wealth, and amid the temporary struggles of a vivacious, and already luxuriant, commerce, restore the great and salutary proportions of nature, which never intended that the population of a mighty empire should repose for subsistence on the precarious fertility, or still more precarious policy, of neighbouring states, to whom she stands jealously opposed by the very tenure of her greatness.

Such is a specimen of the important applications of which the theory of population is susceptible—a theory which indeed affects, more or less, almost every great question of domestic policy. Those who calumniate the philosophy which they do not understand, have many expedients, indeed, to provide for any excess of population. They propose the cultivation of waste lands; they hold out the cheering prospect of emigration; they cannot believe that the world is not large enough to afford, in some corner, an asylum for human folly. Can such reasoners forget, that the additional cultivation, which is profitable, will surely be attempted? and that the fact of its not having been hitherto undertaken, affords conclusive evidence, that hitherto it would not

have been beneficial—that the same argument applies to the toils, the perils, the repulsive uncertainties of emigration—that if either enterprise would repay the danger and toil which it demands, it would undoubtedly be hazarded—and if it would not, that the inevitable failure of the experiment just presents one shape of that *misery* in which a redundant population is extinguished, and which it is the object of every enlightened friend of humanity to avert. The precarious resources of waste lands, and Transatlantic wilds are to be explored, not as affording an outlet to any excess of population which may be created, or an invitation to the imprudence which calls it into existence; but an ample field to enterprise and labour which, when crowned with success, will assuredly find a progeny to participate in the fruits. The order of nature and the voice of wisdom demanded that the creation of that abundance, which can alone avert misery in all its forms, should precede the existence of the population which is to consume it.

The theory of population has been misrepresented as repugnant to the best feelings, and finest impulses of our nature—propitious to the schemes of despotism—and insulting to the dignity of the species.

Is that philosophy then at variance with the dearest and noblest of the passions, which would guard its virtuous gratifications from the pangs of embittering remorse—the countless ills of hopeless and fatal poverty? The enlightened moralist and statesman, far from discountenancing the pure and virtuous union of the sexes, is ambitious to provide for the dignity and stability of the endearing attachment—to avert from the most sacred retreat of mortal felicity, the canker of care and sorrow, before which enjoyment withers away, and the ardour of passion slowly but surely expires. It is the fatal prerogative of human folly to levy war upon the bounty of nature, and perversely to extract from the richest blessings of Providence, the elements of the bitterest calamity. What so pure and ennobling as the passion of love in its virtuous form?—what so frightful and degrading in its excesses and aberrations? Improvidence and its inevitable effects—extreme and irremediable poverty—have been more fatal to connubial enjoyment than those comparatively rare

irregularities of passion which spring out of a distempered constitution, and betray a diseased imagination. The philosopher who lifts his voice against this calamitous improvidence, and who wishes to give their natural plenitude and endurance to the pure delights of virtuous passion, by exacting performance of the condition upon which alone nature has promised her indispensable sanction, is not the peevish and sullen enemy of enjoyment, but the steady and enlightened friend of humanity.

Nor is it less absurd to represent this important philosophical lesson as being favourable to the progress of despotism. We are taught indeed, by the theory of population, that society has other dangers to provide against than those which spring out of political institutions, and when we consider what temptations to jealous tyranny the vehemence of indiscriminate and groundless complaint presents—and reflect on the fatal and ignominious career which has been run by the masters of modern revolution, who first discovered the source of all human evils in the existence, and their remedy in the unsparing destruction of all established institutions, we ought to hail the doctrine which affords a manageable and efficient check upon their extravagant presumption, as a powerful instrument, not of despotism but of liberty. The just theory of population, which exacts of governments the arduous duty of extending the public resources, and exalting the national prosperity, instead of the cheap and vulgar function of adding indefinitely to the numbers of an unprovided, and of course, a profligate, population—which, instead of ministering to the crooked ambition of power, by the formidable aid of a needy and desperate gang, opposes to its projects the might and the wisdom of an independent, virtuous, and enlightened community; which provides for the tranquillity of the state, by ensuring the comfort of the people, and for the perpetuity of genuine freedom, by averting those frightful commotions, of which the craft of demagogues and despots has in all ages known so well how to profit; and finally, which addresses a perpetual and impressive remonstrance to the temerity of statesmen, who, amid the profound revolutions which their measures often produce, have not even a glance of the actual suffering which

they create, and of that futurity of wo which they unconsciously decree; such a strain of philosophy, while it enlarges and exalts the duties of rulers, confirms the independence, and watches over the happiness of the governed, cannot be the ally of despotism, nor the enemy of man.

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE CRITIQUE OF
GOETHE'S LIFE IN THE EDINBURGH
REVIEW.

GREAT and merited as is the fame of those mighty masters who have, in our days, revived the power and glory of the poetry of England, deep as is the possession which they have taken of the minds of their contemporaries, and eternal as their sway must be over all that shall ever speak their language,—it is evident that the same destiny which made them to come later, has made them to be less than their predecessors. They are the children of an illustrious race, but they are not the peers of those who founded its splendour. One of themselves has modestly and beautifully expressed the truth, that they are but the gleaners of fields,

“Where happier bards of yore had richer harvests found.”

There are services which can only once be rendered to the literature of any country, because only once can they be needed; and these are repaid with honours which are for ever by themselves, because the only men who might have any hope of equalling them would deem it no less than sacrilege to brook the suspicion of such rivalry. They are themselves the devoutest worshippers of those whose inspiration has descended to them; and they confess their own inferiority, not with willingness merely, but with pride. The excellencies which all admire are best comprehended by these kindred spirits, and excellencies which others see not are revealed to them. While vulgar eyes contemplate afar off and dimly, it is their privilege to approach the shrine, and see the glory in its brightness. In their intellects, and in their hearts, the Majesty of the departed finds its best interpreters, and its securest throne.

Without pretending to say that the

genius of Goethe is equal to that of Milton or Shakspeare, it is certain that his fame in Germany is, and always must be, of the same sort with theirs in England. Klopstock was a majestic spirit, and Wieland a happy one; but the affectations with which they were both, although in very different ways, chargeable, prevented either of them from taking such a hold of the minds of his countrymen as is requisite for him that would be a national poet,—much more for him that would aspire to be the founder of the poetry of a nation. Arising in a country wherein education had long been universal, and thought profound, and fancy active,—and in an age wherein many imperfect attempts had been made towards establishing in that country such a literature as she was entitled to possess,—it was the fortune of Goethe to acquire, while yet a boy, an ascendancy over the intellect and imagination of his country, such as no other of its writers ever had obtained; and he has conferred upon her literature, in his maturer years, services which must perpetuate this possession, so long as the language which he has fixed and ennobled shall continue to be that of a cultivated and energetic nation. For many centuries Europe has witnessed no living reputation acquired by literature alone, which could sustain the slightest comparison with that enjoyed by Goethe. A period of fifty years has now elapsed since he first became an author; and during the whole of that long career, his fame has been perpetually and uniformly on the increase. With the skill which was requisite for creating and establishing the poetical language of a great but a divided nation, he has united such a richness of thought and fancy, that each of his great works has become, as it were, the model of a new species,—that his spirit has been all along the fountain from which his contemporaries have derived not only their rules, but their materials. Seated above competition, and fearless of failure, he has directed and swayed the minds of two generations, as if by the charm of a magician. The reverence of half a century has now gathered in all its fulness around the old age of Goethe. The whole of his mighty nation are at one in honouring their poet. His fame forms one of the few centre points around which all

Germans rally—one of the few sacred possessions wherein they recognise the symbols of their brotherhood.

At the age of seventy, this man, possessing, indeed, no longer the impetuous fire which shone forth in Werter, Egmont, Goetz, and Faustus, but still indefatigable in his pursuits, vivid in his recollections, and powerful in his eloquence, began, at the request of his friends and disciples, to compose the history of his life. The present was received by his countrymen, not with indulgence, for of that there was no need, but with gratefulness. Knowing and feeling as they do the greatness of his genius, it was no wonder that they should listen without weariness to the history of a mind from which there had sprung so many wonders. The more minute the details, the more close the descriptions, it was the better for their purpose; for no details, and no descriptions, could be without their use, which might tend to record the gradual developement of faculties and ideas to which they owed so much. Scenes which had suggested the first hints of those masterpieces which they worshipped, however trifling in themselves, were to them most interesting scenes. The enthusiasm with which he recalled his boyish delight in the chivalrous antiquities of the Rhine and the Maine, excited no sentiments of derision in those who could appreciate the services done to the spirit of Germany by the Goetz of Berlichingen. The history of his own early passion was read, although half sportively narrated, with other feelings than those of merriment, by them who had so often been melted by his tales of humble love. The narrative of his early studies at Leipsig was received as the best commentary on that unequalled portrait of the wisdom, the weakness, the superstition, and the infidelity of man, which he has embodied in his Faustus. The incidents of his wanderings in Italy and in Germany—the memorials of the enthusiasm with which, in his youth, he contemplated every thing that was great and glorious in nature and in art—were precious in the eyes of those who knew with what unrivalled felicity he had transported himself into ages and countries that bear no resemblance to each other,—who remembered that the Tasso, and the Iphigenia, and the

Achilleis, and Reineke Fuchs and Goetz, and Faustus, were the works of the same hand. Let us imagine with what delight we should ourselves peruse an easy and copious biography of any one of our own great departed worthies,—or, if the time were come, with what gratitude we should read a minute story of the mode in which the spirit of Scott or Byron had been shaped and fashioned,—and we shall have no difficulty in comprehending the nature of that universal feeling with which the Germans received the Life of Goethe.

It is probable that the ingenious editor of the *Edinburgh Review* is himself quite ignorant of German literature, otherwise he would have taken care that his journal should not have been totally silent in regard to by far the greater part of all the excellent and original works which have been published in Europe since the commencement of his labours. But the fame of Goethe is not confined to his own country, or to those that read its language; nor is it easy to conceive upon what theory of propriety in regard to literary criticism, a person of learning and genius could proceed, when he permitted the life of such a man as Goethe to be travestied in his pages by one whose youth, however young he may be, can furnish but a sorry excuse for the empty arrogance and very offensive irreverence of his production. The knowledge which this unfledged Aristarchus possesses of the German language might have been applied to better purposes. It argues some very singular malformation within, when we perceive a man converting what might be to him the key of knowledge and wisdom, into the instrument of a wanton levity, alike disgraceful to his heart and to his head. It argues, to say the least of it, a very culpable negligence on the part of Mr Jeffrey, that, for the sake of gratifying with a few paltry jokes the ignorant and malicious dullness of some of his readers at home, he should run even the remotest risk of wounding the feelings of a good, a great, and an old man, whose name will be revered by the world many hundred years after all the reviewers that ever insulted his genius shall be forgotten.

The disgrace which the *Edinburgh Review* incurred in the estimation of all the scholars in Europe, by its attack

upon this most eminent person, is, however, only one of the many rebukes wherewith the arrogant tone assumed, upon almost all occasions, by that journal, has been visited. The gentlemen who had the honour of establishing it fell, even in the first concoction of their plan, into many errors which have grievously impeded the contemporary influence of their work, and taken from it, we fear, almost every chance of receiving from future generations the respect to which the talents of its authors might have otherwise given it a claim. Of these errors, the first and greatest was the assumed principle of being always reviewers *de haut en bas*. A few clever and well-informed young gentlemen might surely have set on foot a very excellent literary journal, without making it an axiom in their creed, that they themselves were, and should always continue to be, the very first geniuses and authors of their times. Upon what principle of sane judgment persons who had never produced any great and splendid work of any kind whatever, and who therefore could have no assurance of the measure of their own powers, should conceive themselves entitled to take it for granted that England and Europe had exerted themselves to the utmost in fashioning their spirits, and would therefore seek comparative repose in the shaping of spirits comparatively insignificant, we have no capacity to imagine. The blessed self-complacency of minds that could easily and undoubtingly embrace so comfortable a notion of their own importance, must, without all question, in the eyes of those who consider pleasure as the *summum bonum* of humanity, appear no despicable boon. But there are many sources of pleasure, whose efficacy may be acknowledged by those that do not envy their possessors. The straw crown of a bedlamite confers perhaps more intense delight upon its wearer, than the splendour of the "golden round" ever conveys to the mind of the *true prince*. The satisfaction with which a smart critic chuckles over the contemplation of his own importance, may in like manner be a far more unmixedly pleasurable feeling than the more lofty, and more serious, and more modest consciousness of a majestic poet. Disturbed with no solitary clouds of despondence, tormented

by no longings, maddened by no dreams of higher greatness, the Aristarch soon reaches the *ultimatum* of his ambition, and sits down contented in the possession of the little, because he hopes not, perhaps imagines not, the possibility of the much.—The ape that clammers to the summit of the tree beneath which the lion reposes, and the dwarf who,

"Perch'd on a pedestal,

Overlooks a giant,"

derive a pride from their elevation, which is not attended by any feelings of proportionate reverence on the part of its beholders. The world may be deceived for a little space; but there is no chance of its recognising, with any permanent approbation, the airs of happy superiority assumed by our northern Zoili over the Wordsworths, the Southseys, and the Goethes, of their age.

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SPEECH DELIVERED BY AN EMINENT
BARRISTER.*

THIS is by far the best of all Orator Phillip's orations, and perhaps the chief cause of its excellence is, that the sole subject of it is himself. He keeps his eye steadily fixed on that great personage, and the language of self-adoration becomes sublime. He speaks as if he were looking all the while into a mirror,—each new gesticulation creates new energies,—his address to others thus assumes the impassioned character of a soliloquy,—and he is perhaps the only orator who ever wholly forgot that he had an audience.

We wish to speak in the most flattering terms of Orator Phillips, but we are aware, that he is a gentleman gluttonous of praise, and of ostrich-like power of digestion. It is impossible to satisfy such an appetite. He must have heaped up measure, and running over, or he gets sulky, and will have none of it. He turned up his nose at the frugal and salubrious repast so promptly spread for him by the Edin-

* Calumny Confuted.—Speech, delivered at the Dinner, given by a Select and Numerous Party of Friends, for the purpose of Refuting the Remarks of the Quarterly Review, on the Character and Conduct of an Eminent Barrister. Milliken, Dublin. 1817.

burgh Reviewer, nay, threw it somewhat unceremoniously into the face of his entertainer. Can we, therefore, expect, that he will accept graciously from our humble hands, a treat, which he contumeliously spurned at, when held out by the honourable and learned member for Winchelsea? Yet, we are not without hopes, that he may be prevailed upon to accept our eulogies, who do not pretend to be orators ourselves, but mere critics of oratory in others. He despised, as it was natural for him to do, the envious calumnies of Brougham and of Jeffrey, those little and disappointed men, of whose eloquence, as Mr Phillips well observes, no one ever heard—low and petty-fogging practitioners, who look up with bitter hatred on the “Young Pride of Erin,” from the hopeless abasement of their obscurity. What have such small folk to do with Councillor and Orator Phillips? The world, who heard of them for the first time, when they gave a public opinion of that illustrious young man, has long since forgotten them—while, on the contrary, Mr Phillips, who has taken the well-known instrument out of the hands of fame, and boldly flown with it at his mouth across the Irish channel, makes a very great noise in the world indeed! and successfully acts the part of his own Trumpeter.

The Speech, from which we shall now give our readers a few extracts, was delivered under circumstances of peculiar solemnity. A dinner had been given to the Orator in a tavern in Dublin, by a hundred select friends, who were desirous of expressing their admiration of his talents and respect for his character, at the moderate expense of half-a-guinea a head, including a bottle of port-wine. On the cloth being withdrawn, the Orator rose, and entered into a vindication of himself against the aspersions of the Quarterly Review. The grandeur of the occasion—the magnitude of the cause—the solemnity of the time—the magnificence of the place—the nobility of the audience—the genius of the Orator—formed altogether such an assemblage of glory as has but rarely before been witnessed in this sublunary scene. It is enough to say, that the Speech spoken during that high hour was worthy of Mr Phillips—of his audience—and of the tavern in which they had previously dined.

The chairman had, it seems, read (immediately after the cheese) the article in the Quarterly Review, which gave occasion to the august meeting. It is impossible not to be struck with the consummate skill with which the Orator steals upon the sympathy of his auditors. How calm, yet how energetic, is his commencement.

“Think for a moment on the article our chairman has just read, amid bursts of indignation which even his dignity could not control. I know not who this defamer is—obscurity is his shield—oblivion is his safeguard: let him not flatter himself that he is the object of my wrath—let him not hope the honour of my revenge. I mean not to tinge the cloud that conceals him with the reflected brightness of my glory;—the lightning, that would destroy, illuminates: never did the temple of Ephesus—in all the splendour of its primitive pride, in all the imposing grandeur of its architecture, in all the blessedness of its beauty—attract such animated attention, as when it shone—the star of earth—the torch of heaven—a blazing beacon—in ruin awful!—in destruction magnificent!—(Loud and repeated bursts of applause.)”

Every thing is now swept away by the torrent. Hear how he revels and riots in his strength.

“I like not that cold and cautious court of Criticism, where Spleen sits in judgment upon Splendour, where Prudence pleads against Passion, and the Orator is lost in the Rhetorician; I love not that barren and bounded circus, where the captious adversary entangles in his pitiful net the warrior, whose weapon he is too weak to wield;—Oh, it disgusts the heart to see the sons of little men assume the proud port of the giant! Oh, it deadens the soul, to behold an object enthroned in ideal elevation, presenting us obscurity, for extent; for sublimity, darkness!—the waggon rumbling over a rugged and rutted road, might more successfully emulate the deafening peal of the thunderbolt—the meteor, whose birth-place is the swamp, whose home is the wilderness, might better vie in beauty and beatitude with the standing star, who rejoices for ever in the vaulted sky, and attunes in his rapid revolutions the song that first soothed the ear of infant Existence.”

Having thus exposed the ignorance of the Quarterly Reviewer, he next seizes on a still more vulnerable point—his Envy; and the picture he draws of that demon, deprives Spenser of all claim to the character of a poet. How feeble his allegory to the living reality of the demon of Orator Phillips.

“But Envy—this whispering demon—this pale passion of the wan and wasted mind—this sorceress, whose eye gazes with

vain desire on the efforts of opposing genius 'till its beam deadens in the overpowering blaze, and its circle of vision becomes contracted and confined;—this self-elected rival, whose heart throbs with eager and idle emulation, till its aspirations assume a fretful fervour—a feverish rapidity;—this black crucible—in which our vices and our virtues—our weaknesses and our worth—our rights and our reputation are amalgamated with all the dark and debasing ingredients, which the busy hand of Malice can collect, while, over the steaming and stupefying caldron, Hatred hovers with clouded brow, Ridicule sneers with writhing lip, and Scandal howls her hymn of idiot incantation. (*Unprecedented applause for many minutes.*)

But perhaps the finest, and certainly the most triumphant passage in this noble oration, is that where he destroys, by his eloquence, that “consistency” which he had formerly deserted in his conduct.”

“But let us not be deceived by Declamation, that fatal faculty, who flings over every object a prismatic profusion of delusive dyes; let us examine what are the merits of this boasted blessing? this courtly consistency?—Oh! well may she vaunt her parentage! well may she be vain of her connexions: the daughter of Obstinacy—the sister and the spouse of Stubbornness—wholly was the hour of their horrid and hateful nuptials! accursed were the rites of the eternal ceremony—when Bigotry held the torch, whose lustre was the light of Hell, over the altar blackened and blushing with blood; and accursed are the children of their incestuous commerce!—CONSISTENCY!!—how ignorant are these maniacs—they know not that *motion* is the purpose, and the principle, and the power of life—they know not that but for his *motion* the buds of Ocean would sink into a sad and silent and sullen stagnation—a desert of death—a pit of putrefaction!—walk abroad in the terrific time of tempest and tumult, and mark how the ministry and *motion* of the winged whirlwinds cleanses the vaulted amphitheatre of air! Look around on the objects of Nature—is not the cessation of motion the prelude of death? And shall Mind alone abandon the analogies of Nature? Shall Opinion alone remain chained, and unchangeable? Shall Age be imperiously governed by the principles, which Youth has impetuously adopted? the assertion is a solecism against society—a sin against the soul!”

Having thus gotten the Quarterly Review fairly down below the table, the Counsellor thus tramples on his fallen foe. Never was shillelah brandished with more merciless vigour at Donnybrook fair.

“But this Alaric—this Attila—this Atrides of atrocity, questions my acquaintance with the long labyrinth of law, with the

jargon of judgments, contradictory and conflicting—and why? Because I have not in the pride of pedantry poured forth cold cataracts of Norman-French, because I have not showered down on the heads of an unprepared jury heavy hailstorms of Slavonian-Latin—because I have chosen rather a simple appeal addressed to the passions of men, than a detail dark and dull with complicated controversy—with concatenated confusion.—I detest the veil of mysterious mummary, that would fling its folds over the porch of justice—I despise the legal learning, that, like the black sun of the Indian Mythology, wells forth rays of darkness—beams of obscurity.—My appeal is to a moral court of conscience—to the chartered chamber of intellect—to the throne of justice in the heart of man.—[*Applause.*]

It is the Bank of Ireland to a mealy potato—on the head of the orator. The fight is taken out of the man without a name—and Mr Phillips thus throws a somerset over the ropes.

“Need I now repeat what I have uttered in England and in Ireland—in London and in Liverpool—in Cork and in Kerry—REFORM!—radical, resistless REFORM!—In the new birth of your Parliament you will hail the regeneration of your Country!—I have said it often and often—again and again, *but I was not attended to*; I have said it in Prose—I *was not attended to*; I have said it in Verse—I *was not attended to*.—There is a peculiar and appropriate dialect—a language that is not Prose, that is not Verse, but which, while it possesses all the strength and sinew of Prose, charms with all the magic and melody of Verse, that combines the energy of Eloquence with the euphony of Song—in this dialect of Paradise I have said it, and—will after-ages believe the disgraceful narrative?—*I was not attended to!!*—[*A long pause of expressive silence.*]

We are aware that the oracular wisdom of the following splendid passage must have the inevitable effect of throwing into the shade all the other contents of our invaluable Magazine. Well—let them go. A page of Phillips is worth the sacrifice. Hear the Seer!

“It is not without reason that the Prophet mourns over the dangerous gift by which he beholds, in gloomy anticipation, the shadow of coming evil; and he who is endowed with superior intellect has not less reason to regret—when the imperial crown of France was crushed and crumbled beneath the might of banded barbarians—when the diadem of the deposed dynasty was dashed to dust—when the barbaric thrones of eastern tyranny trembled and tottered at the tread of England, there were those who said it was glory;—vain visions of ideal wealth floated before their eyes;—dreams of universal do-

minion blest their repose. They listened not to the lessons of ages; they worshipped not at the altar of history; they heard not of that lever, whose pressure is the present, whose power is the past, whose fulcrum is the future; they thought not on the ruins of Rome; they looked not to the example of Athens; they thought not on that fallen nation, whose merchants were the princes of the earth. No! they were chaunting their idle pæans of praise; they were parading through the palaces of Paris, they were visiting the vallies of Waterloo! Basking in the delightful delusion, they were lulled into a dull and dreamy repose by the courtly lays of the laureat, or sublimated to a frantic enthusiasm by the inebriate inspiration of another prophet of the lakes, a very Montorio of madness, a lay preacher, one who dreams dreams, and sees visions, forsooth.—Well—no matter—his fantastic feats of German jugglery are applauded!—I strove to break the slumber of death, but mine was the voice of one crying in the wilderness.—Wo to those who bow down at the altars of National Insolency—their deity is a denon—their shrine is the table of the money-changer—the incense of their adoration is wafted on the tainted sighs of an injured and insulted people; the bread of their impious communion is moistened with the sweat, and leavened with the blood of indigence:—the minister—but need I name the *ministers* of the accursed sacrifice! [*Name! Name!—no! no!*] Oh! I loath the sickening scene of senatorial servility—of Plebeian prostration!—if we must have a Parliament, why are its numbers limited? Why is its sphere of action confined?—in this era of universal genius, when mind at length asserts its inherent omnipotence over the essential grossness, and the accidental fluctuations of matter, why is not the intellectual strength of the kingdom represented?—but mark, for a moment, the wretched policy of these borough-mongering sinecurists—they deify Wealth—they despise Wisdom—like the mechanic—whose eyes turns hastily from the hill of Howth, from the harbour of Dunleary, and rests in delighted repose on the tin tube—the whirling wheels, and all the mean and miserable machinery of the steam-boat!

“Better, far better were the slavery of the African, than the boasted birthright of the Briton—What though he toils beneath a torrid Sun—what though he shrinks under the scourge of the taskmaster, what though for ages he has vainly waited for the Avatar of that spirit, whose fiat shall burst the fetters of his political thralldom—what though the chains of a tyrant gall his dusky arms, can the pangs of bodily torture rival in intensity the agonies of mind?—Our slavery is the slavery of the soul!—Our chains are the chains of the heart! Listen not to the schemes of these black and bloated Vampires, that rise from the vaults of Corruption and Rottenness, to feast upon

the heart and the hopes, upon the blessings and the blood of their country!—years have glided by—generations have passed away—even centuries—those vast segments of the circle of time, have waned and wasted—Literature hath advanced—Poetry hath extended her reign—Eloquence is the attribute of universal man—Science hath spread her conquests from the University to the Universe;—with the presumption of Prometheus we have called down fire from heaven—with the wing of Dædalus we have traversed the ambient oceans of air—but is the happiness of social man extended? Have we improved in the art of Legislation?—Those questions you have heard admirably answered by my honourable Friend, to whose eloquent expositions you have listened with such deep delight [*hear! hear!*] let it be my task to point out less observable evils—look to the University of Ireland! She weeps for her children, and will not be comforted for they are not.—The voice of the ‘HISTORICAL SOCIETY’ is silent—dust hath defiled the volumes that record the glorious and gigantic march of Genius—the bookworm hath battered on the treasures of thought—the triumphs and the trophies of Literature—Solitude sits in the chambers, where Age gazed in mute admiration, while Youth hastened to decide—where Wisdom watched with wonder the wild and wanton wing of Eloquence, as it rose, in unimaginable flight, above the callous and calculating ken of minds, corrupted by the cold contagions of self-vaunting Pride,—clouded by coarse communion with self-sufficient prejudice. (*Hear! hear!*) Pass where the hurricane hath past!—visit the vale which the earthquake hath visited!—where the bank bloomed with beauty, where the flower flourished, where the river rolled and reflected the lovely and luxuriant landscape, where the wild bird chaunted his carols of thoughtless praise—behold the rifted rock—rugged and ragged—black with lightning and barren of vegetation—behold the putrid and offensive spots, poisoned and polluted by pestilential pools, where the liquid loveliness, that now lingers in loathsome stagnation, once cheered and charmed the sense of musing meditation. Such is that theatre of thought!—such that circus of competition!—that focus of fancy, to which all the rays of genius converged, in which all the gleams of poetry and all the glow of oratory, the impassioned emphasis—the articulate alliteration—were collected and concentrated. Oh I could dwell on the radiant retrospect for a measureless eternity! I could console myself for the contemptuous contumely of the critic, by reverting to those days—of rapture, which dullness could not depress!—of reputation, which awoke the envy of no enemy! These, my friends, are the rich recollections, that shed a long line of lustre on the lawn of life—these are the charming associations, that cherished in childhood, mingle with the memory of man

+ Yours & wife's M. D. P. P.

—that make the heart a habitation of delightful images—a spirit that raises the soul above the clouds and cares of sublunary scenery, a pillar of glory, whose pedestal is earth, whose pinnacle is eternity.—[*Bursts of unsophisticated admiration.*]

We earnestly entreat Mr Phillips to come to Edinburgh, and dine here as he has dined at Liverpool and in Dublin. The inhabitants of this town can have no peace till they give him a dinner—and a dinner he must have, that is certain. We are requested by Mr Young, the celebrated *traiteur* of the Dilettanti Society, to join his entreaties to ours, that Mr Phillips will accept of a public dinner in Free-Mason's Hall—(bottoms limited to 100), and we understand that nothing but an amiable modesty prevents the man-ciple of Mr Scott's new academical and legal institution, from joining his name to our petition. If Mr Phillips would allow the dinner to be eat on his birthday, the inhabitants of Edinburgh would consider the honour still higher—and if that gentleman would think it a farther inducement to attend, the strictest care shall be taken that nobody is allowed to make speeches after dinner but himself.

“Come then—ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses on our plains descend.”

The Printer's Devil has just hinted to us, that this is not a Speech of Mr Phillips' at all—and that we have been imposed upon. If so, we beg Mr Phillips' pardon for our stupidity, and return thanks to the author of the Speech, whoever he is, for the amusement he has afforded us.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION AT EDINBURGH.

SOME years ago, a sharp dispute arose between the wise men of the north and the wise men of the south, on the respective merits of their Universities. A good deal of nonsense was uttered by both parties, though not more than is usual on occasions when people will talk of what they do not understand. A Scotch Professor is proud of many things, and of none more than his ignorance of the English system of education. An English Professor is also proud of many things; and if ignorance be bliss, he must be happy

whenever he thinks of Scotland. No permanent interest could be felt in such blundering debates; and the impression generally made by them on the minds of the impartial was, that however excellent might be the systems prevalent in the Universities of Oxford and Edinburgh, the great men in both were exceedingly apt to expose themselves, and, in the midst of extreme liberality and love of truth, to exhibit much woful ignorance and many deplorable prejudices. The good people of Scotland are as much in the dark about the English Universities, as if they were establishments in Siberia; and the knowledge which Englishmen have of ours amounts to no more than this, that the Professors are all Presbyterians, and that the students are sad graceless dogs, who do nothing but devour the fatal pages of David Hume and Adam Smith.

A man has at last arisen to combine the advantages of the two systems; and the name of WILLIAM SCOTT will be inscribed in letters of gold among those of the benefactors of his species.

The University of Edinburgh is, to be allowed to stand where it now stands; the Professors to lecture where they now lecture. But an English University is to rise up under its shadow, and fresh Professors are at night to succeed those worn out by day; so that the sluices of knowledge are to be opened by sunrise, and shut long after sunset. Such a system of irrigation cannot fail to cover the whole intellectual land with one flush of verdure.

The original mind of WILLIAM SCOTT has discovered this great truth, which lies at the bottom of his system, that the students at the University of Edinburgh forget in the evening every thing they hear in the morning; and to remove this evil, which obviously stands in the way of the progress of all national improvement, he proposes to found his Academical Institution.

The original mind of WILLIAM SCOTT had discovered, that when young men go to an University, they know not what to study, but are like so many puppies in a pantry, at a loss on which dish to begin. It is a chief object, therefore, of the Academical Institution, to “advise them as to the lectures of the University.” Thus says this truly great discoverer: “Students in law will be advised to pass five years in this or some other University (this is

by no means fair), before they are called to the bar; and they will be advised as to the lectures of the University and the courts of justice they should attend in each year." The same advice is to be given to students of medicine.

The original mind of WILLIAM SCOTT has discovered, that the students attending the University of Edinburgh ought to undergo examinations on the daily lectures they hear there. He and his brother Professors, therefore, will examine the members of the Academical Institution on the lectures delivered in the University. To do this rationally, it will not be amiss for the Principal and Professors of the Academical Institution to become students in the University, which will have a very pleasing effect on their character as teachers, and probably brush up any of their knowledge that may have become a little rusty.

The original mind of WILLIAM SCOTT has discovered, that too little attention is paid in this University to the Veterinary Art; and accordingly an accomplished horse-doctor from London, with a regular diploma in his pocket from the Veterinary College there, is to be brought down to the assistance of the gentleman who, from eight to nine o'clock on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, is to lecture on the study of Chemistry. Our friend the horse-doctor is described pithily as "an experienced man, who has attended the classes of Dr Gregory, Dr Murray, and Dr Barclay." This gentleman's lectures we shall ourselves attend.

The original mind of WILLIAM SCOTT has discovered, that medical students should have a "proper and classical knowledge of the Latin language." To secure this, a member of the University of Oxford is to read aloud to them, twice a-week, Dr Gregory's "Conspectus," and compare its doctrines, in English, with those of Celsus and Heberden. By this means it is obvious that Latin will become as familiar to them as their mother-tongue, and that they will speak it with greater purity than those less fortunate scholars who may have been corrupted by the patavinity of Livy. There is also a happy boldness in rescuing from oblivion Dr Gregory's work, which, though worthy of the first Latin scholar in Britain, had, it

would seem, been seldom seen lately in the windows of our medical book-shops.

The original mind of WILLIAM SCOTT has discovered, that good fat feeding is a principal object in the English Universities, and likely to be congenial with the tastes, though perhaps hitherto foreign to the habits, of the students of his Academical Institution. Accordingly, "each student will have access at all times to the common-room, in which he will order his meals at the hours most convenient to himself, and at his own expense, from the kitchen of the Institution." This is an improvement, too, on the English system. There, a fixed hour for dinner brings all the students of a college into the hall at once, so that no one can eat his dinner in peace. But here, a hungry disciple of the horse-doctor may steal into a corner, and devour his meal with all the solitary enjoyment of Solomon himself. A dinner in the common-room of the Academical Institution will be like a country-dance in the George-street Assembly Rooms. As one couple retires, another will succeed to the sport; and there will be a ceaseless succession of down the middle, hands across, cast-off corners, and reel. No species of knowledge sits well on an empty stomach; and we have only to hope and trust that a manciple and a cook will be found, in every way qualified for the responsible situation in which they will find themselves placed.

The original mind of WILLIAM SCOTT has discovered, that, for the present, no place is so well adapted for the manifold but consistent purposes, moral, intellectual, and physical, of his Academical Institution, as Freemasons' Hall. That hall, dedicated to St Cecilia, is consecrated to the fine arts; and Music, we find, is to be lectured on (and, we presume, some good songs given by Mr Scott and the other Professors) for one hour every day. This hour is from three to four, when we ourselves always intend to dine; for nothing goes down so well with beef and greens as music, either vocal or instrumental. In Freemasons' Hall, too, much noble eloquence has ere now been heard, from masters and from grand-masters; for sure we are, that

"Graios dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui."

There too were held the meetings of the Forum, that school of oratory, where Jemmy Thomson, the bard of Kinkleith, first "rolled his moral thunders o'er the soul," and where we recollect to have heard the "wee sicket minister" make his first great appearances.

Such is an imperfect outline of the plan of William Scott's Academical Institution, from which the most important effects may be anticipated on the national character of the Scottish people. Should we have fallen into any mistakes, we hope to have them corrected by Mr Scott himself, whom we should be happy to reckon among our correspondents.

We have not heard where the range of buildings is to be erected. We would recommend that part of the Mound generally set apart for the exhibition of wild beasts. The situation, we have understood from Mr Polito, is exceedingly healthy, only two apes and one bear having ever suffered any serious sickness during their stay there—a sickness which was entirely occasioned by the remissness of the manciple. Should this site, however, seem too much exposed, a very sheltered one may be found under the North Bridge, in all respects convenient for the principal purposes of the Institution, and where the records may be deposited.

We are proud to find that our opinion of this great national Institution is sanctioned by the highest authorities. Of these, the most decided is that of my Lord Erskine, contained in the following letter to the founder of the Institution. Our readers will not fail to admire the delicacy with which his Lordship compresses into a postscript the only information which Mr Scott was desirous of obtaining, and the narrow escape which the letter has run of being written entirely about the Ex-Lord Chancellor of England.

"Dear Scott,

"You must no doubt have been much surprised at receiving no answer to your most kind and friendly letter, independently of the subject of it, which entitled it to great consideration even from a stranger. The truth is, that though it is dated the 18th of August, I never saw it till this moment when I am writing to you; having found it by accident amongst a bundle of papers which had been sent from London when I was not here, and put aside as having been read.

"I agree with Mr John Clerk, who is a great authority wherever he is known, and he is well known here, that the comparison you propose between the laws of England and of my native country must be obviously useful to both; and I cannot doubt your qualifications to render it eminently so, from your education, ability, and knowledge, and your indefatigable attention to every thing you undertake.

"The authenticity of the speeches you so partially allude to in your letter, you will soon be one of the few judges of yourself; as those who heard them are every day falling into the grave, where I myself, before it is long, must follow them. They were collected together, and their publication suggested, by my excellent friend Robert Fergusson, who is now receiving the just recompence of his talents in India, not through favour, but by the independent exertion of them.

"It has given me great satisfaction to find that all the five volumes have been republished in the United States, and that they are in the hands of most of the Professors and Students of Law in the different States of that Union, which I pray God may be as immortal as Washington.

"My reason for this satisfaction is, because, *without any merit of mine*, the occasion of many of the speeches ought never to be forgotten in countries that are free, and whose inhabitants resolve to continue so. Believe me to be,

Dear Scott,

Yours very sincerely,
ERSKINE.

William Scott, Esquire.

*Buchan Hill, near Crawley, Sussex,
September 15, 1818.*

"P. S. I approve also of the whole of the Prospectus which I received with your letter."

We have only to add, in the words of Mr Scott, that "the plan of this Institution will be considerably extended, if it shall be found useful, *the intention being to follow out the noble scheme recommended by Milton in his Tractate on Education;*" and that the Prospectus, with letters from Dr Barclay, Mr John Clerk, and Sir Samuel Romilly, may be had of Mr Laing, opposite the College. We have not heard how the lectures are going off; but we can speak highly of the dinners, the expense of which, with a tolerable dose of whisky toddy, is restricted to half-a-crown. Some students have, we hear, been detected in drinking the whole sum; but expulsion being threatened, which would probably have the effect of preventing

them from entering any other institution of the sort, it is confidently hoped that there will be no recurrence of such enormities. We went to the first dinner ourselves incog. having ventured only to lay aside the veil. Not a soul suspected us of being Editor; and there seemed to be a very general wish entertained at table, that we should accept of the Professorship of Hebrew—to which, however, we give up all claim, as we understand it is to be bestowed on the author of the Chaldee MS.

REMARKS ON GENERAL GOURGAUD'S
ACCOUNT OF THE CAMPAIGN OF
1815.*

DEAN SWIFT somewhere tells us of a characteristic piece of national vanity played off by Marechal Villars, when about to hold a personal interview with Marlborough or Prince Eugene. The general of the allies attended at the place and hour appointed, but not so the Frenchman. The arrival of this dignitary was preceded by that of two or three small bodies of cavaliers belonging to his suite, each of which arrived successively upon the spur, shouting as they came, *Monseigneur vient, Monseigneur vient*. And it was only after the expectations of the English had been alternately excited and disappointed by several parties of these noisy heralds, with considerable intervals of time betwixt the arrival of each, that their eyes were at length gratified by the appearance of the great man himself.

Our late communications with the island of St Helena have shewn, that this political mode of keeping up expectation is not altogether out of fa-

shion with the French nation. We have been led repeatedly to expect some great and authentic communication from the pen of Bonaparte himself, upon the historical events with which his name is connected; but the various publications which have as yet appeared, must be considered as the estafettes, trumpets, and avant-couriers, who succeed each other in order to keep our attention fixed on a quarter from which it might be otherwise diverted, and to announce to us the important intelligence, *Monseigneur vient*.

There is another mode of considering the successive communications which we receive from this island, in the various shapes of remonstrances, manuscript memoirs, and so forth, which, though less respectful than we could desire, may serve also to shew the purpose of those preliminary effusions—these light skirmishers, sent forth to precede the authentic publication which we are to expect from the Ex-Emperor himself. At Astley's, or any other entertainment where tumbling and similar feats of dexterity are a part of the show, the trick to be exhibited is repeated by several of the inferior members of the troop in succession, and it is not until the talents of his subalterns have been duly displayed, that the Great Devil himself comes forth to delight the astonished spectators, by performing the very same feat with still higher grace, strength, and agility.

To speak without a metaphor, Bonaparte and his numerous partizans have evidently had recourse to the various brochures and memoirs of a demi-official character, which have appeared from time to time, less with any hope of making a serious impression on the public mind, by the various misrepresentations which they contain, than with that of keeping the attention of Europe fixed on the present condition of her late powerful oppressor, in hopes that the spectacle of his present restraint may obliterate the recollection of his former tyranny.

For our own part, we cannot feel that this end has been attained by any of the publications to which we have alluded. The most deplorable, certainly, was the account given by his ex-marmiton, of the buttery and cellar at Longwood,—the comfort of an Emperor's breakfast rendered precarious, and made to depend on his

* La Campagne de 1815, ou Relation des Opérations Militaires qui ont lieu en France et en Belgique, pendant les cent jours; écrite à Ste Hélène, par le Général Gourgaud. Ornée d'une Carte du principal Théâtre de la Guerre. London, Ridgway, 1818.

“ Tout ce que peut faire un grand homme d'état et un grand capitaine, Annibal le fit pour sauver la patrie: n'ayant pu porter Scipion à la paix, il donna une bataille où la fortune sembla prendre plaisir à confondre son habileté, son expérience, et son bon sens. Carthage reçut la paix, non d'un ennemi, mais d'un maître.”

MONTESQUIEU.

cook being able to shoot a wild pigeon—the limited allowance of wine—and the plague of rats, unmatched, save in the interlude of Whittington and his Cat, where a brother Emperor of Monomotopa joins with his vizier and courtiers in the melancholy chorus,—

“We nor breakfast, dine, nor sup;
Ratties come and eat all up.

Chinka chinka ching, &c.”

We do not wish to insult fallen greatness, even when the fall is deserved; but if men will forge idle and unworthy tales of hardships which do not exist, they must submit to the ridicule which attends detected falsehoods of a character so pitiful.

The *Manuscrit de Sainte Helene* was of a grander character. The cook, faithful to his mystery, talked of culinary affairs chiefly; but the author of the Manuscript dealt in high matters, and professed, as in the person of the Ex-Emperor himself, to explain the guiding principles upon which he had acted in the plenitude of his power. The character of his cloudy, ambiguous, and oracular eloquence, was so well imitated in this singular prolusion, that it is said the late Madame de Staël exclaimed; after perusing it, that either there were two Napoleons, or the book was composed by that very Napoleon Bonaparte, with whose style and turn of thinking she had long been familiar. And yet the slightest attention to facts, and to the date of these facts, served to satisfy every one, that the Manuscript was either an entire forgery, or one of those experiments upon public credulity which it was judged convenient to make, in order to ascertain what degree of imposition the European public was like to endure. As there is good reason to believe that the Manuscript actually came from Saint Helena, it is probable that the latter was the object in view. If so, the deception was too gross; for what faith could be placed in a narrative imputed to Napoleon, which placed the battle of Jena after those of Prussich-Eylau and Friedland? Thus misplacing, in point of time, Bonaparte's two most important campaigns.

The present *Teutamen* (for we still regard these publications as experimental) bears a graver and more authentic character than the former. The name of a well-known individual, General Gourgaud—the same whose oft-repeated eulogium upon his own

sabre and his own feats of war wore out the patience even of Mr Warden—is in some sort a guarantee against the very gross impositions of the *Manuscrit de Sainte Helene*. Such, accordingly, are not attempted; and the work, as we have heard, has been recognised by a distinguished officer now in this country, formerly in the service of Napoleon, as furnishing, so far as the details relating to the French army are concerned, a very accurate account of what it professes to treat of.

The preface declares, that the book is composed in consequence of communications from Bonaparte personally; and on our own part, we must acknowledge our conviction, that the whole of this pamphlet has undergone his revision, and received his *imprimatur*. We do not found this opinion on the style, which is clear and distinct, and in no respect resembles the inflated and ambiguous diction in which the Ex-Emperor delighted, and which Madame de Staël thought she recognised in the *Manuscrit de Sainte Helene*. If we are to believe that any part of these pages proceeded directly from the once imperial pen, we must suppose exile and misfortune have had the effect which Horace ascribes to them in similar cases.

“Telephus et Peleus, quum pauper et exul
uterque,

Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.”*

Of contorted imitations of Tacitus, we find nothing in these memoranda, and as little of the Ossianic bombast. The resemblance of the “Relation” to a bulletin of Bonaparte, consists not in the style, but in the substance. The report of the piece is not attended with the usual noise or smoke—the gunpowder is of a different manufacture—but the bullet is of the same metal and calibre. There were several leading traits in the details which Bonaparte published, whether of victory or defeat, and they may be all distinctly traced in the present publication.

It will, in the first place, be observed, that the Ex-emperor dealt much in what may be called the *Chiaro-oscuro* of narration. Such truths as he thought fit to communicate, no one could tell with more distinct accuracy. Nay, he often dwelt with fastidious minuteness upon a favourite topic, as

* When Peleus, Telephus, as exiles roam,
Each leaves high style and ten-tail'd words
at home.

if to compensate for the gaps and imperfections in other parts of his narration, on which he felt it less agreeable, or deemed it less politic, to be explicit, or even intelligible. This mode of writing can be traced in all his bulletins, but has been so admirably exposed by Sir Robert Wilson, in his account of the Russian campaign, as to make it unnecessary for us to enlarge upon it. It was a system of strong lights and deep shadows, in which particular incidents were brilliantly illustrated, and exaggerated, while other points, equally essential to completing the narration, were passed over in total silence, or touched in language so ambiguous and so brief, as to be totally unintelligible. It is said by Hume, that Cromwell's speeches, if collected, would make the most nonsensical book ever written; and it may be added, that Bonaparte's bulletins would make the most unintelligible history—not surely but what Cromwell could have spoken sense, and did so when it suited his purpose, as Bonaparte could describe clearly, truly, and concisely, upon similar occasions. But to bewilder, or, in the French phrase, to *mistify* the attentive world, was so often the object of both these remarkable men, that it seems to have become a habit, or perhaps an amusement, even when it was not a point of state policy.

It was a natural consequence of the mode of writing, perhaps of thinking, which he had adopted, that Bonaparte carefully excluded from his official reports any thing resembling that generous praise which the valour of an adversary, whether vanquished or victorious, so frequently extorts from the liberality of a manly enemy. He was so far from experiencing this liberal and heroic movement, that through the whole of his campaigns, you can distinguish which of the opposite Generals gave him most trouble by the slights, reproaches, and insults thrown upon him in the French official accounts, which were always either drawn up or carefully corrected by the Emperor himself. In the campaign of 1814, for example, when Bonaparte found his plans thwarted by the activity and pertinacity of Blücher, passages of his bulletins were so regularly dedicated to depreciate the military talents of the Prussian veteran, that we, in England, began to discover when (to use a vulgar phrase) the

shoe pinched, and were prepared to expect good news by our own despatches, from the peevish humour evinced in those of the enemy.

In this particular, General Gourgaud is true to the model of his commander, and from one end of the book to the other, never gives you to understand that the French army, during the campaign of 1815, had to engage with an enemy of common valour, far less that Napoleon encountered, during that memorable period, a general of ordinary talents. This feature, in Bonaparte's character, corresponded with the petty, vindictive, and splenetic temper which he manifested towards individuals, whom, for shame, if not generosity, he ought to have favoured; and both, as they have lowered him in the estimation of the present generation, will, notwithstanding his high achievements, prevent his hereafter taking rank among the great of past ages. He will long be distinguished as one of the few individuals who have done great actions without thinking, feeling, or acting with dignity or magnanimity.

It is in conformity with this petty mode of feeling and writing, that each word is studiously eradicated from General Gourgaud's narrative, tending to imply, even by inference, that either military talent, skill, valour, or virtue, were exerted, unless on the side of the French. We have looked carefully for some slight intimation—not of acknowledged merit, that were too much to expect—but of something like acquiescence in the ordinary received opinions concerning the talents of Wellington, and the character of his army—and we have looked in vain. We did not expect that either General Gourgaud or General Bonaparte would have spoken of their enemy with the proud and high-spirited candour of the barbarian, who, in the height of his revengeful fury, forgets not that to do less than justice to his conqueror was to degrade himself—

Great let me call him—for he conquered
me—

But there is a pitch of feeling, or rather of *tact*, far short of the generosity of Zanga, which might have taught either of these persons, that he who shuns to acknowledge merit, generally and universally known, and still more, he who endeavours by all modes, however indirect,

to degrade and undervalue the character of those whose actions have spoken for themselves, imitates but the spleen of the idiot who spits against the wind, and the disgusting marks of whose malice are returned on his own visage.

Such must be the feeling of every reader, when he reads the petty insinuations by which Gourgaud or his master attempts to undermine the fame of Wellington. Several of these we shall notice in the subsequent part of this review; but it would be difficult for us to keep a moment's silence upon the wonderful discovery that it was to the errors, not to the skill, of Wellington, that Napoleon owed his defeat. "According to the generally received rules of war," we are informed, "that the choice of the field of battle at Waterloo, in front of a forest, and of a great town, after Blücher had been defeated, was a circumstance which might have had the most fatal results for the English army and the whole coalition." He ought, it seems, to have fallen back, and effected a junction with Blücher a day's march to the rear of Waterloo (where, by the way, there is not the semblance of a position), and he would thus have concentrated his forces with those of Prussia. Even then, it seems the opinion of General Gourgaud, that the British and Prussian Generals should have avoided an action until the Russians and Austrians were upon the Meuse. That Wellington thought, and found himself competent, to destroy Bonaparte's army instead of ruining away from it, was, it seems, "a blundering into success," according to the phrase applied to the present ministry; and if he triumphed over Napoleon, it was only as Yorick triumphed over Eugenius—like a fool. The Duke, it seems, won the game, precisely because he did not know how to play it; and Bonaparte lost it as a great fencer may be foiled by the raven-boned clown who beats down his guard by brute force. Comfortable reflections these for an Ex-Imperial General to add zest to his segar or cup of coffee—and much good may they do those who can swallow them.

Much is, of course, said of the extreme bravery of the French soldiers—not a word of the steadiness of those by whom it was opposed, foiled, and rendered nugatory.

On this point we cannot help sus-

pecting there have been elisions in the manuscript, and that the vindictive Italian may have struck out branches of some sentences which the better taste of the vain-glorious but polite Frenchman had inserted. Here, for example, is a passage which seems truncated and mutilated. General Gourgaud, in estimating the comparative strength of the army under Bonaparte, and that under Wellington, says, that the former was inferior in number (a point we shall examine hereafter), but superior in the quality of troops, *Les soldats Belges et Allemands ne valaient pas les soldats Français*. It would, we conceive, have been natural to complete the parallel with some phrase equivalent to "whatever might be thought of the British." But on this point the General does not hazard an opinion, unless by the following sweeping conclusion deduced from the incidents of the campaign. P. 106—"Never have the French troops more perfectly shown their superiority over all the troops in Europe, than during this short campaign, where they have been so constantly outnumbered." Over ALL the troops of Europe!! But be it so; if their pretended superiority be always demonstrated in the same manner, we cheerfully make them welcome to every Te Deum which they may chant upon similar occasions.

It is necessary in military narratives, as well as elsewhere, that causes should be assigned for events; and as it was the rule of Bonaparte neither to allow talent in the generals by whom he was defeated, or valour in their troops, or the possibility of error in his own plans, the occasion of his misfortune was to be imputed to some other cause. It was his custom to divide this inevitable load of censure between his generals and the blind goddess Fortune; and his bulletins afford many instances in which both are overloaded by the proportion allotted to them.

In the campaign of 1814, indisputably that in which Bonaparte displayed greatest talent as a general, he was often obliged to assign to his marshals the discharge of points of duty for which he could only appropriate very disproportioned forces; being under the constant necessity of keeping under his own immediate command the most effective

part of his army, for the execution of the masterly military manœuvres by which he so long retarded his fall. It was a necessary consequence, that the generals to whom the subordinate departments of the campaign were assigned, were often baffled or overpowered by the superior forces to which they were opposed. On such unwilling failures the ruthless bulletin had no mercy; nor did the remembrance of past services, or the pressure of circumstances, or the inadequacy of the means committed to them, alleviate the censure of the Emperor. It was this circumstance which greatly alienated the affections of his principal generals, who thought they perceived in it an attempt to save his own reputation at the expense of theirs, and to assume the principal merit of success, while he loaded them with all the disgrace attaching itself to failure. This propensity to throw blame upon the subordinate agents of Bonaparte's will, and executors of his orders, pervades every page of Gourgaud's Relation, of which the following instances will satisfy the reader.

It is remarked, p. 57, that although the French soldiery shewed, in the campaign of 1815, the same confidence and bravery which they had so often displayed during their most brilliant actions, several of the generals, even Ney himself, were no longer the same men. "They had no longer that energy and brilliant audacity which they had so often displayed upon other occasions, and which had so much share in achieving great victories." They were become timid and circumspect in their operations, and their personal bravery was the only kind of courage which remained to them. They seemed contending who should commit himself the least."

We have little doubt that this may have been the case—that the ignorant soldiery, confiding on the stars, the fortunes, and the name of the Emperor, were animated to their usual pitch of enthusiasm; while the generals, who measured with a more experienced eye the comparative strength and skill by which Bonaparte was now opposed, should have executed his orders with less confidence of a favourable result than in his former enterprises. The tactics of Bonaparte resembled, in some degree, the perilous nostrum of some dashing em-

piric. At first it works wonders which are attested in every newspaper; when it has been some time in use, unfavourable cases occur; and when five or six people have died of the prescription, the patients, as Dr Last himself was obliged to complain, become timorous and unwilling to take the doses. Moscow, and Leipsic, and Montmartre—Busaco, Salamanca, Vittoria, and many other dispiriting recollections, sate heavy on the souls of the generals who had witnessed those fatal scenes; and while the recollection seems neither to have deprived them of the skill or inclination to discharge their duty, it probably made them anxious, in so dangerous a game, to abide by his instructions, on whose account they played it, and to whom the great stake belonged. Nor must it escape us, that the French generals were well aware at what risk they were to display the brilliant audacity and enterprise which these reflections appear to have demanded from them, and how heavy a responsibility was imposed upon them in case of their zeal leading them too far beyond the strict letter of their orders. And we will hereafter see, that Ney, who is chiefly censured as having lost the energy of his early days, is afterwards blamed still more severely for having of his own motion occasioned the loss of the battle of Waterloo, by precipitating an attack of cavalry.

Besides this sweeping charge, that the French Generals under Bonaparte did not in this campaign do their utmost to enforce and carry through his plans, distinct errors are imputed to one or two of them by name. Upon the 15th July, Vandamme, it is said, arrived at Charleroi four hours later than he ought to have done, which is described as "*un funeste contretemps*."—Again, upon the juncture of the corps of Vandamme with that of Grouchy at Gilly, it is stated, that these generals, deceived by false intelligence, remained stationary, instead of attacking a small part of the Prussian army under Zeithen, which they had mistaken for Blücher's main body. And Grouchy is elsewhere censured (with more apparent reason), for not moving to his left, and placing himself in communication with Bonaparte, instead of remaining with his division at Wavre during the whole of the 18th. This

is a subject which we afterwards propose to enter upon more specifically.

These, and other charges against Vandamme and Grouchy, are made with moderation, and under qualifying circumstances of excuse and of commendation. Upon two individuals, the unmitigated censure of Gourgaud, and as we suppose, of Bonaparte, descends in full stream. These are, Joachim Murat and Michael Ney. By a singular coincidence they are both *no more*—the safer subjects, therefore, to be converted into convenient scapegoats. The dead can neither vindicate themselves, nor retort upon others; and the blame which, if imputed to *them*, Grouchy or Vandamme might have flung back in the face of their censor, may be securely piled on the bloody graves of Ney and of Murat.

Of Murat, it is said in a note, p. 20, that the bad politics of that unhappy prince had the chief share in the first and second overthrow of Napoleon. "If, in 1814, he had not abandoned the cause of France for that of Austria, France would not have been invaded. And if, in 1815, he had not declared war against Austria, France would not probably have a second time undergone foreign subjugation. The Emperor of Austria, seeing his son-in-law again seated upon the throne of France, seemed disposed to enter into a treaty with him, when, upon the attack of Murat, which, he imagined, was the result of a plan concerted with Napoleon, he broke off the negotiation, observing, "How is it possible that I can treat with Napoleon, while he is causing me to be attacked in Italy by Murat." Unfortunate Murat, whose opposition or co-operation was equally fatal to thy brother-in-law! Since thy namesake, Murat the Unlucky, there was never, it seems, a more devoted victim to misfortune. Yet if a voice could have been heard to reply from the low and nameless tomb on the shores of Calabria, it might have pleaded, that if the Neapolitan forces could have executed a diversion formidable enough to have prevented the invasion of France in 1814, there seems no reason why they should have been less formidable in 1815—it might have told the subject of that continued, though concealed correspondence betwixt Elba and Naples, which preceded the landing of Bonaparte, and the expedition of Mu-

rat.—It might have mentioned where, and in whose presence, the busts of these two illustrious adventurers were crowned with laurel, as hopeful associates in the same joint adventure. It might—But our present concern is with military events, and not with politics,—with Ney, rather than with Murat.

It is the unfortunate Ney to whom the fatal errors of the action at Quatre Bras are ascribed, with the necessary inference, that had he conducted himself as he ought to have done, that battle must have been won, and the defeat of Waterloo prevented. The general censure of this unfortunate soldier, once termed by Bonaparte the bravest of the brave, occurs in more than one passage of the relation.

"It seemed that the recollection of his (Ney's) conduct in 1814, and afterwards in March 1815, had occasioned a total confusion of mind, (*bouleversement moral*) which affected all his actions. Besides, the Marechal, in actual combat the bravest of the brave, frequently was deceived in the operations of the campaign."—p. 41, *Note*. In another passage, the same imputation is again cast on the memory of this unhappy man. "Marechal Ney, perhaps in consequence of his moral situation, had fallen into an aberration of mind, from which he only recovered in the midst of the fire, when natural and constitutional bravery surmounted those feelings, and restored him the use of his faculties. One of the faults with which the Emperor reproaches himself, is the having employed that Marechal, or at least having given him so important a command."—p. 95.

We will hardly be suspected of paying much respect to the memory of Ney: But

Suum cuique is our Roman justice.

While he lived, he was undeniably the bravest soldier and generally accounted the best general of the French service for the *petite guerre*, in which cavalry and light infantry are employed. In his death he paid the debt of his treason; and nothing can be now more disgusting than the hypocritical malignity which assigns to him an alienation of mind, and gravely imputes it to remorse occasioned by those very crimes in which Bonaparte and his minions had involved him. It is true that Ney was accessible to the

weakness of remorse, that the recollection of his traitorous defection at Lons-le-saulnier haunted him, and that he appeared, and was in reality, less completely won over to Bonaparte's cause and measures than others in his situation. It is perhaps such recollections, with those relating to the part which Ney played in the Senate, after the defeat of Waterloo, where he tore the veil from the specious picture of the French resources, with which Carnot endeavoured to impose on that assembly—it is perhaps such remembrances which dwell in Bonaparte's memory, and lead him to trample on the memory of the man who had

“Put rancours in the vessel of his peace,
Only for *him*; and his eternal jewel,
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make *him* king.”—

But although Ney had the weakness, such General Gourgaud and General Gourgaud's master may consider it, to be but half villain; and although, in his retirement at his estate of Coudreaux, his inequality of temper betrayed his internal remorse, it is certain all around him remarked, that after he joined the army of Bonaparte (which was on the 11th June, at Lisle), the joy of finding himself among the troops which he had so often commanded, and the clang of arms to which his ear was so well accustomed, served to silence the feelings by which he had been agitated since his defection, and restored to him that energy of mind which was proper to his character.

Had it been otherwise than we have stated—had that moral aberration, that confusion of ideas, that propensity to blunder even in the field of battle, now imputed to Ney, really displayed themselves—is it possible a mental disease whose symptoms are particularly visible should have escaped the eye of such a keen observer as Bonaparte? Is he likely to have assigned to a hypochondriac, sinking under a sense of dishonour and remorse, the command of his army at Quatre Bras? Would it have been rational for any commander-in-chief—would it have been consistent with the character of Bonaparte in particular—to have sent to such an one a message on the morning of the 16th, by Forbin-Janson, to assure him that the “fate of France was in his hands?” Or, if Ney gave the first marks of this moral aberration during the bat-

tle of Quatre Bras, and committed in that action the enormous blunders attributed to him by Gourgaud, would Bonaparte have employed his services as leader of the vanguard which was to press Wellington's retreat on the 17th, and, finally, have assigned him the most important part in the concluding tragedy of the 18th, at Waterloo? The repeated acts of undoubting and most vital confidence reposed by Bonaparte in Ney are sufficient to confute the tale of pretended imbecility now charged against him; unless, indeed, we should suppose the Ex-Emperor had adopted the policy of an old friend of ours—a man of business, as they are termed in Scotland—who put his own affairs, and those of his clients, under the charge of a mad clerk, merely because he found that the poor man's derangement formed a ready apology when any thing went wrong.

We hold it of considerable importance to us to establish this point; because, if Ney shall be found to stand, in the law phrase, *rectus in curia*, we have a title to adduce him as a witness in the cause, and to shew, by his evidence, that Gourgaud or Bonaparte is now loading his memory with faults, which the testimony of the Marechal, while alive, charged upon Napoleon himself.

We have still to remark another peculiarity of Bonaparte's military narratives, which we recognise in Gourgaud's Relation. As, in telling his own story, he was neither prone to acknowledge talents or bravery in his enemies, nor occasional errors or deficiencies in himself, as all his own schemes were held up as shewing the quintessence of military science, while the efforts of his opponents, even when most successful, were said to exhibit the blunders of ignorant novices in the art of war, there was often a load of blame to be laid somewhere, more than the shoulders of his subordinate generals could possibly bear. In such emergency, the Spoiled Child of Fortune did not (as we have already hinted) hesitate to impute the greater share of his misadventures to some freakish humour of that Deity who had once so highly favoured him. Circumstances of mere chance, the most unlikely and the most improbable, were gravely stated as having impeded the success of his wisest mea-

sures. No reader can have forgotten the ill-imagined incident of the blowing up the bridge at Leipsic, owing to the unhappy precipitation of the corporal of engineers, who lighted the fatal match, not having observed that only half the French army had crossed it. To complete, therefore, the accordance of skill and incident betwixt Gourgaud's narrative and an imperial bulletin, the relation ought to present us with some specious miracle, which (reversing the dramatic rule) should be introduced, not to rescue the Hero of the tale, but to account for his not being able to rescue himself. We hope to be equally successful in tracing this strong point of similarity, as we have been in making good the others. It is true, we can point out no incident so bold in the outline, and so highly coloured, as the story of the corporal and the bridge. But if the reader can be satisfied with the march and counter-march of a division of twenty thousand men, performed without orders from any human being—or if he can be amused with cries of treason and mutiny, which, though sufficient to check an army in its career of victory, were heard by no ears save those of Gourgaud and Bonaparte, his taste for the marvellous shall be so far gratified.

For the present, suffice it to say, that we consider this Relation as being drawn up under Bonaparte's eye and direction, and as containing what he desires should be received as the authentic narration of this important campaign. It may serve him in double point of view. For either its falsehoods being discerned and confuted, he may learn to what tone they ought to be modified in his avowed Memoirs; or else he may hope, that, by again and again repeating the same tale, he may at length impress it upon that numerous class of readers, to whom the reiteration of the same story forms at length a proof of its credibility.

These preliminary observations have been offered, to prove its general resemblance to the similar details which he sent forth respecting the disasters of Moscow and Leipsic, and the campaign of 1814. In our next Number, some pages will be employed in winnowing the particulars which the Relation lays before us, in pointing out such as throw light upon incidents hitherto incompletely explained, and in contrasting

those which seem to be fictitious, with the intelligence derived from other sources.

We cannot part with General Gourgaud without noticing his preface, the first sentence of which asserts the fact which we have endeavoured to corroborate.

“L'empereur Napoléon ayant daigné me faire connaître son opinion sur les principales opérations de la Campagne de 1815; je profitai de cette circonstance favorable, et des souvenirs de la grande catastrophe dont j'avais été témoin, pour écrire cette relation.”

Of the truth of this statement we have no doubt, any more than that the memory of General Gourgaud was a very complaisant memory, and remembered just as much, and no more, of their transactions than confirmed the opinion of the Emperor Napoleon.

Again, the General assures us, that his narration has been written to counteract the effect of a number of accounts by authors who, blinded by excessive national vanity, had given a false idea of these events. No doubt there was not a single disinterested or faithful narrator of this memorable history to be found excepting General Gourgaud and his Emperor. Neither did any one discover the vulgar atrocity and immorality of the English character, until it was put in its true light by General Pillet. We are much obliged to them both.

The General next assures us, that, as a military man, he meddles only with military details, and gravely putting the question, Whether the battle of Waterloo has confirmed or shaken the thrones of Europe? ensured her tranquillity, or sapp'd its foundations? he oracularly answers, the “future will shew.” We venture to add our hope, that the future will confirm the experience of two former years, and the well grounded expectation of the present. There are few things, we think, could defeat them, unless unfortunately Monseigneur should come in good earnest, and thus find means to be an actor in new scenes, instead of recording in his island those which have passed away.

Next we are informed, that it is the object of the work to afford the French a new proof that their glories have *not* been tarnished in the field of Waterloo. We wish them joy of the assurance.

Then are the ministers of the powers

of Europe called upon to tremble at the risk they incurred, as set forth in these veracious pages,—(Poor Lord Castlereagh, how pale he will look!) Every preliminary advantage had been gained which could ensure victory; all superiority on the side of the allies had been counterbalanced by the talents of the French general—"All the probabilities of victory were for the French—all was combined—all foreseen. But what can the greatest genius against destiny?—Napoleon was CONQUERED."—That's something yet—we were afraid, by the exordium, that we might have reached a worse termination. We would advise General Gourgaud to think over this admission again, when we hope to see him cancel it in a future edition, and adopt a conclusion more worthy of the premises. Why not say he was conqueror? The assertion would sound a great deal better, and surprise no one who had read his account of the previous circumstances. At present, the story comes ill off, and terminates like that of the brave duellist, who took off his hat with the grace of a prince, made his salute handsomely, threw himself into an attitude equally firm and imposing, and—was disarmed at the first pass.

The preface concludes (*comme de raison*) with a tribute to the misfortunes of Napoleon. Twelve lines and a half of exclamations exhaust all that long Roman, pica, and the whole compositor's box, can do to express his sorrows, and they are followed by a whole host of asterisks,—sable stars, whose fatal influence infers things too horrible for types to explain. The whole is rounded by the pathetic interrogation,—

Ah! Napoleon, que n'as tu trouvé la mort à Waterloo!"

We can only reply, it might have been had for little seeking.

(*To be continued.*)

those strictures has not been denied, except by the furious or fatuous menials in the service of that establishment; and the sole objection ever made to them by competent and impartial judges has been, that they were expressed with too great vehemence. The majority, however, of the right-thinking and well-informed, have little or nothing to say against us, even on that score; for they see no reason why a tame and feeble courtesy should be observed towards writers, who have, for so long a time, dismissed ordinary decorum from their own attacks, and who have struck terror into the faint-hearted by a system of warfare, marked by the most unsparing ferocity. Yet it is piteous to hear the impotent outcries of the hewers of wood and the drawers of water—for never does slavery seem so abject as when the slaves themselves are heard howling in hypocritical sorrow or sympathy with the masters whom they yet hate within their hearts.

The religious principles of the Edinburgh Review have not been severely condemned by us alone, they have been loudly reprobated by many of the highest Intellec[t]s in church and state, and long murmured at by the suppressed voice of almost all the reading population of Britain. We pretend not to have made any discovery—but merely to have given utterance, with boldness and freedom, to an universal feeling; and had we entertained any doubts of the truth of our convictions, they must have been confirmed by the impotent anger of the low—the silent approval of the wise—and the constrained acquiescence of the accused themselves.

It will not be thought by any upright and intelligent mind, that we can have any other motive for calling the attention of the public to the sceptical, and too often infidel, character of the Edinburgh Review, than a sincere desire to benefit the cause of truth. We wish, more particularly, to put young speculative minds on their guard against the delusive subtleties of that insidious infidelity—for nothing has such charms for them as philosophical discussion, especially when it seeks to overthrow ancient prejudices, and invests the stripling student with the proud character of a discoverer. It would be a gross and fatal mistake indeed, to think that, because the

IS THE EDINBURGH REVIEW A RELIGIOUS AND PATRIOTIC WORK?

WE are aware that our strictures on the political and religious principles of the Edinburgh Review have lately caused much discussion among the readers of that domineering Journal. As far as we can learn, the justice of

Edinburgh Review may contain but few papers written expressly against the Christian religion, it is therefore not an antichristian work. The age would not have suffered a more open infidelity. But the Edinburgh Review has done its mischievous work by long-continued scepticism, on every subject connected either with religion, or with religious establishments—by crafty insinuations against the intellectual character of almost all those who have devoted their lives to the service of Christ—by an eternal sneering at priests and priestcraft—by unsparing sarcasms against hypocrisy, bigotry and enthusiasm, qualities most unjustifiably assumed to have been the characteristics of many sincere, learned, and strenuous Christians (while, at the same time, not only was quarter, but praise, given to that which was called liberality, forsooth, and the spirit of true philosophy, but which was too often the mere blundering presumption of ignorance, or the darker treachery of disbelief)—by ridiculing almost all efforts to extend the empire of Christianity, and by talking of it, on such occasions, merely as an excellent and rational moral system to be introduced among the nations, only after they had been enlightened by civil polity—by endless eulogies on the genius and erudition of infidel writers, in which the faint censure of their principles shewed how completely those principles were approved—by raising up objections to the truth of revelation, without any attempt to remove them out of the way, but, on the contrary, with an apparent hope, that they might lie as stumbling-blocks to the feet of the rash and unwary—by eager exultation over all the bad reasonings of injudicious or ignorant champions of the true faith—and finally, by the frequent approval of the lowest blasphemies, and most disgusting obscenities of men, who could see nothing in the most awful mysteries of Christianity, but a subject of licentious merriment and derision.*

Now we deny altogether that such a line of conduct as this was worthy of

Philosophers. If the Edinburgh Reviewers disbelieved Christianity, they should have scorned to shew that disbelief, except by the utterance of high argument addressed to the intellect of speculative men. They might think Christianity false—but they could not but think it still glorious—and they should have scorned to imitate or applaud the baseness of those who feared that Christianity might be true, and who assailed it only because its faith was too lofty to suit their grovelling natures, and its precepts too pure to be reconciled with their grovelling lives.

The great talent displayed in the Edinburgh Review—and the personal respectability of its chief conductors—sunk many minds into unconscious prostration, whom nature might have destined for freedom and independence. It became fashionable among young men of imputed talents to be sceptical on all matters of religion—and while they denied the infallibility of the Pope, they willingly acknowledged the infallibility of Mr Jeffery. None but a dull, common-place, plodding man would, as they thought, accept the gift of belief at the hands of others—and it shewed spirit to be in the minority, even in Religion. The consequence has been, that a shameful ignorance of the evidences of Christianity distinguishes secular men of education in Scotland—and that they who manifestly have made up their minds to think revelation a happy imposture, could, in five minutes conversation, be made laughing-stocks by the merest Tyro in theology. Other causes have undoubtedly contributed to produce this effect so disgraceful to our national character—but it cannot be denied, that much of the evil lies with the conductors of the Edinburgh Review.

It might not have been easy to calculate the extent of this evil, had the Scotch been really a literary people. Had there been any number of original minds who adopted these cold heresies, and that cheerless unbelief, the fatal poison might have been diffused incurably through the very life-blood of the nation. It has been fortunate, that though the Edinburgh Reviewers are men of great talents, they are, with the exception of the Editor and Professor Leslie, men of no genius—and it is still more fortunate, that the few men of genius which Scot-

* See, especially, the Review of Wilkes' Correspondence, where one of the most atrocious pieces of blasphemy and obscenity that ever was written—and that by a father to his daughter—is talked of as "a harmless piece of pleasantry."

land has lately produced have not been corrupted by their pernicious principles. Had any popular writers arisen—like Scott or Campbell, for example—who, having command over the sympathies, the affections, the passions, the imaginations, and consequently the opinions, and judgments, and belief of their countrymen, had at the same time been disciples of that spurious philosophy, there is no saying how widely the infection might have spread, and how low the deterioration of moral character might, by the wide-spread influence of their writings, have descended among the people. Genius seems rarely to hold, in our days at least, any alliance with infidelity.

The evil done by the irreligion of the *Edinburgh Review* has therefore been limited by the powers of its supporters. They seem to have done all the harm they could—all the harm they durst. That the poison has not sunk into the vitals of the nation, has been owing to the doses having been hurriedly and irregularly, and even fearfully administered—to the constitution of the nation having been sound and strong, and all its habits healthful—and to the steady and conscientious attendance of humane and skilful physicians, whose antidotes have been knowledge and religion.

Were it in our power to separate the character of the writers in the *Edinburgh Review*, from the *Edinburgh Review* itself, most gladly would we do so, and more especially that of the distinguished person on whom the responsibility of the Editorship is supposed to lie. He, we believe, is safe in his genius and his virtue—in his feelings and his imagination—from that scepticism which may sternly assail dark, or creep by stealth into colder, spirits. We have never heard it hinted, that any of his own masterly disquisitions have been liable to such a charge. But all we can do is to speak of the work itself, and its general spirit, when treating of, or alluding to Religion. If the other writers in that work—if its other conductors do indeed believe Christianity, they have, for nearly twenty years, been acting with an inconsistency for which no human ingenuity can account, and have brought suspicion over all who have countenanced their infidelity—if they do not believe Chris-

tianity, then we grant that they and their friends may be angry with us for exposing their errors, to call them by no harsher name,—but we must likewise think, that their irritation is far from being any proof of our injustice, and that it can scarcely be so culpable in us to charge unbelievers with their unbelief, as it is in them to seek to destroy the belief of others. Much misery have the *Edinburgh Reviewers* inflicted, as they well know, on many meritorious and pious Christians—and a most anti-christian and persecuting spirit have they often exhibited towards those whose religious faith was different from their own. It must be painful, indeed, to a true Christian, to hear his religion assailed—but we cannot see why it should necessarily be painful to an Infidel, to have that infidelity acknowledged by others, which he himself has been constantly exhibiting, either in open display or half concealed insinuation. It is at least certain, that to attack Christians, either openly or covertly, is far more culpable, than it can be to attack, in any way whatever, a body-corporate of Unbelievers.

Were the *Edinburgh Reviewers* to be asked to give a decision on this subject themselves, they would be forced to acknowledge that they had not been true friends to Christianity. They would confess that, though their offences were overcharged in our indictment, they were yet of the kind therein laid,—they would own that they had rarely, if ever, spoken of Christianity as the self-appointed guardians of Truth ought to have spoken of it (admitting Christianity to be truth),—and they would be forced to allow that the Spirit of Belief of this age, if looked for in their volumes, would appear decidedly hostile to Revelation.

Indeed, it would seem that the moment a man writes in a sceptical journal, he unconsciously becomes sceptical. The spirit of the work changes and overmasters his own—he is subdued “to the very quality of his lord.” He feels that a certain strain of sentiment and opinion is dictated to him by the ruling character of the volume in which his disquisitions are to be enrolled,—he seeks to avoid, not all offence to truth, but all offence to the dogmas that have reigned there,—he unwittingly compromises the pecu-

liarities of his own opinions, that they may square with those established beforehand by writers in all respects different from himself,—and if he were to reflect a little, he would be surprised to find that he had, in order to preserve an apparent consistency with his ill-associated co-adjutors, made by far too great a sacrifice of the very life and spirit of his own faith. It is thus that a sceptical or infidel journal goes on progressively in error. All the contributors are expected to write up to a certain mark, and no farther,—there is a silent compact entered into between the conductors and the occasional contributors,—certain subjects must either be avoided altogether, or treated in a *philosophical manner*,—and thus have we seen clergymen, the pride and boast of the church, and the fearless and triumphant defenders of Revelation, absolutely banded together, without any apparent sense of guilt or degradation, with men whose opinions they, nevertheless, on all other occasions, condemn with a severe and a righteous indignation.

But while the staunchest friends of this Journal either give up its religion altogether, or confess that it is liable to many unanswerable and fatal objections, perhaps they are willing to let it stand or fall by the character of its Politics. And if sheer talent and acuteness be all that political discussions require, those in the Edinburgh Review may often be pronounced excellent. During war-times, when the whole soul of Britain was passionately turned to the fluctuating drama acted on the Continent of Europe, the loud and vehement voices of the Edinburgh Reviewers were often listened to with a feverish and dreamy perturbation. Great events succeeded each other so rapidly, and often so unexpectedly, that unfulfilled prophecies were soon forgotten, and the credit of the seer was but little impaired by the failure of his predictions. Those who had been deceived once and again, could not withdraw their faith, even on strong suspicions of imposture; while fresh crowds continued to be driven on by the impulse of a thousand passions, to consult the Oracle, into the falsity of whose responses they had no leisure to inquire, and which they believed to be divine, because of the number of its worshippers. Then too, as of old,

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the responses delivered from the shrine, were capable of a twofold explanation; nor were there wanting adherents bold enough to deny, when events seemed to shame the Oracle, that any such responses had ever been delivered,—or, if that were impossible, to affirm that events which had contradicted them in word and in spirit, had given them ample and decided confirmation. The fugitive and ephemeral nature of their work was the cause of preserving their reputation. Who recollected—who cared whether the Edinburgh Reviewers were in the right or the wrong—had been false or true prophets,—when kingdoms were overrun and thrones subverted, and rumour travelled on all the winds of Heaven, “with fear of change perplexing monarchs?” Whatever their prophecies were, more dread and more magnificent realities passed in procession before our eyes,—and it was no time to heed the changes, the follies, the falsities of a periodical journal, when Mutability seemed the ruling power on earth, and all ancient institutions were being fast trampled into the dust. It would seem that those political wizards were well aware of the nature and essence of the peculiar power which they possessed. They saw that the craving desires of excited spirits demanded direful predictions—that fear was as eager to be fed as hope—and that nothing was so dear to the imaginations of many as visions of shame and of ruin.

It is grievous to think of great talents thus employed in the service of despotism, and against the glory of our country. The energies of those deluded men might have found high and noble employment in sustaining the spirit of the nation during times of darkness and jeopardy. The voice of their counsel had not in that case, as now, been suffered to sleep neglected, or recalled to mind only with contempt and indignation; and they might now have been honoured by their countrymen as patriots, and as sages, instead of being at the best, with difficulty forgiven as men betrayed by party-spirit into an abandonment of the most sacred interests of Britain.

These troubled and changeful days are gone by, and men are beginning to have leisure to reflect upon them and all their pageants. They endeavor

our to review the causes of events, as well as the events themselves; and it is not going too far to assert, that the unanimous conviction of the people of Britain is, that had the counsels of that party, of which the *Edinburgh Review* was the organ, prevailed, Europe had at this hour been prostrate, chained, and benighted.

It is not because its prophecies have been so often falsified, that the political credit of the *Edinburgh Review* is irretrievably ruined. It is the spirit in which these prophecies were delivered, that causes "the deep damnation" of the prophets. Grant that many of the successes which crowned the measures of the Ministry were such as no foresight could anticipate,—grant that their blunders were all felicitous, and that fortune or fate gave at last a glorious issue to a system often marked by ominous imbecility,—make all these large deductions, aye, and larger still, from the merits of Ministers,—and after that, set them, with all their admitted misdeeds, and all their doubtful wisdom, by the sides of the Whig Party and the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, and then ask the people of England, which men they consider best entitled to their respect and gratitude? The Opposition did not cry out with the lofty voice of true prophetic warning. It was not with them,

"Though dark and despairing my sight I
may seal,
Yet man cannot cover what God would reveal."

They were not melancholy seers cursed with the second-sight of the ruin of their country; but they were, it is impossible to deny it, an angry, irritated, unpatriotic, despot-loving band of disappointed partizans, alike destitute of wisdom and of magnanimity.

The consequence has been, that the Opposition Party never stood so low as at present in the confidence of the people. The people look back to long years of hardship and privation, during which they supported, not without some natural discontent, a prodigious weight of taxation; but they feel an honourable pride in having submitted, on the whole, with a manly cheerfulness to those sacrifices which could alone have enabled the government of their country to carry through that system of polity which has ulti-

mately proved the salvation of Europe. True, that they might have thought the Whigs their best kind friends, when everlastingly preaching to them about the needless miseries of taxation, and the folly and madness of a hopeless war against the omnipotence of Buonaparte. But such exhibitions of friendship were not deserving of a very lasting gratitude. Ordinary men are not greatly to be blamed, though they make success the measure of wisdom. It would require a greater power of reflection than we can fairly expect in them, to enable them to perceive how those who have been always in the wrong, may very probably be wiser than those who have been almost always in the right. When they once see that the party whom they esteemed, have been less wise than they imagined, it is a very short and a very easy step to suspect, that they may likewise have been less honest. The "Party," therefore, are exceedingly unpopular, and now that all the first men, Whitbread, Ponsonby, Horner (the most honourable and the ablest man of them all), and Romilly are no more, there are no illustrious names to throw a splendour over a decaying cause, or to mitigate the contempt felt towards a discomfited party, by associations connected with the character of its most eminent chieftains.

It has been said, and perhaps truly, that the English nation is too fond of war. Certain it is, that nothing is so odious in their eyes as a dastardly administration. Now, the present Ministry shewed that they could depend upon the heroic spirit of England, and that they saw at last no security for other nations which was not to be purchased by the generous blood of the free. The last ten years will be important indeed to the character of ages yet unborn. They have been crowded with victories, and "a world of bright remembrances" will be added to the imaginations of our unconquerable youth. But the Opposition was evidently a dastardly Opposition. All their counsels were conceived in the cold shivering fits of fear; and they forgot that they "were sprung of earth's first blood," when they so over-rated the power of despotism in Buonaparte, and so undervalued the power of freedom in the British people. Paying taxes and receiving wounds

are no pleasant pastimes, especially the former; but the very lowest classes in such a country as ours, where self-respect may safely be said to be a national feeling, would prefer a load of taxation to a load of dishonour, and, ignorant as they too often are, they can discover the necessity of the one, but never would submit to confess that there could have been any necessity for the other. These are feelings that "with the lofty equalize the low," and make the peasant as true a patriot as the noblest in the land.

The policy enjoined by the Opposition, during our long contest for existence, was indeed far unlike that pursued by the great English statesmen of the elder times of England's glory. In dark and perilous days, they counselled resistance unto the death; submission was a thought that had no existence; and there was no difficulty—no danger—no suffering, that was not to be surmounted, faced, and endured, rather than that the bright name of England should be dimmed, or one inch shorn from her just dominion. But if we turn to the recorded counsels and prophecies of our modern Whigs, we shall hear of nothing but of disaster—of armies overthrown—and principalities laid prostrate—as if

"Broken were fair England's spear,
And shattered were her shield."

There is, we know, a small assortment of foolish persons who attribute all the glorious issues of the war, partly to chance, and partly to the blunders of England and her allies. The attempt to apply to politics the theory of the fortuitous concussion of atoms, has not been very successful; and even they who hold it are startled by certain indications of intelligence and design. But neither, on the other hand, do the friends of the Ministry claim for them the whole merit of such wondrous success. Inconsistencies, vacillations, and even some more

fatal errors, may, during the long contest which they carried on, be justly laid to their charge. But this is certain, that, placed among difficulties and dangers greater than perhaps any Ministry ever had to encounter, called upon to act under exigencies not only formidable beyond all former experience, but so wholly new, that there were no precedents by which they might be guided, and no maxims by which they might be swayed—they yet carried along with them the confidence of the whole nation—exhibited a calm, steady, and collected confidence in themselves—and boldly turned a deaf or an indifferent ear to the systematic and unwearied vituperations of those who, with no greater talents than themselves, had far less wisdom, and who, with louder professions of love for the country, were most assuredly not inspired by so pure a patriotism.

It was the soul of him "who, being dead yet speaketh," that inspired and supported the Ministry during all the struggle. On his deathbed Pitt exclaimed "Oh my country!" for at that hour it seemed that her sun was setting. But a great man cannot know the power of his own genius, else he would have foreseen the future triumphs of his country to be achieved by the imperishable spirit of his counsels. His successors are all indeed inferior to him, but they are at least in themselves equal to the best of their opponents, and far superior in the strength of a loftier faith. The Vessel of the State was at one time seen drifting to leeward—and breakers were on the shore—but her masts were not cut by the board—nor her sails lowered—nor her flag struck—nor her guns thrown over board—nor her helm abandoned—nor her officers dismayed—nor her crew in despair; and we hail her with pride and exultation once more,

"That danger's troubled night is past,
And the star of Peace returned."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN our last "Number we noticed the unfortunate interference of the custom-house officers in this quarter with collections of Natural History. We find by the following observations in a very valuable periodical journal, published in London, that other collections have experienced similar treatment. "An instance of this excessive zeal in the public service took place lately under our own observation, and we are sorry to add, was attended with the usual bad consequences. A few bottles of water, taken from the ocean at great depths, and in different latitudes, as well as from icebergs in different circumstances and situations, were sent, carefully sealed, by an officer high in rank in the *Isabella*, and addressed to a distinguished philosopher in this country, for the purpose of analysis and experiment. The mere direction to a scientific character, coupled with the knowledge that the package had come from the discovery squadron, ought to have superseded all searching at the custom-house; but so far from this indulgence being granted, the box containing the bottles (and there were only three or four of them) was broken into, and the corks drawn. We are aware that a thousand tricks are practised by experienced smugglers; but that a man of science should have thought of smuggling three bottles of intoxicating spirits from the arctic ocean, and had them carried, too, several thousand miles, carefully packed up along with valuable articles for a museum, amounts to a degree of suspicious vigilance which we know not well how to praise."—*British Review*.

Captain Scoresby on the temperature of Greenland.—The cold in the Polar regions is sometimes considerably exaggerated. Mr Scoresby in the course of last summer ascended a mountain in Spitzbergen, which he estimated at the height of 3000 feet. "The temperature of the air," he writes, "was 37° on the top at midnight, the thermometer laid under the shade of the brow of the mountain among some stones. At the foot the temperature was 44° and 46°. Hence the line of perpetual congelation in the polar regions lies much higher than is usually estimated."—"The summer in Britain," he continues, "having been unusually warm, it may be interesting to compare it with that of Spitzbergen. The temperature of the month of July in the present year, in latitude 77½ north, was nearly one degree below the mean temperature of the same month, as determined from seven years' observation made under the same parallel.

Hence, whatever causes may have produced the favourable change in our summer, the same appear not to have operated in the remote regions of the Pole."

"I have brought my meteorological observations to what I mean to be a close, and which may be stated thus:

April, 370 observations give the mean temp. when reduced to lat. 70°—14°.

May, 956 observations in 12 years give mean temperature in lat. 77° 17'—22° 8'.

June, 831 observations in 10 years give mean temperature in lat. 78° 15'—31° 3'.

July, 548 observations in 7 years give mean temperature in lat. 77° 18'—37° 3'."

—*British Review*.

Belzoni's Researches in Egypt.—On my return to Cairo, I again went to visit the celebrated pyramids of Ghiza; and on viewing that of Cephrenes, I could not help reflecting how many travellers of different nations, who had visited this spot, contented themselves with looking at the outside of this pyramid, and went away without inquiring whether any, and what chambers exist within it; satisfied, perhaps, with the report of the Egyptian priests, "that the pyramid of Cheops only contained chambers in its interior." I then began to consider about the possibility of opening this pyramid. The attempt was perhaps presumptuous; and the risk of undertaking such an immense work without success deterred me in some degree from the enterprise. I am not certain whether love for antiquity, an ardent curiosity, or ambition, spurred me on most, in spite of every obstacle, but I determined at length to commence the operation. I soon discovered the same indications which had led to the development of the six tombs of the kings in Thebes, and which induced me to begin the operation on the north side. It is true, the situations of the tombs at Thebes, their form and epochs, are so very different from those of the pyramids, that many points of observation made with regard to the former, could not apply to the latter; yet I perceived enough to urge me to the enterprise. I accordingly set out from Cairo on the 6th of February 1818, under pretence of going in quest of some antiquities at a village not far off, in order that I might not be disturbed in my work by the people of Cairo. I then repaired to the Kaiya Bey, and asked permission to work at the pyramid of Ghiza in search of antiquities. He made no objection, but said that he wished to know if there was any ground about the pyramid fit for tillage; I informed him that it was all

stones, and at a considerable distance from any tilled ground. He nevertheless persisted in inquiring of the Caschief of the province, if there was any good ground near the pyramids; and, after receiving the necessary information, granted my request.

Having thus acquired permission, I began my labours on the 10th of February, at a point on the north side in a vertical section at right angles to that side of the base. I saw many reasons against my beginning there, but certain indications told me that there was an entrance at that spot. I employed sixty labouring men, and began to cut through the mass of stones and cement which had fallen from the upper part of the pyramid, but it was so hard joined together, that the men spoiled several of their hatchets in the operation; the stones which had fallen down along with the cement having formed themselves into one solid and almost impenetrable mass. I succeeded, however, in making an opening of fifteen feet wide, and continued working downwards in uncovering the face of the pyramid; the work took up several days, without the least prospect of meeting with any thing interesting. Meantime, I began to fear that some of the Europeans residing at Cairo might pay a visit to the pyramids, which they do very often, and thus discover my retreat, and interrupt my proceedings.

On the 17th of the same month we had made a considerable advance downwards, when an Arab workman called out, making a great noise, and saying that he had found the entrance. He had discovered a hole in the pyramid into which he could just thrust his arm and a dejerid of six feet long. Towards the evening we discovered a larger aperture, about three feet square, which had been closed in irregularly, by a hewn stone; this stone I caused to be removed, and then came to an opening larger than the preceding, but filled up with loose stones and sand. This satisfied me that it was not the real but a forced passage, which I found to lead inwards and towards the south. The next day we succeeded in entering fifteen feet from the outside, when we reached a place where the sand and stones began to fall from above. I caused the rubbish to be taken out, but it still continued to fall in great quantities; at last, after some days labour, I discovered an upper forced entrance, communicating with the outside from above, and which had evidently been cut by some one who was in search of the true passage. Having cleared this passage I perceived another opening below, which apparently ran towards the centre of the pyramid. In a few hours I was able to enter this passage, and found it to be a continuation of the lower forced passage, which runs horizontally towards the centre of the pyramid, nearly all choked up with stones and sand. These obstructions I caused to be taken out; and at half way from the entrance I found

a descent, which also had been forced, and which ended at the distance of forty feet. I afterwards continued the work in the horizontal passage above, in hopes that it might lead to the centre; but I was disappointed, and at last was convinced that it ended there, and that to attempt to advance in that way would only incur the risk of sacrificing some of my workmen; as it was really astonishing to see how the stones hung suspended over their heads, resting, perhaps, by a single point. Indeed one of these stones did fall, and had nearly killed one of the men. I therefore retired from the forced passage, with great regret and disappointment.

Notwithstanding the discouragements I met with, I recommenced my researches on the following day, depending upon my indications. I directed the ground to be cleared away to the eastward of the false entrance; the stones incrusting and bound together with cement, were equally hard as the former, and we had as many large stones to remove as before. By this time my retreat had been discovered, which occasioned me many interruptions from visitors, among others was the Abbé de Forbin.

On February 28, we discovered a block of granite in an inclined direction towards the centre of the pyramid, and I perceived that the inclination was the same as that of the passage of the first pyramid or that of Cheops; consequently I began to hope that I was near the true entrance. On the 1st of March we observed three large blocks of stone, one upon the other, all inclined towards the centre; these large stones we had to remove, as well as others much larger, as we advanced, which considerably retarded our approach to the desired spot. I perceived, however, that I was near the true entrance, and in fact, the next day, about noon, on the 2d of March, was the epoch at which the grand pyramid of Cephrenes was at last opened, after being closed up for so many centuries, that it remained an uncertainty whether any interior chambers did or did not exist. The passage I discovered was a square opening of four feet high and three and a half wide, formed by four blocks of granite; and continued slanting downward at the same inclination as that of the pyramid of Cheops, which is an angle of 26 deg. It runs to the length of 104 feet 5 inches, lined the whole way with granite. I had much to do to remove and draw up the stones, which filled the passage down to the portcullis or door of granite, which is fitted into a niche also made of granite. I found this door supported by small stones within 8 inches of the floor, and in consequence of the narrowness of the place, it took up the whole of that day, and part of the next, to raise it sufficiently to afford an entrance. This door is 1 foot 3 inches thick, and together with the work of the niche, occupies 6 feet 11 inches, where the gra-

nite work ends; then commences a short passage, gradually ascending towards the centre, 22 feet 7 inches at the end, on which is a perpendicular of 15 feet; on the left is a small forced passage, cut in the rock, and also above, on the right, is another forced passage, which runs upwards and turns to the north 30 feet, just over the portcullis. There is no doubt that this passage was made by the same persons who forced the other, in order to ascertain if there were any others which might ascend above, in conformity to that of the pyramid of Cheops. I descended the perpendicular by means of a rope, and found a large quantity of stones and earth accumulated beneath, which very nearly filled up the entrance into the passage below, which inclines towards the north. I next proceeded towards the channel that leads to the centre, and soon reached the horizontal passage. This passage is 5 feet 11 inches high, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and the whole length, from the above mentioned perpendicular to the great chamber, is 158 feet 8 inches. These passages are partly cut out of the living rock, and at half-way there is some mason's work, probably to fill up some vacancy in the rock; the walls of this passage are in several parts covered with incrustations of salts.

On entering the great chamber, I found it to be 46 feet 3 inches long, 16 feet 3 inches wide, and 23 feet 6 inches high; for the most part cut out of the rock, except that part of the roof towards the western end. In the midst we observed a sarcophagus of granite, partly buried in the ground to the level of the floor, 8 feet long, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and 2 feet 3 inches deep inside, surrounded by large blocks of granite, being placed apparently to guard it from being taken away, which could not be effected without great labour; the lid of it had been opened; I found in it only a few bones of a human skeleton, which merit preservation as curious relics, they being, in all probability, those of Cephrenes, the reported builder of this pyramid. On the wall of the western side of the chamber is an Arabic inscription, a translation of which has been sent to the British Museum. It testifies, "that this pyramid was opened by the Masters Mahomet El Aghar and Otman, and that it was inspected in presence of the Sultan Ali Mahomet the first, Ugloch." There are also several other inscriptions on the walls supposed to be Coptic. Part of the floor of this chamber had been removed in different places, evidently in search of treasure, by some of those who had found their way into it. Under one of the stones I found a piece of metal something like the thick part of an axe, but it is so rusty and decayed, that it is almost impossible to form a just idea of its form. High up and near the centre there are two small square holes, one on the north and the other on the south, each one foot square; they enter into the

wall like those in the great chamber of the first pyramid. I returned to the before-mentioned perpendicular, and found a passage to the north in the same inclination of 26 deg. as that above: this descends 48 feet 6 inches, where the horizontal passage commences, which keeps the same direction north 55 feet, and half-way along it there is on the east a recess of 11 feet deep. On the west side there is a passage 20 feet long, which descends into a chamber 32 feet long and 9 feet 9 inches wide, 8 and 6 feet high: this chamber contains a quantity of small square blocks of stone, and some unknown inscriptions written on the walls. Returning to the original passage, and advancing north, near the end of it is a niche to receive a portcullis like that above. Fragments of granite, of which it was made, are lying near the spot. Advancing still to the north, I entered a passage which runs in the same inclination as that before mentioned, and at 47 feet 6 inches from the niche it is filled up with some large blocks of stone, put there to close the entrance which issues out precisely at the base of the pyramid. According to the measurements, it is to be observed, that all the works below the base are cut into the living rock, as well as part of the passages and chambers before mentioned. Before I conclude, I have to mention, that I caused a range of steps to be built, from the upper part of the perpendicular to the passage below, for the accommodation of visitors.

It may be mentioned, that at the time I excavated on the north side of the pyramid, I caused the ground to be removed to the eastward, between the pyramid and the remaining portico, which lies nearly on a line with the pyramid and the sphinx. I opened the ground in several places, and, in particular, at the base of the pyramid; and in a few days I came to the foundation and walls of an extensive temple, which stood before the pyramid, at the distance of only 40 feet. The whole of this space is covered with a fine platform, which no doubt runs all round the pyramid. The pavement of this temple, where I uncovered it, consists of fine blocks of calcareous stone, some of which are beautifully cut, and in fine preservation. The blocks of stone that form the foundation are of an immense size. I measured one of 21 feet long, 10 feet high, and 8 in breadth (120 tons weight each); there are some others above ground in the porticoes, which measured 24 feet in length, but not so broad nor so thick.

Anglo-Gallic Operation, for determining the Figure of the Earth, &c.—Colonel Mudge and Captain Coulby have just returned from Dunkirk, with the scientific instruments belonging to the Hon. Board of Ordnance, which they have employed, in conjunction with M.M. Biot and Arago, two very able astronomers appointed by the French Government, in determining the la-

titude of that important place. The reception which these gentlemen and their associates found, was highly honourable to the French nation and to Dunkirk: nothing could exceed the attentions paid them by all the principal authorities in the town; and unlimited orders were given by the French Government to ensure them a similar reception in Lisle, and any other towns they might visit. It is pleasing to observe the perfect concurrence of two great nations in an operation for the benefit of science. Several years ago the two governments united in directing a Trigonometrical Operation, for determining the relative situations of the observatories of Greenwich and Paris: since that time, the English have taken measures for determining the longest meridional arc that the British Isles will admit; and the French have determined the meridional arc between Dunkirk and Formentera, the southernmost of the Balearic Islands. The junction of these two arcs forms the most extensive arc which can probably be measured, in the present state of Europe, and therefore the best that can be found for deducing an universal standard of measure. As the French astronomers had determined their latitudes by means of the circle of repetition, and the English theirs with a zenith sector of eight feet radius, it became desirable to try the latitude of the connecting point of the two arcs with both instruments together, in order that no doubt might remain on either side. This has now been done, and we are informed that the result is satisfactory.

Knebelite.—This is a name given by Dobreiner to a mineral which was given him by Major Von Knebel, and which differs in its composition and characters from all other minerals hitherto observed. Nothing is stated respecting the place where this mineral was found; but its description, as drawn up by Mr Lenz, is as follows:

Its principal colour is gray, but it is spotted smutty white, brownish red, brown, and green.

It is massive.

External surface, uneven, and full of holes.

Lustre, both external and internal, glistering.

Fracture, imperfect conchoidal.

Fragments indeterminate; sharp edged.

Opaque, hard, brittle, difficulty frangible.

Sp. gravity 3.714.

Insoluble by itself before the blow-pipe; but with borax it melts into a dark olive coloured bead.

Its constituents, according to the analysis of Dobreiner, are as follows:

Silica	32.5
Protoxide of iron	32.0
Protoxide of manganese	35.0

99.5

or it consists of an atom of silicate of iron united to an atom of silicate of manganese.

Dobreiner is of opinion that if this mineral were to be found in abundance, it would yield at once, simply by reducing it to the metallic state, excellent steel.—*Schweigger's Journal*, xxi. 49.

Spodumene, or Triphane.—This mineral, which was supposed confined to Sweden and Norway, where it was first observed, has been discovered lately in the Tyrol, on the road to Sterzing, in a granite rock along with tourmaline. Its specific gravity is 3.1158, and it has not been found crystallized in this locality any more than in Sweden. It was analyzed by Vogel, and found to consist of

Silica	63.50
Alumina	23.50
Lime	1.75
Potash	6.00
Oxide of Iron	2.50
Water	2.00
Manganese	Trace

99.25

Our readers are aware that the alkali to which the name of potash is given in this analysis is *lithina*, which Arfvedson found in spodumene to the amount of eight per cent. It deserves inquiry, however, whether the new alkali be an essential constituent of this mineral. If it be only an accidental ingredient, it is very possible that the Tyrol spodumene may merely contain potash.

Tantalite.—This mineral, hitherto confined to Sweden, has been lately found at Bodenmais, in Germany. Its specific gravity is 6.464. Leonhard and Vogel extracted from it, by mechanical division, a four-sided prism terminated by oblique faces, making angles of 94° and 86° with the sides of the prism. Vogel attempted to analyze it by the method followed by Berzelius, but could not succeed. He found its constituents as follows:

Oxide of tantalum	75
Protoxide of iron	17
Protoxide of manganese	5
Oxide of tin	1

98

Schweigger's Journal, xxi. 60.

Carriages without Horses.—Mr Charles Drais, who, according to the testimony of credible witnesses, had already, in July last, with one of the latest improved carriages, without horse, invented by him, gone from Manheim to the Swiss reley-house, and back again, a distance of four hours journey by the posts, in one short hour; has, with the same machine, ascended the steep hill from Gernsback to Baden, which generally requires two hours, in about an hour, and convinced a number of amateurs, assembled on the occasion, of the great swiftness of this very interesting species of carriage. The principle of the invention is taken from the art of skating, and consists

in the simple idea of a seat upon wheels driven forward by the feet acting upon the ground. The fore part (*vorhandene ausführung*) in particular, consists of a riding seat upon two double-shoed wheels running after each other, so that they can go upon the footways, which, in summer, are almost always good. To preserve the balance, a little board, covered and stuffed, is placed before, on which the arms are laid, and in front of which is the little guiding pole, which is held in the hand to direct the route. These machines will answer very well for couriers and other purposes, and even for long journeys; they do not weigh 50 pounds, and can be had with travelling pockets, &c. in a very handsome and durable form, for a mere trifle.

Botanic Garden.—We have much pleasure in learning, that a *Royal Charter* has been received, constituting the proprietors of our botanic garden into a body politic and corporate, by the name and title of the *Royal Botanic Institution of Glasgow*. It is the first institution of the kind in Scotland so honoured. The directors had conceived, that a seal of cause from the corporation of the city would have given them a sufficient "*Persona standi in judicis*," but the property lying without the burgh, they resolved, under the advice of their venerable and learned president, and other legal friends, on applying, by memorial, to the Prince Regent for a royal charter. The expense incurred in obtaining it has been much less than usual, their agents in Edinburgh and London having given, in the most handsome and liberal manner, their valuable professional services gratuitously.

The royal charter will give additional security to the property, and increased efficiency to the laws and regulations, of the institution, besides other present advantages, and may lead the way to some of great importance.

It is highly honourable to our city and university to have formed such an establishment for the advancement of science as our botanic garden, which is daily visited as a leading object of curiosity by the strangers who come to Glasgow. Hardly a ship now arrives in the Clyde from our foreign settlements that does not bring some rare seeds, or other donations, and were we allowed, we could mention many very generous acts in its favour, by individual proprietors, and other friends of the science.

The directors have found it necessary to construct an additional hothouse for a conservatory and for stove-plants. It is intended to have it heated by steam, which will be introduced into the other houses, if found to answer the expectations entertained.

The Directors, we understand, look forward to enrolling a number of new proprietors next season, by which addition to the funds of the institution they will be enabled, when advisable, to complete the en-

tire range of green and hot houses, according to the original projection.—*Glasgow.*

Internal Prosperity of the Highlands.—It is calculated that the black cattle, wool, sheep, and herrings, sold and sent from the Highland district of Scotland, north of the Spey, to the other quarters of the kingdom, within the last six months, amount in value to at least £500,000; a greater sum than was perhaps ever before received in one year, for the whole produce of this district. We are happy in being able to state, that these great branches of our provincial exports, have been at no period in more flourishing circumstances than at present. And it gives us much pleasure also to mention, that the only extensive manufactories in this quarter, viz. those of hemp bagging, begin to participate likewise in the rapidly returning prosperity of the country.—*Inverness Courier.*

Royal Geological Society of Cornwall.—The Fifth Anniversary Meeting of this Patriotic Association, was held in the Society's New Museum, in Penzance, on Tuesday, the 6th instant. The meeting was numerous and most respectably attended, and many very valuable and interesting papers were read; of which we are enabled to present our readers with a short account, through the kindness of a member of the Society. From this, we doubt not, it will appear, that this Institution continues to flourish, a proud monument of the liberality and public spirit of the gentlemen of this county. On this occasion, the new and commodious apartments of the Society were completely filled; and it must have been particularly gratifying to the members, as affording a proof of the general interest taken in their labours, to see so very numerous an assemblage of ladies; there being, we are informed, not fewer than 60 of these fair auditors present. The Chair was taken at 12 o'clock, by the President, Mr Gilbert, who was supported and assisted by the Vice-Patron, Lord De Dunstanville. Among the members present, were, Sir Rose Price, Sir Christopher Hawkins, and most of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, as well as from Truro, Redruth, Helston, &c. &c. The sitting lasted from twelve to half-past three, when the members retired to the Hotel, where they partook of an elegant dinner, and spent the evening in the greatest cordiality and harmony. An account of the papers read at the meeting will be given in our next.

All the officers of the Society were re-elected, and the following gentlemen chosen Vice-Presidents, and Members of the Council for the ensuing year: viz.—

Vice-Presidents.—Sir C. Hawkins, Bart. W. Rashleigh, Esq. F. H. Rodd, Esq. Rev. John Rogers.

Members of the Council.—Jos. Carne, L. C. Daubuz, R. W. Fox, Jun. W. R. Hill, H. Grylls, S. Davey, S. John, H. P. Tremheere, Esquires, Rev. W. Hockin, and Captain E. Scobell, R. N.

A curious discovery has recently been made at Tarn, a small commune near Valence, in the department of the Drome. An individual, on digging rather deeply in the ground, found a very curious object, which may ultimately figure in the galleries of the Museum of Natural History. It is the body of an elephant, which lay buried in the soil; the head only has been exposed. The mayor of the commune has forbidden further research until means can be adopted for raising the skeleton of the animal. Here is a fresh subject for the discussion of geologists.—*Paris Paper.*

Suffocation by Carbonic Acid Gas.—Several instances have lately occurred of the fatal effects of carbonic acid gas, upon persons who had inhaled that pernicious air. The manner in which this gas operates, in causing suffocation, has not been distinctly ascertained; but it is generally supposed to produce an instantaneous irritation of the larynx or wind-pipe, and, by shutting that organ, to suspend the power of respiration. It is probable, however, that it has a more diffused influence over the system, and that its action, as a sedative, extends to the lungs, and even to the heart itself; as Bergman, the celebrated Swedish chemist, ascertained, that animals deprived of life by this subtle poison, present no signs of irritability the moment they become lifeless,—a sufficient proof of its paralyzing influence over the nervous system. But in whatever manner it produces its deadly effects, the instances of these are so numerous, as to render it extremely desirable to be acquainted with some method by which we may either check its operation, or counteract its destructive properties. If the caustic alkalis, or slaked

quicklime, could readily be procured, solutions of these substances sprinkled into wells, cavities, vats, &c. containing carbonic gas, would speedily absorb the deleterious air, and thus prevent its destructive consequences upon persons, who, not aware of their danger, had incautiously ventured into such places. But when accidents of this kind occur, these substances can seldom be obtained either quickly enough or in sufficient quantity to answer the purpose in view, so that, in general, life would be gone before we could avail ourselves of their chemical properties. In these circumstances we beg to suggest, that probably the most effectual remedy for the evil is to pour water from a common watering-pan into the place containing the noxious air. This will produce a two-fold effect: the water dispersed in drops will be in the most favourable circumstances for absorbing the gas, while it will carry down with it a large portion of pure air, upon the principle of the water-blowing machine. The quantity of water necessary for the purpose will not be so great as to endanger suffocation by drowning; and at any rate, the person exposed to it, would have a greater chance of surviving, even if he were completely immersed in water, than if he were to remain the same length of time surrounded by an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas. Not a moment should be lost in pouring in the water, and if no watering-pan is at hand, the water should be laved in expeditiously with the hand. To some of our readers it may be necessary to state, that the suffocating air extricated from fermenting liquors, and burning charcoal, is the same as the air we have denominated carbonic acid gas.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Life of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, from a variety of interesting Documents, and original Communications; by Thomas Moore, Esq. author of *Lalla Rookh*. 4to.

The Works of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, now first collected, comprising many hitherto unpublished Writings, and printed from authentic and original Copies communicated by his Friends. The whole arranged and edited, with an Essay on the Life and Genius of the Author; by Thomas Moore, Esq. 6 vols 8vo.

Specimens of the British Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices; to which is prefixed an Introduction to the Study of English Poetry; by Thomas Campbell, Esq. author of the *Pleasures of Hope*. 7 vols post 8vo. Will be published in a few days.

The Principles of Political Economy considered, with a View to their Practical Application; by T. R. Malthus, A. M. 8vo.

The Works of the Right Hon. Lord Byron. A new and uniform edition, very handsomely printed in 3 vols 8vo.

History of the late War in Spain and Portugal; by Robert Southey, Esq. 3 vols 4to.

The Life of Mary Queen of Scots; drawn from the State Papers. With Six subsidiary Memoirs: 1. Of the Calumnies concerning the Scottish Queen;—2. Memoirs of Francis II.;—3. Of Lord Darnley;—4. Of James, Earl Bothwell;—5. Of the Earl of Murray;—6. Of Secretary Maitland. By George Chalmers, F.R.S. S.A. Illustrated with ten plates of Medals, Portraits, and Views. 2 vols. 4to.

Journal of an Expedition over part of the (hitherto) Terra Incognita of Australasia, performed by command of the British Gov

ernment of the Territory of New South Wales, in the Year 1817; by John Oxley, Esq. Surveyor-General of the Territory; and Lieutenant of the Royal Navy. With a large map, 4to.

Sermons, Doctrinal, Practical, and Critical; by Thomas Dunham Whitaker, LL. D. F.S.A. Vicar of Whalley, and Rector of Heysham in Lancashire. 8vo.

An Account of the Mission from Cape Coast Castle to the Kingdom of Ashantee, in Africa; comprising its History, Laws, Superstitions, Customs, Architecture, Trade, &c. To which is added, a Translation, from the Arabic, of an Account of Mr Park's Death, &c. By Thomas Edward Bowdich, Esq. Conductor and Chief of the Embassy. With a Map, and several Plates of Architecture, Costumes, Processions, &c. In one 4to volume.

Journey from Moscow to Constantinople, in the Years 1817, 1818; by William Mac-michael, M.D. F.R.S. one of Dr Radcliffe's Travelling Fellows, from the University of Oxford. With plates, 4to.

On the Topography and Antiquities of Athens; by Lieut.-Colonel W. M. Leake. 8vo.

Second Memoir on Babylon; containing an Enquiry into the Correspondence between the ancient Descriptions of Babylon, and the Remains still visible on the Site. Suggested by the "Remarks" of Major Renel, published in the *Archæologia*; by Claudius James Rich, Esq. 8vo.

Narrative of the Expedition which sailed from England in the Winter of 1817, under the command of Colonels Campbell, Gilmore, Wilson, and Hipplesley, to join the South American Patriots; comprising an Account of the delusive Engagements upon which it was fitted out; the Proceedings, Distresses, and ultimate Fate of the Troops; with Observations and authentic Information, elucidating the real Character of the Contest, as respects the Mode of Warfare, and present State of the Independent Armies; including a Detail of the Difficulties encountered by the Author, after his brigade had been disbanded, and put ashore on the Island of Saint Bartholomew; and of his ultimately being compelled to work his Passage to England as a Seaman on board a West Indiaman; by James Hackett, First Lieutenant in the late Artillery Brigade. 8vo.

Picturesque Views of the celebrated Antiquities of Pola; by Thomas Allason, Architect. Engraved by W. B. Cooke, George Cooke, and Henry Moses. Handsomely printed in 1 vol. royal folio.

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Museum Criticism; or, Cambridge Classical Researches, No VII. 8vo.

The Tragedy of Guilt, by Adolph Muller, which has made so much noise in Germany, is about to make its appearance in an English translation.

Mr Caulfield of Bath is preparing a volume for the press, which will contain every important Transaction of the Regency from the year 1811, to the last Dissolution of Parliament.

A satirical Novel, entitled, the Englishman in Paris, with Sketches of remarkable Characters, is nearly ready for publication.

In the press, Remarks on the present State of Musical Instruction, with the Prospectus of an improved plan; in which the great need of a new order of musical designation, and the important advantages resulting therefrom, are explicitly stated, by John Relfe, musician in ordinary to his Majesty, &c. &c.

A Catalogue is now in preparation of the Library of the late M. Milan. It consists of 22,000 volumes. The Prussian Government, it is said, has made proposals for the purchase of this valuable collection for the purpose of bestowing it on the University lately founded at Bonn.

Dr J. Carey has in the press a new edition of "Dryden's Virgil," with Remarks on the Text, as corrected from Dryden's own folio edition.

The same gentleman has also forthcoming a new edition of his Latin Prosody made easy, and Drakenborch's *Livy*. The Regent's pocket edition.

Shortly will be published, a Graphic and Historical Description of the City of Edinburgh, comprising a Series of Views of its most interesting Remains of Antiquity, Public Buildings, and Picturesque Scenery. The Drawings have been made by J. and H. S. Storer, who will likewise engrave the plates.

Mr Thomas Faulkner, the very ingenious author of the *Histories of Chelsea and Fulham*, announces, by subscription, an Account of the History and Antiquities of Kensington and its Environs; interspersed with Biographical Anecdotes of Royal and

Distinguished Persons; deduced from ancient Records, state papers, manuscripts, parochial documents, and other original and authentic sources. The work will be illustrated with a map of the Manor and Parish, interior views of the Palace and Holland-house, the Town and Church, portraits of eminent Persons, monuments, and other embellishments.

Dr Granville is preparing a Series of Memoirs on the present State of Science and Scientific Institutions in France; containing a Descriptive and Historical Account of the Royal Garden of Plants, the Royal Institute, the Polytechnic School, the Faculty of Sciences, the College of France, and the Cabinet of Mineralogy, the Public Libraries, the Medical School, and the Hospitals, with plans of the latter, never before published, &c. &c. Interspersed with anecdotes and biographical sketches of all the eminent characters who have appeared in France during and since the Revolution, in the various departments of Science.

A Prospectus is in circulation of a new weekly paper, to be entitled "The Caledonian," which is to appear in November, at the cheap rate of 4d. each number, for the purpose of diffusing more extensively a knowledge of the progress of science, literature, manners, and political opinions in Scotland.

Messrs Treuttel and Wurtz, publishers of Schweighauser's Herodotus, in 12 vols 8vo. have felt it necessary to caution the public against a mutilated and imperfect reprint of it; and, in their own defence, have reduced the price of the five-guinea edition to four guineas, and the nine-guinea copy to eight guineas.

The Lexicon Herodoteum, upon which Professor Schweighauser has long been labouring with indefatigable zeal, will be published by them as soon as possible.

The Iron Chest, a poem, is preparing for publication, by the author of the Recluse of the Pyrenees.

Mr Westall has, in a considerable state of forwardness, a Series of Illustrations to Mr Campbell's Pleasures of Hope, and Gertrude of Wyoming, which will be engraved by Mr Charles Heath; forming a union of the talents of two of the most ingenious artists of our age and nation, in combination with the works of one of the best modern poets.

In November will be published, Time's Telescope for 1819; serving as a complete guide to the Almanack; containing an explanation of saints' days and holidays, with sketches of comparative chronology, astronomical occurrences in every month, and a naturalist's diary.

Speedily will be published (introductory to a superb edition of the Seasons, &c. with original illustrations and embellishments), a new Biographical Memoir of James Thomson; which will contain many interesting incidents of his early life, and that of his ru-

ral patron, Sir William Bennet, Bart. of Marlefield; a fac simile of Thomson's handwriting; and specimens of an unpublished and autograph collection of Thomson's early poems (twenty-nine in number), which manuscript has been preserved nearly a century by the lineal descendants of the Duke of Montrose, to whose sons, Mallet, the friend of Thomson, was preceptor. Together with a compilation, including the criticisms and essays on Thomson's Works, by Murdoch, Johnson, Cibber, Warton, Aikin, Anna Seward, &c. The volume will be dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of Buchan, whose name, in many ways, has been long associated with that of Thomson.

Mr Zachariah Jackson will soon publish, in an octavo volume, a Restoration of 700 passages to their pristine beauty, which, in the Plays of Shakspeare have hitherto remained corrupt.

Essays on the Institutions, Government, and Manners of the States of Ancient Greece; by Henry David Hill, D.D. Professor of Greek in the University of St Andrews. 8vo.

A Series of Chronological Tables of History and Literature, consisting of Twelve Tables of History and four of Literature; translated from the German of Professor Bredow, of the University of Breslau, by Major Bell. royal folio.

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The Tour of Africa, containing a concise Account of all the Countries in that Quarter of the Globe, hitherto visited by Europeans; with the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants; by Catherine Hutton. 8vo.

Occurrences during a Six Months' Residence in the Province of Calabria Ulteriore in the Kingdom of Naples, containing a Description of the Country, Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, and Observations on the Conduct of the French toward them; by Lieut. Elmhirst.

Night; a descriptive Poem; by E. Elliott, jun. foolscap 8vo.

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The Bard of the West; commonly called Eman ac Knuck, or Ned of the Hills; an Irish Historical Romance, founded on facts of the Seventh Century; by Mrs Peck. Three volumes.

C. F. Wiele, Esq. has in the press, Lamoli, a Novel, in three volumes.

The Rev. Archdeacon Nares is printing, in a 4to volume, Illustrations of difficult Words and Phrases occurring in the English Writers of the age of Queen Elizabeth.

EDINBURGH.

The Edinburgh Encyclopædia ; or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature ; conducted by David Brewster, LL.D. Fellow of the Royal Societies of Lond. and Edin. &c. &c. 4to, and illustrated by maps and engravings from original drawings by *Blorc, Provis, P. Nicholson, Farey, &c.* Vol. XIII. Part I. 4to.

We understand that the Sermons preached by the Rev. Drs Ranken and Campbell, in the Outer High Church, Glasgow, on the Sabbath after Dr Balfour's Funeral, are speedily to be published.

A Series of Essays and Dissertations, Historical and Literary ; by the Rev. Robert Burns, Paisley.

Elements of Chemistry ; by James Millar, M.D. Editor of the *Encyclopedia Edinensis*. One vol. 8vo. This work will contain,—1. Principles of Chemistry—2. Phenomena of Nature—3. Arts and Manufactures.

Facts and Observations towards forming a New Theory of the Earth ; by William Knight, LL. D. Belfast. One vol. 8vo.

The Collected Works of the late W. C. Wells, M.D. F.R.S.L. and E. with a Memoir of his Life, written by himself. One vol. 8vo.

Memorials ; or, The Memorable Things that fell out within this Island of Britain, from 1638 to 1684 ; by the Rev. Mr Robert Law. Edited from the MS. by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. One vol. 4to, with a frontispiece.

Edinburgh Monthly Review, No I, price 2s. 6d. to be published on the 1st of January.

The Rev. Dr Chalmers of Glasgow will shortly publish a volume of Sermons, preached by him in the Tron Church Glasgow.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Public Wealth, and into the Means and Causes of its Increase ; by the Earl of Lauderdale. Second Edition, with considerable additions. One vol. 8vo.

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Mr Elias Johnston, teacher of Mathematics in Edinburgh, announces a revised edition of Professor Hamilton's Introduction to Merchandize ; containing Treatises on arithmetic, algebra, commerce, bills of exchange, book-keeping, mercantile laws, and the public funds.

An edition of Selden's Table Talk, very elegantly printed by Ballantyne, and illustrated with Notes, will speedily be published. This publication resembles the curious and entertaining Collections of *Ana*, which are so numerous in French literature ; and in the opinion of Dr Johnson, it is superior to any book of that denomination : " A few of their *Ana*," he remarks, " are good, but we have one book of that kind better than any of them."—Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, p. 321.

Speedily will be published, First Latin Lessons ; selected from the Classics (with the authorities subjoined), arranged under the respective Rules of Syntax, beginning with Exercises on the First Declension, and advancing by gentle gradations. To which will be added English Exercises under each Rule, with Notes, and a complete Vocabulary. By Thomas Macgowan, one of the Masters of the Academy, 25 Sect Street, Liverpool. 18mo.

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Observations Introductory to a Work on English Etymology ; by J. Thompson, M.A.S. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

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Tableau Historique et Politique de Malte, et de ses Habitans, depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à la réunion de cette Isle à la Grande Bretagne ; par F. A. de Christophoro Davalos. 8vo. 7s.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

MILITARY.

6 Dr. G. Cap. E. Wildman, from 20 Dr. to be Major, vice Hartwell, ret. 24th Sept. 1818

Lieut. Robert M'Douall to be Capt. vice Fisher, dead 17th do.

Ensign T. Jervis to be Cornet by purch, vice Evered, ret. 10th do.

5 Dr. Hosp. Assist. G. Finlayson to be Assist. Surg. vice Callow, dead 24th do.

3 F. Surg. T. Carton, from h. p. 79 F. to be Surg. vice Crofton, ret. 25th do.

12 Lieut. F. Clarke, from h. p. to be Adjut. and Lieut. vice Leith, ret. on h. p. as Adj. 17th do.

15 Gent. Cadet W. F. Mariton to be Ensign by purch. vice Jervis, 6 Dr. G. do.

23 C. M. Chase to be 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Reeves, prom. 10th do.

24 Bt. Lt. Col. S. T. Popham to be Lieut. Col. vice Kelly, dead do.

Bt. Major T. C. Green to be Major, vice Popham do.

Lieut. P. Kelly to be Capt. vice Green do.

Ensign W. Mellis to be Lieut. vice Kelly do.

H. W. Hartley to be Ensign, vice Mellis do.

51 Assist. Surg. H. Caldwell, from h. p. 91 F. to be Assist. Surg. vice Quill, ret. on h. p. 91 F. 25th do.

48 Lieut. J. Brooke to be Capt. vice M'Intosh, dead 1st Oct.

Ensign W. Kenworthy to be Lieut. vice Brooke do.

W. G. White to be Ensign, vice Kenworthy do.

8 James Seymour to be Ensign, vice Brown, cancelled 10th Sept.

41 Lieut. J. A. Allen to be Capt. vice Jervois, dead 24th do.

Ensign F. Bowra to be Lieut. vice Allen do.

Gent. Cadet J. Brown to be Ensign, vice Bowra do.

12 Lieut. H. Jervis to be Adjut. vice Coventry, res. 17th do.

76 Assist. Surg. T. M. Perrott, from h. p. 43 F. to be Assist. Surg. vice Bunny, ret. on h. p. 43 F. 25th do.

49 Gen. Sir G. Beckwith, G. C. B. from 2 W. L. R. to be Colonel, vice Earl of Lindsey, dead 21st do.

2 W. I. R. Maj. Gen. Sir H. Torrens. K. C. B. from African Corps, to be Colonel, vice Sir G. Beckwith do.

3 Lieut. A. Turner to be Adj. vice Goode, cancelled 1st Oct.

A. Corps. Maj. Gen. Hon. Sir E. Stopford. K. C. B. to be Colonel, vice Sir H. Torrens 21st Sept.

W. I. R. James M'Nicol to be Ensign, vice Stevenson, dead 1st Oct.

Garrison. Lt. Gen. Sir J. Doyle, Bt. and G. C. B. to be Governor of Charlemon, vice Earl of Lindsey, dead 21st Sept.

Com. Dep. Dep. Com. Gen. J. B. Butler to be Com. Gen. to the Forces 4th do.

Med. Dep. Dr H. Bigger, from h. p. to be Dep. Insp. of Hosp. vice T. Gunning, h. p. 25th do.

Staff Surg. James Roy, M. D. from h. p. to be Surg. to the Forces, vice Lawrie, ret. do.

Staff Surg. J. Maling, from h. p. to be Surg. to the Forces, vice Leath, ret. on h. p. do.

Bar. Dep. P. White to be Bar. Mast. at Newfoundland, vice Andrew, superan. 24th August

Exchanges.

Lieut. Col. de Bosset, from Staff in Mediterranean, with Lieut. Col. Napier, h. p. 50 F.

Bt. Lieut. Col. Cheney, from 2 Dr. rec. diff. with Major Elphinstone, h. p. Wattev Reg. Major Delancey, from 9 Dr. with Maj. Cavendish, 75 F.

Brev. Major O'Brien, from 58 F. with Capt. Fuller, h. p. 55 F.

Capt. Shakspeare, from 10 Dr. with Capt. Arnold, 99 F.

— Swinburne, from 45 F. with Capt. Hay, h. p. 73 F.

Lieut. Fairlie, from 42 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Stevenson, h. p. 37 F.

— Pierard, from 47 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Mitchell, h. p. 41 F.

— Saunders, from 20 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Cooper, h. p. 66 F.

— O'Brien, from 2 F. with Lieut. Crawford, 89 F.

— Wyatt, from 2 L. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hanbury, h. p. 1 F.

— Morris, from 1 F. with Lt. Babington, h. p.

— Richardson, from 2 F. with Lieut. Berkeley, h. p. 92 F.

— J. Shea, from 58 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Rice, 12 Dr.

— Chambers, from 1 F. G. with Ensign Sir J. M. Burgoyne, h. p. 71 F.

Cornet Jacob, from 4 Dr. G. with Cornet Stevenson, h. p. 5 Dr. G.

Ensign Trimble, from 11 F. with Ensign Farmer, h. p. 105 F.

— Smith, from 12 F. with Ensign Lewis, h. p. 81 F.

— M'Coy, from 13 F. with Ensign Thomas, h. p. 100 F.

Paymaster White, from 68 F. with Lt. Read, h. p. 81 F.

Surg. Ballingall, from 33 F. with Surg. Vallange, h. p. 10 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major Hartwell, 6 Dr. Gds.

Lieut. Leathes, R. Art.

Cornet Evered, 6 Dr. Gds.

Quart.-Mast. Webb, 1 Tower Hamlets Mil.

Appointments Cancelled.

Ensign Browne, 58 F.

Adj. Goode, 3 W. I. R.

Deaths.

General.
Earl of Lindsey, 89 F.
Colonel.
Drouly, Capt. of Cowes Castle
Lieut.-Colonel.
Marlow, R. Eng. 10 Oct. 1818
Captains.
Macintosh, 48 F.
Jervois, 64 F. 31 Aug. 1818
Giffin, h. p. 27 F. 2 Oct.
Hearn, h. p. 47 F. 20 Aug.

C. Sturler, h. p. Wattev. Regt. 26 Sept.
Lieutenants.
Calderwood, 12 Dr. 30 Sept. 18
Carter, h. p. 21 Dr. 27 Apr.
Moore, 60 F. 24 Aug.
M'Arthur, h. p. 79 F. 17 Dec. 17
Second-Lieut. & Ensign
Carroll, 87 F. 29 Oct. 1817
Stevenson, R. W. I. R. 21 June 18
Little, York Rang. 20 Sept. 17

Francis, h. p. 81 F. 27 Apr. 1818
FitzGerald, R. Eng.
Paymaster.
Hodgson, 8 F. 21 Aug. 18
Adjutant.
Clark, Dumfries Mil. 50 Aug. 18
Miscellaneous.
Dillon, Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. at St Kitt's 16 Aug. 1818
Rev. J. Guilding, Officiating Chap. at St Vincent's only.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Oct. 1	M.59 A. 47	29.371 .371	M.54 A. 54	W.	Cloudy.	Oct. 17	M.57½ A. 46	29.768 .815	M.56 A. 56	S.W.	Clear.
2	M.59 A. 49	.328 .268	M.55 A. 57	S. E.	Ditto fore. clear aftern.	18	M.57½ A. 46	.711 .619	M.56 A. 56	S.W.	Ditto.
3	M.59 A. 50	28.995 .999	M.58 A. 58	W.	Cloudy.	19	M.57½ A. 46	.655 .678	M.59 A. 57	S.E.	Ditto.
4	M.59 A. 48	.975 .914	M.56 A. 56	W.	Showery.	20	M.57½ A. 48½	.678 .871	M.55 A. 55	S.E.	Rain fore. fair after.
5	M.59 A. 42	.908 .908	M.50 A. 52	W.	Cloudy.	21	M.57½ A. 44½	.922 .922	M.55 A. 54	S.E.	Cloudy.
6	M.59 A. 38	.955 29.154	M.50 A. 53	N.W.	Ditto, frost morn.	22	M.57½ A. 48	.846 .846	M.54 A. 51	S.E.	Ditto.
7	M.59 A. 40	.261 .356	M.50 A. 51	W.	Cloudy.	23	M.57½ A. 45½	.909 .953	M.51 A. 50	S.E.	Ditto.
8	M.59 A. 40	.470 .489	M.49 A. 53	N.W.	Ditto.	24	M.57½ A. 45½	.973 .952	M.49 A. 48	S.E.	Ditto.
9	M.57½ A. 48	.354 .380	M.56 A. 56	N.W.	Ditto.	25	M.57½ A. 45½	.952 .952	M.48 A. 47	S.E.	Rain fore. fair after.
10	M.57½ A. 51	28.994 .999	M.58 A. 57	W.	Ditto.	26	M.57½ A. 45	.912 .840	M.59 A. 50	S.E.	Cloudy.
11	M.57½ A. 43	29.129 .129	M.55 A. 55	W.	Clear.	27	M.57½ A. 45½	.788 .840	M.55 A. 52	S.E.	Ditto.
12	M.57½ A. 40	28.994 29.318	M.51 A. 50	S. W.	Ditto.	28	M.59 A. 46½	.828 .767	M.54 A. 55	Cble.	Ditto.
13	M.57½ A. 42	.261 .461	M.52 A. 54	S.W.	Showery.	29	M.59 A. 46	.999 .999	M.55 A. 55	W.	Ditto.
14	M.57½ A. 48	.565 .489	M.56 A. 59	S.W.	Clear.	30	M.59 A. 39½	.898 .739	M.55 A. 56	W.	Ditto.
15	M.57½ A. 51½	.458 .527	M.59 A. 58	S.W.	Rain.	31	M.59 A. 50	.518 .586	M.55 A. 52	W.	Ditto.
16	M.57½ A. 50	.479 .614	M.58 A. 57	S.W.	Clear.	Average of rain 1.1 inches.					

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—11th November 1818.

Sugar. The demand for Sugar during all last month has, upon the whole, been limited, and the prices depressed. For a few days prices appeared to revive, but they quickly sunk back to their previous depressed state. The shipments for the Baltic may now be considered as completely closed for the season. The quantity of Sugar is also complete, in as far as regards arrivals from the West Indies, till the ensuing crop begins to arrive at market, which cannot take place before the middle of May next. There is the strongest probability, from the quantity at present on hand, that the price of Sugar will advance as spring approaches.—**Coffee.** The price of Coffee, though much below what it once was, may still be considered as high. The price has fluctuated greatly, and is moved by every breath of speculation, and according as the reports from the Continent are put in circulation. Upon the whole, however, the market may be stated as dull, and the prices on the decline. Within these few days there is more appearance of steadiness in the demand and the prices.—**Cotton.** The market for this article continues greatly depressed, and, considering the high prices paid for it in foreign countries, the loss to the importers must be very considerable. The importation this year has been unprecedentedly large, and the stock on hand very considerable, notwithstanding the continued activity of our manufactures. Large supplies are still on the way from the East Indies and other places. There is but a small chance of Cotton increasing any thing considerable in price for some time to come. The exports of Cotton from the port of New Orleans to Europe this year has amounted to 80,000 packages, which shews the immense extent of the trade of that place, and the extent to which Cotton is cultivated on the Banks of the Mississippi and the Southern parts of the United States.—**Corn.** The importation of grain from foreign ports continues very great, yet, notwithstanding the demand in England for finer qualities, continues steady and considerable. The harvest is now concluded in superior order, and in Scotland, in particular, the quantity has been most abundant, and quality excellent. Plenty is therefore secured for another year. The prices of sheep and black cattle, particularly the latter, the great and indeed only support of the Highlands and hilly districts of Scotland, have greatly advanced, so that after their late severe disasters, the prospects of the Scots farmer is become more cheering.—**Wines.** Almost every description of Wines have advanced in price, and a farther and still very considerable advance in price is anticipated. The vintage in France has been severely injured by the long continuance of dry weather. In Spain and Portugal it has not turned out nearly equal to the expectations once formed of it; while latter advices inform us, that in Portugal the vintage has suffered severely from excessive rains during the ingathering of the

grapes; and in Spain, from a dry chilling east wind.—In any other of the usual articles of commerce commonly enumerated by us, there is no alteration sufficient to claim notice.—Tallow has fluctuated greatly in price.—The supply of *Fruit* from foreign parts is unusually early and fine, and the crops of Apples in Scotland are very large, and the qualities particularly fine.

Spanish America continues in the same convulsed and distracted state, and consequently our trade to that quarter limited and insecure. There seems to be a great deal of business doing up the Mediterranean. The shipments from Britain to that quarter have for some time back been very extensive. The wood trade also from the British North American colonies to the ports of Clyde is becoming very great, and daily increasing.

PRICES CURRENT.—Nov. 7,—London, Oct. 27, 1818.

	LEITH.				GLASGOW.				LIVERPOOL.				LONDON.				DUTIES.	
SUGAR, Musc.																		
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	76	to	5		76	to	79		77	to	78		76	to	78		}	£1 10 0
Mid. good, and fine mid.	80		90		80		89		78		86		79		81			
Fine and very fine, . .	92		96		90		93		88		94		83		89			
Refined, Doub. Loaves, .	150		160		—		—		—		—		155		—			
Powder ditto, . . .	124		126		—		—		—		—		118		—			
Single ditto, . . .	120		122		119		124		122		125		118		—			
Small Lumps, . . .	116		118		114		116		124		126		116		—			
Large ditto, . . .	112		114		110		112		110		118		108		—			
Crushed Lumps, . . .	—		66		66		67		68		70		—		—			
MOLASSES, British, . cwt.	43 6		—		42		45		45		—		41 0		41 6		0 7 6½	
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.																	}	per lb.
Ord. good, and fine ord.	128		140		126		138		125		135		135		138			
Mid. good, and fine mid.	141		154		139		152		136		147		140		145			
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	120		127		—		—		95		128		130		135		0 0 7½	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	128		139		126		137		129		135		136		139			
Mid. good, and fine mid.	140		148		138		146		136		148		145		150			
St Domingo, . . .	137		—		135		136		133		138		148		158			
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	—		10		9½		10		9		9½		9		9½		0 0 9½	
SPIRITS,																		
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	4s 2d		4s 4d		5s 11d		4s 0d		3s 11d		4s 3d		4s 2d		4s 4d		0 8 1½	
Brandy, ...	9 6		10 6		—		—		—		—		—		—		{ B.S. }	0 17 0½
Geneva, ...	3 8		5 10		—		—		—		—		5 10		—		{ F.S. }	0 17 11½
Aqua, ...	8 3		8 6		—		—		—		—		14 6		—			
WINES,																		
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60		64		—		—		—		—		£50		55 0		{ B.S. }	145 18 0
Portugal Red, pipe.	48		54		—		—		—		—		46		52 10		{ F.S. }	148 4 6
Spanish White, butt.	34		55		—		—		—		—		26		60 0		{ B.S. }	95 11 0
Teneriffe, pipe.	30		35		—		—		—		—		28		34 0		{ F.S. }	98 16 0
Madeira, ...	60		70		—		—		—		—		55		65 0		{ B.S. }	96 13 0
																	{ F.S. }	99 16 6
LOGWOOD, Jam. . . ton.	£10		—		8 0		8 5		8 2 6		8 5		8 15		9 0		}	0 9 1½
Honduras, ...	10 10		—		8 10		9 0		8 10		8 15		9 0		—			
Campeachy, ...	11		—		9 0		10 0		9 0		9 5		9 15		10 0			
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	12		—		—		—		10 15		11 0		11 0		12 0		}	1 4 6½
Cuba, ...	14		—		—		—		13 10		14 0		13 10		15 0			
													11s 0d		11 6			
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d		11s 6d		8 6		9 6		—		—		—		—		50c.f.	0 0 4½
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 2		2 4		—		—		2 3		2 7		2 6		—		ton.	0 2 3½
Ditto Oak, ...	4 6		5 0		—		—		—		—		3 2		—			0 3 6½
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 3		2 4		—		—		—		—		—		—			
Honduras Mahogany	1 4		1 8		0 10		1 8		1 2½		1 6		1 7		1 8			3 16 0
St Domingo, ditto	—		—		1 2		3 0		1 6½		2 2		2 0		2 1			8 14 2
TAR, American, . . . brl.	—		—		—		—		16 0		17 0		20		21		{ B.S. }	1 1 4½
																	{ F.S. }	1 2 11½
Archangel, ...	21		22		—		—		19		20		22		—		}	per 12 brls.
PITCH, Foreign, . . cwt.	10		11		—		—		—		—		12		—		{ B.S. }	1 8 6
																	{ F.S. }	1 10 1
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	94		95		95		96		90 6		91		90		91			0 3 2
Home Melted, ...	95		97		—		—		—		—		78		80			
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	51		52		50		52		—		—		£51 0		—		{ B.S. }	0 9 1½
Petersburgh Clean, . .	50		51		49		50		49		—		47 10		48		{ F.S. }	0 10 0½
FLAX,																		
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	84		86		—		—		—		—		85		86		{ B.S. }	0 0 4 ¾
Dutch, ...	60		140		—		—		—		—		80		81		{ F.S. }	0 0 7 ¾
Irish, ...	66		75		—		—		—		—		—		—			
MATS, Archangel, . . 100.	102		105		—		—		—		—		£5 5		5 10		{ B.S. }	1 3 9
																	{ F.S. }	1 4 11½
ERISTLES,																	{ B.S. }	0 3 6½
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 0		16 0		—		—		—		—		16 0		—		{ F.S. }	0 3 11½
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	51		53		—		—		—		—		52		53		{ B.S. }	0 4 6½
Montreal ditto, . . .	60		—		58		60		57 6		—		63		—		{ F.S. }	0 6 4
Pot, ...	54		55		53		54		49		51		53		—			0 1 7
OIL, Whale, ... tun.	43		—		44		45		44		—		43		—			
Cod, ...	80 (p. brl.)		—		—		40		42		47		—		—			
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	11		12		12½		13		0 9		0 10		1 1		1 2		}	0 10
Middling, ...	10		10½		11½		11½		0 7½		0 8½		9½		11			
Inferior, ...	9		10		10		11		0 7		0 7½		8		9½			
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—		1 7		1 8		1 6		1 9		—		—		—		}	per 100 lbs.
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—		3 6		3 9		5 1		3 5		—		—		—			
good, ...	—		3 0		3 5		2 10		3 0		—		—		—			
muddling, ...	—		2 10		3 0		1 8		2 2		—		—		—		{ B.S. }	0 8 7
Demerara and Berbice, .	—		1 9		2 2		1 8		2 1		1 8		2 1		—		{ F.S. }	0 17 2
West India, ...	—		1 7		1 10		1 6		1 9		1 6		1 9		—			
Pernambuco, ...	—		2 1½		2 2		2 11½		2 1		2 0		2 1½		—			
Maranham, ...	—		2 0		2 1		1 10		1 11½		1 10½		1 11		—			

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 29th October 1818.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.	29th.
Bank stock, ...	—	—	—	—	274½
5 per cent. reduced, ...	—	—	74½	77 76½	77½
5 per cent. consols, ...	75¼ ¼	76 75¾	75½	77½ ½	77½ 78¾
4 per cent. consols, ...	—	—	93	96 95½	95¾ 96
4 per cent. navy ann.	105½ ¼	105½ 106	106 105½	107¾ ½	108½
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	—	—	—	—	—
India stock, ...	226	—	—	—	233½
— bonds, ...	75 77 pr.	90 pr.	90 pr.	88 pr.	88 89 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2½d. p.d.	17 17 pr.	21 19 pr.	20 19 pr.	19 21 pr.	18 20 pr.
Consols for acc.	75 ¾ ¾ ¾ ½	75¾ ¾ ¾ ¾	75¾ ½ ¾ ¾	77½ ½	77½ ¾
American 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—	—
— new loan, 6p. c.	—	—	—	—	101 103
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	—	74 f. 95 c.

Course of Exchange, October 30.—Amsterdam, 11:10:2 U. Antwerp, 11:15 Ex. Hamburg, 34:2:2½ U. Frankfort, 142½ Ex. Paris, 24:65:2 U. Bordeaux, 24:65. Madrid, 40 effect. Cadiz, 40 effect. Gibraltar, 34. Leghorn, 51½. Genoa, 46¾. Malta, 50. Naples, 43¼. Palermo, 129 per oz. Oporto, 58. Rio Janeiro, 67. Dublin, 9½. Cork, 9½. Agio of the Bank of Holland, 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0:0:0. Foreign gold, in bars, £0:0:0. New doubloons, £0:0:0. New dollars, 5s. 4½d. Silver, in bars, 4s. 4½d.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st October 1818, extracted from the London Gazette.

Ashworth, J. Manchester, innkeeper
 Ashford, C. S. Harrow Road, Paddington, iron-monger
 Adams, J. S. Newcastle-under-line, merchant
 Blovill, J. & G. J. De Witte, Commercial Chambers, Mincing-lane, merchants
 Belt, W. A. Great Driffield, Yorkshire, currier
 Bartells, T. Aldergate-street, wine-merchant
 Bentliff, D. Gravesend, shoe-maker
 Butler, J. A. Blackheath, merchant
 Braband, E. Manchester, dealer
 Barnes, J. Cinderford, Gloucestershire, coal-merchant
 Buckley, J. Hurst, J. Marland, Ashton-under-Line, and J. Medhurst, Manchester, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturers
 Bateson, J. Arncliffe Hall, York, merchant
 Baker, F. Upper Thames-street, baker
 Brun, P. F. Le, King-street, Covent Garden, chemist
 Cockrem, P. Bath, tailor
 Chevers, W. Commercial Road, master mariner
 Browther, W. Banner-street, St Lukes, watch-manufacturer
 Droust, L. Conduit-street, flute-manufacturer
 Davie, D. G. & S. A. Snowdon, Plymouth-dock, drapers
 Day, R. Crooked-lane, oil-broker
 Oyson, G. jun., Castle-court, Cornhill, London, auctioneer
 Dibdin J. Camberwell, victualler
 Dennet, J. Carisbrook, Isle of Wight, timber-merchant
 Eton, J. Eton, Buckinghamshire, coach-maker
 Glass, M. Potterne, Wilts, victualler
 Graves, J. Southwark, hop-merchant
 Gompertz, H. Tokenhouse-yard, dealer in wool
 Graham, R. Gurstang, Lancashire, grocer
 Harrison, J. Aldermanbury, hatter
 Holturn, W. Long lane, Bermondsey, carpenter
 Hallett, W. Spafelds, cattle-dealer
 Holland, S. P. and P. Ball, Worcester, hop-merchants
 Haddam, W. Clement's-lane, tea-dealer

Harper, J. Fleet-street, bookseller
 Hawkes, J. C. Okehampton, Devonshire, banker
 Johnson, J. & J. Smyth, High Holburn, linen-draper
 Johnson: J. E. Hyde-street, Bloomsbury, master-mariner
 Jackson, J. Easingwold, Yorkshire, merchant
 Jones, T. Bull-ring, Birmingham, cordwainer
 Levy, S. Mansel-street, tailor
 Lack, G. Walchpool, Hereford, grazier
 Lockington, W. Pendleton, Lancashire, joiner
 Lees, L. Newton, Moor, Lancashire, cotton-spinner
 Lloyd, R. Cheapside, warehouseman
 Mitchell, W. Plaistow, Essex, ship-builder
 Parsons, T. Duke-street, St James's, breeches-maker
 Proctor, C. Stafford, farmer
 Rebbeck, J. Bradford, Wilts, clothier
 Raven, C. and D. Chettleburgh, Norwich, wine-merchants
 Ridding, F. Birmingham, tanner
 Richards, W. and H. B. Richardson, Snow-hill, factors
 Raven, J. and C. and R. Lloyd, Norwich, merchants
 Raven, J. Cheapside, warehouseman
 Ransom, T. Cheapside, lace-manufacturer
 Ruet, W. Sheffield, merchant
 Rees, R. Chatham, Kent, draper
 Richards, G. Sherrard-street, Westminster, silversmith
 Rowed, J. Harp-lane, dealer and chapman
 Snuggs, J. W. A. Lime-street, London, spirit and beer merchant
 Schwabacher, L. Great Fountain-place, City Road, toy-merchant
 Scholey, R. Paternoster-row, London, bookseller
 Singer, S. High street, Kensington, haberdasher
 Shane, J. S. Fleet-street, boot-maker
 Sheppard, J. Gainsborough, and R. Sheppard, Boston
 Scholes, S. and W. A. Docker, Manchester, calico-dealers
 Sykes, G. and J. Pope, Huddersfield, merchants

Twynam, T. Plymouth, flour-factor
 Ventress, J. and R. Emmerson, Newcastle-upon
 Tyne, cheesemongers
 Wild, J. Rochdale, Lancashire, dealer in glass
 Wilson, T. Merton, Lincolnshire, grocer
 Wilson, J. Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, booksel-
 ler
 Warrington, J. and J. E. Gracechurch-street, dra-
 pers

Watkins, W. Norton, Worcestershire, corn-factor
 Walters, I. Tredegar, Monmouthshire, grocer
 Whitby, W. Clement's-lane, drug-broker
 Whittenbury, W. Manchester, cotton-dealer
 Wilcox, R. Strand, woollen-draper
 Whitmore, W. Holland street, Blackfriars-road,
 cordwainer
 Yorke, B. Fleet-street, butcher

**ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 31st
 October 1818, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.**

Beattie, Wm, inn-keeper, Langholm
 Carsewell, Duncan, shoemaker and leather-mer-
 chant, Paisley
 Lauder, John, baker, vintner and spirit-dealer,
 Kelso
 Penney, Wm, merchant, Glasgow
 Robinson, John, general agent, North Back of
 Canongate, Edinburgh

DIVIDENDS.

Doull, Thomas, merchant, Wick; by Alex. Cog-
 hill, merchant there—25th December
 Dempster, Robert, late merchant, Nairn; by John
 Forsyth, writer, Forres
 Inglis, George & Son, late curriers in Edinburgh;
 by the Trustee—a third dividend

M'Kenzie, Hugh, merchant in Mid-Garty; by
 Charles Sutherland, merchant, Golspie—a divi-
 dend, 7th December
 M'Intosh, Lachlan, draper, Tain; by Hugh Mur-
 ray, Esq. joint Agent for the Commercial Bank
 there
 Spence, P., late merchant, Montrose; by Robert
 Burness, writer there—a dividend
 Scott, James, sen. & Co., agents and merchants,
 Glasgow; by James Kerr, accountant, Glasgow
 —a dividend of 1s. 10d., 15th November
 Sibbald, John, and Co., merchants, Leith, and
 John Sibbald, and Wm Sibbald, jun., individual
 partners; by James Duncan, merchant, Leith,
 on 30th November
 Thomson, Alex. Greig, merchant, Glasgow; by
 Wm Garden, merchant, Glasgow—a dividend

London, Corn Exchange, October 30.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, Red . . .	60	68	Maple	65	70
Fine	70	72	White Pease, new	65	70
Superfine . . .	76	78	Boilers	75	78
New	—	—	Small Beans . .	70	75
English Wheat, 64	74	74	Tick	60	66
Fine	78	80	Fine	68	72
Superfine . . .	84	87	New	—	—
New	—	—	Feed Oats . . .	27	32
Rye	42	52	Fine	33	34
Fine	56	60	Poland do . . .	30	33
Barley	58	48	Fine	35	37
Fine	51	63	Potato do . . .	32	36
Superfine . . .	65	72	Fine	38	41
New	—	—	Fine Flour . . .	65	70
Malt	66	80	Seconds	60	65
Fine	82	88	Bran, per q. . .	14	15
Hog Pease . . .	60	66	Fine Pollard . .	18	32

Seeds, &c.—October 27.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Must. Brown, 15	22		Hempseed . . .	70	80
—White	15	19	Linseed, crush.	65	75
Tares	12	15	New, for Seed	80	90
Turnips	12	20	Raygrass . . .	5	40
—Red	—	—	Clover, Red . .	28	120
—Yellow, new . .	—	—	— White	50	120
Carraway . . .	60	70	Coriander . . .	18	22
Canary	100	140	Trefoil	14	60
New Rapeseed, £40 to £48.					

Liverpool, October 31.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.					Rice, p. cwt.	0	0	0	0
English	11	0	12	3	Flour, English,				
Scotch	10	9	11	6	p. 280 lb. fine	65	0	67	0
Welsh	11	3	11	9	—Seconds . .	60	0	62	0
Irish, old . . .	8	6	10	0	Irish p. 240 lb.	50	0	52	0
New	11	0	11	6	Ameri. p. bl.	45	0	48	0
Dantzic	12	0	12	9	—Sour do. . .	35	0	38	0
Wismar	11	9	12	3	Clover-seed, p. bush.				
American . . .	10	9	11	6	— White . . .	0	0	0	0
Quebec	10	6	10	9	— Red	0	0	0	0
Barley, per 60 lbs.					Oatmeal, per 240 lb.				
English, grind.	7	6	8	0	English, old.	40	0	42	0
Malting	9	0	10	0	New	44	0	46	0
Scotch	8	0	9	6	Scotch	0	0	0	0
Irish	7	0	7	6	Irish, old . .	33	0	36	0
Foreign	7	0	8	9	New	40	0	42	0
Malt p. 9 gals.	11	6	15	0	Butter, Beef, &c.				
Oats, per 45 lb.					Butter, per cwt.	s.		s.	
Eng. new . . .	4	6	4	10	Belfast . . .				
Scotch pota. . .	4	6	4	10	Newry	126	to	128	
Foreign	4	3	4	9	Drogheda . .	120	to	0	
Irish	4	6	4	10	Waterford (new)	0	to	0	
Common	4	0	4	6	Cork, 3d . . .	0	to	0	
Beans, pr qr . .					—New, 2d . .	126	to	0	
English	70	0	74	0	Beef, p. tierce	85	to	95	
Foreign	66	0	70	0	— p. barrel	60	to	65	
Irish	65	0	70	0	Pork, p. brl.	105	to	110	
Pease, per quar.					Hams, dry . .	70	to	0	
—Boiling . . .	70	0	80	0	Rapeseed, per last, £46 to £48.				

**Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week
 ended 24th October 1818.**

Wheat, 81s. 5d.—Rye, 60s. 2d.—Barley, 61s. 1d.—Oats, 35s. 1d.—Beans, 75s. 0d.—Pease, 71s. 8d.—
 Oatmeal, 57s. 7d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.

**Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels,
 and Oatmeal, per Bull of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four
 Weeks immediately preceding the 15th October 1818.**

Wheat, 73s. 3d.—Rye, 55s. 7d.—Barley, 48s. 0d.—Oats, 35s. 1d.—Beans, 55s. 11d.—Pease, 55s. 1d.—
 Oatmeal, 26s. 1d.—Beer or Big, 44s. 8d.

EDINBURGH.—NOVEMBER 4.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....45s. 0d.	1st,.....43s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 16d.	1st,.....34s. 0d.
2d,.....42s. 0d.	2d,.....40s. 0d.	2d,.....26s. 0d.	2d,.....32s. 0d.
3d,.....39s. 0d.	3d,.....38s. 0d.	3d,.....24s. 0d.	3d,.....30s. 0d.

Tuesday, November 3.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	Os. 5d. to Os. 8d.	Quartern Loaf . . .	Os. 11d. to Os. 0d.
Mutton	Os. 6d. to Os. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.) . .	Os. 10d. to Os. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	2s. 6d. to 4s. 0d.	Butter, per lb. . . .	1s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	Os. 8d. to Os. 10d.	Salt ditto, per stone	24s. 0d. to 26s. 0d.
Pork	Os. 6d. to Os. 8d.	Ditto per lb.	1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d.
Tallow, per stone . .	14s. 0d. to 15s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen . . .	1s. 5d. to Os. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—OCTOBER 30.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....43s. 6d.	1st,.....42s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 0d.	1st,.....33s. 0d.	1st,.....32s. 0d.
2d,.....41s. 0d.	2d,.....38s. 0d.	2d,.....25s. 0d.	2d,.....30s. 0d.	2d,.....29s. 0d.
3d,.....38s. 0d.	3d,.....34s. 0d.	3d,.....21s. 0d.	3d,.....27s. 0d.	3d,.....26s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £2 : 0 : 2 : 8-12ths.

Note.—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 7. At St Helena, the lady of Lieutenant-colonel Wynyard, a son.

Sept. 3. At Washington, the lady of Mr Bagot, minister plenipotentiary to the United States, a daughter.

17. At Paris, the Right Hon. Lady James Hay, a daughter.

23. At his Lordship's seat, Bournemouth, near Caxton, Cambridgeshire, the Countess De la Warr, a daughter.

— At Rotterdam, Mrs Kay, a son.

27. At Edenside, Mrs Tait, a daughter.

— At the Castle, Edinburgh, the lady of Lieut.-colonel Macgregor, 85th regiment, a son.

30. At Newbattle Abbey, the Marchioness of Lothian, a son.

— At Park, the lady of Thomas Gordon, Esq. of Park, a son.

Oct. 3. At Gorbamby, in the County of Herts, the Countess of Verulam, a son.

4. In Grattan-street, London, the lady of Capt. Menzies, royal marines, a son.

— At Oldheim, the lady of David Henderson, Esq. younger of Stemster, a daughter.

6. At Ruchill, the lady of William Baillie of Polkemmet, Esq. a son.

— The lady of Dr Ferguson, inspector of hospitals, a daughter.

9. Mrs Dr MacLagan, George-street, Edinburgh, a son.

— At Grange, Mrs James Cadell, a son.

10. The lady of George Holmes Jackson, Esq. of Glenmore, a daughter.

— At Hurst-house, Lady Berkeley, a son.

14. Mrs Blackwell, York-place, Edinburgh, a son.

15. The wife of John Henderson, carrier in Cupar Angus, was safely delivered of two girls and a boy, who, with their mother, are all doing well.

16. At Wharton-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Alston, a son.

17. The lady of James L'Amy of Dunkenny, Esq. advocate, a daughter.

— The lady of Colonel Fraser of Castle Fraser, a son and heir.

18. At 30, St Bernard-street, Leith, Mrs Robertson, a son.

20. At Mayen, the lady of Robert Abercromby, Esq. of Brightonogue, a son and heir.

Mrs Hart, the wife of a respectable farmer and grazier at Ravenhorpe, in Northamptonshire, was safely delivered a few days since, of three fine female infants, and all apparently likely to do well.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 21. At Edinburgh, Mr David Steedman, merchant, Fisherrow, to Margaret, only daughter of the late Mr Adam Marshall, Edinburgh.

28. At Peterhead, George Anderson, Esq. surgeon, Madras Establishment, to Miss E. Alexander, only daughter of Gilbert Alexander, Esq. of that place.

— At Montrose, Alexander Ross, M.D. surgeon of the royal navy, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late John Lingard, Esq. of Heaton Norris, Lancashire.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Bruce, upholsterer, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr James Sanson, merchant.

29. At Drogheda, Lieutenant D. Mackenzie, of the 42d regiment, to Miss Mary Bell, third daughter of Mr Charles Bell, Leith.

30. Lieut.-colonel Lord Greenock, permanent assistant quarter-master-general, to Henrietta, second daughter of Thomas Mather, Esq. The ceremony was solemnised by the Rev. Sir John Head, Bart. at the Chateau de Denacre, in France, the residence of Lieut.-colonel Staveley.

Oct. 1. At Seven Oaks, William Lambard, Esq. eldest son to M. Lambard, Esq. of Seven Oaks, Kent, to Harriet Elizabeth, fifth daughter to Sir James Nasmyth, Bart. of Posso, Peeblesshire.

2. At Kensington, Henry Riddell, Esq. W. S. to Miss Agnes Gilchrist, daughter of the deceased Archibald Gilchrist, Esq. Edinburgh.

5. At Edinburgh, in St George's Chapel, York-place, Duncan Mackenzie, Esq. to Jessie, daughter of the late John Mackenzie, Esq. of Strathgarve.

7. At St James's Church, London, Gerard Callaghan, Esq. M. P. for Dundalk, son of Daniel Callaghan, Esq. of Lotobeg, in the county of Cork, to Louisa Margaretta, eldest daughter of John Calvert Clark, Esq. of Teddington-place, Middlesex.

— At Corry, Skye, Lieut. Duncan Henry Mackenzie, of the Madras horse artillery, to Mary, second daughter of Lauchlan Mackinnon, Esq. of Letterfeam.

8. At Edinburgh, Mr David Grieve, merchant, Leith, to Jessie, youngest daughter of John Brown, Esq. Park-street.

— At Barcaldine, the Rev. Mr Hugh Fraser, minister of Ardochattan, to Miss Maria Campbell, daughter of the late Alexander Campbell, Esq. of Barcaldine.

13. At St Andrews, the Rev. Robert Macnair, minister of the parish of Ballantrae, to Jane, second daughter of Principal Hill.

14. At Fala-house, the Rev. Robert Smith, minister of Newtyle, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Thomson, Esq. Buccleugh-street, Edinburgh.

16. At Dunbar, Mr James Lockhart, wine-merchant, Edinburgh, to Miss Eliza Wight.

— At Newton, Roxburghshire, Robert Milne, Esq. Langlands, to Catherine, youngest daughter of Andrew Hunter, Esq.

22. Hugh Graham, Esq. Meadow-place, Edinburgh, to Martha, youngest daughter of the late Robert Walker, Esq. of Preston Tower.

— At St Pancras Church, Joseph Greenway, Esq. to Ann, only daughter of Crofton Cooper, Esq. of Judd-street, Brunswick-square, London.

DEATHS.

Feb. 15. At Vizagapatam, East Indies, Captain Henry Shute Lee, of the 2d battalion 21st regiment, native infantry.

April 9. At Cuttock, Midnapore, India, Major Hamilton of the 18th native infantry.

May 11. At Bombay, in the house of David Malcolm, Esq. Major Hugh Scott, deputy adjutant-general of the Madras army.

— At Bombay, George Dick, Esq. in the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, on that Establishment.

Sept. 5. At St Kitt's, the Right Hon. James Edmund, Lord Cranstoun.

17. At Banff, Elizabeth Boyd, widow of the deceased Alexander Garden, shipmaster, aged 103.

20. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Greig, spouse of Mr John Finlayson, Parliament-square.

22. At Trowan, near Crieff, Mrs Marjory Fraser, widow of the late Hugh Fraser, of Tomavoit, Inverness-shire, aged 97.

23. At George's-square, Edinburgh, Agnes Helen, daughter of the Rev. Dr Anderson, aged 12.

— At Blair, aged 74, Thomas Mill, Esq. of Blair.

25. At his house, Leith-street, Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Donaldson, confectioner.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Kerr, daughter of the late Rev. Mr Kerr, minister of Carmunnock, and wife of Mr John Ormiston, solicitor-at-law.

26. At Beaumont-place, Edinburgh, Mary, daughter of the late Captain and Adjutant Henry Bevan, Dumfriesshire militia, in her 13th year.

27. At Largs, Helen Campbell, wife of Mungo N. Campbell, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

— At her brother's house, in Soho-square, London, Sarah Sophia Banks, sister to Sir Joseph Banks, aged 74 years.

— At Boulogne, Sur Mer, Ensign Robert Macdougall, of the 71st regiment, in the 20th year of his age. It is but a tribute due to the memory of this amiable young man to say, that he carried with him to the grave the sincere regret of his brother officers, who will long remember his virtues.

— At Dublin, William Earl of Wicklow.

28. At Murrayshall, John Murray, Esq. of Murrayshall.

— Aged 63, the French Admiral Gantheaume.

— At Sornbeg, Miss Annabella Wilson, daughter of the deceased Hugh Wilson, Esq. Northumberland-street, Edinburgh.

— At Dysart, Mr Thomas Spittal, ship-owner there.

29. At London, Mrs Phoebe Lloyd, relict of the late Lord Stonefield.

— At Norton Court in Kent, the Right Hon. Lady Sondes, only daughter of Richard Milles, Esq. of North Elmham, in Norfolk, and Nackinton in Kent.

30. Colonel John Drouly, late of the 1st regiment of life guards, and governor of Cades Castle.

— At her residence, Hermitage-house, near Leith, Dorothea, Dowager Countess of Fife.

— At Lausanne, in Switzerland, James Durham Calderwood, Esq. of Poltoun, and of the 12th regiment of lancers.

ct. 1. At Langley Park, Mrs Gerard, widow of

the late Dr Alexander Gerard, King's College, Aberdeen, in the 89th year of her age.

— At Queen's-place, Leith Walk, Margaret, youngest daughter of George Forrester, Esq. comptroller of the customs, Leith.

2. At Dunbar, Mr Richard Coles, surgeon, at the early age of 22 years.

3. In her 79th year, the Right Hon. Lady Northwick, widow of the late, and mother to the present Lord Northwick.

— In the Charity Workhouse, Edinburgh, Lauchlan Machain, commonly known here by the name of "Roasting Jacks," aged upwards of 102 years. This very old man retained his faculties, and was even cheerful, to the last. He was a native of Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire; was bred a tailor: had been in the army, but had no pension.

— At Crooks, Mrs Christian Forman, wife of Mr Phipps Turnbull.

4. At Cunningham-head, Mrs Colonel Reid.

6. At his house, No 10, Terrace, Mr William Murray, spirit-dealer, much regretted.

— At Culross, Miss Ranken, daughter of the late Robert Ranken, Esq. of Coldon.

7. At the house of Sir Andrew Lauder Dick, Bart. Fountainhall, Captain Andrew Brown, R. N. of Johnstonburn.

— At Simson's Court, Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Willson.

9. At Edinburgh, Mrs Susanna Prentice, wife of Richard Prentice, Esq. solicitor at law.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Rachael Pettigrew, spouse of Mr John Reid, late of the Tontine-hotel there.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Jacob Bogue, lieutenant of police.

10. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jane Gunn, wife of Mr Daniel Hood, teacher, Canongate, second daughter of the late Mr Hector Gunn, merchant, Thurso.

11. At Leith, Margaret, infant child of Mr George Webster, surgeon.

— At his seat at North Court, Isle of Wight, after a very long and suffering illness, Capt. Bennet, R. N. in his 48th year.

13. At Fortrose, Ross-shire, Mr Kenneth MacLean, messenger at arms.

14. At Edinburgh, at the house of John Morgan, Esq. in Queen-street, Mrs Morgan, his mother, aged 85 years and nine months.

15. At Kilin, Perthshire, Mr Duncan Campbell, aged eighty-six years.

16. Catherine, wife of Robert Davidson, Esq. advocate, professor of law in Glasgow College.

17. At Glasgow, James Corbett Porterfield, Esq.

18. At Kirkness, Henry Clephane, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At No. 5, George-street, Edinburgh, John Gordon Thomson, eldest son of Dr Thomson.

— At Fisherrow, Mr W. Ballantyne Crichton, of the Customs.

— At Wormiston, Miss Lindesay, of Wormiston.

20. At Edinburgh, Janet, only daughter of Mr James Smyth, W. S. aged fifteen.

— At Hillhead-house, Lasswade, Alex. Macdonald, Esq. of Boisdale, in the fifty-eight year of his age.

21. At Edinburgh, in the twenty-first year of his age, Mr William Brown, writer.

— At Glasgow, the Rev. Dr Robert Balfour, after an illness which attacked him suddenly on the street in the preceding day, which did not admit of his reaching home, and which terminated fatally in the friend's house to which he had been conducted, in about thirty-two hours. Dr Balfour was born and educated in Edinburgh. After being licensed a preacher of the gospel, he declined an invitation to the pastoral charge from the congregation of Lady Glenorchy's Chapel; and, having preferred a presentation to the parish of Lerocpt, was ordained a minister of that parish, where he officiated for about five years. In the beginning of the year 1779, he was removed to the Outer High Church of Glasgow; and he continued in that charge till the close of his valued life. He died in the 71st year of his age, the 45th of his ministry, and the 40th of his pastoral incumbency in Glasgow.—It is not easy, in a short paragraph or two, to do justice to a character, in which so many excellent qualities were associated: qualities of the mind, and of the heart; developed in public, as well as in private life; and securing to their possessor an equal measure of admiration, of esteem, and of love. One of the principal charms

of this character, which pervaded, and animated, and endeared the whole, was, *warmth of heart—a cordial kindness of disposition*. His affections were remarkably strong:—his temper, naturally warm, was subdued and chastened by the reigning power of religious principle:—and with the finest and tenderest sensibilities, he united an uncommon firmness of mind, the product, at once, of natural constitution and gracious influence; which, whilst it marked his general deportment, was especially conspicuous under the afflictions of life; enabling him, in private, to maintain a dignified Christian composure, and in some of his public appearances, even when his spirit was burdened with the heaviest griefs, to rise above himself, and to elevate his charmed, and arrested, and melted audience along with him, to the purest and sublimest heights of devotional feeling.—In the intercourse of private life, no man could more emphatically be said to enjoy his friends than Dr Balfour. In the social circle, he opened his heart to all the reciprocations of kindness:—his countenance beamed with pleasure; and even in age he retained the glow and the vivacity of youth. His familiar conversation was characterised by a cheerful and facetious pleasantry:—but he ever turned with delight to sacred subjects; no man could make the transition more rapidly and entirely; and on these he was always at home, speaking “out of the abundance of his heart.” Having himself experienced the bitterness of domestic afflictions, and the sweetness of the consolations of religion, he excelled as a comforter of the mourners. He was a wise, affectionate, and faithful counsellor, to the young especially, who, on sacramental or other occasions, came to converse with him on religious concerns, he displayed a paternal tenderness, and a condescending and insinuating gentleness, which won his way to their hearts, and drew them to the paths of piety with the cords of love. The bitter tears of surviving relatives bear testimony to his domestic virtues, and to the delight which his presence diffused through the family circle; the deep-felt sadness of the intimates of his early days, to the sincerity, the cordiality, and the steadiness of his friendships; and the acute and pensive sorrow of a mourning people, to the long-trying and sterling worth of his pastoral administrations. The distinguishing characters of his preaching were,—a clear and comprehensive view of his subject—textual distinctness of arrangement—luminous exhibition of truth—pointed discrimination of character—a thorough intimacy with the labyrinths of the heart, and with the varieties, genuine and delusive, of Christian experience—warmth of persuasive earnestness—faithful closeness of practical application—and exuberant command of appropriate and powerful expression. He adhered, with exemplary constancy, to the Apostolic determination, “not to know anything amongst his hearers save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.” All his pulpit addresses, whether doctrinal or hortatory, bore, through their entire texture, the impress of the cross. The doctrines of salvation by free grace were held forth in all their scriptural purity and simplicity; and the necessity of practical godliness, as the result of the faith of these doctrines, was urged with unremitting fidelity. His was not the icy coldness of speculative orthodoxy. His preaching was truly the utterance of the heart. Those who have listened to him in his happy moments of warm and impassioned elevation, have heard him pour forth the fulness of an affectionate spirit; warning, alarming, inviting, persuading, beseeching—his whole soul thrown into his countenance; and in his penetrating eye, the fire of ardent zeal gleaming through the tears of benignity and love. During the long period of his ministry, he grew every day in the affectionate admiration and esteem of the people of his charge; to whom no charms of novelty or variety could ever fully compensate for the absence of their own beloved instructor; and amongst whom there were many, who, with the peculiar tenderness of filial attachment, looked up to him as their spiritual father. Twelve years ago he had occasion to give practical evidence of the strength of his reciprocal attachment to his flock, by declining, in opposition to a variety of secular inducements, a pressing call to a charge in the metropolis. Although himself attached to the Established Church of Scotland, he exemplified a generous and cordial liberality toward those who dissented from her communion. Christians of every persuasion united in esteeming and loving

him;—and, by a uniform consistency of personal and ministerial deportment; by zealous “readiness to every good work,” for advancing the interests, whether temporal or spiritual, of individuals, of his city, of his country, or of the great family of mankind, he secured an approving testimony in the consciences of all. Never was reputation, during so long a period of trial, more unblemished. If the breath of slander ever touched him, it was breathing on a mirror of steel;—the dimness passed away in an instant, leaving the polished surface brighter than before. In him, the institutions for the dissemination of the Scriptures, the propagation of religion, and the general advancement of religion, ever found a zealous patron, and to them his loss will be incalculable. Living, he was respected, honoured, and admired, and his death will occasion a chasm which it will be difficult to fill up. The mortal remains of this estimable man and valued minister were attended to the narrow house by a large assembly of sincere mourners, and amidst an unprecedented concourse of spectators, along all the streets through which the funeral procession passed; affording an impressive testimony of the universality of the public sentiment of regard, and of that deserved popularity as a minister, which, from the first, was uncommonly high, and which continued without abatement from the commencement to the close of his career.—“The Memory of the Just is Blessed!”—*Glasgow Herald*.

[The above vivid and striking portraiture of Dr Balfour’s character was drawn by the Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, who has since published a Funeral Sermon full of eloquence and a truly Christian spirit. We cannot bestow higher praise on this Sermon than to say that it is such an one as the high talents and virtues of Dr Balfour deserved, and shews that the preacher was worthy of having enjoyed the friendship of that universally lamented Minister of Christ.] *Editor.*

On Friday the 23d ult. the remains of Mr John Theodore Jonas Cramer, late band master to the 88th regiment, were deposited in the Canongate church-yard. Mr C. was in his 26th year, and died of a consumption. He was much respected as a musician and composer by the officers, and his good humour will long endure his memory to his gallant surviving companions.

26. At Minto, Roxburghshire, the Right Hon. Wm Elliott of Wells, M. P. Mr E. though connected with Scotland by descent and property, was born and educated in England. Intimate in early youth with the son of Mr Burke, he was soon distinguished by the friendship of that great man, and by that of his celebrated scholar Mr Windham. With him the bright society of their friends and followers is nearly extinct. By his death his country has lost one of her most accomplished gentlemen, and Parliament is bereaved of an ornament which can hardly be replaced. Few men have united so much dignity in public with such amiable qualities in private life as Mr Elliott, and there is no man whose loss will be felt with more sincere and unmingled regret. His eloquence was peculiarly his own. He spoke seldom in Parliament; but with a mild gravity, with evident marks of conscious deliberation, and with an urbanity and equity towards his opponents, which gave an authority to his speeches unattained by the greatest orators of his time. His utterance, his figure, and his countenance, were suited to his eloquence. He had a great power of condensation, a talent peculiar to those minds only who have gained a complete mastery over the subject of discourse. His most ingenious reasonings were conveyed in transparent language. His diction was pure English, correct beyond the level of public speaking, always elegant, and on fit occasions it naturally rose towards Majesty. In a word, he wanted no quality necessary to instruct, to conciliate, and to persuade.—Others have spoken with more force, but no man ever spoke with more permanent possession of the honest partiality of an audience. It is true that a part of his gentle ascendant over the House of Commons flowed from the character of the man as much as from the powers of the orator. His spotless life, his unbending integrity, and his lofty sense of honour, were too generally known, and too perceptible through his modest deportment, not to bespeak attention and favour for whatever fell from him. These moral qualities were still more important in the relations of private life.—In society, his good sense, and various knowledge,

were adorned by a most pure taste, and by an unusual degree of unaffected elegance in familiar conversation. As he was modest and delicate, he had somewhat of the neighbouring quality of reserve; and though his polished manners pleased those who were strangers to him, the charms of his society were felt only by his intimate friends. In the midst of the praises offered by a whole Parliament to the memory of Mr Horner, none of the affecting speeches delivered on all sides, conveyed more evidently the tribute of a kindred spirit than that of Mr Elliott. As his own constant friendship survived the shock of political difference, he reaped the reward of this excellent part of his nature, in never exciting alienation in his friends when he differed from them the most widely and at the most critical moments. On one occasion he was compelled to dissent from that venerable person (Lord Fitzwilliam), whom he called "the last link in his public and private friendships." It was a grievous calamity; but it served more brightly to display the firmness of his principles, and the tenderness of his friendship. Both these excellent persons revered each other the more for their conscientious difference; and their friendship was consolidated (for a time, alas! too short) by that which dissolves vulgar connexions.

Lately—At Kenton, aged 96, Mr Joseph Carnall. He lived fifty-three years in the service of the present and late Lord Viscount Courtenay, and rode post from Powderham Castle to Exeter every day (and frequently twice a-day) during the above period of time, without experiencing an hour's illness. In these repeated journeys he had travelled upwards of 300,000 miles, being more than twelve times the circumference of the whole earth.

At Ferry, near Gainsborough, aged 104 years and six months, perfectly sensible to the last, and till a few days before her death in good health, Mrs Barbary Dodgson.

At the village of Ruthwell, aged sixty-two years, Mr Stewart Lewis, a most singular and eccentric character. He was a native of Ecclefechan; and his father, who was of jacobitical principles, named him Stewart, after the unfortunate House of that name: he had a brother, who was called Charles, after Prince Charles, commonly called the Pretender. The life of poor Stewart was chequered in the extreme. In his early years, he herded cows in the neighbourhood of Ecclefechan. Shortly after, he engaged in a mercantile concern near Chester, but was deceived by the villainy of his partner, who fled to America, with a considerable sum, leaving Lewis to answer all demands. He voluntarily gave up all; but this misfortune hurt his feelings so much, that he began to live rather freely—a habit which he never afterwards could relinquish. After some time he returned to Scotland, and married the first and only woman he ever loved. He then travelled for some time in Dumfries-shire, selling cloth, and occasionally cultivating his vein for the Muses. When Lord Hopetoun raised his fencible regiment, he entered into that corps, and continued till they were disbanded in 1799. He then got employment from a Mr Melville in Dysart, at a spinning mill near Leslie, he remained there four years, and then went to Glasgow; being unable to procure employment there, he proceeded to Edinburgh, where he resided many years, living chiefly upon what his poems produced, which his wife went about selling. She, however, died in the spring of 1817, and he continued to lament her loss till the last moment of his existence. After this the life of Stewart had something truly romantic in it. He travelled, vending his productions, along with his son; but, from a principle of modesty, always the companion of real genius, he never applied personally to any one;

when he came near a house of respectability, he sent a card by his son hoping they would purchase a copy. After nearly twice completing the tour of Scotland, he fell sick and died at Ruthwell, as above mentioned. What is very singular, he is interred in the same grave which contains the remains of his father, grandfather, and great grandfather. While Stewart lived in Edinburgh, his house was the common resort of the students from Dumfries-shire. In the summer of 1817, he travelled all over the Highlands, and remained nearly a whole day on the lofty summit of Ben-Nevis. During the present year Lewis perambulated the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham, Berwickshire, Fifeshire, Lanarkshire, Ayrshire, and lastly Dumfries-shire. He wrote "Fair Helen of Kirkconnel Lee," the "African Slave," and several other pieces of merit. He has left one son and three daughters. His funeral was respectfully attended; and we understand that a stone is to be erected to his memory, by the admirers of this singularly unfortunate bard.

At Falkirk, at the early age of 25 years, Mr William Maxwell Wilson, of a consumption. This young gentleman was brought up to the seafaring line—got the command of a ship, in which he traded to America. He at one time saved the cargo and ship Sibyl, of 300 tons, which he found at sea deserted by her crew, and carried her safe into Charleston; and, again returning from Jamaica, he saved the crew of the ship Orpheus, from Liverpool, and the ship filling fast, with the greatest difficulty Captain Wilson and his boat's crew escaped the vortex of the sinking vessel. This last exertion brought on a consumption which terminated his existence—justly regretted by all who knew him.

At Strachur, Argyleshire, Dr Ivie Campbell. On the morning of the day on which he died he enjoyed excellent health, and had eaten a hearty breakfast. As the day happened to be rainy, he over-heated himself by joining too actively with his servants in housing corn. Having got up at an early hour, it was thought he had fallen asleep, when he had leaned over some sheaves that were placed before him, but, alas! it was the sleep of death! A blood-vessel had burst, which instantly deprived him of sense and life.

In the Trinity-house, Hull, in his 90th year, Mr Joseph Wilson, the oldest shipmaster belonging to that port. He was at Lisbon at the time of the great earthquake in 1755.

The celebrated Swedish botanist, Schwartz, whose name has been given to two plants.

At her house, in Baggot-street, Dublin, the Hon. Mrs Jocelyn, relict of the Hon. George Jocelyn, brother to the Earl of Roden.

At Oaksey, Wiltshire, aged 80, Mr Fozard, of Ecclestone-street, Pimlico, formerly of Park-lane.

At Dunfermline, in the 83d year of her age, Mrs Anne Lamont, widow of Mr James Tait, writer, Edinburgh.

At his lodgings, Adam-street West, Portman-square, London, Mr John Murphy, long celebrated as an eminent professor of the union pipes: a man steady in friendship, and of sound integrity. His loss will be long felt by the admirers of Scotch and Irish music.

At Cork, John Bernard Trotter, Esq. late private secretary to the late Right Hon. C. J. Fox.

At Crookedstone, in Killead, Mr John Montgomerie, farmer, in his 105th year. His ancestors were distinguished for their longevity, his grandfather reached 120 years.

At Edinburgh, three weeks after having given birth to a son and heir, Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. Charles Noel Noel, of Barham Court, Kent.

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MDCCCXIX.

Q. F. F. Q. S.

I.

They said that all the ice about the Pole
Had cracked, and been dispersed in the Atlantic,
And that old Winter never more would roll
Benledi's top in his capote gigantic;
And that December, with her parasol,
Would flirt about like July, quite romantic;
And Yule-blocks never up the chimney roar,
And *het-pint* be an idle name of yore.

II.

And late did Summer linger in our skies,
And long Benledi kept his dark cap on;
And spinsters were beginning to surmise
That all occasion for their muffs was gone;
And the blue, buzzing, bloated plague of flies
To a portentous corpulence were blown;
And 'Francis Moore, physician,' scratched his scone,
To coin some novel nonsense for the nonce.

III.

But it would seem the gift of prophesying
Hath in good earnest been for ever lost;
While all are on the *Quarterly* relying
Full surely — comes a frost — a killing frost,
And leaves are falling fast, and flies a-dying,
And Misses wearing gauzes to their cost.
And Captain Ross comes back with shattered rig,
—And Mr Leslie looks exceeding big.

IV.

Ye marine worthies! much do we admire
Your worth, beyond all praise of worthiness!
Your weather is as warm as ye desire,
Your Arctic venison is a savoury mess:
And ye have grog enough your blood to fire,
And hammocks swinging grandly *en allese*, —
Prodigious is the peril of your births;
Saug marine martyrs! we admire your worths!

V.

Aye—and so ever may the hoary king
Preserve his congealed throne in peace—
Aye—and so ever may fair Scotland bring
Her old ancestral hecatomb of geese—
So ever may the wassail bowl upling
Its mists of gladness—so may never cease
The mirth that mustered in the elder day
Around the crackling hearth of Hogmanae!

VI.

Enough of noons hath Summer for reclining
Beneath the shadow of the green elm-tree,
While the bright sunbeams, all around us shining,
Touch not that dark deep nook of reverie.
There's been enough of unsubstantial dining,
There's been enough of cold lime Punch for me.
All hail once more the Baron broad and brown!
All hail the ruby flood that floats him down!

VII.

Give us no flimsy chips through polished bar,
Dispensing cheerlessly a stingy gleam,
But let the huge oak-root, with quivering sear
And rifted roughness, feed a dazzling beam;
And mingling freely in one ample jar
Nutmeg and citron, with a generous stream
Ale—metheglin—opo—to—nectar brew,
To speed the old year and salute the new.

VIII.

Deep rolls the summons from St Giles's tower,
And swift as Gramoury the lanterns glimmer.
For, privileged to boldness by the hour,
Forth with her horn trips each lighthearted limmer.
Demurely taps she at the dear lad's bower,
Demurely pledges she her festal brimmer. —
—Beware sweet innocence, nor linger long,
Beware the burthen of Ophelia's song.

IX.

Forth hies the stripling that hath never dared
To breathe the fatal whisper of his love;
Forth hies he, all his sheepish tale prepared,
Forth to the half-expectant sleepless dove.
Have mercy, Jenny! be his blushes spared,
O understand what pangs those blushes move!
Do as thou wilt, be cruel or be coy,
But quiz not, o'er his pint, the stammering boy.

X.

And forth at signal of that solemn chime,
In modest mantle wrapt of sober hue,
Forth glides, with mingled cup of prose and rhyme,
Immaculate Miss Magazine to you
Most winsome Reader.—Reverence the time,
Nor with indignity her vows resque,
Fear no rude *gysart* here—arise—salute—
As gently as she comes your meek *first-foot*.

XI.

Like the great Laker's mountain heroine,
The maiden's gestures have at times been free;
A leaper and a dancer hath she been,
Unfettered and unfearing in her glee,
Yet older misses of less boisterous mien,
Have falser *pas* belike, to rue than she.
Her glances have not always been demure,
Her head's been giddy, but her heart is pure.

XII.

At least there murmurs no Circean malice
In the light carol that your handmaid sings;
At least there is no poison in her chalice,
No lurking treason in the gift she brings.
Forget, at least forgive, her early follies,
Her graver years aspire to wiser things,
She's just of age! shall teenish frailties wrong her?
No—No—say—"Good new-year"—to

Notice Donger.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. IV.

ESSAYS ON THE LAKE SCHOOL OF POETRY.

No II.

On the Habits of Thought, inculcated by WORDSWORTH.

As in this country the investigations of metaphysicians have been directed chiefly towards the laws of intellect and association, and as we have nothing which deserves the name of philosophy founded upon an examination of what human nature internally says of itself, or upon enquiries into the dependance of one feeling upon another ; in short, as we have neither any Platonism, nor even any philosophy of the passions, we must turn to the poets, if we wish to hear what our literature says upon these subjects ; for, by our speculative men, they have been left in utter silence, darkness, and uncertainty. If the practical turn of mind, which has always been characteristic of our nation, has led to these neglects, there is nothing more to be said ; for the works of intellectual men should be moulded according to the character of those who are to read them : and nothing can obtain much influence over life, if it finds not a broad foundation in the popular mind. Nevertheless, if philosophers profess to examine what human nature is, in the abstract, the peculiarities of their auditors will not serve as an excuse for slurring over particular branches of the subject, as if they had no existence.

Two things may be chiefly observed in Mr Wordsworth's poetry ; namely, first, an attempt to awaken in the minds of his countrymen, certain *lumières* which they do not generally possess, and certain convictions of moral laws existing

silently in the universe, and actually modifying events, in opposition to more palpable causes, in a manner similar to what is said to be taught by the philosophy of the Hindoos ; and, secondly, a thorough knowledge of all the beauties of the human affections, and of their mutual harmonies and dependancies. In both of these things, he has scarcely had any precursors, either among the poets or philosophers of his country. Some traces of the convictions above alluded to, may be found in Spenser, and some fainter traces in Milton ; whose turn of genius was decisively ascertained by the circumstance of his greater success in handling a subject, taken from the historical parts of the Old Testament, than one from the Christian Gospel. As for those who came after Milton, scarcely any thing above the level of actual existence appears in their writings ; and, upon the whole, it would seem that the kind of sublimity with which the English have always been chiefly delighted, consists merely in an exhibition of the strength of the human energies, which, in our most esteemed poems and plays, are frequently not even elevated by self-devotion ; witness Coriolanus, Richard the Third, Satan in *Paradise Lost*, the *Giaours* and *Corsairs*, &c. of modern days. In these pieces, elements of human nature, which are by no means of the highest kind, are represented boiling and foaming with great noise, and their turbidity is falsely taken for the

highest kind of nobleness and magnificence.

Mr Wordsworth has not followed out the national spirit in this, but has turned off into a totally different sphere of reflection, from whence no kind of strength appears great, because all strength is limited, and cannot appear sublime, if contrasted with strength a single degree above it. His contemplative Platonism searches for some image of perfection to admire, and perceives that the beauty of no limited being can consist in strength, but in its conformity to the moral harmony of the universe. Hence he can see no greatness in the movements of the mind, if they tend to no higher object than self-aggrandisement, which has ever its bounds that make it appear little; and, therefore, those objects, which appear to him endowed with poetical beauty, are often such as appear homely to the eyes of others who measure them by a different standard. The small admiration he entertains for the undisciplined energies of human nature leads him to a somewhat contemptuous estimation of active life, even when conduct is submitted to the restraints of morality. He thinks little has been done for the mind, unless those internal movements, also, which are without result in action, have been tuned into beauty and regularity, and a complete balance and subordination established among the feelings by dint of long continued meditation. On this subject his ideas cannot fail to recal to remembrance those Indian doctrines, which taught that the first step towards the perception of high moral truth, was the establishment of a certain stillness and equability within the mind. But Mr Wordsworth should have proposed these Braminical notions elsewhere; for they are totally at variance with the stirring and tumultuous spirit of England. No philosophy or religion, purely contemplative, has ever taken a strong hold of the English mind; and no set of English devotees, however much they professed to be dead to the world, have been able to keep their hands out of temporal affairs. They have always found something that called for their interference, and have exchanged the pleasures of abstract contemplation, for the zeal of partizanship. Mr Wordsworth seems averse to active life, chiefly, because he is afraid of losing sight of impressions which

are only to be arrived at in the stillness of contemplation; and because he sees a risk, that the lower and coarser feelings being stirred into activity, amidst the bustle, may lose their subordination, and rise up so as to obscure the bright ideal image of human nature, which he would wish to retain always before him. Notions like these, however, must always appear ridiculous to the majority in England, where life is estimated as it produces external good or mischief. But, although Mr Wordsworth's ideas have not met with a very flattering reception, he seems no way blind to the manly integrity and substantial excellences of character that adorn his country, and which have so deep a root there, that, as Madame de Stael observes, they have never ceased to flourish even, under the influence of speculative opinions, which would have withered them up elsewhere. Indeed, the moral speculations of England have been very much a separate pastime of the understanding, which began and ended there, without ever drawing a single reflection from the depths of human nature. A remarkable trait in the history of our philosophy is, that Christianity has been as it were transposed by Paley into a more familiar key, and adapted throughout to the theory of utility; so that David Hume himself might almost play an accompaniment to it. And Paley has obtained a great deal of credit, for the performance of this good office to his countrymen.

One of the causes which have prevented Mr Wordsworth's writings from becoming popular, is, that he does not confine himself, like most other poets, to the task of representing poetical objects, or of moving our sympathies, but, also, proposes and maintains a system of philosophical opinions. In most of his poems, and in the *Excursion* especially, he scarcely makes poetry for its own sake, but chiefly as a vehicle for his doctrines, and the spirit of these doctrines is, unfortunately for his success, at variance with the philosophy at present most fashionable in this country. Although possessed of the requisite genius, he does not seem to care for composing poems, adapted to the exclusive purpose of taking hold of the feelings of the people; and, among the philosophers, he is rejected, because he holds a different language from them. Besides, the habits of

thought, in which he chiefly delights, are not calculated to produce that strength and vividness of diction, which must ever constitute one of the chief attractions of poetry. Imagination seems insufficient of itself to produce diction always nervous and poetical, without the aid of human passion and worldly observation. It is from these that the greatest poignancy of words must spring. As for the saltiness of sagacity and wit, Mr Wordsworth looks down upon it as a profane thing, and is well entitled to do so. If he were to descend into so low a region as that of jesting, he would probably succeed no better than old David Deans did, when he attempted a joke at his daughter's marriage dinner. But, as Mr Wordsworth never jests, so his writings, perhaps, have some claim to be exempted from the pleasantries of others; which, indeed, can scarcely be directed with much success or effect against a person who faces ridicule so systematically, and who has always counted upon it beforehand.

Mr Wordsworth has been thought to have more affinity to Milton than any other poet. If this is the case, the affinity is rather in manner than in substance. Milton has no idealism, not even in the *Paradise Regained*, where there was most scope for it. His poetry is, for the most part, quite literal; and the objects he describes have all a certain definiteness and individuality, which separates them from the infinite. He has often endeavoured to present images, where every thing should have been lost in sentiment. It is generally agreed, that among the most successful parts of *Paradise Lost*, are those which represent the character of the fallen angel; and yet these sublime and tragical soliloquies are founded chiefly on personal feeling; which, although it may be made a source of consummate pathos and dramatic beauty, is certainly not the region of the human mind, from whence the highest possible impressions are to be drawn. Terrible acts of divine power, and, on the other hand, force of will, and obdurate pride in the rebel spirits, are the highest moral elements exhibited; but, if we look to what composes some of the finest passages in Wordsworth, we shall be inclined (theoretically at least) to prefer them to the best of Milton,

as conveying more exalted meaning, whether the poetical merit of the vehicle be equal or not. The sublimity drawn from terror, collision, tumult, or discord, of any kind, has always the disadvantage of being transient; and, therefore, cannot be considered as equal to those openings into immutable brightness and harmony, which are sometimes to be met with in Wordsworth. One beauty cannot fail to strike the reader of his poetry; and that is, the perfect homogeneousness of its spirit. A systematic correspondence pervades the whole, so that the perusal of one piece frequently leads the reader's own mind into a tract of thought, which is afterwards found to be developed by the poet himself, in some other performance. The defects of his poetry originate in the same system of thought which produces its beauties. They are not the result of casual whims, or imperfections of taste. Certain great convictions of sentiment have so completely pervaded his mind, as to produce a degree of consistency in all its emanations, that we vainly look for in works founded upon observation. It is remarkable that even the external characteristics of his poetry are similar to what we are told an analogous turn of internal thought anciently produced among the Hindoos. "From the descriptive poems of the Indians," says Schlegel, in his lectures on the history of literature, "we must seek to gather what influence those opinions had on human life and all its relations and feelings; what sort of poetry, and what sort of feeling of the lovely and beautiful, were produced among the Indians by the adoption of ideas to us so foreign and unaccountable. The first things which strike us in the Indian poetry are, that tender feeling of solitude, and the all-animated world of plants, which is so engagingly represented in the dramatic poetry of the *Sokuntala*; and those charming pictures of female truth and constancy, as well as of the beauty and loveliness of infantine nature, which are still more conspicuous in the older epic version of the same Indian legend. Neither can we observe, without wonder and admiration, that depth of moral feeling with which the poet styles conscience 'the solitary seer in the heart, from whose eye nothing is hid,' and which leads him to represent sin as something so

incapable of concealment, that every transgression is not only known to conscience, and all the gods, but felt with a sympathetic shudder by those elements themselves which we call inanimate, by the sun, the moon, the fire, the air, the heaven, the earth, the flood, and the deep, as a crying outrage against nature, and a derangement of the universe."

Whoever wishes to understand Mr Wordsworth's philosophical opinions, will find them developed in their most perfect form, in the *Excursion*; but those who wish to judge merely how far he possesses the powers commonly called poetical, will do best to read his *Lyrical Ballads*, and smaller Poems, where pathos, imagination, and knowledge of human nature, are often presented by themselves, without any obtrusive or argumentative reference to a system. At the same time, the reverential awe, and the far extended sympathy with which he looks upon the whole system of existing things, and the silent moral connexions which he supposes to exist among them, are visible throughout all his writings. He tunes his mind to nature almost with a feeling of religious obligation; and where others behold only beautiful colours, making their appearance according to optical laws, or feel pleasant physical sensations resulting from a pure atmosphere, or from the odoriferous exhalations of herbage, or enjoy the pleasure of measuring an extended prospect, as an amusement for the eye, this poet (whether justly or not) thinks he traces something more in the spectacle than the mere reflection of his own feelings, painted upon external objects, by means of the association of ideas; or, at least, seems to consider what we then behold as the instantaneous creation of the mind.

Oh then what soul was his, when on the tops
Of the high mountains, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He
looked—

Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
And ocean's liquid mass beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were
touched,

And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy. His spirit drank
The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being.—

"All things there

Breathed immortality; revolving life
And greatness still revolving; infinite;
There littleness was not; the least of things
Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe; he saw.

The relation which the consideration of moral pain or deformity bears to this far-extended sympathy with the universe, is alluded to in another passage of the *Excursion*.

My friend, enough to sorrow you have given;
The purposes of wisdom ask no more;
Be wise and cheerful; and no longer read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye.
She * sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is
there.

I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on
that wall,

By mist and silent rain-drops silver'd o'er,
As once I passed, did to my heart convey
So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful,
Amid the uneasy thoughts that filled my
mind,

That what we feel of sorrow and despair,
From ruin and from change, and all the grief
The passing shews of being leave behind,
Appeared an idle dream, that could not live
Where meditation was.

Notions like those of Mr Wordsworth are evidently suited only to a life purely contemplative; but that universality of spirit, which becomes true philosophy, should forbid, in persons of different habits, any blind or sudden condemnation of them. No individual can say what are all the internal suggestions of the human faculties, unless he has varied his mode of existence sufficiently to afford fit opportunities for their development.—The facts of consciousness are admitted to be as much facts as those of the senses; but, at the same time, we cannot get individuals to agree what they are, and, while things remain in this state of uncertainty, the first duty is certainly that of liberality of mind.

Wordsworth's habit of dwelling as much upon the rest of the universe as upon man, has given his poetry an air of greater joyfulness and sunshine, than it could have possessed if human life had been his more constant theme. He turns with ever new delight to objects which exhibit none of the harshness and discrepancy of the human world.

"The blackbird on the summer trees,
The lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

* One who had died of a broken heart.

"With nature do they never wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free."
"Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes,
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows."

When he does turn his attention upon life, we find always the most beautiful echoes of Christian tenderness and sorrow. In an elegy, suggested by a picture representing a storm, he alludes to the bitter recollection of a domestic loss which had befallen him, and is pleased to see the image of pain reflected in external nature.

"Oh 'tis a passionate work!—Yet wise and well;

Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That hulk that labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, the pageantry of fear.
And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind;

Such happiness, wherever it is known,
Is to be pitied: for 'tis surely blind.
But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be born,
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn."

Surely nothing can be finer than this. It is impressed with the true character of that kind of social sentiment, which is drawn from a source not liable to fail. In his sonnets, we see what form citizenship is made to assume, when growing up in contiguity with the other habits of mind cultivated by Wordsworth. How these compositions, so pregnant with feeling and reflection, upon the most interesting topics, should not have been more generally known, is a problem difficult to be solved. The following is one of them, containing reflections on the moral effects of slavery.

"There is a bondage which is worse to bear
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor,
and wall,

Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall:

'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear
Their fetters in their Souls. For who could be,

Who, even the best, in such condition, free
From self-reproach, reproach which he must share

With Human Nature? Never be it ours

To see the Sun how brightly it will shine,
And know that noble Feelings, manly Powers,
Instead of gathering strength must droop and pine,
And Earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers
Fade, and participate in Man's decline.

As Mr Wordsworth's habits of thought, and not his merely poetical powers, were meant to form the subject of this discussion, we have not adverted to some of his detached performances, which are master-pieces in their way. These would offer a separate subject for criticism. But, as they are little known (in Scotland especially), we shall quote the whole of one of his most exquisite minor pieces.

RUTH.

"WHEN Ruth was left half desolate
Her Father took another Mate;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted Child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill,
In thoughtless freedom bold.

"And she had made a Pipe of straw,
And from that oaten Pipe could draw
All sounds of winds and floods;
Had built a Bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An Infant of the woods.

"Beneath her Father's roof, alone
She seemed to live; her thoughts her own;
Herself her own delight:
Pleased with herself, nor sad nor gay,
She passed her time; and in this way
Grew up to Woman's height.

"There came a Youth from Georgia's
shore—

A military Casque he wore
With splendid feathers drest;
He brought them from the Cherokees;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest.

"From Indian blood you deem him sprung;
Ah no! he spake the English tongue,
And bore a Soldier's name;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

"With hues of genius on his cheek,
In finest tones the Youth could speak.
—While he was yet a Boy
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

"He was a lovely Youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he;
And, when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

"Among the Indians he had fought;
And with him many tales he brought

Of pleasure and of fear;
Such tales as, told to any Maid
By such a Youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.

"He told of Girls, a happy rout!
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian Town,
To gather strawberries all day long;
Returning with a choral song
When day-light is gone down.

"He spake of plants, divine and strange,
That every hour their blossoms change,
Ten thousand lovely hues!
With budding, fading, faded flowers
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening dews.

"He told of the Magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high over head!
The Cypress and her spire,
—Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

"The Youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

"And then he said, 'How sweet it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
A gardener in the shade,
Still wandering with an easy mind
To build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade!

"What days and what sweet years! Ah
me!

Our life were life indeed, with thee
So passed in quiet bliss,
And all the while,' said he, 'to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this!'

"And then he sometimes interwove
Dear thoughts about a Father's love;
'For there,' said he, 'are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

"Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me,
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear;
Or run, my own adopted Bride,
A sylvan Huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer!

"Beloved Ruth!—No more he said.
Sweet Ruth alone at midnight shed
A solitary tear:
She thought again—and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

"And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the Church our faith will plight,
A Husband and a Wife.
Even so they did; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

"Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That, on those lonesome floods,
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

"But, as you have before been told,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And with his dancing crest
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roamed about with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

"The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a Youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of Heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

"Whatever in those Climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

"Nor less to feed voluptuous thought
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and lovely flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those gorgeous bowers.

"Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent;
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

"But ill he lived, much evil saw
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known;
Deliberately and undeceived
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

"His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires:
A Man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

"And yet he with no feigned delight
Had wooed the maiden, day and night,
Had loved her, night and morn:
What could he less than love a Maid
Whose heart with so much nature played?
So kind and so forlorn!

"But now the pleasant dream was gone;
No hope, no wish remained, not one,—
They stirred him now no more;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before.

"Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore;
But, when they thither came, the Youth

Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

“ ‘ God help thee, Ruth ! ’ ”—Such pains
she had

That she in half a year was mad
And in a prison housed ;
And there, exulting in her wrongs,
Among the music of her songs
She fearfully caroused.

“ Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May,
—They all were with her in her cell ;
And a wild brook with cheerful knell
Did o’er the pebbles play.

“ When Ruth three seasons thus had lain
There came a respite to her pain,
She from her prison fled ;
But of the Vagrant none took thought ;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

“ Among the fields she breathed again ;
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free ;
And, coming to the banks of Tone,
There did she rest ; and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

“ The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves, she loved them still.
Nor ever taxed them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

“ A Barn her *winter* bed supplies ;
But till the warmth of summer skies
And summer days is gone,
(And all do in this tale agree) .
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

“ An innocent life, yet far astray !
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old.
Sore aches she needs must have ! but less
Of mind, than body’s wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.

“ If she is pressed by want of food,
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a road-side ;
And there she begs at one steep place,
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride.

“ That oaten Pipe of hers is mute,
Or thrown away ; but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers :
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quantock Woodman hears.

“ I, too, have passed her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild—
Such small machinery as she turned
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,
A young and happy Child !

“ Farewell ! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth ! in hallowed mould

Thy corpse shall buried be ;
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.”

In some respects Mr Wordsworth may be considered as the Rousseau of the present times. Both of them were educated among the mountains, at a distance from the fermentations of social life, and acquired, from their way of existence, certain peculiar sentimental habits of meditation, which were pitched in a different key from the callous, sarcastic, and practical way of thinking, prevalent among their contemporaries of the cities. Rousseau mingled in the throng ; but found himself there like a man dropped out of the clouds. The peculiarity of his habits made him wretched ; and his irritation perverted the employment of his genius. Mr Wordsworth has acted more wisely in keeping aloof, and continuing to cultivate his mind according to its pristine bias, and forbearing to grapple too closely with the differently educated men of cities. Rousseau makes a fine encomium upon the mountains, which, as it is connected with the present subject, we shall quote :—“ A general impression (which every body experiences, though all do not observe it) is, that, on high mountains where the air is pure and subtle, we feel greater lightness and agility of body, and more serenity in the mind. The pleasures are there less violent ; the passions are more moderate ; meditations receive there a certain great and sublime character proportioned to the objects that strike us ; a certain tranquil pleasure which has nothing sensual. We are there grave without melancholy ; quiet without indolence ; contented with existing and thinking ; all too lively pleasures are blunted, and lose the sharp points which render them painful ; they leave in the heart only a slight and agreeable emotion ; and thus an happy climate makes the passions of mankind subservient to his felicity, which elsewhere are his torment. I question whether any violent agitation or vapourish disorder could hold out against such an abode if continued for some time ; and I am surprised that baths of the salutary and beneficial air of the mountains are not one of the principal remedies of medicine and morality.”

ON THE REVIVAL OF A TASTE FOR
OUR ANCIENT LITERATURE.

THE strong disposition that has of late discovered itself in this and other literary countries of Europe, to recover the vestiges of earlier times, and especially to restore its ancient literature, may have been determined, perhaps, in some degree, by accidental causes, and by such as cannot be traced. Yet it seems reasonable also to ascribe such a remarkable turn in the mind of a most cultivated age, appearing at the same time in countries of a very different character, to some more general and necessary cause. And perhaps, without seeming fanciful, something may be shewn to this effect, which may dispose us to regard such an inclination in the genius of an age like our own, as so far from repugnant to its character of extreme civilization, that it may rather seem to arise out of it.

Mr Hume has observed, that in the great poem of Spenser, the genius of the author is encumbered and disguised under the antiquated and fantastical costume of chivalry, which he has chosen to assume. We believe there are few readers of poetry of the present day, to whom this very circumstance does not constitute one essential interest and beauty of the work, and few judges of the character of poets to whom the spirit of chivalry does not appear to have raised, refined, and purified even the genius of Spenser—that genius which could itself raise, refine, and purify whatsoever it touched.

The opinion of that writer upon literature in general, and especially upon such a subject as poetry, may be considered perhaps as the literary opinion of his own, and still more, of a preceding age, much rather than as the offspring of his own mind.—For judgments on such subjects as these can scarcely be conceived of as native to a mind, in all its own habits of speculation so alien to them. Nor is it very probable, that on subjects on which he could not feel himself strong, he would in a work, not of ingenious and speculative argument, but of grave history, have hazarded himself in opinions, in which he did not secretly feel some countenance from those judgments that he was accustomed to

consider as of paramount authority in literature.

But be this as it may, the great fact in literary history, with which we have supposed Mr Hume's remark to be connected, will hardly be called in question. The feelings with which our ancient poetry was generally regarded at the beginning and at the close of the last century, were essentially different. In our Augustan age, we see the mind of the country tending with determined force *from* that ancient literature; and in these later days we have seen it returning upon the treasures of those older times, with an almost passionate admiration.

How far this revolution of sentiment upon this particular point, may be connected with that great change which, in nearly corresponding time, has manifested itself in the poetical temper of the country, would be a curious and interesting inquiry. It is not what we have now in view. But we cannot help observing, in passing, that the just estimate and passionate feeling of poetry do really appear to have declined and revived amongst us, in point of time at least, in correspondence with the temporary neglect and returning love of our own ancient records. And if some of our readers should be scarcely aware what the estimate of poetry has been in this country in the former part of the last century, we must remind them of that curious literary passage of Goldsmith, who, in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, puts into the mouth of a speaker, evidently intended as a person of authority of judgment, high praise of the tragedies of that era of our stage, for their adherence to nature, contemptuously comparing them with the monstrous and gigantic delineation of our elder dramatists, not excepting Shakspeare.—It would be well, if those whose reading leads them that way, would put together the evidence they find of the opinions which one age has entertained of another, to be taken in connexion with its own productions, as grounds of the estimate of its mind. The two instances we have quoted may not appear, thus solitarily, to have so much weight to our readers as to us; yet surely it must be admitted, that so unpoetical a declaration from the hand of a poet is at least a strong probable indication of the overpowering opinion of his contemporaries, which could so

far repress the native feeling of poetry in his mind. No man will believe that Goldsmith, now living, would have so judged.

This return to our Ancient Poetry is with us a part of our general return to the Ancient Literature and the Ancient History of the Country. Our press speaks to the fact of the reviving study of general ancient literature, better than any statement. And, of the character of our Historical researches, the history of England, by Hume, compared with the same history at a later period, by Dr Henry, and with that, at a still later date by Sharon Turner, may be taken in illustration at least, if not in evidence. Each of these last two works, as far as it carries down the history, is marked by an encreasing exactness of minute research, and a fuller and stronger presentation of the extant memorials of the times. In reading the volumes of Mr Turner, we may be excused for expressing the regret which every student of our early history must feel, that a work so valuable by its contents, should have been rendered less interesting, and almost, we might say, of less authority, by the style of the language in which the author has thought fit to convey them.

It is to little purpose, however, to cite especial instances; for, after all, there is nothing to be done but to refer the reader, at last, to his own knowledge for the fact assumed,—that there has been, of late years, and is, at this time, in the mind of the country, as shewn in its literature, a strong determination of inquiry to the monuments of its earlier history, and an earnest desire to recover both for intellectual speculation, and for something perhaps of a moral love, the faithful representation of ages which had long been given up without regret or regard, to be lost in the darkness of time. Taking the fact for granted, we wish to propose some conjectures as to the natural causes of such a change.

A people slowly emerging from a condition of barbarism into civilization, regards the change it is undergoing with great admiration and pride, and with a steadfast conviction of the indispensable necessity to its welfare that this change should be, without remission, and to the utmost possible

degree, carried into accomplishment. During the period of this progress, an era arrives when so much of refinement is attained, and so much of the pristine barbarism shaken off, that the people of the present age perceives itself to be distinct by civilization from its barbarous ancestors: and, it no sooner discovers the distinction, than its pride steps in to rend wider the separation, while a sort of feeling, even of hostility, ensues, to that dark and inveterate barbarism from which it is accomplishing its deliverance. Against feelings so deeply rooted and powerful, which are motions indeed of the very spirit of the nation, striving with full contention of its powers for high-prized and important purposes, those feelings of imagination with which we look back upon antiquity, can have no strength to stand. They are swept down; or, indeed, they scarcely rise into existence;—for intellect and imagination, and all the higher and subtler faculties and affections of the mind, are involved in that one great movement of the people's spirit;—the whole mind of the nation looks forward to futurity. As soon as the pride of this deliverance is felt,—as long as a sense presses of the importance of throwing back to a distance from themselves that antique barbarism, of making wide and impassable the gulph of separation;—and, whenever some unwonted conflux of events, inflaming anew the zeal of amelioration, carries the whole passion of men's hearts into the future;—so soon, so long, and so often, will they look with estrangement and aversion on the mighty past, and please and flatter themselves in this conscious exaltation, and in the dawning illumination of a brighter day.

This self-separation of the age of civilization from the age of darkness, may be observed, it is probable, in every nation, at different periods, in more or less fulness, according to the circumstances of the times; and the evidence of such a spirit may be found very variously scattered through the records of human feeling and opinion, as they shew themselves now in the workings of a solitary speculative mind, and now in the consenting passions of a people; at one time in literature, at another in dress, at another in revolutions that overturn Empires, and lay thrones prostrate.

To shew this spirit manifesting itself in its powerful operations during the modern civilization of Europe, will be a work for the historian of the human mind. We have ventured to speak thus hastily on so great a subject, merely to offer grounds of speculation to those to whom these changes, in the character of our own literature, may have an interest. If there be such a spirit as this of which we have spoken there will be a time when its operation will cease or be suspended. When the security of civilization is attained, when that first sense of escape and emancipation is past, and no ferment of mind sends the thoughts of men with eagerness of desire into the future, then a natural temper of judging will take place, and to that natural temper antiquity will appear in its own importance. For it is not necessary to account for an opinion among men of the interest and value of the remains of great ages that are past; it is the cessation and disappearance of such opinions among them that needs to be accounted for. When the causes have ceased to act, by which that natural sense and opinion were held oppressed almost to extinction, it may be thought that the simple feeling of long injustice committed, as well as of great loss no doubt actually incurred, will impart a temper of eager zeal, and even passion, to the returning admiration of a people for the memory of their forefathers, and to their renewed occupation of their own long neglected inheritance.

It may, perhaps, be said that, using lofty terms like these to speak of the changes that have taken place in a nation's literature, inspires a suspicion that we may be labouring to dress up in seeming greatness, what is of no real might in the momentous concerns of mankind. It may be so. It is possible that the occupations of the intellect do more and more separate themselves from the real business of human life. Yet it would still be difficult to believe that this is a necessary condition of civilization, and that the same mind which every one, in whom it is cultivated, feels to be by its high cultivation so important to his own life, might not, through the same power, exercise an influence as high and important on the common welfare of a nation.

It has been said by a great poet,

"The present and the past,
Upon whose wings harmoniously conjoined,
Moves the great spirit of the universe."
And certainly nothing can be imagined more deplorable in the feelings of a people (except in that progressive state which we have alluded to), than the voluntary forgetfulness of the mental achievements of their ancestors. The living and creative spirit of literature is its nationality. Whatever is introduced into it from abroad, or added to it from within, should be, and if it is of any value, must be, in harmony with its past greatness. It was the glory of the Greeks that their literature was native—it was the fatality of the Romans that theirs was imported. But when a nation reaches a high point of civilization, and when its literature is highly refined and perfect, it must then either turn itself to the study, and consequently the imitation, of the literature of other nations, or it must revert to the ancient spirit of its own. Happily for us,

The ancient spirit is not dead,

Old times, we trust, are living here.

And while the worst part of our national literature is forgotten,—all that was meagre and bloodless, or rotten and impure,—on the other hand, we have raised up, as it were, from the tomb, a spirit that was only lying asleep, and that now, from the dust and the darkness, walks abroad among us, in the renovation of all its strength and beauty.

PREDICTION.

He whose experienced eye can pierce th' array
Of *past events*, to whom in vision clear
Th' aspiring heads of *future things* appear
Like mountain-tops, whence mists have
rolled away. WORDSWORTH.

ONE of the most curious treatises of Cicero, is that on "*Divination*," or the knowledge of future events, which has preserved for us a complete account of those state-contrivances which were practised by the Roman government, to instil among the people those hopes and fears by which they created public opinion. As our religious creed has entirely rendered the Pagan obsolete and ridiculous, this treatise is rarely consulted; it will always however remain as a chapter in the history of man.

To these two books of Cicero on "Divination," perhaps a third might be added, and the science of political and moral Prediction may yet not prove to be so vain a thing. Much which overwhelms when it happens may be foreseen, and often defensive measures may be provided to break the waters whose stream we cannot always direct. It is indeed suspected that there exists a faculty in some men which excels in anticipations of the Future, or in the words of Bacon, "making things FUTURE and REMOTE as PRESENT." There seems something in great minds which serves as a kind of divination; and it has often happened, that a tolerable philosopher has not made an indifferent prophet.

There may be a kind of Prescience in the vaticinations of a profound politician, and we presume that the facts we shall produce will sufficiently establish this principle. No great political or moral revolution has occurred in civilized society which has taken the philosopher by surprise, provided that this man, at once intelligent in the *quicquid agunt homines*, and still withdrawn from their conflicting interests in the retirement of his study, be free from the delusions of parties and sects. Barbarians make sudden irruptions, and alter the face of things at a blow; but intellectual nations, like man himself, are still advancing circumscribed by an eternal circle of similar events and like passions. Whatever is to follow, like our thoughts, is still linked to what precedes it; unless the force of some fortuitous event interrupts the accustomed progress of human affairs. In general, every great event has been usually connected with presage or prognostic. Lord Bacon has said, "The shepherds of the people should understand the prognostics of state-tempests, hollow blasts of wind seemingly at a distance, and secret swellings of the sea, often precede a storm." Continental writers formerly employed a fortunate expression when they wished to have an *Historia Reformationis ante Reformationem*; this history of the Reformation would have commenced perhaps a century before the Reformation itself. We have indeed a letter from Cardinal Julian to Pope Eugenius IV. written a century before Luther appeared, in which he clearly predicts the Reformation and its consequences. Sir Walter Raleigh fore-

saw the consequences of the Separatists and Sectaries in the national church about 1530. The very scene his imagination raised has been exhibited to the letter of his description two centuries after the prediction. "Time will soon bring it to pass, if it were not resisted, that God would be turned out of churches into barns, and from thence again into the fields and mountains, and under hedges—all order of discipline and church-government left to newness of opinion and men's fancies, and as many kinds of religion spring up as there are parish churches within England." Are we not struck by the profound genius of Tacitus who foresaw the calamities which have ravaged Europe, on the fall of the Roman empire, in a work written five hundred years before the event. In his sublime view of human affairs, he observes, "When the Romans shall be hunted out from those countries which they have conquered, what will then happen? The revolted people, freed from their oppressor, will not be able to subsist without destroying their neighbours; and the most cruel wars will exist among all these nations," Leibnitz foresaw the results of those selfish, and at length demoralising opinions which began to prevail through Europe in his day, and predicted *that revolution* in which they closed, when conducted by a political sect of villainous men who tried "to be worse than they could be," as old Montaigne expresses it—a sort of men whom a fashionable prologue-writer of our times had the audacity to describe as "having a taste for evil." I give the entire passage of Leibnitz,—“I find that certain opinions (approaching those of Epicurus and Spinosas), are insinuating themselves little by little into the minds of the great rulers of public affairs, who serve as the guides of others, and on whom all affairs depend; besides, these opinions are also sliding into fashionable books, and thus they are preparing all things to that general revolution which menaces Europe; and in destroying those generous sentiments of the ancients, Greek and Roman, which preferred the love of country, and public good, and the cares of posterity, to fortune, and even to life. Our public spirits, as the English call them*, excessively diminish and are

* Public spirit, and public spirits were

no more in fashion, and will be still less while the least vicious of these men preserve only one principle which they call *honour*,—a principle which only keeps them from not doing what they deem a low action, while they openly laugh at the love of country—ridicule those who are zealous for public ends—and when a well-intentioned man asks what will become of their posterity? They reply, “Then, as Now!” *But it may happen to these persons themselves to endure those evils which they believe are reserved for others.* If this epidemical and intellectual disorder could be corrected, whose bad effects are already visible, those evils might still be prevented; but if it proceeds in growth, *Providence will correct man by the very revolution which must spring from it.* Whatever may happen indeed, all must turn out as usual for the best in general at the end of the account; although *this cannot happen without the punishment of those who contribute even to general good by their evil actions.* Leibnitz, in the seventeenth century, foresaw what occurred in the eighteenth. The passage reads like a prophetic inspiration, verified in the history of the actors in the late revolution, while the result, according to Leibnitz’s own exhilarating system of optimism, is an education of good from evil. Did not Rousseau predict the convulsions of modern Europe, while he so vividly foresaw the French revolution, that he seriously advised the higher classes of society to have their children taught some useful trade? This notion was highly ridiculed on the first appearance of the *Emile*, but at its hour the truth struck. He too foresaw the horrors of that revolution, for he announced that *Emile* designed to emigrate, because, from the moral state of the people, a virtuous revolution had become impossible.

Unquestionably there have been men of such political sagacity, that they have anticipated events which have sometimes required centuries to achieve; they have detected that principle in the dark mystery of its germ, which time only could develop to others.

When SOLON, accompanied by Epimenides, who was sent by the Athe-

nians to assist him by mutual consultation, was looking on the port and citadel of Munychia, considering it a while, he turned to his companion, exclaiming, “How blind is man to futurity! For, did the Athenians foresee what mischief this will do their city, they would even eat it with their own teeth to get rid of it;” a prediction verified more than two hundred years afterwards. A similar prescient view was conceived by THALES, when he desired to be buried in an obscure quarter of Milesia, observing, that that very spot would in time be the Forum of the Milesians.

The same genius displayed itself in Charlemagne. As this mighty sovereign was standing at the window of a castle by the sea-side, observing a Norman fleet preparing to make a descent, tears started in the eyes of the aged monarch, and he exclaimed, “If they dare to threaten my dominions while I am yet living, what will they do when I shall be no more!” a melancholy prediction of their subsequent incursions, and the protracted miseries of the French nation during a century.

Erasmus, when at Canterbury, before the tomb of Becket, observing it loaded with a vast profusion of jewels, wished that those had been distributed among the poor, and that the shrine had been only adorned with boughs and flowers: For, said he, “those who have heaped up all that mass of treasure, will one day be plundered, and fall a prey to those who are in power;” a prediction literally fulfilled about twenty years after it was made. The unknown author of the *Visions of Piers Ploughman*, who wrote in the reign of Edward III., surprised the world by a famous prediction of the fall of the religious houses from the hand of a king. The event was realised two hundred years afterwards, in the reign of Henry VIII. The protestant writers have not scrupled to declare, that in this instance he was “*divino numine afflatus.*” But prediction is not inspiration; the one may be wrought out by man, the other comes from God. The same principle which led Erasmus to predict, that those who were “in power” would destroy the rich shrine, because no other class of men in society were equal to mate with one so mighty as the monks, conducted the author of *Piers Ploughman* to the same conclusion;

about the year 1700, household words with us. Leibnitz was struck by their significance, and it might now puzzle us to find synonyms.

and since power only could accomplish that great purpose, he fixed on the highest as the most likely; and the wise prediction was, so long after, literally accomplished.

This spirit of foresight, in contemplative minds, was evinced by our great antiquary Dugdale. In 1641 he anticipated the scene which was preparing to open, in the destruction of our ancient monuments in cathedral churches. He then hastened his zealous itinerant labours, of taking draughts, and copying inscriptions, "to preserve them for future and better times." And thus it was, that, conducted by his prescient spirit, posterity owes to Dugdale the ancient monuments of England. The next age will instruct itself with the history of ours, as we do by that of the last. Involved amid the most rapid reverses, those who only draw from the surface of history the volatile pleasure of a romantic tale, or deaden all its living facts by the torpedo touch of chronological antiquarianism, will not easily comprehend the principles which terminate in certain political events, nor the characters among mankind who are the usual actors in those scenes. "The thing that hath been, is that which shall be." The heart of man beats on the same eternal springs. Whether he paces, or whether he flies, his reasoning unreasonable being cannot escape out of the march of human thought and human passions. Thus we discover how, in the most extraordinary revolutions, the time and the place only have changed. Even when events are not strictly parallel, the conducting principles are the same.

When the French revolution recalled our attention to our own, the neglected volumes which preserved the public and private history of our Charles I. and Cromwell, were collected with eager curiosity. How often the scene existing before us, nay the very personages themselves, opened on us in those forgotten pages. But as the annals of human nature did not commence with those of Charles I., we took a still more retrograde step; and it was discovered, in this wider range, that, in the various governments of Greece and Rome, the events of those times had been only reproduced. Among them the same principles had terminated in the same results, and the same personages had figured in the same drama.

This strikingly appears in a little curious volume, entitled, "*Essai sur l'Histoire de la Revolution Française, par une Société d'Auteurs Latins* *."

This "Society of Latin Authors," who have so inimitably written the history of the French revolution, consists of the Roman historians themselves! By extracts ingeniously applied, the events of that melancholy period are so appositely described, indeed so minutely detailed, that they will not fail to surprise those who are not accustomed to detect the perpetual parallels which we meet in philosophical history.

Many of these crises in history are close resemblances of each other. Compare the history of "the League," in French history, with that of our own civil wars; we are struck by the similar occurrences, performed by the same political characters which played their part on both those great theatres of human action. A satirical royalist of those times has commemorated the motives, the incidents, and the personages, and has produced a *Hudibras* in prose. The author of the "*Satire Menippée de la Vertu du Catholicon d'Espagne*," discovers all the bitter ridicule of Butler, in his ludicrous and severe exhibition of the "*Etats de Paris*," while the artist who designed the satirical prints, becomes no contemptible Hogarth. So much are these public events alike, in their general spirit and termination, that they have afforded the subject of a curious volume, entitled, "*Essai sur les Revolutions*†"; the whole work was modelled on this principle. "It would be possible," says that eloquent writer, "to frame a table, or chart, in which all the given imaginable events of the history of a people would be reduced to a mathematical exactness." The conception is fanciful, but it is founded on truth. He who judges of the present by the parallels which the past furnishes, has one source opened to him of a knowledge of the future. We find how minds of large comprehension have been noticed for possessing this faculty of prediction. Cornelius Nepos relates of

* Published at Paris 1801.

† An extraordinary work, which soon sold, in the reprinting has suffered many castrations. It was printed here as a first volume, but probably remained unpublished. I read with some surprise the single copy which was said to have been saved from the entire edition.

Cicero, that heremarkably exercised this political prescience, so that, with him, it seemed a kind of divination ; for Cicero “ not only foretold events which happened in his own time, but had also prophesied what has occurred in these days.” There is a remarkable expression employed by Thucydides, in his character of Themistocles, of which the following is given as a close translation : “ By a species of sagacity peculiarly his own, for which he was in no degree indebted either to early education or after study, he was supereminently happy in forming a prompt judgment in matters that admitted but little time for deliberation ; at the same time that he far surpassed all, in his *deductions of the future, from the past* ;” or was the *best guesser of the future from the past* *. And assuredly our country has witnessed, among her illustrious men, many a rival in prediction with Themistocles. Burke, Pitt, and a noble statesman yet living, were often endowed with the faculty of political vaticination. The instances are numerous and familiar. The eloquence of Burke is often oracular ; a speech of Pitt, in 1800, painted the state of Europe, as it was only realised fifteen years afterwards. The Marquis of Wellesley’s incomparable character of Bonaparte predicted his fall when highest in his glory ; that great statesman then poured forth the sublime language of philosophical prophecy : “ His eagerness of power is so inordinate—his jealousy of independence so fierce—his keenness of appetite so feverish in all that touched his ambition, even in the most trifling things, that he must plunge into desperate difficulties. He is one of an order of minds that, by nature, make for themselves great reverses.” Such are the statesmen of genius : prescient moralists ! who so happily succeed in their predictions of the fortune and the character of famous individuals. The revolutionary character of Cardinal de Retz was detected, by the sagacity of Cardinal Mazarine, even in the youth of de Retz. He then

wrote a history of the conspiracy of Fiesco, with such vehement admiration of his hero, that the Italian politician having read it, predicted that the young author would be one of the most turbulent spirits of the age. The father of Marshal Biron, even amid the glory of his son, discovered the cloud which was to obscure it, invisible to other men : “ Biron,” said he, “ I advise thee, when peace takes place, to go and plant cabbages in thy garden, otherwise I warn thee thou wilt lose thy head on a scaffold.” The future character of Cromwell was apparent to two of our great politicians : “ This coarse, unpromising young man,” said Lord Falkland, pointing to Cromwell, “ will be the first person in the kingdom, if the nation comes to blows.” And Archbishop Williams, on a visit Charles I. paid him, told the king confidentially, that “ there was *that* in Cromwell which forbode something dangerous ; and wished his Majesty would either win him over to him or get him taken, off.”

Such are the facts which may establish the existence of a faculty of foresight and vaticination possessed by some great minds, which seems yet to want a denomination ; yet this may be supplied to us ; for the writer of the life of Sir Thomas Brown, in claiming the honour of it for that philosopher, mysteriously shadows out something which he calls “ The Stochastic,” or the faculty of political prediction,—a term derived from the Greek, signifying “ shooting at a mark.” Sir Thomas, it seems, was this intellectual archer who then hit the white ; for he says, “ Though he were no prophet, yet in that *faculty* which comes nearest to it, he excelled, i. e. the *Stochastic*, wherein he was seldom mistaken as to *future events*, as well public, as private.”

Aristotle, who collected all the curious knowledge of his times, affords us some remarkable opinions on this art of *Divination*. The passage is in that “ Magazine of intellectual riches,” as Mr Coppleston calls his “ Rhetoric.” The Stagyrte details the various subterfuges practised by the pretended diviners of his day, who found it much easier to say that such a thing would happen, than to mark the time when it is to happen. They are never circumstantial, and, in all they predict,

* A critical friend, who supplies me with this version, would have the original placed under the eye of the learned reader.

Οὐκία γὰρ ζῶνσι, καὶ οὐτε προμαθὼν ἐς αὐτὴν οὐδὲν, οὐτ’ ἐπιμαθὼν, τῶν τε παραχρῆμα δι’ ἐλαχίστης βουλῆς κρείσσις γινώσκων, καὶ τῶν πολλόντων ἐπισπλῆστον τοῦ γινωσκόμενου ἀριστος ἐκαστός.

THUCYDIDES, Lib. 1.

never tell the When *. At the same time Aristotle gives us the *secret principle*, by which one of these diviners regulated his predictions. He frankly declared, that the *future* being always very obscure, while the *past* was easy to know, *his predictions had never the future in view*; he decided from the *past*, as this appeared in human affairs, which was however concealed from, and unknown to the multitude. And this indeed is the true principle by which a philosophical historian may become a skilful divinator, and an adept in the "Stochastic."

We have had recently a remarkable illustration of the truth of this secret principle, in the confession of a man of genius among ourselves. When Mr Coleridge was a political writer in the Morning Post and the Courier, at a period of darkness and utter confusion, he was then conducted by a track of light not revealed to ordinary journalists. He decided of the Napoleonic empire, "that despotism in masquerade," by the "state of Rome under the first Cæsars;" and of the Spanish American revolution, by taking the war of the United Provinces with Philip II. as the ground-work of the comparison. "On every great occurrence," he says, "I endeavoured to discover in *past history* the event that most nearly resembled it. I procured the contemporary historians, memorialists, and pamphleteers. Then fairly subtracting the points of *difference* from those of *likeness*, as the balance favoured the former or the latter, I conjectured that the result would be the same, or different. In the Essays "on the probable final restoration of the Bourbons," I feel myself authorised to affirm, by the effect produced on many intelligent men, that, were the dates wanting, it might have been suspected that the Essays had been written within the last twelve months †."

It is not to be denied that many remarkable predictions have turned out to be false ones, like those of the monk Carion, whose Chronicle is printed, and closes in 1532, in which he declares that the world was about ending, as well as his Chronicle of it; that the Turkish empire would not last

many years; that after the death of Charles V. the empire of Germany would infallibly be torn to pieces by the Germans themselves. The monk will no longer pass for a prophet; his miscalculated Daniel, like some others, wished more ill to the Mahometans than the Christian cabinets of Europe, and had no notion that God would prosper the heretics of Luther. Sir James Macintosh has indeed observed, "I am sensible, that in the field of *political prediction*, veteran sagacity has often been deceived." He alludes to the memorable example of Harrington, who published a demonstration of the impossibility of re-establishing monarchy in England six months before the restoration of Charles II. But the author of the Oceana was a political fanatic, who ventured to predict an event, not by other events which had happened, but by a theoretical principle which he had formed, that "the balance of power depends on that of property." So unphilosophical was Harrington in his contracted view of human affairs, that he dropped out of his calculation all the stirring passions of ambition and party. A similar error of a great genius occurs in De Foe. "Child," says Mr George Chalmers, with great good sense, "foreseeing from experience that mens conduct must finally be decided by their *principles*, foretold the colonial revolt. De Foe, allowing his prejudices to obscure his sagacity, reprobated that suggestion, because he deemed *interest* a more strenuous prompter than *enthusiasm*." The predictions of Harrington and De Foe are precisely such as we might expect from a political economist. Child, the philosophical predictor, had read the *past*.

Even when the event does not justify the prediction, the predictor may however not have been the less correct in his principles of divination. The catastrophe of human life, and the turn of great events, often prove accidental. Biron, whom we have noticed, might have ascended the throne, instead of the scaffold; Cromwell and De Retz might have become only the favourite general, or the minister of their sovereigns. Such fortuitous events are not comprehended in the reach of political prescience; it is only a vulgar superstition which pretends to this; but in these very cases where nothing occurred to disturb the accus-

* Lib. vii. c. v.

† Biographia Literaria, or Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. 1817. Vol. I. p. 214.

tomed progress of human nature, the foresight of the predictors is unquestionable. Hartley, in his "Observations on Man," &c. published in 1749, predicted the fall of the existing governments and hierarchies in these two simple propositions:—

"PROP. 81. It is probable that all the civil governments will be overturned.

PROP. 82. It is probable that the present forms of church government will be dissolved."

We are told that Lady Charlotte Wentworth, much alarmed at these falls of church and state, asked Hartley when these terrible things would happen? The predictor answered, "I am an old man, and shall not live to see them; but you are a young woman, and probably will see them." We can hardly deny that the prediction has failed;—it has taken place in America, and it has occurred in France. A fortuitous event has comfortably thrown back the world into its old corners; but we still revolve in a circle; what is dark and distant shall be clear as we approach it; and these 81st and 82d propositions of our Vaticinator may again come round in a crisis.

There is a spirit of political vaticination, which has been often ascribed to the highest source of inspiration, by the enthusiasts of a party; but, since "the language of prophecy" has ceased among them, such pretensions are equally impious and unphilosophical. Knox, the reformer, possessed an extraordinary portion of this bold prophetic confidence. He appears to have predicted several remarkable events, and the fates of some persons. Many of his "prophetical sayings," as they were called, esteemed wild at the time, were afterwards remembered with awful astonishment. When condemned to a galley in Rochelle, he predicted that, "within two or three years, he should preach the Gospel at St Giles's in Edinburgh; an improbable event which happened. Of Mary and Darnley, he pronounced, that "as the king, for the queen's pleasure, had gone to mass, the Lord, in his justice, would make her the instrument of his overthrow." Events not long afterwards realized. There are other striking predictions of the deaths of Thomas Maitland, and of

Kirkaldy of Grange, and the warning he solemnly gave to the Regent Murray not to go to Linlithgow, where he was assassinated. Such predictions occasioned a barbarous people to imagine that Knox had some immediate communication with Heaven. One Clerius, a Spanish friar and almanack-maker, clearly predicted the death of Henry the Fourth of France. Peiresc, as Gassendi tells us, although he gave no faith to the vain science of astrology, alarmed for the life of a beloved monarch, consulted with two gentlemen about the king, and sent the Spanish almanack to his majesty. That high-spirited prince thanked them for their care, but slighted the prediction; the event occurred; and, in the following year, the Spanish friar spread his own fame in a new almanack. I have been occasionally struck at the Jeremiads of honest George Withers the poet; some of his works afford many solemn predictions. Some predictions are recorded of this sort, which have been made after the event; but as certain is it, that many have preceded it, which we may fairly account for on mere human principles. The busy spirits of a revolutionary age, the heads of a party such as Knox was, have frequently secret communications with spies or friends; such a constant source of concealed information, combined with a shrewd, confident, and enthusiastic temper, will account for some mysterious predictions of this nature. Knox was unquestionably endowed with a considerable portion of our Stochastic faculty, as appears by his Machiavellian maxim, on the barbarous destruction of the monasteries and cathedrals.—"The best way to keep the *rooks* from returning is to pull down their *nests*." The event of Henry the Fourth's death, so clearly predicted by the Spanish friar, resulted either from his being acquainted with the plot, or made an instrument in this case by those who were; the report of the assassination, before it occurred, was rife in Spain and Italy. Such as George Withers, will always rise in disturbed times, which are favourable to a melancholy temperament, and sanguine imagination. Like the Sybil attending on Eneas, these usually see nothing but horrid battles, and the Tyber foaming with blood.

—Bella, horrida bella,
Et Fybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.

Or, as honest Withers says of himself, in "a dark lanthrene offering a dim discovery on riddles and semi-riddles, &c., intermixed with cautions, remembrances, predictions," &c.

—And I perhaps among them may be
one

That was let loose for service to be done,
In order to such kinds (as I believe
I am, and when I'm gone, some will
perceive,

Though none observe it now),
I blunder out what worldly-prudent men
Count *madness*. p. 7.

Human prediction must be for ever separated from divine prophecy; there is nothing supernatural in the prescience we are asserting; and Socrates, though he cajoled his heathens, with the story of his "Demon," was a great predictor.

The present contemplation of the *future*, with the statesman or the philosopher, is entirely derived from that of the *past*, which includes the history of the *present*. An intimate familiarity with the past, combined with natural sagacity and our own experience, will be sufficient to form a great predictor in human affairs. This prophet may be liable to run too close those *parallels in history* which so frequently appear; but in all historical parallels much is to be dropped and much to be substituted, before their common principles can be made to agree; the full comprehension, the *fact* of the future in the past, forms that prescient faculty, with which some great men have unquestionably been endowed.

Absorbed in present views, carried away by a sectarian presumption and egotism, the audacious revolutionists of these times strike into a bye-path in pursuit of their empirical measures; they dare to imagine that their own inventions can suggest to them all that is to be done and all that is to be said; a contempt, and even an oblivion of the *past*, is the glory of their ignorance; and, therefore, we are perpetually discovering that their new is old, while the old remains for them still new, when we take the pains to discover it, to this unlessoned and stripling race of politicians.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF
HECTOR MACNEILL.*

HECTOR MACNEILL was descended from a respectable family, who possessed, for some centuries, a small hereditary estate in the southernmost district of Argyllshire. His father, after several vicissitudes of fortune, obtained a company in the 42d regiment of Scotch Highlanders, with whom he served several severe campaigns in Flanders. Having been seized with a dangerous pulmonary complaint, he disposed of his commission, and retired with a wife and two children, to that beautiful residence, Rosebank, near Roslin, where, on the 22d of October 1746, the subject of this memoir was born, who, to use his own words, "amidst the murmur of streams, and the shades of Hawthornden, may be said to have inhaled with life the atmosphere of a poet."

Captain Macneill possessed all the generosity of a soldier, and all the hospitality of a Highlander, so that, in no long time, he found himself in circumstances somewhat embarrassed, and was forced to sell the delightful spot to which he had become most strongly attached. He then retired to a farm on the banks of Loch Lomond, where, for several years, he enjoyed the calm pleasures of a rural life, with uninterrupted felicity to himself and his family. But having lost a considerable sum of money by the failure of one friend, and become involved in a lawsuit, in consequence of having been security for another, the latter part of his life was darkened by misfortune. An opulent relation in Bristol, having paid Captain Macneill a visit during his distresses, took a fancy for his little namesake, Hector, and promised to provide for him. Accordingly, after two years' preparatory education at a public seminary, the youth was sent, at the age of fourteen, to Bristol. The cousin, to whose charge he was committed, had been the Captain of a West India trader, and finally realised a considerable fortune, by

* This sketch has been drawn from the autobiography of the poet, now in possession of one of his most esteemed friends; a very entertaining and instructive work, and which, we understand, will probably be given to the public.

various mercantile occupations. He was pleased with the diligence and ability of his ward, and determined that, like himself, he should become a merchant and a seaman. It was at first intended that he should be sent on a "trying voyage" to the coast of Guinea, in a slave-ship; but this plan was laid aside, and Hector Macneill was entered on board the *Ruby*, Captain Henderson, bound to St Christophers and Antigua, as *ordinary*, but was birthed with the second mate, gunner, and carpenter, in the steerage. If he liked the sea, something was to be done for him on his returning to port; if not, his cousin gave him introductory letters to some of his particular friends in St Christophers, together with one for his son, who had the charge of his father's store-houses in that island.

The voyage to St Christophers completely sickened young Macneill with the sea, and after a year's unsatisfactory residence on that island with his patron's son, he sailed for Guadaloupe, on an engagement of three years, in the employ of a merchant there, which had been represented to him as in all respects highly eligible. In this situation he met with nothing but insults and bad treatment, and Guadaloupe having been, in virtue of the treaty of peace between England and France, restored to the latter, the merchant with whom he lived departed for America, and left him, at the age of seventeen, to shift for himself, with only eight or ten pistoles in his pocket, and not a single friend who cared for him in the island. After many difficulties, he contrived to get a passage to St John's, Antigua, where he found the cousin with whom he had parted at St Kitt's, and immediately began to assist him as a clerk. Finding, however, that this person expected him to work day and night without any salary, he quitted his employment, and found himself once more set adrift, and at the mercy of the waves of fortune. It was not long, however, till he was recommended by a friend to the Provost-Marshal of Grenada, as a person qualified, by his general talents, and more particularly by his knowledge of the French language, to assist in his office,—and being chosen to the situation, he soon afterwards arrived at St George's Town in that island. Here he lived happily and usefully for

three years, discharging the duties of his office with great credit, and respected by all. Here too, had he been of a money-making disposition, he might have realised some fortune, but unluckily for himself, he was not, and after six year's residence in the West Indies, his sole property was an unblemished reputation. At this time he heard that his mother and sister were dead, and upbraiding himself for having allowed his family to remain so long ignorant of his fate in life, he resolved to return to his father's house, and see what prospects might open up for him in his native country.

About eighteen months after Hector's return to Scotland, his father died, leaving him but a very slender patrimony. This he was advised to sink in an annuity; and for several years he contrived, on £80 per annum, not only to support himself, but also three other persons who had unfortunately become dependent on his justice and humanity. He had, fatally for his happiness and respectability, yet from circumstances originating in romantic generosity, formed a connexion which he found it impossible for him to break off; and it was not, till the failure of the person from whom he had purchased his annuity startled him from his indolent and delusive life, that he saw the necessity of tearing himself away from his luckless family ties, and of getting into some employment to ward off the immediate approach of poverty and dependence. Through the interest of a friend in London, he was received as an assistant into the Secretary's-office, in the *Victory*, Admiral Geary's flag-ship, at that time commanded by the celebrated Captain Kempenfeldt, and made two cruises with the grand fleet, during which nothing of importance occurred; but seeing no prospect of advancement in a profession most uncongenial with his habits and dispositions, he gave up his equivocal and unproductive situation, and again turned his face towards Scotland. In Liverpool he was induced to remain for some months, by his friendship with Messrs Currie and Roscoe (men who afterwards became so illustrious), and with the benevolent and wise Rathbone, who most affectionately loved him; and while there, he received intelligence of his being appointed to the same kind of situation which he had

formerly held, on board the flag-ship of Sir Richard Bickerton, appointed to take the chief command of the naval power in India, in the room of Sir Edward Hughes. After three years absence from Britain—during which he was in the last undecisive action with Suffrein, and encountered most of the difficulties and dangers incident to a sea-faring life—Hector Macneill returned as poor a man as before, fortune having never once smiled upon him—and that promotion which his acknowledged good conduct and excellent talents deserved, having been constantly retarded by some inauspicious event or other, till at last all prospect of ultimate success was finally closed. In this seemingly hopeless situation he again revisited Scotland; and having raised a few hundred pounds on the security, such as it was, of his annuity, he retired to a farm-house near Stirling, and for a year or two gave himself up entirely to literary pursuits, and more especially to the study of poetry, for which he had in early life shewn both inclination and genius, although the hardships and vicissitudes of fortune had left him but little opportunity of cultivating those powers, and enjoying those pleasures in manhood, which had been the delight and ornament of his early youth. In this retirement he seems to have enjoyed much happiness; for he possessed an elasticity and buoyancy of mind which kept him elate and cheerful under circumstances that would have depressed most men into utter despondency. It was then that he made his first appearance before the public as a poet; but though his poem, which was purely descriptive of local scenery, gained him some reputation among his own friends, and with the inhabitants of the beautiful country therein described, this his first attempt was considered by the public as almost a complete failure, and sunk at once into oblivion. Perceiving that poetry was not likely to be a gainful trade, he once more resolved to enter into active life; and having procured some letters of introduction, to opulent and powerful persons in Jamaica, he set sail for that island on a voyage of adventure, being now in his thirty-eighth year, and as unprovided for as when he first embarked on the troubled sea of life.

On his arrival at Kingston, Hector Macneill became an assistant to the Collector of the Customs, a gentleman with whom he had formed acquaintance during the voyage. This worthy person, however, took the first opportunity that occurred of getting rid of him, as soon as he found that he could transact the business of his office without his assistance, and Macneill found himself once more, not only totally destitute of present, but hopeless of future employment. The letters of introduction, which he had brought to some eminent persons, were of no use to him; and in his emergency, he had no other resource than to accept, for a time, of the hospitality of a medical friend, at whose house, situated in a beautiful valley, he took up his temporary abode. He soon afterwards discovered that two of the dearest companions of his boyhood were settled in Jamaica, and from their friendship he received every kind of aid that his situation required, and promises, afterwards fully realized, of future encouragement and support, in case of the failure of those schemes which he was about to carry into execution. These, it would appear, were somewhat vague and indefinite; and a favourable opportunity having soon occurred of returning to Britain, Hector Macneill was prevailed on to embrace it, and to try his chance once more in his native country. Before he quitted Jamaica, he had the satisfaction of seeing his two boys, who had been sent out by a generous friend, comfortably settled; and having, through the interest of the governor's secretary, received a small sum of money as the pay of an inland ensign, now conferred on him, but antedated, he set sail in good spirit, and in a few months found himself once more in Scotland.

During his homeward voyage, Macneill had finished a poem, which he had begun before he last left Scotland, and he now published it, under the patronage of Mr Grahame of Gartmore, who had long loved the Poet, and admired his genius. This poem, which is called the "Harp," and founded on an interesting Highland tradition, was not very successful on its first publication, but became afterwards a favourite, and brought the author considerable reputation. For some years Hector Macneill resided with his friend in Stirlingshire, and became engaged

to marry the sister of his wife, in the event of procuring any situation that could enable him to support a family. This attachment proved most distressing to both parties; for some unexpected circumstances having broken the ties of that friendship on which he chiefly relied, Macneill, seeing that nothing but misery could result from the marriage, felt himself imperiously called on, by a sense of honour, to tear himself away for ever from the object of his affections.

On the unfortunate termination of this affair, Hector Macneill retired into Argyllshire, and passed some time with his father's relations. He then visited Glasgow, and, through the generosity of a friend and namesake there, was on the eve of entering into a mercantile concern, when the events of the year 1793 overturned the commercial prosperity of that city. He accordingly took up his residence in Edinburgh, having been able again to raise some money on his annuity; but he was now attacked with a severe nervous complaint, and for six years suffered inexpressible wretchedness from pain of body and depression of mind. During this dismal night of darkness and disease, he retired to a solitary cottage near St Ninians, Stirlingshire, and there tried to direct his faculties once more to poetry. It was there that he wrote his "*Will and Jean*," a composition that instantly became popular, in the best sense of the word, and acquired for him that for which his soul had often panted—the reputation of a poet.

The despondency, however, under which he had long laboured, instead of being lightened by applause, deepened at last into despair, and, with a view of trying the effects of a tropical climate, he determined to revisit Jamaica. He there found one of those friends who had formerly been so kind to him, possessed of affluence, and, in consequence of his brother's death, disposed to return to his native country. This generous man insisted on settling a small annuity on his friend, in obedience to wishes often expressed by his deceased brother; and in a few months they set sail together for Britain, where Macneill arrived with improved health and spirits, and with the prospect of passing the remainder of his days in serenity and comfort. During his absence too, his poetical fame had great-

ly increased, for he was looked on at his departure as a dying man, and his poems had been read with that kind of pathetic interest which breathes from the memorials of departed genius. The booksellers now became his friends, and he received a moderate sum for the copy-right of his various poetical productions. His medical friend in Jamaica, who died about this time, bequeathed to him one half of his little property; and he soon afterwards, by the death of his son, acquired a farther addition to his fortune. His circumstances were now easy, and he continued, till the day of his death, free from those distressing embarrassments, in which, spite of all his talents and activity, he had been almost constantly involved, till he was upwards of fifty years of age. His residence was fixed, for the last fifteen years of his life, at Edinburgh; and he enjoyed, in its enlightened society, the respect and friendship of all who knew him—and, though he wrote but little poetry, continued assiduously to pursue, in serene retirement, those elegant studies, which he had never lost sight of in the most turbulent and distracting scenes of an adventurous and checkered life. He died the 15th of March 1818, having, for a considerable time, suffered much from a general decay of the primary powers of nature.

From this sketch of the life of Hector Macneill, it will be seen that, from early boyhood, till that season when the imagination, in some measure, is deadened or decays, he had but few intervals of undisturbed leisure and serenity, during which he could devote himself to the impulses of his poetical genius. Indeed, his whole life, till he was far advanced in years, was a ceaseless struggle with adversity; and a mind which unquestionably was framed by nature for the enjoyment of all liberal pursuits, was kept too constantly filled and agitated by anxiety and care. In estimating, therefore, his poetical character, and the merit of his writings, it is necessary that we hold in view the many unfavourable circumstances under which that poetical character grew, and those writings were composed. When we do so, we feel at once that Macneill was a man of genius. We perceive the flashings—the outbreaks of a true poetical spirit, through those clouds that so long enveloped it—and, independently of

their intrinsic beauty, which is often very great, his productions have a strong charm about them, as the effusions of an original and feeling mind escaping gladly from the necessities of life into the delightful world of the imagination.

The poem on which his reputation chiefly rests is "Scotland's Skaith, or the History of Will and Jean." It took at once a strong hold on the affections and feelings of the people of Scotland; and will, without doubt, retain its place among our national poetry, in the same rank with the best compositions of Burns. It is indeed a most beautiful narrative ballad, finely and delicately conceived—simply and gracefully expressed. Nothing can be better than the picture there drawn of the happy life and interesting character of the Scottish peasantry—and great skill is shewn in describing, without the slightest coarseness or vulgarity, the degradation of that life and character by wretchedness and vice. A ballad so true to nature, and so full of instruction, cannot be unimportant to the cause of morality—and, as it has an existence in the hearts of the people, there can be no doubt that it has often joined its influence with other causes to guard the young from the insidious approaches of that vice, whose ruinous effects it so pathetically describes and deplores. The praise of this poem is not now, perhaps, much heard in book-shops or literary coteries—but it lives in the memory of many thousand virtuous hearts, who feel, ignorant and poor though they may be, the sanctity of their own small household—and cherish, with enthusiastic love, that poetry, in which are recorded their own simple annals. This is a kind of poetry in which Scotland is rich—which springs out of that impressive system of domestic life which her population alone enjoys—and which, in the works of Ramsay, and Burns, and Fergusson, and Macneill, and the Ettrick Shepherd, serves to connect the moral being of the lower ranks of society with that of the very highest in the land, by the bonds of a deep and common sympathy.

The genius of Hector Macneill also shone with peculiar beauty in his various little lyrical compositions, and songs breathed to the touching music of his country. Many of these songs have become part of our national ly-

rics, and it would not be easy to find any superior to some of them in simplicity and tenderness, and, above all, in that unity of feeling which is essential to such poetry. There are exhibited in them many specimens of that mingled gayety and pathos which seems to mark the passion of love in all simple states of society; they are distinguished from the songs of real shepherds, only by the ornaments of Art working in the spirit of Nature—and have often been sung by the maiden at her wheel, as songs of former days framed by some bard in lowly life. Our limits prevent us from quoting any of them at present, but we refer our readers to "Donald and Flora," "Mary of Castle-Cary," "The Rose of Kirtle," "The Lammie," "Come under my Plaidy," "O tell me how far to woo," "Jeanie's Black Ee," &c.

Of Hector Macneill we have now shortly spoken as a Poet—we could also with pleasure speak of him as a Man. His high sense of honour—his unbending integrity—and his unostentatious spirit of independence, were well known to all who enjoyed his friendship. It may be, that he was occasionally proud and fastidious overmuch, and that his temper had slightly felt the fretful influence of disappointment and misfortune—but these were faults easily overlooked and forgiven in one of so much sterling worth, so many accomplishments, and so fine a genius. He was a sincere friend, and a fascinating companion; and when his mind was perfectly serene and happy, in the absence of those nervous complaints to which he was always subject, he delighted all companies by the liveliness of his illustrations, the originality of his remarks, and a boundless fund of curious and characteristic anecdote.

CHATEAU OF COPPET.

LETTER THIRD.

Lausanne, 3d September.

THAT enthusiastic love of her native land, for which Madame de Staël was so remarkable, excited in her the strongest desire of returning to it, notwithstanding her courage and her resolutions. After being convinced, however, of the impossibility of doing so,

she resolved to pass into England, there to breathe the air of liberty, the only atmosphere indeed which agreed with her.

Among all the states of Europe, England stood highest in Madame de Staël's esteem, both on account of its institutions and the character of its inhabitants.

She thus renounced her residence at Coppet, quitting it by stealth, dreading obstacles which might have been thrown in the way of her departure. I was with her at the time, and I think I never saw any thing so sad as the preparations for setting out. They were made secretly, and she forebore to speak of them, the better to conceal the anguish she experienced. This was indeed severe, for she had then reason to fear that her absence might be for ever; and who was ever able to bid a last adieu to the abode of his ancestors without shedding tears of sorrow? In our day, so many have experienced this misfortune, that its nature is fully understood. At Coppet, Madame de Staël left the shade of her father, and the neighbourhood of France;—of that France, so famous for its virtues, its crimes, and its achievements.

At this period it was difficult to reach England. Madame de Staël crossed over Germany, in order to go into Russia, without knowing whether she should embark on the Baltic or the Black Sea, for these were now the only seas which were free. She decided however for the north, notwithstanding the attraction which the countries of the east held out to her imagination.

This long journey was completed during the campaign of Moscow. At St Petersburg she witnessed the discouragement of the Russians, and the return of that energy which the firmness of the monarch restored to the nation. There she maintained the doctrine of resistance as noble in itself, and as the only means of saving the world.

Quitting the capital of Russia, as the season advanced, she embarked for Stockholm, the flames of Moscow illuminating her departure. Whatever was now to be the issue of this great event, it was truly awful, as being in fact more colossal than the world on which it was passing. Every nation of Europe had marched towards the Pole,

against the will of Heaven, and in these regions, disasters were already foreseen, from which the French alone seemed to conceive themselves exempted; as if Providence had promised an eternal flight to their eagles.

Madame de Staël passed the winter at Stockholm. There she had frequent opportunities of seeing the Crown Prince, having been formerly on terms of intimacy with him. They canvassed the necessity, and, above all, the possibility of opposing a successful resistance to the destructive designs of Bonaparte. At this period indeed, she exercised a marked influence over the political events of Europe. It had therefore been safer for Bonaparte to have allotted her a residence at Paris than on the frozen ocean; but, happily for the world, tyrants are apt to commit mistakes as well as good men.

After a gloomy winter, during which Madame de Staël's health had suffered from the severity of the climate, she departed for England. There she could enjoy that liberty of which she had been so long deprived; and she did enjoy it,—thanks to that spirit which renders it almost as difficult to destroy liberty in England as to establish it elsewhere.

While in England, she published her work on Germany; a work which Bonaparte had seized, because in it she urged the Germans to escape from their historical insignificance, by having recourse to deeds, of which they were so sparing, in place of words, of which they were so prodigal. He had caused it be seized, because every line of it breathed forth the dignity and independence of man, both of which it was in the nature of his system to proscribe.

This work, of a graver cast than *Corinne*, has added to modern science a very extensive domain, which I shall denominate the Natural History of Nations. Madame de Staël has given us the key to this science, which, in point of importance, ought surely to rank far above that of reptiles and birds.

The sciences have always owed their origin to some great spirit. Smith created political economy—Linnæus, botany—Lavoisier, chemistry—and Madame de Staël has, in like manner, created the art of analysing the spirit of nations, and the springs which move them. To whatever extent the

advancement of this science may, in the course of time, be pushed, the glory of having been its author must ever remain with Madame de Staël.

Her merits, in this respect, will be more gratefully acknowledged by posterity than by her contemporaries. These have not much relished the picture she has drawn of them. Indeed, we always believe ourselves more beautiful than our portraits represent us; and nations who read their history are apt to exclaim, like one of my neighbours, while contemplating his face in a looking-glass, "Heavens! how very ugly these mirrors do make one."

Madame de Staël's political opinions were confirmed during her residence in England, by habitual intercourse with the Mackintoshes, Lansdownes, and Horners, those heirs of liberty, whose numbers are, alas! so alarmingly decreasing.

She had hardly been a year in England when she beheld the downfall of an empire, which the will of Heaven had raised up and cast down to serve as an example to mankind.

After the restoration, Madame de Staël returned to Paris. That event seemed a recompense to humanity for all she had suffered. It was the nations of the north who came in their turn, as by a miracle, to establish the peace of the world, and to preserve its civilization. In those institutions which the King had just accorded to the wishes of France, she recognised the political principles in which she had been nursed, and the predominance of which she had, from the commencement of the revolution, sighed for in vain.

She now eagerly attached herself to those institutions so conformable to her views and her wishes. She was happy, too, at finding herself in that city where her life had dawned; and where she regained her friends of all ages and of all countries, whom the peace attracted to Paris, as to a general rendezvous.

Fatigued, however, by so much travelling, she quitted the French capital sooner than might have been expected, and being now free to choose her residence, she came to enjoy the repose of Coppet. She returned to inhabit that dwelling which time had rendered pleasant, and with which were associated the image and the remembrance

of her father. I there saw her again. She was ever the same; for, in the whole course of her life, neither her sentiments nor her opinions changed. These opinions merely acquired additional strength, as experience rendered her more certain of the facts on which they were founded.

Crowds of foreigners now thronged her house. They came to see and to hear her whose every word darted light into the mind: they came thither also to enjoy happiness under her hospitable roof. I too have often resided under it, and the time I spent there was the happiest of my life. It was not merely that one found in it more knowledge and more wit than might be met with elsewhere; but I was happy because that knowledge and that wit were never employed to diminish the pleasure of existence. Kind good-nature and gayety were alike welcome there. The imagination was always occupied, and the soul experienced that happy feeling which inspires contempt for every thing base, and love for all that is noble.

Lord Byron was one day announced. It was natural that the most distinguished female of our age should desire to know the only poet who has found the poetic muse in our day. Madame de Staël was well acquainted with English, and could appreciate Lord Byron in his own tongue. He occupied a country house opposite to Coppet, on the other side of the Lake of Geneva. To come thither he crossed that lake, whose aspect inspired his muse with the Prisoner of Chillon.

Madame de Staël, now in a very ailing state, returned to Paris in the month of September 1816. It was there that this brilliant meteor ceased to shed her life-giving rays on every society. As her soul surpassed her physical strength, she enjoyed, till her last moment, that world which she loved so well, and which will so long regret her; for all places may be filled up but hers, which must ever remain empty.

I had quitted her in the spring to go into Italy, having no idea that we should lose her so soon. There was in her so much of the spirit of life, that half a century seemed insufficient to consume it. I know that, even down to the last days of her life, her house was the centre of union for every thing distinguished in Paris. She knew

how to draw out the wit of every one, and those who had but little, might offer that little, without fear, as she never despised it, provided it was natural. Her soul gave and received all impressions. In the midst of two hundred persons, she was in communication with all, and would successively animate twenty different groups. There she exercised the empire of superiority, which no one dared contest with her. The ascendancy of her presence put folly to silence; the wicked and the foolish alike concealed themselves before her. In this way Madame de Staël was not only valuable to society for what she did, but for what she prevented.

It was indeed a remarkable blessing of Providence, the having imparted so much talent to a woman. It was the first time we had seen such a phenomenon. As a woman, Madame de Staël has exercised an influence upon her age, so much the greater, that the laws of society could not oppose her, because the existence of such a woman had not been anticipated. Madame de Staël was thus able to possess, with impunity, a greater elevation, more eloquence, and more character, than a man could have done in her situation; and for this reason, that she dared to tell the truth, a degree of boldness which men seldom possess, being subject to too many tribunals.

I returned from Italy somewhat uneasy at the news we had there received of Madame de Staël, but without being much alarmed by them. I approached Coppet in sadness, for I knew she no longer dwelt in it. Arriving on the 28th July, I stopped, before entering the village, in order to look for a moment into that park where I had so often roamed. I approached those courts which I believed to be deserted, but found them, on the contrary, crowded with people. A miserable ill-clothed rabble were pressing against the railing; I asked them the reason of so great an assemblage? They were come, they said, to assist at the obsequies of Madame de Staël, and to receive the last mark of her kindness at her tomb.

I entered by the door of the vestibule which was open. I passed in front of that very theatre in which I had been ten years before; the curtain was down, but that day of emotion, of success, and of life, rushed involun-

tarily upon my recollection. I thought of it the more keenly, on seeing the domestics in mourning, who were the same I had then known. They took no notice of me, and I remained in the lobby.

I saw the coffin descend, borne by the principal inhabitants of the village, for these old men would not yield up the privilege of carrying her mortal remains to that tomb where her father awaited her. Their's was no desire to pay homage to her renown, (for of what importance was that to them?) but to her who had ever been forward to do them kind offices, and who was an object of their love on account of her worth.

Her children, her relations, her friends followed the procession. It had nothing of solemnity but the silence of grief. Foreigners who had never been acquainted with her, lined the way, and bore evidence of the regret of the whole world.

Her coffin was placed at the foot of that where her father reposes, in a monument which he had erected to unite in the same tomb whatever he best loved. This narrow dwelling, which will no more be opened, contains the mortal remains of these friends, whom so strong an affection had linked together. They have again met in heaven, but nothing can replace them on earth.

TRISTAN D'ACUNHA, &c.

JONATHAN LAMBERT, *late Sovereign thereof.*

[Mid way, in the Southern Atlantic, between the Cape of Good Hope and the Brazil coast, are situated a small group of three islands, named *Tristan d'Acunha*, after the Portuguese admiral who first discovered them. Nothing can be more wild and dismal than the aspect of these islands; and in stormy weather, which is common in the winter season, a tremendous sea roars and foams against the rocky shores. The names given to the three islands are, *Tristan d'Acunha*,--*Inaccessible*,--and *Nightingale Islands*, the two latter of which are so wild and rugged as to defy all approach.

EDITOR.]

TRISTAN D'ACUNHA is about seven leagues in circumference, of a square shape, formed by hilly ridges with deep vallies, and appears to have originated from a volcanic eruption. The only

level ground of consequence is on the N. E. side, at the foot of a mountain rising upwards of 8000 perpendicular feet from the flat, in extent about five miles; the principal part of which may be cultivated easily, having been cleared of the brushwood by fires, and left in a state to receive the plough or spade.

The island looks to be inaccessible on the other parts. Probably, in moderate weather, and a smooth sea, boats may land; but the only road across would be over the mountains; to walk round is impossible, the sea beating in many places against the perpendicular cliffs.

Stone for building to be had; but none of the kind the lime is produced from could be seen. A very good sort of reed for thatching grows in abundance.

The common tree of the island appears a species of gum-tree, very sappy, and only of use for firewood and common purposes.

The island is well supplied with water. Three falls run near the habitable part; one convenient for ships, who may fill casks in their boat with a hose.

The seasons are described as being irregular; the climate very good, and particularly healthy. The spring commences the latter end of September, and the winter in April, which is mild, never too cold to hurt the vegetation. Snow is seen on the mountains from April to September. Prevailing winds from S. E. to W. N. W.; seldom wore to the eastward; but when from that quarter, it blows with its greatest strength.

It rains moderately throughout the year, and never at any time to hurt the ground. Ice has never been seen; thunder seldom heard.

When Buonaparte was sent to St Helena, it was deemed expedient to examine these islands, and, if necessary, to take possession of them. The Falmouth frigate was despatched for this purpose, and arrived there in August 1816. Two men were found living on the island, who, it appeared, had been on this desolate spot for some years, and who were both overjoyed in placing themselves under the protection of the British flag. One of these men, of the name of Thomas Currie, gave the following account of his coming to the island.

"My first coming to the island was in an American ship called the Baltic, Captain Lovel, belonging to Boston.

We arrived from Rio de Janeiro 27th December 1810.

"I came under an agreement to remain one year, and to have a passage found me to the Cape of Good Hope, in case I should not wish to remain on the island. My agreement was 12 Spanish dollars per month, besides the one-third of 20 per cent. on all produce during the time I might remain.

"The man I agreed with was not Captain Lovel, but Jonathan Lambert, an American, who intended to make a settlement on the island. He remained on it till the 17th May 1812, when he and two other Americans, under pretence of fishing and collecting wreck, took the boat and left the island. I never heard of them since; but I must not omit mentioning, that the said Jonathan Lambert took possession of the three islands of Tristan d'Acunha in a formal manner.

"I never received either money nor any other remuneration from Lambert for all my labour. I suffered the greatest distress from want of clothes and provisions. I have been constantly robbed by the Americans, whether vessels of war or merchantmen. They took away my live stock, and the produce of the land, which I had cleared with my own hard labour and industry since my first arrival."

Thomas Currie has fifteen or twenty acres of ground cultivated, sown with vegetables, which were thriving very well, and three huts thatched with reed.

The other person on the island (a lad whom he called his apprentice), came from an English ship, having agreed to serve two years for wages: is a native of Minorca.

The stock on the island belonging to Thomas Currie consisted of,
Forty breeding sows, } of the wild
Two boars, } breed.

No fowls or ducks left; the last taken away by the American privateers.

He stated that, in the mountains, there were many wild pigs and goats.

The following is the document left by Jonathan Lambert on the island, by which he constituted himself sole monarch of this group of islands:

"Know all men by these presents, that I, Jonathan Lambert, late of Salem, in the state of Massachusetts, United States of America, and citizen thereof, have this 4th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1811, taken absolute possession of the island of

Tristan d'Acunha, so called, viz. the great island, and the other two, known by the names of Inaccessible and Nightingale Islands, solely for myself and my heirs for ever, with the right of conveying the whole, or any part thereof, to one or more persons, by deed of sale, free gift, or otherwise, as I, or they (my heirs), may hereafter think fitting or proper.

"And as no European, or other power whatever, has hitherto publicly claimed the said islands, by right of discovery, or act of possession: Therefore be it known to all nations, tongues, and languages, that from and ever after the date of this public instrument, I constitute my individual self the sole proprietor of the above-mentioned islands, grounding my right and claim on the rational and sure principle of absolute occupancy; and, as such, holding and possessing all the rights, titles, and immunities properly belonging to proprietors by the usage of nations.

"In consequence of this right and title by me thus assumed and established, I do further declare, that the said islands shall, for the future, be denominated the Islands of Refreshment, the great island bearing that name in particular; and the landing-place on the north side, a little to the east of the cascade, to be called Reception, and which shall be the place of my residence. The isle formerly called Inaccessible, shall henceforth be called Printard Island; and that known by the name of Nightingale Isle shall now be called Lovel Island.

"And I do further declare, that the cause of the said act, set forth in this instrument, originated in the desire and determination of preparing for myself and family a house where I can enjoy life, without the embarrassments which have hitherto constantly attended me, and procure for us an interest, and property, by means of which a competence may be ever secured, and remain, if possible, far removed beyond the reach of chicanery and ordinary misfortunes.

"For the above purpose, I intend paying the strictest attention to husbandry, presuming, where it is known in the world, that refreshments may be obtained at my residence, all vessels, of whatever description, and belonging to whatever nation, will visit me for that purpose, and, by a fair and

open traffic, supply themselves with those articles of which they may be in need.

"And I do hereby invite all those who may want refreshments, to call at Reception, where, by laying-by, opposite the Cascade, they will be immediately visited by a boat from the shore, and speedily supplied with such things as the islands may produce, at a reasonable price.

"And be it further known, that by virtue of the aforesaid right and authority above-mentioned, I have adopted a flag. This flag is formed of five diamonds, which shall for ever be the known and acknowledged flag of these islands.

"And that a white flag shall be known and considered as the common flag for any vessel in the merchant service, which may now, or hereafter, belong to any inhabitants of these islands.

"And, lastly, be it known, that I hold myself and my people, in the course of our traffic and intercourse with any other people, to be bound by the principles of hospitality and good fellowship, and the laws of nations (if any there are), as established by the best writers on that subject, and by no other laws whatever, until time may produce particular contracts, or other engagements.

(Signed) "J. LAMBERT."

"Witness to this signature,"

(Signed) "ANDREW MILLET."

The following is a copy of the last letter written by the unfortunate sovereign of Tristan d'Acunha, before his disappearance from the seat of government.

"Great Island, Tristan d'Acunha,
"21st Dec. 1811.

"Captain John Briggs,

"DEAR SIR,—COMPLIANT to your desire, when I saw you last year at Rio Janeiro, I now drop you a few lines, to be sent by the first vessel stopping here. I should have written by Captain Lovel, on his return from this place; but as I had nothing worth communicating, I reserved myself until I could, by a year's residence, give you some account of my situation, and of the soil, climate, and productions of this island, and the surrounding waters. But however I have classed them above,

I shall begin with the climate, which is very healthy, being neither hot nor cold, but exceeding temperate. It never freezes, nor is there heat enough for ripening melons; I think, at least, not without enclosures, of which I have none. It is rather windy, but no severe gales as yet. In the winter and spring it rains often, rendering it very disagreeable to us, who have but a sorry *Jaackstraw's* hut, thatched with coarse grass, without floor, &c. But we have weeks together as fine weather as summer, and vegetation goes on finely through the year. All the hardy kinds of kitchen garden stuff flourish better in winter than summer, as in the latter they are apt to run for seed, such as cabbage, French, Lapland, and round turnips, beet, carrots, parsnips, pease, raddish, lettuce, onion, parsley, &c. Potatoes suit the soil, which is a light one, and composed, for the most part, of vegetable mould. A stream of water, which might vie with many celebrated streams. There are three constant streams on this north side of the island. The land is covered with wood quite up to the mountains, but of a creeping kind of shrub, many of the size of an apple-tree. Ships may procure what wood and water they may want for all culinary purposes. Of land fit for cultivation, I think there are 3 or 400 acres on this side, including a fine meadow of about 12 or 15 acres: on this cattle may feed the year round. I have a small flock of geese, which give me no trouble to feed, as they find abundance of green herbage throughout the year; and as I do not mean to kill any of them, except, perhaps, some spare ganders, until I have 50 breeding geese, I may expect in a little time to have a good stock of them. Dunhill fowls breed three or four times a-year. I have one now setting for the fourth time, and think she will make out to bring the fifth set of chickens before winter. Of ducks I have only ten; having lost all my turkeys, Muscovy ducks, and all of the English ducks, except three, by their eating fish-guts last winter. I have a piece of ground, about 10 or 12 acres, containing two ponds, where the sea elephants abound; here I have 8 sows, and 4 boars quite tame; all of which, save 5, we have caught on the island, of which there are many more; some we have shot,

and some knocked down, &c. All this stock, together with ourselves, live at present on the flesh of the elephant. The pigs, however, may live altogether on herbage where they are; for which purpose, indeed, I put them down there; but I give them an elephant once in ten or fifteen days to keep them in heart. The dandelion grows here in the greatest luxuriance, and very abundant. All the wild pigs live on those, and on a very pleasant smelling strawberry-leaved kind of geranium. We have shot a few wild goats, of which there are, I suppose, 12 or 16 left. I want a few sheep, tame goats, and rabbits, to stock the island with game. We have the little black cock in great numbers, and, in the fall, are very fat and delicate. We caught some hundreds last year with a dog, but I have none proper for them, such as a terrier would be. The mountains are covered with albatross, mollahs, petrels, sea-hens, &c.; and a great deal of feathers might be had, if people were to attend to it.

“For the waters, they are well furnished. Fish are had at any time for the trouble of taking them, whenever the sea is smooth enough to fish from the rocks. We have no boat, and of course cannot have them so often as we want them; but on a kind of raft of six pieces we push off on a smooth time, and take many sheephead crayfish, gramper, and large mackerel. From the rocks, which is the mode we are obliged to take, we supply ourselves sometimes, but are obliged to use a large piece of elephant meat to entice them near enough the rock. A boat would be victuals and drink to us. In the deep waters there are large fish, as cavallas, and a kind fat as salmon; and I have no doubt but very large gramper are to be found there. Sea-elephants are plenty, and they pup yearly, coming up in the months of August and September for that purpose. About a month or five weeks they take the male, and then go off to feed, and in six weeks come up, and remain a month or two to shed their old coat, and get a new one, and from that time are, for the most part, lying in the sun asleep. The males, however, stay off longer, as they are more exhausted by their commerce with the females, and are three times longer, of course require a longer period to feed. Their

food is chiefly kelp, but I have found squid in their stomach. During the pupping season, the black-fish are very numerous, and equally rapacious, always on the look-out for the elephants, great or small, young or old. I have seen them attack *old ones*, and carry young ones off. They run themselves aground on the beach very often, so that we lance them frequently, and shoot into them. This last season I think 1000 pups we brought forth on this island, and as many more on the other two; and I suppose, when I passed near those islands, in the passage out to Bengal, in the Grand Turk, they must have been almost innumerable; seeing some parties or other have been oiling here ever since, and so many yet remain. If they are not disturbed for two or three years, the increase must be great and profitable, especially if their skins are attended to, and salted. We have killed about 80 since we landed, and suppose we shall kill about two a-week through the year. We have made about 1000 gallons of oil, for the purpose of buying a boat, if possible. Of seals we have not taken a dozen. Our situation, like all new settlers, has not been very comfortable. We have not ate bread these six months; that parcel you supplied me with lasted about that time. But turnips have been bread to us. I hope to have as many potatoes in three or four months as will always stand by us while we remain on the Island, but cloth I shall want, and must depend upon vessels for a supply of them. The prospect of one day making something of the oil and skins of the elephant and seals, from the fish and other matters, consoles me for all other privations. I shall now submit, for your consideration, a proposal which may perhaps be feasible, and which you may, on reflection, adopt, viz. to join me in the business of making oil and skins on these islands. The mode I shall recommend will be simple, and the least expensive that can be undertaken, that is, to buy a small fishing schooner of about 50 tons, such as may often be had in the spring, or late in the fall, in Cape Cod, for 500 S., and if you wish to give your brother Jonson employment for a year or two, send him here in her with ten or twelve men. Two or three of those

kind of boats called at Cape Cod half boats; a kind of whale boat which cost about 25S. there, with provision enough for twelve months. For the purpose of saving the oil, a cistern, as they have at the Cape of Good Hope, should be made; stones enough are on the spot; lime and a mason or two (many of a roving disposition may be found in these times cheap), with a frame suitable to the size of the cistern, with boards, &c. to cover and make it tight. A plaud flooring to support the casks, which should be filled from a small wooden pump let down into the cistern. The building would answer for the men to live in. Some hhds. salt, which, at Cape D. cost 50 per hhd., and two or three asses to carry blubber and skins from a distance; for the greatest part of the work of the oilers is to carry the blubber to the coppers. Two boilers of iron, holding from 60 to 90 gallons each, with ladle, skimmer, cooler, strainer, knives, steel, grindstone, beaming knives, a clank for beams, &c. By the time a vessel gets here, I shall be able to supply a considerable part of their daily food from my pigs, potatoes, and other vegetables, besides fish, &c. A cistern, 40 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 10 feet deep, would contain from 1000 to 1100 barrels, which may be made in fifteen months, if the boilers are kept properly going. And as the elephant in general makes about a barrel of oil, though some of the males will produce 100 gallons, of course there would be as many skins as barrels of oil, besides, at least, 1000 pup skins, which are very fine and pretty, and would, no doubt, average a dollar each. The oil in the cistern would require barrels to carry it to market, but if it remained for some time it would be always safe, and growing better for standing to settle; and, as the cistern would last many years, the expense once defrayed, either by oil, skins, &c., it may be always kept full at very little expense, and ready to ship whenever a market was to be found for it. If the proposal should be relished, I should like to be jointly concerned in it, but, as I have no money to advance, I could only, at the first, lend my assistance towards completing the business, while it would be your part to furnish the means to get it once *underway*.

"I do not in the above estimates include the seal-skins, but there are many about these islands; and perhaps 1000 or 1200 might be taken in 15 or 18 months, without neglecting any other part of the business, or costing a farthing to obtain them. Fish would be an article worth attending to, as they are, when salted and dried, very fine, and such as I have seen at the Isle of France for S.6 the 110lbs.; that however, and the seal-skins, may remain in the back-ground, making use of them when occasion may require to fill a small vessel with an assorted cargo of oil, skins, fish, &c. for the Rio market, if it be thought proper. Oil was worth 50 cts. when you were there, and that is more than it is worth in America, and a much nearer market. Empty pipes are plenty at Rio, and cheap, and put in proper order might be stowed in the hold, and filled from the cistern by means of bts. or half-bts., and carried on board with great ease and safety, and the casks always fresh furnished, if the oil sold at Rio. Even if the oil sold at Rio for 30 cts. per gallon, it would be worth pursuing; for the cistern only once filled, could, with very little aid from men and a few asses, be always kept full, and the small craft may make what speed she pleases to take it away, besides the means of being so readily furnished with casks, and the vicinity of the market to the cistern. Elephant skins, I have seen in an English paper, sell well in London; why then may not Rio furnish a market for them also, when well salted and dried, seeing so many English merchants and agents are constantly buying up every thing which will answer as remittances, &c.; and surely, being a Roman Catholic country, the fish would sell as well as in most places? Upon the whole, I feel satisfied, that a voyage (if a voyage it may be called, the interest of which would not cease with the end of that voyage) of the kind would in the present times answer very well,—and your brother Jonson would find it abundant opportunity and encouragement for his well-known talents and abilities. At any rate, the oil fit would not be great, say S.2000, and the benefit would be lasting to you. The men may be had upon shares; and

when the cistern becomes full, new arrangements can be made with the crew; if necessary, bear in your mind that one ass is equal to two men in carrying blubber, consequently four or six asses, with three men, would equal a crew of ten or fifteen men, eight or ten of whom would require very different provision from asses, the latter finding food at every step. Two men at the boiler, and one to load the asses and drive them, would be the work of many men, and save great expences in provisions and shares of the oil as wages.

"I leave it now to your consideration how far it will suit you to enter into a concern of the kind. At any rate, the business should begin small, in order to see first what may be done (there is no doubt in my mind but it will succeed and become very lucrative), what I have related above respecting the elephant, seal-fish, &c. may be relied upon; and I could, with two or three more men, procure in a season a ton of feathers equal to any in the market. Should any vessel be bound to the Cape, or round it, do drop me a line to inform me of the receipt of this if it comes to hand. Respects to your brother Jonson; and believe me, with great respect, your obedient servant, J. LAMBERT."

The original of this Letter is in my possession;—it was brought by Captain Beville from Tristan d'Acunha after the death of Mr Lambert. ALEXR. WALTON.

Plants on the Island of Tristan.

1. Dock.
2. Celery.
3. Parsnip.
4. Fern.
5. Sweet Herb.
6. Geranium.
7. Wormwood.
8. Grass, called Tussock.
9. Do. Small.
10. Do. Round Species in Tufts.
11. Ice Plant.
12. Creeping Moss.
13. Berry Bush.
14. A Trailer like Sweet Briar.
15. Do.
16. Samphire.
17. Dandelion.
18. A plant growing like Fern.
19. Tree.

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT KING,
NOW EMPLOYED IN COMPLETING A
SURVEY OF NEW HOLLAND.

[It is known that our Government, anxious for the completion of a survey of New Holland, has sent an expedition, under Lieutenant King of the Royal Navy (son of Governor King), to examine all the coast of that immense country which has not been already visited and laid down by British navigators. We are extremely obliged to a Friend, who has communicated to us a private letter from Lieutenant King, which gives some account of his proceedings down to the middle of June last, and which, slight as it is, will interest our readers; and the more, because some unfounded reports were in circulation of the loss of the *Mermaid* (Lieutenant King's vessel), and of all her crew, in the preceding February. The French expedition, which sailed long after Lieutenant King, for this coast, will find themselves anticipated by Lieutenant King's visit.

EDITOR.]

H. M. Cutter, Mermaid, Timor,
June 11, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

It is with much pleasure that I have met with an opportunity of forwarding a brief account of my first proceedings; the more so that I have been enabled to ascertain the most particular points pointed out in my instructions, viz. the Great Bay of Van Diemen, and the opening to the eastward of the north-west Cape, and behind the Rosemary islands. These I have examined with the greatest care; and I trust that, although not fortunate enough to meet with any opening to the eastward of the north-west Cape, I shall not be considered to have lost my time. The size of the vessel I am in, puts it out of my power to form a finished chart; but, having every thing in right form and order, I shall not be long after my arrival ere I shall be able to finish one, to send to the Admiralty by the first following opportunity, as well as a detailed account of my proceedings. Suffice for me at present to say, that the north coast, and, I fear, the whole of the north-west coast of New Holland, will turn out to be entirely unprofitable for any settlement or improvement; for, as yet, we have seen nothing to offer the least inducement towards colonization. The natural productions are, in fact, nothing but the sago, which, in some parts on the

north coast, is abundant. There appears to be very little land that could be brought into any cultivation; and that is so surrounded with marshes and overflowings of the sea, that it could be made little use of. The country, as far as $12^{\circ} 38''$ south, to which point I ascended a river which I discovered at the bottom of Van Diemen's Gulf, was not an atom better.

The coast about Exmouth's Gulf (an opening to the south-east of the N. W. Cape), is truly deplorable, worse than any description I have seen of the Deserts of Arabia. During the night, as well as the day, the heat is almost insufferable; the soil producing nothing useful for man that we could discover; but the tracks of natives in many parts convinced us, that human beings existed in this condemned corner of Australia. Emic tracks were also seen.

The natives on the north coast were very annoying; and though I did every thing I could to conciliate them, and bore many things from them without resentment, yet I was obliged once or twice to fire in self-defence. I am now sufficiently convinced that we cannot hope to be able to maintain peace with them, acquainted as they are with the Malays, who have, wherever they land, when fishing for trepan, battles with them, in which the Malays use musquetry, to which, of course, the Australians are become so accustomed, that I do not think they have such a dread of fire-arms as might be imagined. From a conversation I had with the Rajah of a fleet of proas who were at anchor here, and who fish on the coast of Australia every year, I confirmed the above observation; and learnt further, that no rivers, except what are produced by the rains in the rainy season, are known to them. The coast is called by them "Marega," and the natives "Maregas." The Rajah described them to me as treacherous and cruel; but that character so well applies to his own nation, that if it is the case (of which I have little doubt), they may have been the pupils of the Malays themselves.

As to our health, we fortunately passed through the trying time of the change of the monsoon without any sickness; and we are all without exception well. I am, &c.

PHILIP P. KING, *Lt. R. N.*

ON THE STOCKS, OR PUBLIC FUNDS.

MR EDITOR,

In a former communication on this subject, I had proceeded so far as to explain the general principle of the transactions between government and the original lender, who advances money for the public use, as well as the manner in which the latter transfers or sells to others the bills or securities which he receives for the money so advanced. For the sake of illustration I conceived it necessary to take a very simple case, though in doing so I was under the necessity of representing the transaction in a somewhat different point of view from what actually takes place. Presuming, however, that such of your readers as really desire information upon the subject, have made themselves masters of my former communication, I shall now, with your leave, proceed to give a more particular, as well as a more correct account of the public funds, and of the transactions to which they give rise.

If, as was formerly supposed, the bills or securities which the lender receives for his money, uniformly bore interest at 5 per cent. on the sum specified in the bill, it is obvious that the whole national debt would consist simply of 5 per cent. stock, because it is these securities that constitute what is called government stock. Our rulers, however, for reasons afterwards to be explained, have thought it expedient to grant securities to the public creditor, bearing a lower rate of interest, viz. 4, but in most cases only 3 per cent. on the sum specified in such securities; and it is this circumstance that has given rise to the various denominations of 3, 4, and 5 per cent. stock. But though government thus fixes the rate at which its own securities are to bear interest, it must not be supposed that it actually borrows money at 3, or even at 4 per cent. Notwithstanding the superiority of government credit to that of companies or individuals, the minister who transacts the loan, on the part of the state, is seldom able to borrow at a rate much below the legal interest of 5 per cent.; and in proportion as he lowers the rate at which the securities are to bear interest, in the same proportion must he increase the nominal amount of the securities

granted. To explain this by an example, let it be supposed that government wishes to borrow £100, and that the bills or securities, to be granted, are to bear interest at 4 per cent. on the sum specified in the bill; but that the lender refuses to take less than 5 per cent. for the money that he advances. It is obvious, that the only way in which a bargain can be concluded is, by government granting to the lender, for the £100 borrowed, an acknowledgement for such a sum as at 4 per cent. will yield an annual interest of £5. Now, at 4 per cent., it will require £125 to yield £5 of interest; and consequently, for every £100 Sterling borrowed on 4 per cent. securities, government actually grants to the lender an acknowledgement for £125; or, which is the same thing, for every £80 Sterling borrowed, an acknowledgement is granted for £100. In like manner, when the government securities bear only 3 per cent. the lender receives an acknowledgement of £100 for every £60 Sterling which he advances, and in both cases actually lends his money at the rate of 5 per cent. interest. These two species of securities constitute what are called 3 and 4 per cent. stock, and their price is affected in the same way, and by the same circumstances, as that of the 5 per cent.

The term stock, in its proper acceptance, denotes that capital with which a trading company, as the Bank of England or East India Company, carries on trade; and a stockholder or partner is one who has advanced a certain share of that capital, and is thereby entitled to draw a proportional share of the concern. The term, therefore, cannot, strictly speaking, be applied to government securities, because then the capital or sum advanced is not employed in bringing in an immediate return of profit, but is actually expended without the smallest prospect of being recovered. At the same time, the public creditor is in a situation in many respects so similar to a partner in a mercantile concern, and the word stockholder has been so long and so generally applied to him, that the application may now be considered as sanctioned by use. The term fund is sometimes substituted for that of stock, and the person who purchases government securities is said to invest his money in the public funds. This

expression is perhaps the more correct of the two, provided the word fund be applied, not to the securities themselves, but to the taxes or revenue out of which the interest of these securities is paid. It was formerly the practice with government, in negotiating a loan, to set apart certain taxes for the payment of the interest of that loan; and the taxes thus set apart were considered as a separate fund, distinguished by a particular name according to the rate of interest, and the particular purpose for which that loan had been raised. As the loans were multiplied, however, the number of funds necessarily created confusion; and to remedy this, a great proportion of those bearing the same interest were consolidated or thrown into one general fund. Hence the terms 3 per cent. and 4 per cent. consolidated funds, which are usually contracted into 3 per cent. and 4 per cent. *consols*. About the year 1757, the public creditors, who held certain government securities bearing interest at 4 per cent., received from government their choice either to have their capital paid up, or to reduce their interest from 4 to 3 per cent. The latter being accepted, the fund has since been denominated the 3 per cent. reduced, and is generally written 3 per cent. *red.* The two funds, 3 per cent. *consols* and 3 per cent. *red.*, have accumulated so as to comprehend the greater part of the national debt; or, in other words, a great proportion of the taxes is divided into two funds, out of which is paid the interest of almost all the loans that have been contracted for many years past. The interest of both funds is of course the same, but that of the *consols* is payable on the 5th January and 5th July, and the reduced on the 5th March and 10th October.

When government raises a sum of money by loan, and the interest of that sum is charged on the permanent taxes, the sum itself becomes a part of the permanent national debt; and in this case, the lender, instead of actually receiving a bill or acknowledgement for the money advanced, as I have hitherto supposed, is simply entered in the books of the Bank of England as a public creditor, and when he sells his stock, it is transferred from his name to that of the person who purchases it. This, however, does

not make any essential difference in the principle of the transaction, as I have already explained it, though it gives rise to a division of the public debt into *funded* and *unfunded*. The funded debt is composed of the various kinds of stock mentioned above, of which the public creditor cannot demand repayment, but for which he is entitled to a certain annual interest, according to the sum placed to his credit with the Bank of England. The unfunded debt consists of certain bills issued by government to such as will advance money upon them, and of which the holder is entitled to demand repayment at a certain period. These are chiefly Exchequer Bills, Navy Bills, and Ordnance Bills or Debentures. They are issued for the purpose of supplying the place of taxes that have not been forthcoming, or to meet contingencies for which no provision had been made, and receive their names from the particular service to which they are applied. Instead of being paid off when they fall due, the holders sometimes receive their value in stock; and the bills are then said to be funded, or they constitute a part of the permanent debt.

I have already observed, that when government borrows money on the 3 per cent. fund, the lender receives an acknowledgement or credit in the public accounts, to the amount of £100 for every £60 Sterling advanced. In some cases he receives credit even for more, but seldom less. Now, though to him it is only 3 per cent. on the money lent, because the interest of £100, at 3 per cent., is just equal to the interest of £60 at 5 per cent., still it may appear strange, perhaps, to some of your readers, that government should grant an acknowledgement for a greater sum than it actually receives, or that it should borrow nominally at 3 per cent., when it is actually paying nearly 5, or even upwards of 5. This will appear more strange still when it is considered, that if government ever proposes to pay off the national debt, it must pay not the sums received, but the full amount of the nominal capital for which the stockholder has received credit in the public accounts—that is, £100 at least for every £60 that has been borrowed in the 3 per cent. funds. The only explanation that can be given of this plan of borrowing, must be on the

supposition that it is not in the contemplation of government ever directly to pay off the national debt, and that its object, therefore, is to borrow on the lowest interest possible. Now, the plan that has been adopted will certainly enable it to do so, better than paying on the sum borrowed such an interest as the lender would be willing to accept. It was formerly shewn that, in time of peace, or when the amount of government securities ceases to accumulate, while the demand for them increases, the price of stock may, and does actually, rise higher than what it cost the original lender. This will take place on all kinds of stock, but in a greater degree on 4 per cents. than 5 per cents., and on 3 per cents. than 4 per cents. Though government cannot oblige the public creditor to take less, in payment of his capital, than £100 Sterling for £100 stock, it can at all times oblige him to take that sum, whatever the nature of his stock may be. Whenever stock, therefore, reaches *par*—that is, whenever £100 of any sort of stock rises in the market to £100 Sterling, a stop is necessarily put to a farther rise of price; because the purchaser, who gives more than £100 Sterling for it, may be called upon the next day to give it up to government for £100. Now, as £100 of 5 per cent. stock is worth £100 Sterling, while £100 of 4 per cent. is worth only £80 Sterling, and £100 of 3 per cent. stock only £60 Sterling, reckoning that price their true value which yields 5 per cent. to the purchaser, it is obvious that 5 per cent. stock cannot rise above its true value, without making the purchaser run the risk of being paid off with less than it cost him; while 4 per cents. may rise £10, and 3 per cents. £40, before the purchaser runs any such risk. The prospect, then, of this rise induces the lender to advance money to government on easier terms than he would be disposed to do if there were no such prospect; and though, with all this advantage, government has seldom been able to borrow at a lower rate than 5 per cent., there is no doubt that the loans have been procured on more favourable terms than they would have been, had the interest been paid on the actual sum borrowed, and not on a nominal capital. It is for the same reason, that when stock rises above its true value (meaning always,

by its true value, the price at which the purchaser has 5 per cent. for his money), the 3 per cents. are higher in proportion than the 4 per cents., and the 4 per cents. than the 5 per cents. Thus, on a late occasion, when the 3 per cents. were at 75, the 4 per cents. were at 93, and the 5 per cents. at 106; whereas had the two last risen in the same proportion with the 3 per cents., according to their respective interests, the 4 per cents. would have been at 100, and the 5 per cents. at 125. The latter, indeed, would seldom or ever rise above *par* were it not understood, or rather had it not been at different times enacted, that the holders of this stock should not be obliged to take payment of their capital till such time as a certain quantity of the other kinds of stock be paid off.

When a loan is negotiated, the public creditor sometimes receives his securities all in one sort of stock or fund. Thus, in 1808, when eight millions were raised by loan, the lender had assigned to him £118:3:6 of 4 per cent. stock, for every £100 Sterling that he advanced, being at the rate of £4:14:6 per cent. of interest on the sum borrowed. In general, however, the security granted to the lender, or the capital for which he receives credit, consists of a quantity of stock of different kinds. Thus, in the loan of twenty-two millions in 1812, the lenders received £120 of 3 per cent. red. and £56 of 3 per cent. consols, for every £100 Sterling advanced. Now, £120 at 3 per cent. yields £3, 12s., and £56 at 3 per cent. yields £1:13:7, consequently the lender had £5:5:7 per cent. for his money. While the loan is going on—that is, before the last instalment is paid up, the lender or contractor is at liberty to sell or transfer to another, at once, the different kinds of stock which he himself receives, and in the same proportion as he receives them. Thus in the loan of 1812, mentioned above, the contractor had it in his power, so long as his instalments were not all paid up, either to sell the 3 per cent. red. and the 3 per cent. consols, separately, or to transfer them together, as he received them, in the proportion of £120 of the one and £56 of the other. These two sums, taken together, constitute what is called the *omnium* of that loan; and as they cost the contractor exactly £100 Sterling,

he would either gain or lose by the contract, according as he could get more or less than £100 for them. If he sold them for £101, omnium would be said to be at a premium of £1; and if for £99, it would be at £1 discount. At the time the loan is contracted, omnium is generally at a premium, and that premium is called the *bonus* to the contractor.

There is still another circumstance connected with the manner of negotiating a loan, which it may be necessary to explain. When the minister is prepared to contract for any given amount, he intimates to the principal bankers or monied men, that he wants such and such a sum in loan, that he will give so much of one or more sorts of stock for every £100 sterling advanced, and that the *bidding* is to be in another kind of stock. The meaning of this will be best explained by an example. In 1812, when 22 millions were borrowed, the ministers gave notice to the bankers that he was prepared to give for every £100 advanced, £120 of 3 per cent red. stock, together with an additional sum of 3 per cent consols. The bankers were then required to give in each a sealed offer; stating how much consols they would require in addition to the £120 red., and the individual of course was preferred who offered to advance the money for the least additional sum of consols. In the case alluded to, the offers or biddings were all the same; none being willing to advance £100 for less than £56 consols in addition to the £120 red. Sometimes the bidding takes place, not on any kind of stock, but on a certain annuity, which is to terminate in a given number of years. Thus, in the loan of 12 millions in 1811, it was intimated to the contractors, that for every £100 Sterling which they advanced, they should receive £100 of 3 per cent red., £20 of 3 per cent consols, and £20 of 4 per cent consols, together with an addition of an annuity, to continue $49\frac{3}{4}$ years, and the bidding, or point of competition among the contractors, was, who would lend the money for the least annuity in addition to the fixed amount of stock. The lowest bidding on this occasion was 6s. 11d. of annuity; so that the omnium in that loan consisted of the following items—£100 of 3 per cent red., £20 of 3 per cent consols, £20 of 4 per cent

consols, and 6s. 11d. annuity, to terminate at the end of $49\frac{3}{4}$ years. The interest at which the money was borrowed was £4 : 14 : 11 per cent during the first 49 years, and £4 : 8 : 0 after that period, being considerably below the legal interest. That loan, however, was considered at the time unusually favourable to the public.

I shall now apply the preceding remarks to the explanation of the newspaper reports of the stocks, and shall take an example from the papers at random. On the 20th of October last, the following report was given of the price of stocks for that day :

Bank stock	273 $\frac{13}{16}$
3 per cent red.	76 $\frac{33}{64}$
3 per cent consols	77 $\frac{13}{16}$
3 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent	86 $\frac{33}{64}$
4 per cent	95 $\frac{1}{2}$
5 per cent	107 $\frac{1}{2}$
Long ann.	20 $\frac{1}{8}$
Omnium	0 $\frac{7}{8}$, 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

The number in the above table opposite each kind of stock, expresses in Pounds, and a fraction of a Pound Sterling, the price at which £100 of that stock was sold on the day mentioned. The first, viz. Bank stock, $273\frac{13}{16}$, means that £100 share of the Bank of England sold at an early part of the day for £273 $\frac{1}{2}$, or £273 : 10 : 0 Sterling, and afterwards rose to £273 $\frac{3}{4}$, or £273 : 15 : 0. A £100 of 3 per cent red., sold at first for £76 : 15 : 0, and afterwards fell to £76 : 7 : 6. A £100 of consols sold in the morning for £77 : 5 : 0, then rose to £77 : 7 : 6, then to £77 : 10 : 0, and at last fell to £77 : 2 : 6. A £100 of 4 per cents sold first at £95 : 5 : 0, and then rose to £96, and so of the others. The article Long Ann. means the annuities granted in the loan of 1811, mentioned above, and at various other times, payable to the public creditor till 1860, when they drop. They are bought and sold at so many years purchase, in the instance above at $20\frac{1}{8}$ years—that is, a long annuity of £100 cost on the 20th of October last £2012 : 10 : 0. Omnium on that day was at a discount, first at 17s. 6d. and afterward at 10s. per cent; or, in other words, the contractor was obliged to sell for £99 : 2 : 6 and £99 : 10 : 0, what originally cost him £100.

It appears, from the above table, that the 3 per cent consols on the 20th of October were from one-half to one per

cent higher than the 3 per cent red. This difference is owing, not to the interest which they bear, for that is the same in both cases, but to the different periods at which the interest is payable. The half yearly interest, or dividend on the red., was paid on the 10th of October, and that on the consols on the 5th of July. On the first, therefore, there was only ten days of interest on the 20th, but on the second there was three months and a half, and as the purchaser buys not only the stock, but also the interest due upon it at the time, the consols were more valuable than the red., by about three months interest, or 15s. When it is said that the purchaser buys not only the stock but the interest due upon it, it is meant that at whatever time he purchases, he is entitled to draw the next half year's dividend, though it should fall due a few weeks after. For some days previous to the payment of the dividends, no sale, or rather no transfer, can be made at the bank, in order to give leisure for the payment of the interest. That particular kind of stock is then said to be *shut*.

In judging what kind of stock it is most advantageous to purchase, various circumstances are to be taken into account, according to the price and the particular views of the purchaser. When all the stocks are at their true value, that is, 3 per cents at £60, 4 per cents at £80, and 5 per cents at £100, they will each yield to the purchaser 5 per cent for his money, and if he intends therefore to invest permanently, it is of little consequence what sort he purchases, because his interest is not to be affected by any subsequent rise or fall in price. If he has the prospect, however, of selling out again, he should prefer the 3 per cents, because, for the reasons already mentioned, they are likely to rise higher in proportion than any other. When all the stocks are above their true value, the purchaser who buys for the purpose of laying out his money permanently at interest, should prefer the 5 per cents, because they will yield the highest interest. Thus, in the above table, taking the price of the 3 per cents at 77, the 4 per cents at 95, and the 5 per cents at 107 in round numbers, the following is the rate of interest which the purchaser draws for his money in cash. In the 3 per cents, he draws £3 for

every £77 invested, being at the rate of about £3 18s. per cent.—in the 4 per cents, he draws £4 for every £95 invested, being at the rate of £4 : 4 : 2 per cent—and in the 5 per cents, he draws £5 for every £107 invested, being at the rate of about £4 : 13 : 5 per cent.

I intended at one time to have constructed a table, exhibiting at one view the different rates of interest which each of the stocks yield at different prices, but the following general rule will perhaps be as acceptable to most of your readers. To find the rate of interest which the 3 per cents will yield at any given price; divide 300 by the price of the stock, and the quotient will be pounds, multiply the remainder by 20, and divide again by the price, the quotient will be shillings, multiply the next remainder by 12, and divide as before, the quotient will be pence—and these pounds, shillings, and pence are the interest drawn for every £100 Sterling invested at that price. Thus, to take the above example, 300 divided by 77, according to the rule, gives £3 : 17 : 11, or nearly £3 18s. If the stock be 4 per cents, divide 400 by the price, if it be 5 per cents, divide 500 by the price, and the quotients will be the interest required.

There is still another point connected with the subject of the stocks, on which some of your readers, perhaps, may wish to have some information, I mean the Sinking Fund. I have already trespassed so long, however, that I cannot now enter at length upon the subject, and shall therefore simply state the general principle of its operation as a means of redeeming or cancelling the national debt. When government borrows a sum of money, taxes of course are imposed for paying the interest of that money, but to a greater extent than are barely sufficient for the payment of that interest. The surplus constitutes what is called the sinking fund, and is put into the hands of certain commissioners appointed by Parliament. These commissioners employ it in purchasing stock on account of Government, and draw at the Bank of England the half yearly dividends on that stock, in the same way as any other public creditors. These dividends, or interests, are again laid out in the purchase of new stock, for which they draw interest, and employ it again

in the same way, so that the original sum with which they commenced their purchases goes on accumulating at compound interest. The stock thus purchased may be considered as so much of the national debt redeemed, because though the public derives no immediate advantage from it, so long as the commissioners draw the interest of their stock (it being a matter of no consequence whether the interest is paid to them or other public creditors), yet as the sum purchased by them is purchased for government, the latter becomes its own creditor to that amount, and may cancel or leave off paying the interest of the same whenever it thinks proper. Were the commissioners allowed to go on purchasing, and no great accumulation of new debt to take place, *it is possible* that they might in time get the whole of the government stock into their hands, and of course the whole national debt would be paid off. During the war this event was perhaps impossible, and even now various circumstances concur to protract it to an indefinitely distant period. In 1813, the commissioners had purchased to the amount of 236 millions, the whole debt being about 700 millions. In that year the operations of the commissioners were stopped, and instead of allowing them to draw the interest of the 236 millions for the purchase of new stock, that interest was employed either for the current services of the year, or for paying the interest of new loans. Though a sinking fund, on this principle, is obviously, in certain circumstances, a powerful engine towards the redemption of debt, it has not hitherto produced all the effects which were at first expected from it. At the same time it is undeniable that it has been productive of many good consequences, both direct and collateral, and is in many respects worthy of the distinguished statesmen to whose firmness and decision it owes all its efficacy. Such of your readers as wish for more information on this subject, may consult "An Inquiry into the Management, &c. of the National Debt," by Dr Hamilton of Aberdeen, and if my present and former communications shall tend in any degree to facilitate their study of that profound work, I shall consider them as not altogether useless.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

T. N.

AN HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL
ESSAY ON THE TRADE AND COMMUNICATION OF THE ARABIANS
AND PERSIANS WITH RUSSIA AND
SCANDINAVIA, DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

(Continued from page 141.)

THE other commonly frequented route passed over the Caspian Sea from Derbend, and the other maritime and staple towns on its southern coast. This sea is extremely remarkable, both on account of its situation in the midst of extensive countries, between which it greatly facilitates the communication, and likewise for this peculiarity, that notwithstanding its magnitude, it has no outlet. Many geographers have therefore supposed, forming an erroneous conclusion from other seas, that it had a connexion either with the Black, Northern, or Eastern Sea; Cazwini thinks that it flows into the first, with which he supposes it to be connected by a subterraneous canal. He writes thus: "The sea of Alchazr has neither its origin from (is neither a bay of) the ocean, or from any other sea, but it falls into the ocean through the gulf of Constantinople. This sea is exceedingly large, for it washes Chazaria, Dailam (Ghilan), Thabaristan, Georgia, and the desert Siah Kiuh;" and in another place, where he speaks of seas, he says, "The sea of Georgia and Dailam (the Chazarian sea) is separated from all others, and is not united with any of the seas mentioned. Large rivers and springs, which never fail, discharge their waters into it. Alhaucali reports, that this sea is black at the bottom, and that it unites itself with the Black Sea under ground. To the west of it lies Aderbijan, to the south Thabaristan, to the east Alkaria, and to the north Chazaria. Its length is 1000 miles, and its breadth, from Georgia to the river Aila, 550." "On the north side of the sea is the Atel (the Rha of the Greeks, and the modern Volga), a large river in the country of Chazaria, which in magnitude resembles the Tigris. It rises in the country of the Russians and Bulgarians, and discharges itself into the sea of Chazaria. Intelligent men affirm, that this river flows in seventy-five branches, each of which is itself a large river. Its body of water is never changed or dimi-

nished in the least, on account of its steady supply and wide extension. When it falls into the sea, it preserves its stream, for two days, distinct from it, but finally blends itself with it. It is frozen in winter, and its waters are fresh." Yacuti, in his Geographical Dictionary, describes thus the course of the Atel. "There is no doubt respecting the magnitude and length of the Atel. It comes from the farthest south (?), traverses Bulgaria, Russia, and Chazaria, and flows into the sea Mergan. Merchants go up this river as far as Uaisu, and bring thence, as articles of sale, martins, sables, and squirrels. It is said that it comes out of the country Charchir, and passes between the two countries Kaimakia and Ghuzia, between which it forms the boundary. It thence proceeds westward to Bulgaria, then in a contrary direction (to the east, or rather south-east), to Bertas and Chazaria, until it empties itself into the Chazarian sea. It is reported, that ten rivers flow into the Atel," &c. (The rest agrees with Cazwini's account.) That this great river must have considerably facilitated the communication between the countries through which it flows, is so evident, that it requires no explanation.

When voyagers, then, had had the good fortune to reach the northern coast of the Caspian sea, which could be very easily effected if they waited for the favourable wind, which blew there regularly for a whole month, they were in the land of the Chazarians. They there unloaded their merchandise, whether that consisted of dates and southern fruits from the Persian provinces, or spices and perfumes from India, fine wines, linen, cotton, or silk cloths, ornaments of pearls and precious stones, and other articles of commerce, which the happy land of Persia either produces or manufactures. There is no doubt that the commercial voyages over the Caspian were numerous, and much more considerable than at present; and this is confirmed by the testimony of Edrisi and Ibn Haukal. There are, besides, many circumstances which lead to the conclusion, that, during the time of the Chalifat, there existed an extensive connexion and commerce between the Mohammedans and the northern people.

A great number of Tartar hordes,

as well upon the east and west as the north side of the Caspian sea, were very early converted to Mohammedanism. Cazwini relates, in the chapter upon celebrated rivers, that the Arabian Chalif Moctadir sent Ahmed Ben Fodhalan as ambassador to the king of the Bulgarians. Faran in Tartary was the native country of the celebrated philosopher and musician Abunaser Mohammed Ben Ahmed Tharchan, who was killed in Syria by robbers, A. D. 956 (A. H. 345). Besides him, mention is made of two other distinguished men, who were born in the country of the Moguls, and subsequently settled among the Arabians. Cazwini informs us, that the Chalif Alvatek Billah (who died A. D. 747, A. H. 232) sent Salam, an interpreter, who was acquainted with forty languages, to Yajuge and Majuge, that he might obtain information concerning the character and condition of that wonderful people, and the nature of the wall. (The interpreter gave him the information required, but it is very dubious whether it be true. I shall afterwards continue the whole account according to the MS.) Lastly, this circumstance must be taken into consideration, that, according to the testimony of travellers, Arabian antiquities and coins are frequently found in Russia. Strahlenberg (in his *Beschreibung des Russischen Reichs*, p. 316) speaks of a metallic medal, with an ancient Cufic inscription, which was found among the Ostiaeks, near Savaroff. At Kafimov, near Oka, there is among the ruins a mosque, and in a burying-ground a mausoleum, with an Arabic inscription. At Tcherdyn, the old commercial town in Biarmeland, Arabic coins are frequently dug up. (Strahlenberg, p. 103.) Pallas informs us, that not far from Simbirsk, on the left side of the Wolga, where the capital and staple city of Bulgarians was, there are still found in our times a great number of sepulchral monuments and silver coins, with inscriptions in Cufic and in the modern Arabic character. It is well known that many similar remains have been found among us in the north. We shall afterwards speak more at large on this subject.

On the northern and north western shores of the Caspian sea dwelt the Chazarians in the middle ages, a people so great and powerful, that the

Arabians called that sea after them. It is probable that they removed thither in the first centuries of our era, from the east; and after they had shaken off the dominion of the Huns, extended themselves to the countries bordering upon the Caspian Sea, and to the Crimea, by which means they formed a connection with the Greek Emperors. According to the testimony of Jornandes, they penetrated far into Russia and Poland, and in the sixth century carried on war against the Danish king Frode, which circumstance, provided it be true, which we cannot in this place determine, since the Arabian writers make no mention of any thing of the kind, would appear to show, that the Scandinavians and southern-Russians had an early connection with one another. In the same century Chosroes Anushirvan built, as we have already said, a great number of fortresses in Caucasus, and established a viceroy in Shirwan, to protect the country against the incursion of the Chazarians, whence it appears that this country extended itself to Derbend and Shirwan. In the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries the Chazarians were in their highest degree of prosperity. They were so powerful, that they frequently rendered assistance to the Greek Emperors against their enemies, and these, in return, procured the conversion of many of them to Christianity; they even commenced war against the Chalif Abdolarelek, but being unsuccessful in the contest, many of them were obliged to embrace Mahomedanism. They continued, nevertheless, at different times, most frequently, in conjunction with the Greek Emperors, to make war upon the Chalifs, who were enemies alike dangerous to them both. In the eighth century their king Bela, with a great number of his subjects, was converted to Judaism; but this fact rests only upon the authority of the fabulous Rabbinical book Cosri, which Buxtorf edited. After the tenth century their power gradually declined, until the Moguls made themselves masters of their country in the thirteenth century.

The Arabian geographers call the country on both sides of the Volga and between Bulgaria, the Caspian Sea, and the territory of Derbend, *Alchazr*

(Chazaria), and refer the people to the Turkish race. Yacuti, according to Deguignes, informs us, that there are two nations, the one white, the other white or red; that they have market places and baths, and dwell on the banks of the Abel; and that there are among them Mahomedans, Jews, Christians, and Pagans. Ibn Haucal says, that the king himself and his principal attendants are Jews, although these form the smallest part of the inhabitants. Their capital was, according to the same author, Samander, a fair city, formerly large, and very abundant in vineyards, but now laid waste by the Russians. Samander lay four days journey between populous towns, or twenty-four miles from Derbend, and seven days journey from the maritime and commercial city Atel, the present Astracan. This last is made the capital by Edrisi, who relates of it, that it is composed of two well inhabited towns, lying on each side of the river, which derives its name from it. The king resides on the west side of the river; the merchants and the common people dwell on the other. The town is nearly three miles in length. Cazwini says of it in his introduction, that Atel is an ancient race called after their river, which flows into this sea (the Caspian); their city is likewise called Atel. They have not much to live upon, and lead a miserable life (for they lived in a barren soil.) This small province lay between Chazaria, Albachyakh, and Derbend; and in the succeeding part of the description he makes this remarkable addition, that most of the houses were moveable felt-huts; from which it appears, that the Chazarians lived as the present Tartar tribes in Russia, and had the same kind of habitations as the Nogay nomadic tribes, the Bashkirs, and most of the others make use of at present. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that the city Atel or Astracan was three miles in length. Commerce has now made Astracan a fine and regular city, and the Tartars of Astracan, and likewise of Casan, have ceased to dwell in yowrts, and build regular houses of stone or wood. Ibn Haucal relates, that near Atel there were many tents, and in the adjacent country only a few houses of clay, such as baazars (market-places), and bath-

ing houses. The king himself inhabited a stone house, which was the only one in the country.

Balangar, another city, which, besides Samander and others, was built by Chosru, lay in longitude $85^{\circ} 20'$, in latitude $46^{\circ} 30'$, according to the tables of Nascereddin of Toos, and was also a residence of the king of the Chazarians. Sarai, a large commercial town upon the Volga, for merchants and Turkish slaves, was situated about two days journey from the Caspian Sea, towards the north, and had that sea to the south east of it. It was the residence of the Chan of the Ubeck Tartars.

Ibn Haucal mentions a town named Anud, which had so many gardens, that from Derbend to Sarir the whole country was covered with pleasure grounds belonging to it. They were said to have amounted to 40,000, and many of them produced grapes. In this town there were many Mahomedans; there were mosques in it, and the houses were built of wood. The king was a Jew, who maintained a good understanding with the Chazarians, and was on good terms with the Prince of Sarir. The distance of this town from Sarir was two parasangs. (It must have been directly north from Derbend.)

Abdarrashid Yacuti mentions likewise the town of Saksin, and describes it thus: "It is a large town in Chazaria, in longitude $86^{\circ} 30'$, in latitude $43^{\circ} 5'$. The inhabitants, who are principally Mahomedans, are divided into forty tribes. They travel and carry on trade. The cold there is very intense. The roofs of their houses are of pine-tree. There is a river larger than the Tigris, in which all sorts of fish are caught, and among others, one of the weight of a camel, from which they extract a great deal of fat, and burn in lamps; the flesh is tender. This river is closed in winter, so that men may pass over it.

The same author mentions likewise another part of Chazaria, which lay along the Volga, and was called Borkas. The inhabitants are Mohammedans, and have a language of their own, which distinguishes them from all other people. Their houses are of wood. In these they dwell in winter, but in summer they disperse themselves over the pasture lands. There are among them beautiful foxes and red

martins, the skins of which are made into fur garments. The night (in summer) is very short, and continues only about an hour. Cazwini also speaks of a province of Chazaria, which lay along the Volga. He calls it Borthas, and gives the following description of it: "Borthas is a long country to the extent of fifteen days' journey. The people are the Tehamistes (inhabitants of the coast) of the Chazarians. Their houses are moveable huts of felt. The river Borthas comes from Albogazgaz, and on each side of it are many inhabited and cultivated places. From the country of Borthas are exported many black fox-skins, which derive their name from it.—Masudi says, that black skins are brought thence to the value of 1000 dinars. He adds, in conclusion, that there is in Chazaria a mountain called Batsrack, the direction of which is from the south to the north, which has in it silver and lead mines. Lastly, Nasireddin makes mention of a commercial and staple town called Abuskun, lying in longitude $90^{\circ} 30'$, latitude $37^{\circ} 15'$, in the fourth climate.

To discover the precise situation of all these places appears to be extremely difficult, or nearly impossible. One herd dislodged another; some, from different causes, chose spontaneously other habitations; and tracts of country, by this means, frequently changed their names. The towns were generally of as moveable a nature as the hordes that inhabited them. They either took to pieces their houses of felt, or when they were obliged to preserve them entire for the sake of a covering, they carried them away with them upon a waggon, and the city vanished. The situation of such places could not easily be found again, unless it had been particularly recorded or preserved by report, where they lay, or any conclusion could be drawn from any considerable ruins or antiquities found in them.

Thus it was, that two hordes of Finnish race, the Biarmer and the Sirjaner, who dwelt on the western side of Ural in Great Permia, forsook, in the year 1372, their abodes in that mild region, for fear that Bishop Stephanus should convert them, and removed to a cold northern region near the river Ob. These Biarmer, Berasmier, or ancient Permiacks and Sirjaner were, when they dwelt in Permia,

very celebrated for their trade with the Persians and the kingdom of the great Mogul. Merchandise was brought up the Volga and Cama from Balaria to Tcherdyn, the ancient commercial town on the Kolva. The Biarmers went with the commodities of southern Asia and their own to Petshora and the frozen ocean, and received in exchange for them furs for the inhabitants of southern Asia. They met there the Scandinavians, who sailed to Biarmeland, i. e. Permian, or Archangel. The ruins of towns that previously existed in that northern region bear testimony to the ancient flourishing state of the inhabitants. Every where in the provinces of Astracan, Casan, Orenburg, Ural, Tobolsk, and elsewhere, where those of Tartar extraction inhabit, are found the traces of ditches and walls of larger and smaller towns, that formerly existed, of castles and encampments, for instance, at Kasinor on the Oka, near Astracan, and higher up at Zarizyn, where there are upon the western side of the Volga the ruins and walls of a large town, perhaps of Saria. Farther, the ruins of the two Bulgarian towns, and of the famous city of Majar on Caucasus, are still standing. At Oufa there is a burial ground, in which there is a great number of tomb-stones, and some tombs built of stone. The inhabitants attribute these to a people that dwelt there long before the Russian dominion, and were quite different from the Bashkirs. In the vicinity of Oufa are seen two mosques built of brick, together with many tomb-stones, on which are Arabic inscriptions. There are likewise remains of great walls and strong fortifications (Pallas Reise, vol. 2. p. 10). Finally, considerable ruins of large towns, and numerous sepulchres, have been found at Irtish, near Tobolsk, at Baraba, at the mouth of the river Ural, and especially in the Kirghisian Steppe.

To the east of the Chazarians, the Arabian geographers place the Uzians, whose country, according to Cazwini, lay between the Chazarians (to the west), Chazalgih (to the east), Bulgaria (to the north-west), and Caimal (کایمال). What country this (Caimal) is, I cannot discover; but it ought undoubtedly to be read Kaimak (کایماک), for, although Cazwini has mentioned it once before, he does

not describe it at all. The country of the Kaimakians must have been extensive, as Edrisi (in the 7th part of the 6th climate) says, that "the eastern branch of the river Atel flows out from the region of Carchir, between Kaimakia and the country of the Ghuzians, and divides these from one another;" and, in another place, he says, that "Kaimak has on the south, Bagharghar, to the south-west, Chazalgih, to the west, the Chalachitians, and on the east, the dark sea (the ocean)." It must, therefore, have extended itself from the Volga or Cama towards the east, over the whole of Siberia, as far as the ocean. This amazing extent, however, is considerably diminished, when we consider, that the Arabians had no acquaintance whatever with the north-eastern part of Asia, and had never navigated that sea. They assigned, therefore, the place of the sea to the interior of the continent. This is evident also from the account of Yacuti, in the preface to his geographical dictionary, where he says, "*on the further side of the country of the Bulgarians the direction of the sea is turned to the east, and between its shore and the remotest country of the Turks, there are countries and mountains that are quite unknown, being desert and unfruitful.*" The assertion of Cazwini in his introduction, when he speaks of the boundaries of Dailam (Ghilam), that this country is conterminous with Kaimakia, does not seem to accord with this determination of the situation of Kaimakia; but it may be said, on the other hand, that this may be something related according to the authority of an older writer; for an acquaintance with the Arabian geographers shows, that their usual method was, in order to give a more complete account, to copy from their ancient and modern predecessors every thing that occurred to them, whether it belonged to their own times or not. At all events, we may easily suppose, that a number of people (perhaps the present Calmucks) may have, some time or other, been separated from the rest of their tribe and transplanted thither.—But we return to the Uzians.

This people was of Hunnish extraction, like the Turks, the Chazarians, and Turcomans; they probably inhabited first the country of the Calmucks, and thence removed to the mountains between the lesser Bucha-

ria and the countries on the farther side of the Oxus. They afterwards, in conjunction with the Chazarians, as we are informed by the Byzantine writers, expelled the Patzinace from the Yaik and the Volga, and stationed themselves in their country. The Uzians are the same as the Chuizi of the Arabians. They were bounded by the Chazarians on the west, by the river Yaik on the east, and extended towards the south (perhaps) as far as the Caspian sea, and on the north-west to Bulgaria. They must have extended far to the north, but how far cannot easily be determined. About the twelfth century they must have either removed from their country between the Volga and the Yaik, or have, at the same time, extended their power as far as the Don, and farther to the west, as, at that time, they were found living there. The Moguls, at length, in the thirteenth century, deprived them of their national existence. Probably, however, they were not entirely made extinct, for Güldenstedt conceives, that the Ossetians, a small tribe on Mount Caucasus, to the south of the great Kabasda, are the remnant of the Uzians or Polovzians, who fled thither, when they were defeated by the Russians in the year 1110.

Cazwini gives the following description of the country of the Uzians: "The country of the Uzians lies to the west of the country of Alodcosh (الادكش), is widely extended, and has a cultivated country near it on the east, north and west. It possesses mountains that are difficult to ascend, upon which there are great fortresses. There flows down to them (from the north) from the mountain Morghan (one of the Ural mountains) a river, in which is frequently found great quantities of gold dust, and from whose bottom is often drawn the lapis lazuli (blue Sapphire). In the woods there is a great deal of pure gold (or more properly, many beavers*), and foxes as yellow as gold. From these the kings of this country derive their furs, which are very costly; and they allow no one to export them to any other country, but punish most severely, upon discovery, those who are found to have done so secretly." Thus far Cazwini. Edrisi (in the eight part

of the fifth climate) says nearly the same, but is more copious. He speaks, among other things, of the places Hy-am and Giagan, situated upon the navigable river Rudha, which came from the east. He farther adds, that there were in the woods many beavers with beautiful skins and fine hair, which were very dear, and that many of them were caught and carried to the countries of Roum and Armenia (over the Caspian sea).

According to the situation given to the country of the Uzians, it cannot be doubted but that they dwell (nearly where the Bashkirs are now found, namely, in the government of Orenburg) about the river Balaya, between the Kama, Volga, and Ural, in the southern part of the Ural chain of mountains; which district is now described as equally abounding in woods, metals, and fish, as the Arabians have represented the land of the old Uzians. This appears to be confirmed by this remarkable circumstance, that Edrisi (in the seventh part of the seventh climate) speaks of a country called Basgiret, which extended itself far to the north, and was separated from Uzia by the lofty snow covered mountain Morghan (or, as he calls it, Morghar), a branch of the Ural chain, before mentioned. He adds, that in the remotest part of Basgiret there are two towns, Masira and Casira, small places which merchants seldom visit, for no one dares to go to them, for the inhabitants kill all strangers. These two towns lie upon a river which flows into the Atel.

To the east of the Uzians are placed, by the Arabian geographers, another race of men called Alodcosh, who, as Cazwini reports, were a kind of Turks (of the Turkish or Tartar branch), with broad faces, large heads, small eyes, and thick hair. Their country is wide and broad, and possesses many advantages, and abundant means of subsistence. It is bounded on the west by the country of the Uzians. They have a vast number of four-footed animals (horses, cows, and sheep), and great abundance of milk and honey; and when a man kills a sheep, he has often a difficulty in finding people to eat it. Their principal food is horse flesh, and their principal beverage mare's milk.

From what has been adduced, it appears, that this horde must have been, like the restless and warlike

* The transcriber has made a mistake here.

Kirghisians, who now inhabit this steppe to the east of the river Ural, a Nomadic race, who probably knew as little of agriculture as these do. The ancient inhabitants lived principally upon horse flesh, the Kirghisians live on sheep, but the favourite beverage of both the ancient and modern inhabitants is mare's milk, or, as the Tartars call it, kumis, a much esteemed drink, which is made of sour, boiled and unboiled, mare's milk. It is, when it becomes sour, so nourishing and pleasant to the taste, and also so spirituous, that it not only serves for nourishment, and promotes a healthy and fresh appearance and a good constitution, but it also intoxicates, when taken in too great profusion. This steppe is described by Russian travellers as a vast, open and dry plain, with extensive sands, very little fruitful land, and still less wood. It is deficient in good water, but possesses a great number of brackish lakes. The land, therefore, is not cultivated at all, but horses, horned cattle, sheep, and in some places, camels, are in great abundance. One difficulty, however, yet remains, which cannot easily be removed. Both Cazwini and Edrisi make mention of a large sea, called Tehama, which was 250 miles in circumference, the water of which was of a deep green colour, but fragrant and pleasant to drink. In this sea there were many flat fishes, which the Turks (Tartars) relished much, because they considered them as the best means of exciting desire. This sea lay in the southern part of the country, but neither in the Kirghisian steppe itself, or on its borders, do we find in our maps a sea 250 miles in circumference (which, in our measure, make 83 miles, about 415 English miles), but only some inconsiderable brackish lakes, of different sizes. We must here then leave undetermined the situation of this sea.

To the east of Alodcos, or, as this country is generally considered as a subdivision of Uzia, to the east of the Uzians, there wandered in Tartary and Siberia many hordes, such as the Alchazalgi, Altaghazghaz, Charchir, Kaimakia, &c. with whom the Arabians must undoubtedly have been acquainted; partly because many of those hordes were Mahomedans, partly because some of them carried on trade with Siberia, and others, as the Bucharians at present, with India

and China, by which communication the Arabians received commodities from those remote countries. There is scarcely any doubt, but that some of those tribes were, during the middle age, to the trade of eastern and northern Asia, what the Armenians then were, and now are, for that of the northern by way of the Caspian Sea. But let us return to the north, and particularly to Bulgaria.

This people inhabited, to the north of Chazaria, the country near the river Don, where it approaches so nearly to the Volga, that many, as well Byzantine as Arabian writers, have considered the southern part of it as the western branch of the Volga, and thence along the Volga, as long as it takes a western direction, until the river Belaya; for there was situated their capital, Bulgar, upon the left bank of the Volga. So early as the fifth century the Bulgarians began to make incursions into the Roman empire, and on the north side of the Danube and the Black Sea so harassed the Slavi, that these were compelled to remove farther north to the Dnieper and the Vistula. At last, in the year 679 and 680, they took possession of the country from the Black Sea to Pannonia, or the present Bulgaria; but there remained, notwithstanding, a part of them in their native country, that continued to form a state, although it was much weakened by emigrations, and in consequence oppressed by the Russians, until one of Genghischan's successors, Chan Bathi, who, in the middle of the thirteenth century, in conjunction with several tribes, settled, upon the river Ural, a horde, called by the Tartars "the great," by the Russians, "the golden," subdued the kingdom of the Bulgarians, and erected in its stead those of Casan and Astracan.

"The country of the Bulgarians," says Cazwini "is extensive. The evening begins in winter at half-past three o'clock among the Bulgarians and Russians." Alhanchali says, "I testify that the days in their country are in winter hardly of sufficient length to afford time for four solemn prayers and the attendant ceremonies. The inhabited places of the Bulgarian land are conterminous with Roum. They are a numerous people; their city is called Bulgar, a large city, which I do not mean to describe, that I may

not be accused of violating truth." He says, nevertheless, in the introduction, that Bulgar was a small town, which had few possessions, but had been celebrated because it was the capital, and likewise the place for loading and casting anchor (in the Volga), for those kingdoms; but the Russians had plundered it in the year 358, together with Atel and Samandar (in the country of the Chazarians), which had greatly diminished its prosperity. Edrisi (in the sixth part of the seventh climate) mentions another town, Babun, which was well fortified, lay upon the summit of a hill, was well built, and had abundance of the necessaries of life; and adds, that to the north of Bulgaria was the mountain Kokaia, beyond which neither man nor beast could live on account of the cold. This mountain Kokaia, in the northern Ural chain between Russia and Siberia, says he in another place (in the ninth part of the fifth climate), was that which surrounded Yajouge and Majougi. Yacuti describes the city Bulgar in the following manner: "It lies in longitude $90^{\circ} 5'$, and in latitude $49^{\circ} 30'$, on the shore of the sea Pontus (the Black Sea), is built of pine tree, and has its wall of oak. It is surrounded by Turks. Between this town and Constantinople are two months' journey, and these people make war with those of Constantinople. The length of the day is twenty hours, and of the night four. It is very cold; in summer and winter the ground is covered with snow. It is said, that they are the posterity of those who believed in Hud, and withdrew to the north, where they settled. Teeth are found in the ground which resemble elephants' teeth, and are as white as ivory." Ibn Haucal remarks, that the Bulgarians are a powerful and numerous people, for the most part Christians, and have the same language as the Chazarians, which resembles that of the Turks, and is understood by no others.

We learn from Pallas's Travels in Southern Russia, that there are not far from Simbirsck, on the left side of the Volga, large and magnificent remains of the capital of the Bulgarians, Bulgaria or Biochimova, consisting of towers, mosques, houses, monuments, all of quarry stone and brick. That it must have been a very considerable city, may be concluded from the nu-

merous ruins of large buildings which are found there. It is likewise very evident that it must have been a staple town for different kinds of merchandize, and a place of resort for merchants from very remote places, for the monuments indicate that the persons there buried were from provinces to the south of the Caspian Sea. The oldest tombs must have lain there for nearly 1150 years, the latest more than 400. The same may be confirmed by the number of silver coins with Cufic and Arabic inscriptions, which is found there. In the same country, at Tschermtschew, close by a small river, which falls into the Volga, may be seen the yet more ruinous remains of the considerable city Bulmyer, first Bulgarian, and afterwards Tartarian, in whose site now stands the small town of Biljærsk.

Thus far did the certain acquaintance of the Arabians with the countries of the north reach. Thus far they frequently came themselves, and could therefore see and hear of whatever was most remarkable in the countries which they travelled through; but they seldom or never went farther; this is affirmed by Ibn Haucal, and sufficiently proved from the accounts of the countries to the north of Bulgaria, which are more or less imperfect and fabulous on account of their distance. It is seen, however, from the embassy of Ibn Fodelan to the Slavonian country in the tenth century, during which, as we shall afterwards see, he lived among the Russians some time, that Ibn Haucal's confession holds good only with regard to the more ancient times, probably before the Varegians came to the government of Russia in the ninth century, into which they gradually introduced Scandinavian hospitality and loyalty. For although the southern people seldom or never went into the Russian country before the time of the Varegians, for fear of being killed by the barbarous inhabitants, they nevertheless carried on trade with them, as is confirmed by Ibn Haucal, who says, that "the Chazarians bring honey and wax from the borders of Rus."

The city of Bulgar, however, whose situation on the Volga, below the mouths of the Kama and Belaya, was admirably adapted for trade, was the residence of a great number of Ara-

bians and Persians from Southern Asia, as the monuments show, and likewise undoubtedly of many Armenians, who are, perhaps more than the Jews, born to be merchants and agents of trade. In this city were stored up the goods, which were brought from very remote countries of the north and the south, and even from Siberia. With regard to the articles of trade, it is not necessary here particularly to enumerate them, as that has in part been already done by Cazwini and the above-mentioned writers, and they were at that time in a great measure the same as they are at present, although those that are brought from Scandinavia and that part of Russia which borders on the sea, are carried by a different mode of conveyance, almost entirely by sea, to the Levant and the Black Sea.

(To be continued.)

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PROVENÇAL LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE, BY A. W. SCHLEGEL.

WE give our readers some extracts from a Memoir of the learned A. W. Schlegel on the Provençal Language and Literature, written on occasion of M. Raynouard's very interesting work, now publishing, on the same subject. We are glad to introduce them, not only in reference to this work, which we have much pleasure in thus announcing, but for that character of simple, judicious, and manly criticism, by which all the writings of M. Schlegel are distinguished.

"The labours of M. Raynouard are destined to fill up a great hiatus in the literary history of the middle ages. The Troubadours were in every one's mouth, but nothing was known of them. What was said could scarcely be otherwise than vague or false. But in a little time, the men of letters who may undertake to treat this subject, so important in respect to the origin of modern poetry, will be left without excuse, if they do no better than their predecessors.

"For some time past, the exertions of respectable writers have not been wanting to clear up the antiquities of the French language and literature. But if some of them, like M. de Sainte-Palaye, have seriously occupied themselves with the Provençal literature before M. Raynouard, no one at least has communicated to the public the results of his studies. Such a long neglect is the more surprising, as this literature must in-

terest not only the learned of France, but those of Spain and Italy, since many celebrated Troubadours were born in their country, and since the Provençal poetry, the first to develop itself, and much diffused abroad, could not fail to have great influence on the formation of the Spanish and Italian poetry. The Provençal dialect appears to have been spoken heretofore in some parts of Upper Italy. It exists at this day as a living tongue, excepting the inevitable alteration of so many centuries, in Catalonia, in the kingdom of Valencia, and in the Balearic Isles, as well as in the south of France.

"M. Raynouard has begun the first to clear this uncultivated ground. The task which he has undertaken singly, is of such extent and difficulty, that one would have said it was sufficient to occupy a society or scholars for a considerable number of years. But he does not come new to the undertaking; what he gives to the public is matured by long study—all his materials are ready—and with the activity he bestows on his work, we may hope to see it increase rapidly, and soon to be in possession of the whole, exhibiting a complete course of Provençal literature.

"The pieces * we have before us serve as the Introduction. In the first, the author traces the Romance dialect to its origin, bringing together such scattered indications as are left of it. In the second, he seizes language at the very moment, as it were, of a more regular formation, and analyses its most ancient monuments extant. Lastly, in the Grammar he develops the inflexions, the rules, the idioms of the language, such as it was spoken and written in its most flourishing epoch, that is to say, in the twelfth and thirteenth century.

The second volume of this Collection, under the title of *Monuments of the Romance Language*, will contain the most ancient original texts, both in verse and prose, accompanied with a translation and notes. In the third, which is at this moment in the press, and will appear along with the second, will be collected the amatory poetry of the Troubadours. In the first half of the fourth, the *sirventes* and the *tenzons*—generally, the satirical, political, moral, and religious pieces. The second part of this volume will contain the various readings, the lives of the poets, such as they are found in the manuscripts, and some pieces which the Editor did not think fit to rank under the preceding heads. In the fifth, a comparative view of the languages of Latin Europe, and other philological researches, will serve as the Introduction to a Glossary of the Romance language, reserved to the last volumes.

"The erudition of M. Raynouard is as extensive as it is solid. But what is far more admirable still, is the luminous criticism, the truly philosophic method which he

* The first Volume.

brings to all his inquiries. He advances nothing without the proofs in his hand. He goes back always to the sources : he knows them all.

The songs of the Troubadours are often composed with a very studied artifice : in a style exceedingly concise, purposely enigmatical and filled with allusions to unknown facts, and to manners which to us are foreign. The turn of thought itself, the expression of sentiments, bear in them the colours and the costume of a distant age, to which we have to transport ourselves in imagination. And to facilitate the intelligence of such poems, the scanty remains of a language which has ceased to be cultivated for so many ages, we had, till now, neither grammar nor dictionary of this language : the only help, was the analogy of other dialects derived from the Latin ; an analogy often deceitful : for, although the Roman language was, so to speak, the eldest daughter of the Latin tongue, and though it has strong features of resemblance to its younger sisters, the French, Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish languages, especially to the last, it has also much of idioms of its own, and the Latin words are often diverted from their primitive sense in a peculiar manner.

“ On engaging in the study of this language, I speak from my own experience, one despairs of laying hold on a clue to guide one through its labyrinths : One is tempted to lay the blame of one’s own imperfect knowledge on the language itself, and to believe that it is capricious, irregular, rebellious to all analogy. This is, however, a very erroneous opinion. M. Raynouard has very clearly demonstrated the contrary. He has carried a clear light into the midst of this darkness : he has disentangled, by his sagacity, an apparent confusion : and, hereafter, they who have done no more than followed attentively in his steps, will already have surmounted the greater part of their difficulties.

“ A certain dryness is inseparable from grammatical discussions ; but M. Raynouard has avoided it as much as possible, by the spirit of philosophy which he introduces into his analysis, and by the elevation of his point of view. To judge from the space it occupies, one might think his grammar diffuse ; it is, on the contrary, drawn up with most perfect conciseness. The greater part of his pages is filled with criticisms of original texts, which serve at once for examples and proofs of his grammatical rules. M. Raynouard thus affords his reader the means of examining for themselves, and convincing themselves of the truth of his observations. These numerous fragments of provençal poetry, accompanied by literal translations, familiarise the student with the constructions of the language, and prepare him to read the Troubadours themselves. With the help of the grammar, and the glossary which M. Raynouard proposes

to give, the greater part of their songs, especially their amatory pieces, will need no farther explanation. Many poems, those, for instance, containing historical allusions, cannot do without it ; and others still, such as some pieces of Arnaud Daniel, and of Marcabrus, will perhaps remain forever undeciphered, even to scholars as conversant in the Roman tongue, and as accomplished in the art of philosophical criticism, as M. Raynouard.

“ But to what purpose, it will perhaps be said, is all this apparatus of a difficult and unattracting erudition. Might one not translate freely into prose, the best pieces of the Troubadours, give extracts of some others, and consign all the remainder to oblivion, from tenderness to the memory of our honourable ancestors ?—The experiment has been tried, and with lamentable result.—There are, no doubt, works of poetry, which, without sustaining any considerable injury, may be transferred into other languages, provided the translation be at least elegantly versified. The more any work is the production of an ambitious, but sterile imitation, of an art become mechanical, the more it revolves in a circle of magnificent common places, and a phraseology learnedly artificial, the less it risks in translation ; for the equivalent of things of this sort is found abundantly in every cultivated literature. But the original impress, not only of the consummate works of genius, but even of early art, is difficult to preserve in translation. I think it would be impossible to imitate, with a happy fidelity, the provençal poetry, as much, perhaps, from its almost fantastic originality, as its simplicity of native grace. One cannot consider the songs of the Troubadours, as the spontaneous effusions of a nature still altogether savage. There is art, often indeed a very ingenious art ; especially a complicated system of versification, a variety and a copiousness in the use of rhymes, which have not been equalled in any modern tongue. The Troubadours themselves called this combination of poetry and music, in which they exerted their talents, a science, but the *gay science*. It was not drawn from the source of books, nor of models reputed classical ; it was inspired to them solely by their poetic instincts, and by the desire to please their generation. The age in which they lived, was not learned nor philosophical, but robust, undisciplined, warlike, adventurous. It was marked by striking contrasts ; on one side a noble delicacy of sentiment, a refined courtesy of manners in the higher classes ; on the other, dark shades of licentiousness, of rudeness and ignorance in the total of social life. The poetical compositions of such a time, especially those which rest most on the inspiration of the moment, and an individual feeling and situation, namely, their lyrical compositions, resemble not the usual flowers of our literary gardens, but much rather those Alpine plants, which can-

not be transplanted from their native soil, and from the sky under which they sprung. To see the rose of the Alps in blow, we must climb the mountains. To enjoy those songs which have delighted so many illustrious sovereigns, so many gallant knights, so many ladies, celebrated for their beauty and their grace, which have had such vogue, not only in the south of Europe, but wherever chivalry flourished, and even in the Holy Land,—to enjoy these songs, I say, we must listen to the Troubadours themselves, and apply ourselves to comprehend their language.

“It will be time to discuss the poetical merit of the Troubadours when we have the opportunity of reading their principal works in a correct edition, accompanied by all that is necessary to assist us in understanding them: such a one, in a word, as M. Raynouard promises us. But those who are acquainted with history will all agree, that the Provençal poetry contains a treasure of national recollections. Some Troubadours are the ancestors of families that hold, even at this day, a distinguished rank in France; others belong to families now extinct, but once illustrious and powerful; many, as Bertrand of Born, and Folquet of Marseille, played an important part in the political events of their time; a great number of them have spoken of these same events, of which they were witnesses, often, perhaps, with the partiality of passion, but always with the manly frankness of vigorous minds; all furnish living pictures of the manners of their age, whether designedly, as in their moral and political pieces, or unconsciously, in the native ingenuous expression of their feelings and their thoughts. What *uncolours* the history of the middle ages is, that the contemporary chronicles have generally written in Latin. Now, it is almost impossible to transfer, into a dead and learned language, the most characteristic individual traits. All, then, that is transmitted to us in the popular dialects of those times is exceedingly precious, if we would know them intimately: it is as if we heard the distinguished men who then lived speaking to us themselves. What is called in history, the spirit of an age, says a German writer, is commonly nothing more than the spirit of a modern author reflecting an altered image of past times. The historian has not yet appeared in France who could paint the middle ages in a manner truly dramatic—that is to say, bringing on the stage the men as they lived, surrounded with the atmosphere of the then prevalent opinions and feelings, without imparting to them motives foreign to their nature—without analysing their characters by reflexions of universal application, entitled philosophical, and without expecting to arrive at the secret of individual existence by the circuitous road of reasoning. If such a historian should arise, he will know how to turn to account the materials prepared for him by

the learned Editor of the Troubadours: He will borrow from them the truest and most striking of the local tints of his picture.

Even did the Provençal poetry contain nothing more than some historic details, else unknown, still it would be necessary to resort to the original text; for in all that is to serve for evidence in matter of history, it is not possible to rest satisfied with translations.

“Lastly, The study of the Provençal language is very curious in itself, under the threefold respect—of the general theory of languages; of the etymology of the French tongue, and other dialects derived from the Latin; and finally, of its own peculiar beauties and distinctive qualities.”

M. Schlegel proceeds to sketch some of these inquiries—a little more in detail; particularly in reference to the bearing of this study on the theory of language in general, and on the formation of the French and other languages from the Latin. To some points of such discussion we may hereafter, perhaps, have occasion to call the attention of our readers. The corruption of the language of the Romans, into the dialects in which it still subsists among the descendants of the nations they had conquered, is one of the most curious and interesting subjects that are open to philologists; inasmuch as it presents to them the extraordinary phenomenon of language falling into destruction, if we may say so, and renewing itself out of its own ruins; as the mass, too, of materials, for the investigation, is unusually large, and as the several languages which have thus arisen have each attained to considerable perfection, and have each formed themselves into a very peculiar, and, it might almost be said, original character. M. Schlegel has himself in preparation, “A Historical Essay on the formation of the French language,” which, from his thorough acquaintance with the literature of all the ages of modern Europe, and from the philosophical spirit which he brings into all literary discussion, cannot fail, when it appears, to interest deeply the curiosity of the students of philology.

He closes his Memoir with the following words:

“I here conclude my observations, which have no other object than to draw the attention of the public to a literary undertaking of the greatest importance, in relation both to the study of philosophy and to the history of the middle ages. M. Raynouard, so celebrated as a poet, so honourably known

as a citizen, has obtained for his laborious researches the encouragement of a government, the patron of all good studies; he has deserved the gratitude not of his countrymen only, but of the whole of learned Europe. At an era when all minds are turned towards new ideas, it is perhaps peculiarly useful to awaken the recollection of a distant past. All the world think themselves capable of judging of former times upon slender and superficial information. To know them is another thing. The most certain way to derive no benefit from the study of history, is to engage in it with a spirit of hostility. If we despise our ancestors, let us a little dread the retribution of posterity."

ON THE CRUSADES.

Translated from the German of

FREDERICK SCHLEGEL.

It has been remarked by those who have described the journeys of individual pilgrims to the Holy Land, that the motives by which these persons were induced to perform their travels, were far from being at all periods the same; the first of them were actuated by the simple suggestions of piety; curiosity and the love of adventure mingled very considerably in the views of those who succeeded them; and others who, at a period yet later, pursued the same route, contrived to preserve all the worldly zeal of sagacious merchants, in the midst of pilgrimages still nominally undertaken for the purpose of renouncing the world over the grave of the Redeemer. An observation, not very dissimilar to this, may be made in regard to the purposes and character of those great associations of armed pilgrims—the Crusades. The first, under the pious Godfrey de Bouillogne, was entirely the work of religious enthusiasm; and, for that reason perhaps, above all succeeding expeditions, it was irresistible in its progress, and happy in its effects. In the times immediately subsequent, more particularly in the heroic contests of Richard Cœur-de-Lion with the chivalrous Saladin, the original object appears to have been more lost sight of, and the mainspring of action to have proceeded from the romantic spirit of warlike glory and adventure. In the sequel, when Crusades came to be conducted in a more business-like manner, when the Greek empire had become Latinized by means of their

frequency, and the leaders began to calculate with the foresight of politicians, that the conquest of Egypt was a necessary step to that of Palestine,—these things were all so many symptoms of decay in the spirit of enthusiasm—that spirit, in whose strength alone expeditions so stupendous in magnitude, and so unnatural in purpose, could be carried through with any hope of ultimate success. This flame shone, indeed, once again in St Lewis, but that was only a flash in the socket. It was speedily extinguished; and in the end the only advantage derived from these most laborious and perilous adventures, fell to the share of the maritime powers of Italy, above all, of the Venetians, who had taken little part in the expeditions themselves, excepting with mercantile views and mercantile weapons. Such is the course of human events! One lofty thought, one almighty feeling, seizes and possesses the spirit of an age, no less easily than of an individual, lifts it above all the trammels of custom, and enables it to deem and to find no obstacle unsurmountable. But when possession has once cloyed the excited ardour, when the spirit that sported with peril, and was prodigal of strength, has become cooled, prudence steps in, and the charm is for ever lost in the first calculation of advantage.

Among the great number of extraordinary persons and heroes which the history of this period displays, none perhaps is so well fitted to represent the whole power of the ruling spirit of chivalry—to show how men forgot even the character of royalty in that of knighthood, as Richard of England. By his scarcely credible feats of valour, his perilous return, his captivity, his misfortunes, which could do all but tame his lion heart,—by every incident in his chivalrous life—he is fitted to be the type and symbol of the age of the Crusades. Characters such as this, or even as that of Godfrey and other more strictly religious Crusaders, are more adapted to be comprehended and depicted by the imagination of a Tasso, than to be penetrated and explained by the perspicuity of a Tacitus. The characters and heroes of the middle age are, indeed, throughout distinguished from those of classical antiquity, by this circumstance, that their lives and actions were always more under the command and direction of

imagination than of reason. The character of Alexander the Great alone, forms an exception from the general character of the cultivated Greeks and Romans, and bears some resemblance (as indeed the characters of the Orientals do) to that of the middle age, inasmuch as imagination and enthusiasm seem to have had more influence upon him than reason and calculation. It was thus that in all the struggles, dangers, wanderings of this period, the fullness of animal life was spread over and breathed from every thing; that breath and magic of fancy which has power to adorn alike rejoicing and humiliation, triumph and despair. In the old northern sagas, the heroic spirits of the Valhalla are represented as enjoying themselves during the day in warlike contests, till, on the going down of the sun, all their wounds are healed by the power of magic, and they sit down with Odin to the friendly banquet;—in like manner, the knightly combats of this romantic time appear very often to have been engaged in with scarcely any political purpose or consequences, and the only real or desired result of a whole life of peril and adventure, to have been nothing more than the feeling of repose, the retirement of peaceful recollection, the stillness of the evening succeeding the splendour and fervours of the day. What a contrast do these spirits afford to those whose workings we witness in times of greater prudence and refinement, when statesmen and warriors are such only from situation, and seem to follow in the wake of events, rather than to rule and preside over their current. It is doubtful whether all the other advantages which these possess, are sufficient to atone for their comparative poverty of spirit and of feeling.

The spirit of chivalry, nevertheless, forms only one epoch, and presents only one view of the middle age; and how marked and predominant soever over the whole of its manners and characters, the imagination, and the power of great ruling passions may have been, we must by no means deny to this period the still deeper influence of its great law-givers. The very names of Alfred of England, Stephen the legislator of Hungary, and St Lewis of France, are sufficient to prove the absurdity of any such neglect. Many of our German kings and em-

perors might in like manner be named, who were not only brave warriors, but thoughtful and skilful generals; nay, not merely commanders of armies, but accomplished sovereigns, capable of weighing well, and directing well, every item of their political strength. The German characters are particularly distinguished by their strength and seriousness of heroic power: of such power and loftiness of character is the middle ages, the combat of the emperor Frederick I. with Henry the Lion (of Brunswick) furnishes a striking example and image. The powerful, upright, austere emperor, burning with wrath against his friend for having deserted him in his Italian contests, overthrowing with the stormy rage of a hero, one, in heroism as in power, inferior only to himself, —but the moment the enemy is at his feet, melted by all the returning warmth of friendship toward the old brother in arms,—all this forms a delightful and ennobling picture of the spirit of the times. It was by such feelings as these that rulers and princes were then governed, above all, among the Germans. The Italian characters of the middle age, on the other hand, from their habitudes of republican party-war, and their heartless politics, were fashioned into a much nearer resemblance of the great men of antiquity. The true chivalrous spirit exerted by far its most exclusive power over the Normans, whose spirit and manners were at this period common, in a great measure, to France and England, while these kingdoms were so closely connected with Normandy, and through it with each other.

The want of unity of purpose and action, which was the chief cause of failure in all the Crusades, is to be ascribed not merely to the ill-concerted plans of the different leaders and expeditions, but also to great and essential differences in the external situations, as well as in the national propensities and feelings, of the different peoples of the west. The Spaniards were so much occupied at home with their perpetual struggle against the Moors, that they could take little share in the remoter warfares of the Cross. Similar causes might be adduced to explain the want of co-operation among the more distant tribes of the north. The north of Italy and

Germany, the whole imperial dominions, were completely filled by the great contest between the church and empire, agitated and lacerated every where by the rivalry of the Guelphs and Ghibellines to such a degree, that, although they did take a part, and a most effective one, in the Crusades, they were all very tardy in doing so; or, at least, did not follow the tendency of the time with that ready impetuosity which was displayed by the Norman-English, the Norman-Neoplatans, the warriors of Normandy itself, or those of France, who so much resembled all these in spirit and character. These kindred nations were all strong in redundant population and warlike zeal, and they had little business at home to prevent them from employing this strength abroad. It may be, that had they acted in hearty unison, they were of themselves abundantly sufficient for carrying through the whole work,—at all events, their striking similarity of character and situation must have mightily facilitated their measures, and tended to their ultimate success.

The great German Crusades under Conrad III. and Frederick I. were eminently unfortunate, chiefly by means of the influence of climate, and the jealousy of the Greeks. Frederick II. was indeed active and zealous in his time; but he satisfied himself with procuring a very favourable peace, and was glad to return home to his favourite Sicily. The only powers which had any regular and enduring plan, or were indeed seriously interested in the protracting of the struggle, were the Head of the Church and the Maritime States of Italy; in very different ways, indeed, and with very different interests. Upon the whole, when we reflect on the disunited and discordant elements of which the European power was composed, and on the necessary difficulty, or rather impossibility, of directing that terrible engine long to any one purpose, one should be inclined to wonder that the kingdom of Jerusalem subsisted so long as it did, rather than that its unsubstantial fabric at last yielded to the unremitting and zealous efforts of the Saracen princes.

Of all the effects of the Crusades, the animating stimulus given to the spirit of chivalry is the most remarkable: it is true, that the laws of

honour, the noviciate in arms, and the whole system of the morality of gentlemanship, had already been reduced to a regular form, arranged in steps and degrees, and connected with exterior marks of distinction,—and that a foundation had therefore been laid for the essence of chivalry. These elements, however, were never brought into their full splendour of action, till knights, serving under the banner of the Cross, and elevated by the consciousness of their magnificence, were set gradually free from the shackles, not only of feudalism, but of nationality, and learned to regard and reverence themselves as the immediate champions and servants of God and universal Christendom. The three great spiritual orders of knighthood, which Europe received from the East and the Crusades, were the fountains and patterns of all other orders; the order of St John, namely, whose members preserved alive the original spirit of chivalry down to very modern times; in their perpetual opposition to the Ottoman arms; the Teutonic order, which conquered and civilized Prussia, and planted with Christian colonies the borders of the Baltic; and, lastly, the order of the Templars, which, after a short and splendid existence, was, in a manner so terrible, annihilated by the covetous rage of the French king. In regard to that influx of ideas, which may have proceeded from the East to the West, the order of the Temple was certainly the most remarkable of the three. In France, where also Europe witnessed the first bloody spectacle of a religious war in the persecution of the Albigenses—on the same soil where, under Louis XIV., the despairing Camisards were at last reduced and extirpated,—in the same cruel and bigotted France, the Knights Templars were doomed to encounter a similar catastrophe. But the righteous blood of Molay left a curse behind, and neither the king who perpetrated, nor the pontiff who sanctioned his murder, long survived their atrocious guilt. What the ruling ideas were of this order, what was the unrevealed part of its purpose and destination, we have not the means to discover; the existence of such secrets is all that we can positively ascertain in regard to them. The order was annihilated in France, and even in the other

countries of Europe the decree of the Pope was carried into execution; but in most districts the cruelty of the measure was tempered by those who were compelled to carry it into execution, and the Knights Templars were willingly admitted into the body of those other orders which were called to inherit their forfeited possessions. The spirit of the order was not extirpated: it ceased to act visibly, and to be talked of; but its influence was enduring and powerful, notwithstanding of its unobtrusiveness.

After the power which the improvement of the system of chivalry exerted over the fortunes of Europe, the most considerable among the other effects of the Crusades, was perhaps their influence upon commerce. The extension of trade, however it was brought about, operated certainly in the most striking manner, both in improving the condition of cities and their inhabitants, and through these in lending new life to the arts. The notion that our modern European nations were, in their first attempts towards refinement in the arts, the imitators and disciples of the Orientals, falls to the ground, to whatever department we seek to apply it. The chief influence which the East had was over our poetry, and even there its only effect was lending new spirit and stimulus to that mass of original imaginations which we of old possessed. Nevertheless, the period when the East had begun to exert its power over our spirits, was, we must ever recollect, the true period of our chivalrous poetry—of that poetry which flourished among the Germans and Normans of the 12th and 13th centuries, and which, somewhat later, in the hands of Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, gave birth to a set of masterpieces which are the common property and pride of all Europe. The Germans, even in the Carolingian times, had heroic poems and love songs,* and, indeed, of that sort of marvellous which is the peculiar characteristic of the chivalrous poets, specimens may be found abundantly in the old sagas of the north. But the Crusades gave a new spring to the fancy, and, in the midst of their inspiration, the elder heroic poems were mostly either re-modelled or for ever lost. The chivalrous poet-

ry was the true copy and constant companion of the chivalrous life, and is therefore its best commentary and image.* The ambitious spirit of the Burghers, whose wealth and importance were every day increasing, took greater delight, on the other hand, in the more substantial monuments of architecture. Rival cities were continually endeavouring to surpass each other in the splendour of their edifices, and many of these erections are still remaining, to excite our astonishment and our admiration.

This art was developed the next after that of poetry, and its most flourishing period was in this age. In the elder Carolingian period, and under the Saxon emperors, the close connexion between the empire and Constantinople, introduced into Germany, as well as into Italy, some imitation of the later style of Greek architecture. But at this period there came into Germany, still more distinctly and splendidly into the Netherlands and England, that fashion of architecture which we know by the name of Gothic. That this also was of Oriental origin has often been asserted, but there are many remains of Saracen architecture in Spain and Portugal, whose appearance and character leave that idea entirely without support. This style of architecture; chiefly displayed in ecclesiastical buildings, appropriated to its own purposes the painting of the day, such as it was, and consecrated it also to the ornament of churches. The effect of the allegorical paintings usual in the Greek churches, seems to have been as powerful, at one period, upon our painters, as that of the splendid churches of Constantinople was on our architects. In the oldest remains of the art, the painting of Byzantines, Netherlands, and Italians, is seen to have been essentially the same. At a time somewhat later, both in respect to painting and architecture, the nations of the West were more original, and therefore more successful.

The true acquisition for which the Europeans were indebted to the Arabs, lay in the department of science and knowledge, and even this was restricted to a very little of chemistry, medi-

* This subject may be seen more fully discussed in "Schlegel's Lectures on the History of Literature," vol. i. § 8.

cine, and astrology, and to a few wretched translations of some of the books of Aristotle, which, in that miserable and mutilated condition, can scarcely be said to have been a very valuable present. Compared with the Europeans, indeed, the Mahometan tribes, which possessed at that time the interior parts of Palestine, and which therefore had most intercourse with the Crusaders, were a very rude people. The flourishing era of the Caliphate was long gone by. It is true, that the Spanish Moors were far more polished and learned than any of their contemporaries in the West, but the national and religious wrath with which they were regarded, prevented the gaining any considerable advantage from the example of their cultivation.

The whole of this epoch, in which Christians and Mahometans were brought so closely into contact, when the East and West were, after a separation of many centuries, once more approximated to each other, cannot but fix the attention of the observer upon that remarkable man whose spirit has been for these twelve hundred years the spirit and unseen ruler of the half of Asia. Mahomet must awake in every mind all that admiration which the union of heroic power with enthusiasm, both directed to one end, by the energy of an overmastering spirit, is ever calculated to produce. The firmness of that unalterable faith which this man, with all the appearance of simplicity, and without having recourse, as it would seem, to any of the usual tricks of religious impostors, found means to establish in the bosom of his followers, must ever be regarded as one of the most singular and inexplicable phenomena in the whole history of the world. The people which was his instrument, and which, through his means, became in the sequel one of the most powerful in the earth, lived, before the time of Mahomet, in the Patriarchal division of tribes, but was united by the common possession of a fine language, and a body of warlike and amatory poetry. They were not altogether unacquainted with the old traditions of Sacred antiquity; they derived, at least, from the indistinct recollection of them, a certain loftiness of conception; and, compared even with the most celebrated of nations, they were still entitled

to be considered as a high-minded and noble people. With the fresh impetus which they derived from the ministrations of Mahomet, the Arabs, in a short space of time, extended their power over the finest countries of the world—from the rich islands of India to Portugal, and from Caucasus to the yet unexplored depths of Africa. The doctrine of their Prophet, founded on the purest and sublimest ideas of the Godhead, and perplexing the understanding by no unintelligible mysteries—inculcating, beyond all other virtues, the exercise of valour and heroism, and tempering these stern injunctions with many delightful and emblematic fancies,—how, it may well be asked, has it happened, that this faith, so keenly adopted by many nations, should not have taken possession, with equal ease, of the whole? That dangerous and destructive conflict, between the Church and the State, which tore Christendom in sunder, found no part in the empire of Mahomet, where both powers were for ever blended together in irresistible union. The faith of Mahomet itself may also be looked upon as more adapted for the nature of man, since, throughout Asia and Africa, its precepts have all along been not nominally, but really obeyed; while in Christendom, the life and manners not only of individuals, but of whole ages, have so often appeared to be exactly the reverse of what they should have been according to the system of Christ; where, in one word, the ideal excellence, held up by the faith, has always been looked upon as something unattainable even by its most fervent disciples.—Such are the grounds upon which a tame and common-place philosophy has frequently assigned to Mahometanism the superiority over Christianity, and it was natural that it should make such use of such arguments. But the history of the world teaches a conclusion very different from that adopted by these superficial philosophers; it has long since determined the great question, whether the faith of Christianity, or that of Mahomet, be the better fitted to promote the cultivation and excellence of the human mind? The spirit of pride and haughtiness which breathes in the pages of the Koran, and which presents so striking a contrast to the gentleness and love found in those of the Bible, might seem at first sight to be

the sure harbinger of greatness ; but it formed, from the very beginning of the Mahometan sway, the lurking element of its destruction. Satisfied with the possession of that high and more than Stoical disdain of others, the disciples of the Prophet have remained stationary as he found them ; nay, some which were once among the noblest of nations, have sunk gradually into the condition of dull and sluggish Barbarians.

The temptation to which, according to the Gospel, our Saviour was exposed by the fallen angel, was too much for Mahomet. He was willing to purchase the kingdoms of the earth at the expense of his integrity. Had he withstood this temptation, and had the noble-minded Arabs become Christians with the same zeal which attended their reception of Mahometanism, the most beautiful lands of the earth would then long ago, in all probability, have been also the most refined and the most happy—Asia and Europe, instead of regarding each other with the fury of combatants, or the coldness of strangers, instead of filling the world with blood and rancour, had long ago been united in the bonds of brotherhood. The proud spirit of the False Prophet, and the union of spiritual and temporal power in his empire, paved the way for the most cruel of all despotisms ; one under which every vestige not only of external freedom, but even of the last resource of men—the liberty of the mind—has been utterly eradicated and erased.

An acquaintance with the nature and consequences of a faith so different from their own, was calculated to produce, upon the thinking men of Europe, a much more striking effect than a few inaccurate translations from Aristotle. That infidelity and contempt of religion of which the emperor Frederick II. has been accused, may easily be accounted for by the circumstances of the times. With those scraps of chemical, medical, and astronomical science, which the Europeans received from the Arabs, they received also much that was fitted to encourage them in all the superstitions of astrology, alchemy, and magic. The *arcana*, the hidden doctrines of the nights Templars, furnish another proof that a great fermentation had begun to operate in the European

mind. The effects of all this were first, and most distinctly, made manifest in the department of philosophy. Early in the 12th century, scarcely a hundred years after the first Crusades, the first of modern attempts to destroy the system of Christianity, and all the constitutions of Church and State to which it has given rise, was made by Arnold of Brescia. The fate of this man has been such as that which has fallen to the share of all ill-timed and unfortunate revolutionizers. Yet purity of intention should not be denied to him ; nor should it be forgotten that, of all the enemies of the Church, few have grounded their hostility on views of philosophy so deep, and at the same time so noble, as his. He was succeeded by a host of others, who, without so openly declaring their purpose, occupied themselves in disseminating dangerous and destructive doctrines in regard to matters of religion. The first who opposed himself to the stream of infidelity, with the vigour of a Christian philosopher, was a German. Albertus Magnus was one of those pre-eminent spirits which the world so rarely produces—one of those who embody the power, the learning, and the wisdom of ages. He was the Aristotle of his time.—We should err very widely in refusing to philosophy a place in the history of the world. Even among the Greeks and Romans, where philosophy and common life were so much at variance, its influence was great. Nay, it is in that very feud and opposition between speculative intellect, on the one hand, and the state and the popular belief on the other, that we must seek for the true ground of the destruction of all the Ancient States. In modern history, from the time of the middle ages downwards, philosophy—extended so widely as to become almost the synonym of common opinion—has even more manifested her power. Separated although she be, from the world, the world must always regard her either as its best friend, or as its worst enemy.

Like every other great revolution, that introduced by the Crusades had the effect of destroying many of the old bands of society. It opened the way for freedom ; but, wherever occasion was offered, it opened the way for anarchy also. The tremendous conflict between the Church and the Empire which devastated Italy and

Germany during the thirteenth century, particularly towards the close, arose naturally from the relation which these powers held to each other; but though it was not caused, its operations were much facilitated and accelerated by means of the Crusades. The long absence of the last of the great and powerful emperors, Frederick II., from Germany, laid the foundation for confusion and anarchy in that country. This anarchy was at its summit of violence, when, after the house of Hohenstaufen, for a hundred years the most powerful in Europe, had expired on the scaffold of its last representative—amidst a succession of doubtful, powerless, and absurd elections, Germany and Europe could scarcely be aware whether they had or had not an emperor. It was now that the verse of an older poet, on occasion of the death of an emperor, could be employed almost without hyperbole.

“Tristis et Europa, Decapitata gemit.”

If we may compare the great powers of the earth with the great luminaries of nature, we may say, that at this time the heaven was for ever dark, and that neither emperor nor pope, neither the sun nor the moon, emitted any of these rays which used to guide, and cheer, and animate, the world. The only power which remained entire, was that of chivalry. A simple knight drew to himself the eyes of the world. Great in fortune and in valour, great in the possession of every noble and every warlike virtue,—but blessed with an understanding at once strong and comprehensive, Rudolph of Habsburg derived his truest greatness from his rectitude.

POEMS AND PLAYS BY THE DUCHESS
OF NEWCASTLE.

“Writing is very prompt

With (or without) matter in the head and heart.”

SHAKESPEARE.

It has been well observed by Walter Scott, in a preface to some specimens of old poetry in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1810, that “the mere attribute of antiquity is of itself sufficient to interest the fancy, by the lively and powerful train of associations which it awakens. The obscure

poet, whose very existence has been detected only by keen research, may indeed have evinced but a slender portion of that spirit which has buoyed up the writings of distinguished contemporaries during the course of centuries; yet still his verses shall, in the lapse of time, acquire an interest which they did not possess in the eyes of his own generation.”

This remark (which, though not new in itself, has derived great additional value from the beautiful illustrations which Mr Scott has brought together in the preface alluded to) has by no means been verified or supported by the conduct of modern bibliographers towards the thirteen folio volumes of the Duchess of Newcastle. Pope, in the “*Dunciad*,” by giving a conspicuous place in the library of his hero to her productions,

“Where stamp’d with arms, Newcastle shone complete,”

was among the first to set the example of turning her Grace into ridicule. But this was excusable on his part, for neither Pope, nor any one else in those days, was a bibliographer, in the modern acceptance of the term. Even “*Caxtons*” and “*Wynkyn de Wordes*,” were perhaps then sold for snuff-paper. Nor could her Grace’s productions, at that time, have their present attractions of rarity as a recommendation, though there were several of them that her biographer, George Ballard, about the same period, had never seen.

Lord Orford afterwards, in his usual manner, for the sake of exciting a smile on the vacant countenances of some of his own noble readers, epitomized the lives of the Duke and Duchess in such manner as to render them utterly ridiculous. The only modern authors after Ballard, that have said a few words in favour of her Grace (at least we do not at this moment recollect any others), are Sir Egerton Brydges, Mr Parke (in his new edition of Lord Orford), and Mr D’Israeli.

It is odd enough, however, that, with the exception of Sir E. Brydges, all her commentators seem to have paid much more attention to her Grace’s *prose* than to her *poetical* writings; whereas her volumes, entitled, “*Nature’s pictures, drawn by Phancies pencil to the life*,” printed 1656,

and "Poems and Phancies," 1662,* are not only among the most rare, but in all probability the most curious of her published compositions; and it may therefore be wondered at, that a reprint of some of these volumes has not yet appeared. Of her earliest work, the "World's Olio," we are not told by Mr Parke or Lord Orford any thing whatever but the name, not even whether it is in verse or in prose. In Longman and Company's Catalogue for 1817, occurs a fine copy of the "Poems and Phancies," with a collection of rare prints of the authoress and her husband. This would probably have supplied a good article for the "Censura" or "Bibliographer;" but it is to be feared that such volumes do not excite so much interest now, as in the "year of the Rox-burgh auction."

It should be observed, however, that in addition to a reprint of "Selected Poems" by the Duchess (twenty-five copies only), from the press of Lee Priory, the same editor (Sir E. Brydges) has also reprinted "Autobiography of Margaret Cavendish," probably the most interesting of all her Grace's prose compositions, but of which we believe no copies have ever reached our Northern capital.

Of the thirteen obscure folios of our authoress, a few are of comparatively frequent occurrence. These are,

1. The Life of the Duke, 1667.
2. Philosophical Opinions, 1663.
3. Sociable Letters, 1664.
4. Miscellaneous Plays, 1662.

Of these four, beyond a doubt, the plays are the most valuable; and, by a little sacrifice of time and attention, might be made to afford some curious selected extracts. The "Philosophy" has no other merit, but that, like all her other books, it arose from the unassisted operations of her own brain; having the attribute of dulness and inconclusiveness in common with many other metaphysical works, without their learning or authority.

Our neglected heroine, however destitute of taste and judgment, certainly cannot be denied the praise of industry and application, and was by no means deficient in the creative faculty of imagination.

* Of the "Poems" we judge by short specimens merely, having only five of her Grace's folios on our table at present.

"For my part," she observes, "I love to sit at home and write, or walk in my chamber and contemplate. But I hold it necessary sometimes to come abroad, because I find that several objects do bring new materials for my thoughts and fancies to build upon. Yet I must say this in behalf of my thoughts, that I never found them idle; for if the senses bring no work in, they will work of themselves, like the silkworms that spin out of their own bowels."

In another place she observes,

"I am lazy and inactive to any other employments, and had rather sit still and do nothing, than have my thoughts obstructed or disturbed, from their usual contemplations, with noise or company, or any other action or employment but writing; for writing is as pencilling thoughts; and I take as much delight as painters who draw men and other creatures."—*Plays*, 1662, p. 681.

It is well known to literary men, that such a fondness for scribbling is an acquired rather than a natural taste. It is an accomplishment, however, that in some cases proves of infinite importance, and which Rousseau found it almost impossible to obtain. After all, he has affirmed that his thoughts and his pen never could be brought to flow well together. Had Rousseau possessed the Duchess's rapidity of fingers, and the latter his aversion to a writing desk, the philosopher might have learned his reputation more easily, and the lady would have escaped that ridicule which has hitherto attended her.

The Duke of Newcastle seems to have been one of those who applauded his noble consort's prose works more than her poetry, and thus perhaps misled her from the paths for which her genius was most adapted.

"This lady's philosophy," he observes, "is excellent, and will be thought so hereafter. As to the book of her philosophical opinions, if you will lay bye a little passion against writers, you will like it, and the best of any thing she hath writ; therefore read it once or twice, not with malice to find a little fault, but with judgment to like what is good."—*Vide Parke's Roy. and Noble Authors*, III. 188.

Indeed, one half at least of the noble authoress's faults and follies may perhaps be ascribed to the injudicious criticisms of her husband, who, notwithstanding all that has been said in his favour by some historians, certainly was no conjurer. But the most favourable point of view in which her Grace's literary labours have hitherto

been placed, is that which has been taken by Sir Egerton Brydges.

"She was," he observes, "the faithful and endearing companion of all that virtuous nobleman's (the Duke's) subsequent trouble and exiles; which she contributed to soothe by joining in his literary pursuits, and to gild by the numerous productions of her own fertile fancy. It is clear, from her preface, that the major part of her multiplied works was composed during this gloomy period of sorrow, privation, and danger."

This is a remark which had apparently escaped Ballard, who seems to think that her Grace composed most of her works after the restoration of King Charles, and the return of the loyal exiles to England. The contrary, however, is proved by the commencement of her postscript to the "Plays," 1662, page 181.

But, above all, we are disposed to think that the voluminous works of our authoress will now be looked upon with most satisfaction (or patience) by that reader who regards them (in the words of Mr Coleridge) as a "*psychological curiosity*." Her Grace has of herself somewhere made this remarkable declaration, "I ALWAYS TOOK DELIGHT IN SINGULARITY!" On this principle, therefore, we find in all her productions reiterated assurances (which indeed some might consider superfluous) that she was utterly and voluntarily destitute of *book-learning*; and that her Whig principles, in matters of literature at least, were so violent, that she absolutely renounced and contemned all rules, laws, and authorities, whatever. We repeat, therefore, that works, composed on such foundation, should be looked upon as a psychological curiosity; for let any authoress, however highly endowed by nature, set out and proceed with a passion for singularity—a renunciation of common sense and all established rules—a detestation and voluntary ignorance of books,—let an authoress, we say, be thus guided and actuated, and, moreover, resolve at the same time to write perpetually, and to print all that she writes, it surely may at least be expected that her compositions will be metaphysically curious and novel at least; while that there should be a plentiful harvest of absurdity and extravagance, must be owing as much to this peculiar system as to natural imbecilities of character in the said authoress.

"I always took delight in singularity."
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ty, even in accoutrements of dress," says the Duchess. And accordingly, when she became a poetess and philosopher, she resolved to proceed with an utter disregard of every one who had preceded her on the same ground. To learn other languages, or even her own *grammatically*—to brood over the pages of Shakspeare and Spenser, of Bacon and Hooker—were the very last duties that, in her literary capacity, she deemed it requisite to fulfil. She seems almost to have closed her eyes on the beauties of the visible universe; and it scarcely appears even that she studied her Bible; and yet continued indefatigably to contemplate and to write!

"If we had but that command over ourselves," she has said (speaking of the female sex, and doubtless judging of them all by her own experience)—"if we had but that command over ourselves to keep silence, we might perhaps be thought wits, though we were fools; but to keep silence it is impossible for us to do. So long as we have speech we shall talk, although to no purpose; for nothing but death can force us to silence, for we often talk in our sleep."

And in another place—

"I imagine all those who have read my former books will say that I have writ enough, unless they were better. But, say what you will, it pleaseth me; and since my delights are harmless, I will satisfy my humour.

For, had my braine as many fancies in't
To fill the world, I'd put them all in print.
No matter whether they be well express;
My will is done—that pleases woman best."

In the strange collection of prefatory addresses to the miscellaneous plays already referred to, are many remarkable evidences of this turn of mind.

"As for the niceties of rules, forms, and terms, I renounce, and protest that if I did understand and know them strictly, as I do not, I would *not* follow them: and if any dislike my writings for the want of these rules, forms, and terms, let him not read them; for I had rather that my writings should be unread, than be read by such pedantical scholastic persons."

And in the dedication to the life of her husband occurs the following passage:

"As for my being the true and only authoress of them (her various publications), your Lordship knows best; and my attending servants are witnesses that I have had none but my own thoughts, fancies, and speculations, to assist me; and as soon as I set them down, I send them to those that are to transcribe them and fit them for the press; whereof there have been several, and among them such as could only write a

good hand, but understood neither orthography nor had any learning; I being then in banishment with your Lordship, and not able to maintain learned secretaries, which hath been a great disadvantage to my poor works, and the cause that they have been printed so false and full of errors: for, besides that I wanted also skill and scholarship in true writing, *I did many times not peruse the copies that were transcribed, lest they should disturb my following conceptions*; by which neglect, as I said, many errors are slipped into my works, which yet I hope learned and impartial readers will soon rectify, and look more upon the sense than the words."

But to return to the volume of plays, from which we believe that no extracts have till now been reprinted. It would appear that the numerous prefatory notices have been written chiefly for the sake of declaring her contempt for all the rules and practices of preceding or contemporary dramatists. More especially, her Grace has objected to the commonly received opinion, that every character introduced should, less or more, assist in bringing about the final *dénouement* of the plot. This, no doubt, required some degree of submissive precaution and contrivance, and therefore it is an excellence utterly renounced by the Duchess.

"I do not," she exclaims, "perceive any reason why that the several persons presented should be all of an acquaintance, or that there is a necessity to have them all of one fraternity, or to have a relation to each other, or linked in alliance as one family; when as plays are to present the general follies, vices, vanities, humours, dispositions, passions, affections, fashions, customs, manners, and practices, of the whole world of mankind, as in several persons; also particular follies, vanities, vices, humours, passions, affections, fashions, fortunes, customs, and the like, in particular persons; also the sympathy and antipathy of dispositions, humours, passions, customs, and fashions, of several persons; also the particular virtues and graces in several persons, and several virtues and graces in particular persons; and all these *varieties* to be drawn at the latter end into one piece, as into one company, which, in my opinion, shews neither usual, probable, nor natural."

Whatever were the strange fancies that our heroine conceived or adopted, my Lord Duke seems always ready to welcome and encourage them all. Accordingly, we have a complimentary copy of verses, by this nobleman, prefixed to the plays, and beginning,

"Terence' and Plautus' wit we now do
scorn,

Their comic socks worn out, in pieces torn;

Only their rags of wit remain as toys
For pedants to admire, to teach schoolboyes;"

And concluding,

"So we are all your subjects in each play,
Unwilling, willingly still to obey;
Nor have a thought but what you make or draw

Us by the power of your wit's great law;
Thus Empèress in sovereign pow'r yours sits,
Over the wise, and tames poetic wits.

W. N."

Then follows a long poetical introduction, of her Grace's own composition, of which the concluding lines are strongly characteristic.

"All the materials in my head did grow,
All is my own, and nothing do I owe;
But all that I desire, when as I dye,
My memory in my own works may lye:
And when as others build them marble tombs
(To inurn their dust) and fretted vaulted
rooms,

I care not where my dust or bones remain,
So my works live, the labour of my braine.
I covet not a stately cut carv'd tomb,
But 'that my works in Fame's house may
have room:

Thus I my poor built cottage am content,
When that I dye may be my monument."

We are then made acquainted (by degrees, in the course of a large folio, containing no less than nineteen plays) with a numberless multitude of worshipful personages, some of whom, if it were only (as Falstaff says) for the sake of a "*commodity of good names*," may deserve an introduction to our readers.

The Lord Singularity	and Lady Perfection
Sir Humphry Bolde	Lady Bashful
Sir Timothy Compliment	Mrs Acquaintance
Sir Roger Exception	Mrs Reformer
Sir Serious Dumble	Lady Ignorance
Lord De L'Amour	Lady Innocence
Sir Effeminate Lovely	Lady Amorous
Roger Trusty	Doll Subtility
Captain Whiffell	Nan Lighthouse
Doctor Comfort	Joan Cry-out
Captain Ruffell	Doll Pacify

It was of course to be expected that such personages would act and speak according to their several characters and attributes; and accordingly we find, that although the Duchess proved irreproachably chaste and correct in her own deportment, yet the Muses have led her into society whose manners and conversation certainly, in modern times, appear not a little alarming and repulsive. Yet, after all, her Grace must be allowed, in this respect, to keep at an infinite distance from our old friend Aphra Behn; who absolutely dwells upon and luxuriates in such passages of her very lively and ingenious plays, as, if read in a mo-

dern blue stocking circle, would be apt to throw the whole conclave into consternation. The Duchess, on such occasions, to say the truth, is disgusting and absurd rather than immoral; yet nevertheless, in the farrago which this volume affords, the characters of Lady Sanspareille, Lady Contemplation, Lady Belle Esprit, and many others, afford passages that, without any great stretch of indulgence, might be allowed considerable praise. It should not be forgotten, that Virgil delighted in conning over the despised and obsolete volumes of Ennius; and from the folio before us a desultory selection might be made, that would cut a very respectable figure, when associated with some of the heavy and ill-chosen reprints with which our shelves have groaned within the last five or six years. Moreover, we find, as before, that whatever the Duchess wrote, the Duke sanctioned and commended. The most obscene and disgusting plays in the volume have "songs and sonnets," and even whole scenes, ascribed to his Lordship. We know not, therefore, how to censure her proceedings in this respect; since the same love of domestic tranquillity and devotion to her husband, that protected her from sharing in the licentious immoralities of the age, led her implicitly to be governed by his opinions, however erroneous.

We cannot omit, by the bye, one more passage at the conclusion of the postscript to these extraordinary divertissements, in confirmation of what has been said as to her contempt of book-learning.

"As French cooks are accounted the best for corporal meats, so the Greeks and Latins for poetical meats; but I am neither a Greek nor a Latin cook; I cannot dress or cook after their fashions or phancies; I never was bound apprentice to learning; I am as ignorant of their arts and meats as of their persons and nations. I am like a plain, cleanly English cook-maid, that dresses meat rather wholesomely than luxuriously, a roast capon without lard, a shoulder of mutton with a sauce of capers and olives, a piece of boiled beef and turnips, and, for a desert, a plain apple-tart or a pear-pye." p. 182.

It must be owned, that amid such a variety as this folio affords, all, as far as we have ascertained, pretty much on a par as to intrinsic merit, it is difficult to fix in preference on any particular play (or *dish*, according to

the Duchess's metaphor) for a regular analysis. We have been promised, however, by an Oxford correspondent, some remarks on her Grace's poetical works, which perhaps we may at some future period find room to insert; also, some excerpts from a volume of (what are supposed to be) *unpublished* philosophical rhapsodies (in verse), alluded to in Ballard's Memoir; which intimation gave rise to the present article. We shall now conclude by observing, that, with all this lady's literary peculiarities, she seems to have been, in the arrangement of the Duke's pecuniary embarrassments (if such an Iricism is allowable), a much better man of business than himself. Somewhere her Grace observes, "I cannot say that I think my time ever tedious, when I am alone; so I be near my lord, and know that he is well." She was a lover of solitude, therefore; yet she never addicted herself to drinking canary, or taking snuff, or smoking tobacco; nor, as far as we know, lost her personal beauty, which (as appears from the portrait in Parke's edition) was very considerable; nor became careless of her dress, her domestic economy, the welfare of her connexions, or the conduct of her worldly affairs.

S. K. C.

REMARKS ON TRAINING.

Introductory Letter.

I ASSURE you, Mr Editor, I am a correspondent of a very different kidney from those who commonly write either in your Magazine or in any other. I detest all poetry, and know nothing, and care less, about literature and the fine arts. Pugilism is the art in which I excel; and though I say it that shouldn't say it, I believe I am allowed to be as neat a miller, and to have as much pluck and bottom, as any man of my weight that ever entered a ring. As I seldom read any thing but *Boxiana* or the Sunday newspaper, it is ten to one I should never have heard either of you or your Magazine, had not my sister (who has a rare nose for smelling out scandal) lately brought home a whole set of it in her muff, declaring it was the most charmingly pungent publication of the day. I have since occasionally conned an article or two over a glass of punch,

and can't but say I thought some of them very clever, especially the letters of Timothy Tickler. However, being no great judge of these things myself, I shall rather speak of the effects they produced on my sister, who is quite a blue stocking, I assure you, and means to send you something very soon. I observed one day she dropped fast asleep with the Magazine open in her hand; and on examining, I found she had got about half-way through a damn'd long prosing article upon William Wordsworth, a person of whom I never heard, as he is neither known at the Fives Court or the One Tun. She likewise yawned very much on reading Baron Lauerwinkel and Gosschen's Diary; but made ample amends for this in the pleasure she expressed on coming to Ensign Odoherty and the Mad Banker of Amsterdam. These tickled her fancy extremely, and she declared, while your work could boast such a rare union of talent and refinement, it should never want her patronage. On the whole, Mr Editor, I am inclined to think better of you than of your brethren, and I have accordingly prevailed on a friend of mine (a parson of the fancy) to send you a paper on Training, which I found him t'other day just on the point of sending off to the Sporting Magazine. Notwithstanding his cloth, I assure you he is a bit of the best stuff I know, and, with respect to beating, a complete glutton. If any of your Scotch parsons have a mind for a set-to, you may tell them you know one will give them a bellyfull for a trifle. So no more at present, from your friend,

A BIT OF A BRUISER.

THE art of training, although till lately very imperfectly understood, is one of ancient origin and very general diffusion. Its elements may be discovered among every people, however rude and barbarous, who are led either by necessity or choice to undergo long and violent exertion. That certain circumstances have a tendency to invigorate, and others to enfeeble the human frame, is one of those conclusions to which we are led rather by instinctive perception than any process of reason. Were two savages to run a race, we may safely conclude that neither of them would come to the ground with a bellyfull of water, or a

stomach loaded with meat. I say we may safely conclude this, because their experience must have taught them, that in a state of repletion their bodies were less capable of exertion, than at other times when their bowels were less encumbered with extraneous matter. Such, therefore, is the first step towards training; and until civilization has considerably advanced, it is in fact the only step to be expected. The savage has but little choice of food, and the hunter must be contented to feed on buffalo or wild boar, just as often as he is lucky enough to get either boar or buffalo to eat. At length, however, the star of medicine begins to dawn in his horizon, and the effects of different habits and kinds of food, on the human body, are in some degree ascertained by experiment and observation. Training, therefore, has now made considerable progress; and in this state of things, the mode of life and diet, of a person who has any laborious undertaking to perform, will naturally be of that kind which, according to the ideas of the times, is held to be most invigorating and nutritious. This in fact, in any country, is the whole process of training, which is merely the art of endowing any animal with all the strength and activity which, from their physical formation, it is possible for them to attain. To the perfection of this art, however, many sciences must contribute; and its advancement can only take place in proportion as the structure of the human frame, and the effects produced on it by the various substances of the animal and vegetable worlds, have been correctly ascertained. Of the mode of training adopted by the Greeks we know actually nothing. Yet it cannot be doubted, that a course of dietetic discipline was undergone by the candidates for distinction at the Pythian and Olympic Games. The astonishing feats of muscular activity and strength, which have been handed down to us on record, may have owed much to the physical formation of the individuals; but something must still be attributed to the art of the Restaurateur. The state of ignorance, therefore, on this subject, under which we labour, is much to be lamented. It may be admitted that, from the training of an individual like the celebrated Milo, who first knocked an ox

down, and then eat him for his dinner, no useful lesson could be derived; because the measure both of his strength and his stomach is so removed from that of ordinary men as to set all imitation at defiance; but it surely, for instance, would be matter of curiosity to know the nature of the invigorating regimen adopted by Ajax before his contest with Hector. It cannot be conceived, that in a case so important, with the hopes and prospects of the Grecian army depending on his success, he should have confined himself to the usual camp-fare of lean beef and a few miserable herbs. No! his courage must have been whetted by more noble fare, and regulated, as it doubtless was, by the wisdom of Ulysses and the experience of Nestor, we cannot hesitate in believing it to have been of the most tonic and nutritious nature.

With regard to the measures of training in use among the Romans, our ignorance is not quite so profound.

Pliny, in one of his letters, gives us some insight into their mode of preparation. The warm bath, probably with the view of inducing perspiration, was considered perfectly indispensable. Abstinence from wine was also very properly inculcated; and a considerable portion of the patient's time was devoted to sleep. The gladiators were accustomed to practise with the cestus in striking at the air, in order to exercise the arms; and their diet was uniformly confined to animal food, without any mixture of vegetables. Such are the chief heads of the information which has been handed down to us with regard to the training of the Romans, and, generally speaking, it appears to be tolerably calculated to attain the proposed end. At all events, training must vary with the climate and constitution of a people; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, for us who live in a different latitude, and so distant a period of the world, to decide what mode of discipline and diet would have been most proper for men under circumstances so different from our own. In later times, however, the most erroneous and absurd ideas on this subject have been commonly entertained. In this country, until lately, the training of individuals (if training it may be called) has been regulated more by prejudice and whim, than by any use-

ful or intelligible rule. In this respect, it is curious to review the errors into which even men of education and talents have fallen, by trusting to their own vague experience and sagacity. I have now before me a work of the celebrated Doctor Cöfinbrosche, a German divine, who became a denizen of this country in the reign of Charles II., in whom this error is peculiarly exemplified. He was distinguished alike by his performances as a pedestrian and a divine, and is thus justly complimented by the immortal Dryden, who exclaims,

“How few like Cöfinbrosche are found,
For head and heels alike renowned!”

Of his divinity it were out of place here to speak; and I shall therefore only beg leave to say, that his treatise “*De Matula Chaldæorum*,” and his controversial tracts in refutation of the heterodox doctrines of the well-known Doctor Dambrod,* are works which well entitle him to the admiration of posterity. His pedestrian performances are likewise truly wonderful. Before his arrival in England, he walked forty-five German miles in five successive days, a performance even in the present day altogether unrivalled. He is likewise recorded to have walked from Leatherhead to Birmingham in one day, from Wapping to Portsmouth (beating the mail) in another, and in three days he went from London to York! I think it will amuse my reader to learn the extraordinary training submitted to by this philosophical peripatetic. The following is his own account, given in a letter to Doctor Clutterbuck, and published in the correspondence of that eminent man. “When I make preparation for travel, under the blessing of God, I doe in the following manere. In the morninge, at four of the clock, a serving-man doth enter my chamber, bringing me a cup containing half one quart of pig’s urine, which I doe drink, returning thanks to God for all his mercys. It is a drink which I doe much

* On this gentleman we find the following epigram from the pen of the classical Cowley:—

On Doctor Murdoche Dambrod.

In holy writ we find it given,
That narrow is the way to heaven;
Murdoche confirms the word of God,
And shews the way to hell *Dambrod!*

recommend to you, having always found it grateful to the stomach. At breakfast I doe commonly eat 12 goose's eggs, dressed in whale's oile, wherefrom I experience much good effects. For dinner I doe chiefly preferre a roasted cat, whereof the hair has been first burned by the fire. If it be stuffed with salted herrings, which are a good and pleasant fish, it will be better. Cows' tripes with cabbage is likewise a dish which I much esteem at such times. I drink each day two or three goblets of cordial spirit, whereof I prefer gin, as being of a diuretic nature, and salutiferous to the kydneyes. My supper consisteth usually of a mess of pottage, made with the fat of pork, and the whale's oile aforesaid ; after which I doe drink another cup of pig's urine, which helpeth digestion, and maketh me to sleep sound."

It were needless to offer any remark on the inefficacious nature of the singular and disgusting diet detailed in the above extract. Certain it is, however, that the absurdity of the Doctor's preparation must greatly enhance the wonder of his performances. For the individual who could accomplish such extraordinary tasks with a stomach loaded with roast cats, pottage, and whale's oil, was surely capable of much greater things, had his regimen been subjected to more judicious regulations. It may be considered surprising, that a man of Doctor Cofinbrosche's sagacity should have been betrayed into errors so contradictory to the common sense and experience of mankind. Yet the phenomenon is easily explained, for the absurdity is a common one. The Doctor was a foul feeder, and allowed himself to believe, that those articles of food which were most agreeable to his palate, were likewise best suited to his stomach. By this supposition we may at least account for Doctor Cofinbrosche's mistake, but it can afford no excuse either for his taste or his judgment.

I have likewise found that there are certain national prejudices which operate in general very strongly on the trainer. An Englishman imagines he can derive strength only from beef and beer, an Irishman has strange notions of the efficacy of whiskey in such cases, and the Scotchman thinks he has discovered an universal panacea in blood-puddings and kail-brose. In training,

however, all prejudices must be discarded ; and that man only can expect to attain success either as a pugilist or a pedestrian, who is prepared rigidly to follow the advice and directions of those under whose guidance he shall be placed.

Before proceeding further I think it proper to state, that it is the training of the human species only of which I am now to treat, and that the training of horses, cocks, and dogs, though it will probably form the subject of some future letters yet, does not at all enter into the object of the present one.—Much information on this subject has been collected, with his usual diligence, by Sir John Sinclair, in his work on Health and Longevity, a publication on the merits of which I shall express no opinion, as the paper on training is the only part of it which I have yet read, or, to say the truth, which I have any intention of reading. Sir John was led to turn his attention to this matter from the conviction that the information which he had thus collected might be turned to more beneficial purposes than those of the cock-pit or the ring. He is of opinion that good effects would result from training in all cases of debility and languor which have been brought on by too liberal an indulgence in stimulating food or sedentary habits. The gout, too, he thinks, would be completely cured by it, and that most people, especially those of a sanguine and corpulent habit, would greatly improve their health, by annually going through a couple of months of such discipline as shall hereafter be described. In Sir John's reasonings on this subject there is some truth, but much fallacy. The condition induced by a course of training, is a state of *preternatural* strength, and must necessarily be succeeded by a state of *preternatural* debility. That man, indeed, must have had little experience in training, who has not seen it frequently carried so far as to terminate, not in producing unusual vigour but unusual exhaustion. On the whole, however, though the practice may not be so generally applicable as Sir John Sinclair supposes it, it may be admitted that there are many cases (especially those of gout and corpulence) in which it would prove decidedly beneficial. The only other publication on training of which I am aware, is that of Captain

Barclay. On this subject he certainly is well entitled to say "*Haud inexpertus loquor*," having frequently exemplified his practice, not only in others but himself. The general merits of his plan are considerable, and my intention, in the present letter, is merely to suggest a few improvements, and to point out several trifling errors, into which Captain Barclay has fallen. I shall proceed, therefore, to detail his mode of treatment, and shall accompany it with such observations as my own experience, and that of my friend Mr Pierce (a gentleman too well known as a trainer to require any eulogium), has led me to consider as applicable and proper to the subject.

Captain Barclay first commences his training with a course of physic which consists of three doses. Glauber salts, are, in his opinion, to be preferred, and he directs that two ounces shall be taken at a time, with an interval of four days between each dose. All this is well; yet, I am of opinion, that at least one doze of the glauber might be advantageously commuted for a few smaller exhibitions of calomel, which would not only clear the bile from the stomach of the patient, but act as an alterative on his general system. The patient now commences his regular exercise, which is gradually increased as he proceeds in his training. If a pedestrian, he is directed to walk from twenty to twenty-five miles a-day; and if he is one of the fancy, he must daily accustom himself to violent and continued exercise of the arms. He must rise at five in the morning, run half a mile up hill at the top of his speed, and then walk six or seven miles, coming in about seven to breakfast. This, according to Captain Barclay, should consist of beefsteaks or mutton chops under done, with stale bread and old beer. To all this there can be no objection, except with regard to old beer, for which I am convinced, wine and water sufficiently weak would afford an advantageous substitute. In training, the use of beer and ale is uniformly to be condemned. They are of a narcotic nature, and produce a disinclination to exercise, and, from the acid they contain, are liable to produce indigestion. After breakfast he is directed to walk six miles at a moderate pace, and at twelve to lie down in bed for half an hour without his clothes. On getting up he must walk four miles and return

by four to dinner, which should also be beefsteaks or mutton chops, with bread and beer as at breakfast. Immediately after dinner he must resume his exercise, by running half a mile at the top of his speed, and walking six miles at a moderate pace. To this part of Captain Barclay's practice I have two objections to make. The first is, that from seven o'clock to four is much too long an interval of fasting, and cannot fail to be prejudicial. I would certainly prescribe a lunch in the forenoon, by way of taking the edge off the patient's appetite. When Crib was in training at Captain Barclay's in Scotland, I have been told he daily devoured about *five* pounds of beefsteaks for dinner! The bad effects of such a quantity of solid food being thrown into the stomach at once may easily be conceived. My next objection is to the violent exercise which he directs to be taken *immediately after dinner*. This is plainly a violation of the order of nature, whose great rule is *rest after repletion*. Exercise on a full stomach not only impedes digestion but injures the play of the lungs and diaphragm. Nor should the running which Captain Barclay prescribes take place either at the commencement or the conclusion of the exercise, but should invariably be preceded and followed by walking.

When the course of training has thus proceeded for three or four weeks, Captain Barclay directs the pedestrian to take a four mile *sweat*. This is produced by running four miles enveloped in a profusion of flannel. On his return he is put to bed, and covered with a feather-bed and a dozen pairs of blankets, where he must remain about half an hour. Before getting into this pleasant situation, however, he must drink a pint of what is called the sweating liquor, which consists of one ounce of caraway seeds, half an ounce of coriander seeds, an ounce of liquorice root, and half an ounce of sugar candy, mixed with two bottles of cider, which must be boiled down to one half. In the efficacy of this liquor I have not much faith, and should be inclined to substitute a pint of white wine whey, with a little tartar emetic, or antimonial wine. The patient is then extricated from the bed and blankets, and rubbed dry with towels; after which he sets out again on his travels, carefully wrapped up, however, to preserve him from the ef-

fects of cold. At the usual hour he eats his dinner, which, on these occasions, must consist (though for what reason we know not) of a roast fowl. Having finished his bird, he again proceeds with his usual exercise. These sweats are continued weekly, so that a person under training must undergo at least three or four of them. Should the stomach of the patient shew any symptoms of bile, an emetic must be immediately exhibited; and when he has undergone this treatment for about two months, he is generally supposed to be in the highest possible condition.

Such is the general outline of Capt. Barclay's mode of training, which, on the whole, must be confessed to be extremely well calculated to attain the object in view. In addition, however, to the observations which I have already hazarded on different parts of it, there is one great omission which I deem it necessary to point out. I allude to the total silence he observes with regard to the use of the tepid bath. Without the use of the bath, it is quite impossible to cleanse the skin of the patient from the perspiration emitted in the process above described. Quantities of fetid grease are left to clog up his pores, their healthy action is destroyed, and there can be no doubt that the muscular power of the individual must thus be in some degree impaired. The frequent use of the tepid bath, therefore, I have no hesitation in declaring, should invariably form a prominent feature in every system of training; and that Captain Barclay should have altogether omitted it, is not easily accounted for. I shall defer some other objections to his practice of training till my next letter, when I shall also beg leave to lay before you some improvements in this noble art, which have been suggested by Mr. Pierce's experience and my own. The science of pugilism likewise will engage my attention, and I trust (for on the subject of the ring I venture to speak with confidence) you will not find my observations altogether uninteresting. I can only say, if they shall succeed in infusing a love of pugilism into a single Edinburgh advocate, or Glasgow cotton-broker, I shall not consider them as having been written in vain.

G. MARET.

Maidenhead, Nov. 1st.

CATALOGUE OF PICTURES AT AUGSBURG.

It is with great pleasure we learn from a correspondent, who is lately returned from abroad, that the rage for every thing French has considerably subsided in various parts of the continent, and that it is not impossible our own language may, in a few years, supersede in popularity and general usage, the dialect of our sprightly neighbours. But so short a period has elapsed since the downfall of Bonaparte, and the consequent check put to the universal dominion of the French, that it is not reasonable to expect to find much advance made towards so desirable a change. First efforts, however laudable, are, as is well known, uniformly imperfect. We have been led to make these observations, by the perusal of a curious production of the press, that has been transmitted to us from Augsburg. It appears that the landlord of *Die Drey Mauren*, or "Three Moors," one of the chief hotels of that imperial city, has united to the usual pursuits of an inn-keeper a taste for the fine arts, and that in a part of his large mansion, not required for the accommodation of his guests, he possesses a very extensive gallery of pictures. As the travellers who frequent his house, at least those who have most money to spend in the purchase of these luxuries, are generally English, he has published a description of his paintings in the language of that nation, which, notwithstanding its unpromising name of "A Catalogue," has afforded us much amusement. If his pictures be all of them genuine, or to use one of his favourite expressions, "of a singular verity," his trade in *chef d'œuvres* must be as profitable to him as that of the most famous *traiteur* of Paris, in *hors d'œuvres*, more peculiarly the objects of his savoury profession.

We have been induced to copy a few of the first articles in the Catalogue of Mr. Deuringer, chiefly with an eye to the benefit of the Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh, and the Shakespeare Club of Alloa, who may, perhaps, enrich some of their reports with a few of the new expressions of mine host of Augsburg—expressions which only wait the sanction of these bodies to become as good English as most of the phraseology used in

newspaper-critiques on pictures and prints. We are extremely happy, too, in having it in our power to make known to the Dilettanti, more especially, the existence of so congenial a spirit as the inn-keeper. In case they should they should think of conferring on him a public mark of their veneration, we beg to inform them, that his birth-day is the 12th of January, a day celebrated at Augsburg by an annual dinner of the Society of "*Augsburgischen kunstliebhabern oder lustiger gesellen*," whose permanent Secretary this eminent connoisseur has been for several years past.

1. St. Magdalene in a cavern weeping over her falls, before her the red-book, a crucifix a skull and some plants, above a glory of angels. The figures painted by van Balen, the landscape by Breugel, and very fine.
2. The inside of a wood-land, the river Jordan runs trough the bottom and the batisme of our Lord is represented therein, by John Breugel.
3. A dutch country by van der Velde.
4. The Market-place at Utrecht with a multitude of figures before a jac-puddings Comedy, by Theodore Helmbreker.
5. Two ancient pictures by Holbein, nine figures as large as life, all portraits of the Fuggers family, dated 1517. These pieces are finest preserves and Cronic says some of the perfectst works of Holbein in Germany.
6. A shoemakers-shop, very true, by John Hormans.
7. A merry company, people dancing near a village, by Peter van Laar, esteemed of his exquisit works.
8. Judas betraying Christ, and sizing him in the garden, by Alessandro Marchesini.
9. Antiquity by Cranach, an old fellow caressing a girl, very warm piece.
10. A very good an effectual piece of architecture by Peter Neefs.
11. The repenting Magdalene in the grot full of tear, by Corneil Poelemburg.
12. A fuddling-bout, beautiful small thing by Rembrand.
13. Valediction of S. Peter and S. Paul, both in the hands of their jac-Kitches, large picture the figures the size of life, by Casper van Crayer.
14. A hunting piece of great beauty by Schneyders, the dogs seem to be alive, the wild-fowls, a hair, toils, just as in nature.
15. Cincinnatus at the plough receving from a committee of roman senatores the invitation of the first dignity of the gouvornment, by Prof. Seidel 1798.
16. The angel appears to the Ladys on the burial, by Dietrich.

17. Abraham kneeling before the allmarchy who speaks to him out of the clouds, grandly by Octave van Veen.
18. Two marines, a sheepwrack and a sun sitting, both by Joseph Vernet.
19. David playing on the harp and singing the praise of God, a many naked children dancing around him, above a concert in Paradise, performed by S. Cecilia with various saints, virginities, &c. by Pietro de Candito.
20. A lewdness by Hemskerk.
21. The demission of Hagar, sweet littil bit by de Witt.
22. A wolf devouring a ship, hardby a fox and a magpie, expresing a desire to partake of the meat, by Christopher Baudiz.
23. Two pieces of merry company and burlesk, the first a country divertissement of gentlemen on their manour; the second a snow piece, representing the piazza san Marco at Venice, as it was in the before time, with a number of sellers, buyers, and masques, by Carletto Carliari 1594.
24. Queen Marie Christian of Sweden represented in a very noble situation of body and tranquility of mind, of a fine verity and a high effect of clair-obscure. By Rembrand.
25. Orpheus cudgelled by the Nymphs, a good picture by Pietro di Cortona.
26. Cromwell Oliver, kit-cat the size of life, a Portrait of the finest carnation, who shews of a perfect likeness and verity, school of Vandyk, perhaps by himself.
27. Our Lord dragged trough cedron; in the distance the betraying of Judas, by Fr. Dom. Frank.
28. A large and precious battle piece representing a scene of the famous victory by Blindheim wonen by Marleborough over the frensh 1704. We see here the portrait of this hero very resembling, he in a graceful attitude on horsebak, is just to order a movement; a many generals and attendance are around him. The leaguer, the landscape, the groups, the fighting all with the greatest truth, there is nothing that does not contribute to embellish this very remarcable picture, painted by a contemporary of the evenement and famous artist in battle pieces, George Philipp Rugeudas.
29. Its companion. The fortified camp of the frensh full of interesting details and with a number of figures all in action. These two pictures are esteemed as the largest and exquisitest by Rugendas, and as works of a rang from Woverman or van der Meulen. The should be very worthy to embellish one of the finest Gallery of a Prince in Europe.

The number of pictures in the Gallery amounts to 400.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ENSIGN AND ADJUTANT ODOHERTY.

*(Continued from Vol. III, p. 55.)**

THIS winter was indeed a memorable one in the life of Odoherty. Divided almost in equal proportions between the Old and the New Town of Edinburgh—between the society of Hogg, Allan, and the Dilettanti, on the one hand, and that of the female and fashionable world on the other—and thus presenting to the active mind of the ensign a perpetual succession, or rather alternation, of the richest viands—it produced the effects which might have been anticipated, and swelled considerably the bulk of two portfolios, respectively set apart for the prose and verse compositions which, at this period of his career, our bard was so rapidly pouring forth to the admiration of his numerous friends and the public.

His morning hours were devoted to attend several courses of lectures in the University; for Odoherty was never weary of learning, and embraced with ardour every opportunity that was afforded him of increasing the stores of his literary acquisitions and accomplishments. His remarks upon the different lectures which he now attended, possess all his characteristic acuteness, and would have done honour to a more practised critic. But these we reserve for the separate publication of his works. To insert any mutilated fragments of them here would be an act of injustice to the illustrious Professors, Brown, Playfair, Leslie, Hope, Ritchie, &c., no less than to their distinguished disciple. Great and illustrious as is the fame of these Philosophers, it is possible that the names of some of them may live in distant ages, chiefly because of their connexion with that of Odoherty. The Ensign may be to them what Xenophon has been to Socrates; he may be more, for it is possible that none of them may have a Plato.

The gay world of the northern metropolis, which, during this remarkable winter, was adorned by the graceful and ingenious Ensign, seems, we are constrained to observe, to have

found less favour in his eyes than in those of most other visitors with whom we have had an opportunity of conversing. In one of those inimitable letters of his, addressed to the compiler of the present sketch, he comments with some little causticity on the incidents of several balls and routes which he had just attended. "The gayeties of Edinburgh," writes the Ensign, "are a bad and lame caricature of those of London. There is the same squeeze, the same heat, the same buzz; but, alas! the ease, the elegance, the non-chalance are wanting. In London, the different orders of society are so numerous that they keep themselves totally apart from each other; and the highest circles of fashion admit none as denizens except those who possess the hereditary claims of birth and fortune, or (as in my own case), those who are supposed to atone for their deficiencies in these respects, by extraordinary genius or merit.—Hence there are so few stones of the first, or even of the second, water, that recourse is necessarily had to far inferior gems—not unfrequently even to the transitory mimeries of *paste*. You shall see the lady of an attorney stowing away her bedsteads and basin-stands, dismantling all her apartments, and turning her whole family topsy-turvy once in a season, in order that she may have the satisfaction of dispersing two hundred cards, with "*At home*" upon them. It is amusing enough to see with what laborious exertion, she and her daughters, sensible people that attend to domestic concerns, plain-work, &c. for three parts of the year, become for a few short weeks the awkward inapt copyists of their far less respectable betters. It is distressing to see the faded airs with which these good *Bourgeoises* endeavour to conceal their confusion in receiving the curtsy of a lady of quality, who comes to their houses only for the purpose of quizzing them in some corner, with some sarcastic younger brother," &c. The rest of the letter, consisting chiefly of rapturous descriptions of particular young ladies, is omitted from motives of delicacy. Two fair creatures, however, a most exquisite petite Blonde, and a superb sultana-like Brunette,

* The gentleman who drew up the two first notices of this life, having died of an apoplexy some time ago, the notice which appeared in March, and the present one, are by a different hand.

who seem to have divided for several weeks the possession of the sensible heart of Odoherty, may receive, upon personal application to the publisher, several sonnets, elegies, &c. which are inscribed with their names in the above-mentioned portfolio of their departed admirer—faint and frail memorials of unripened affections—memorials over which they may now drop a tear of delightful pensiveness—which they may now press to the virgin bosom without a hope, and therefore, alas! without a blush.

About this period their Imperial Highnesses the Archdukes John and Lewis of Austria arrived in the Caledonian metropolis. Although they received every polite attention from the military, legal, and civic dignitaries of the place, these elevated personages were afflicted, notwithstanding, with considerable symptoms of ennui, in the course of the long evening which they spent at M'Culloch's, after returning from the pomps and festivities of the day. It was then that their Highnesses, expressing some desire to partake of the more unceremonious and week-day society of the Northern Athens, various characters of singing, smoking, and scientific celebrity were introduced to their apartment, through the intervention of a gentleman in their suite. Among these, it is scarcely necessary to observe, was Odoherty. The Ensign, with that happy tact which a man of true genius carries into every situation of life, immediately perceived and caught the air, manner, &c.—in a word, whatever was best adapted for captivating the archiducal fancy. His proficiency in the German tongue, the only one which these princes spoke with much fluency, was not indeed great; but he made amends for this by the truly Germanic ferocity with which he smoked (for the Ensign was one of those who can send the cloud, *ad libitum*, through the ears and nostrils, as well as the mouth)—by the unqualified admiration which he testified for the favourite imperial beverage of Gils' ale—but, above all, by the style of matchless excellence in which he sung some of his own songs, among which were the following.

SONG I.

CONFUSION to routs and at homes,
To assemblies, and balls, and what not;

'Tis with pain e'er Odoherty roams
From the scenes of the pipe and the pot.
Your Dandies may call him a sot,
They never can call him a spoon;
And Odoherty cares not a jot,
For he's sure you won't join in the tune.
With your pipes and your swipes,
And your herrings and tripes,
You never can join in the tune.

I'm a swapper, as every one knows,
In my pumps six feet three inches high;
'Tis no wonder your minikin beaux
Have a fancy to fight rather shy
Of a Gulliver chap such as I,
That could stride over troops of their tribes,
That had never occasion to buy
Either collars, or calves, or kibes.
My boot wrenches and pinches,
Though 'tis wide twenty inches,
And I don't bear my brass at my kibes.

When I see a fantastical hopper,
A trim little chip of the ton,
Not so thick as your Highness' pipe-stopper,
And scarcely, I take it, so long,
Swaddled prim and precise as a prong,
With his ribs running all down and up,
Says I, Does the creature belong
To the race of the ewe or the tup?
With their patches and their scratches,
And their plaster'd mustachios,
They are more of the ewe than the tup.

SONG II.

THAT nothing is perfect has frequently been
By the wisest philosophers stated untruly;
Which only can prove that they never had
seen
The agreeable Lady Lucretia Gilhooly.
Where's the philosopher would not feel loss
of her?

Whose bosom these bright sunny eyes
would not thaw?
Although I'm a game one, these little high-
waymen
Have rifled the heart of poor Major
M'Craw.

Cook sail'd round the world, and Commo-
dore Anson
The wonders he met with has noted down
duly;
But Cook, nor yet Anson, could e'er light
by chance on
A beauty like Lady Lucretia Gilhooly.
Let astronomer asses still peep through their
glasses,
Then tell all the stars and the planets
they saw;
Damn Georgium Sidus! We've Venus be-
side us,
And that is sufficient for Major M'Craw.

Delighted with this mirthful even-
ing, the illustrious strangers, before
breaking up, insisted that Odoherty,

the principal source of its hilarity, should accompany them next day to the literary, mercantile, and manufacturing city of Glasgow. Here the Ensign was received in the most distinguished manner, not more on account of the company in which he travelled, than of the individual fame which had already found its way before him to the capital of St Mungo. The party put up at the Buck's Head, to the excellent hostess of which (Mrs Jardine) the Ensign addressed a pathetic sonnet at parting. At the dinner given by the provost and magistrates, the Ensign attended in full puff, and was placed among the most illustrious guests, at the upper end of the table. He sung, he joked, he spoke; he was the *sine quo non* of the meeting. At the collation prepared for the imperial party by the professors of the university, he made himself equally agreeable; and indeed, upon both of these occasions, laid the foundations of several valuable friendships, which only terminated with his existence. Among his MSS. we have found a paper which purports to contain the words of a *programma* affixed to the gate of the college, on the morning preceding the visit of the Archdukes. We shall not hesitate to transcribe this fragment, although, from our ignorance of the style and ceremonial observed on similar occasions by the Scottish universities, we are not able to vouch for its authenticity. The Ensign kept his papers in much disorder—*seria mixta jociis*, as his Roman favourite expresses it.

Q. F. F. Q. S.

SENATUS Academicus Togatis et non Togatis Salutem dat.—Ab altissimo et potentissimo Principe Marchione de Douglas et Clydesdale, certiores facti quod eorum altitudines imperiales Archiduces Joannes et Ludovicus de Austria, hodie nos visitatione honorare intendunt, hasce regulas enunciare quomodo omnes se sunt gerere placuit nobis, et quicumque eas non volunt observare severissime puniti erunt postea.

Imo, Eorum altitudines imperiales Archiduces Joannes et Ludovicus de Austria capient frigidam collationem in aula priori cum principali et professoribus (cum togis suis) et quibusdam generosis hominibus ex urbe et vicinitate, et signifero Dochertiade et alia

sequela eorum circa horam meridianam, impensis Facultatis.

2. Studentes qui barbas habent tondeant et manus et facies lavent sicuti in die dominico.

3. Studentes omnes indusia nitida induant velut cum Dux Montis-Rosarum erat hic.

4. Studentes Theologici nigras bracas et vestes et pallia decentia induant quasi ministri.

5. Omnes studentes in casu sint videri per Archiduces et Marchionem et honorabiles personas qui cum iis sunt; et Hibernici et Montani supra omnia sibi oculum habeant et omnes pectantur.

6. Studentes duas lineas faciant decenter et cum quiete intra aulam priorem et aulam communem cum processio ambulat, et juniores ni rideant cum peregrinos vident.

7. In aula communi Professor ***** (name illegible) qui olim in Gallia fuit Francisce illis locutus erit nam Professor ***** est mortuus.

8. Deinde Aliquis ex Physicis sermonem Anglicam pronuntiabit et Principalis Latine precabitur.

9. Sine strepitu dismissi estotis cum omnia facta sunt.

It is to be regretted that several leaves are a-wanting in the Ensign's diary, which probably contained an account of the rest of the tour which he performed in company with the scions of the house of Hapsburg. Their custom of smoking several pipes every evening after supper, took from him, it is not unlikely, the leisure that might have been necessary for composing a full narrative; but, however slight his *precis* might have been, its loss is to be regretted. The sketches of a master are of more value than the most elaborate works of secondary hands. The fragment of an Angelo surpasses the chef-d'œuvres of a West;—but, to return—at Dublin, the festivities with which the arrival of the party was celebrated, surpassed in splendour and variety, as might be expected, every thing that had been exhibited in the cities of Scotland. After spending several days in a round of gayeties, the Archdukes set sail for Liverpool. Odoherty, from the pressure of his professional engagements, found himself compelled to go no farther in the train of the princely travel-

lers. The parting was one of those scenes which may be more easily imagined than described. Although the Ensign lingered a day or two in the midst of the most brilliant society of Dublin—although he spent his mornings with Phillips, and his evenings with Lady Morgan, his spirits did not soon recover their usual tone and elasticity. The state of gloom in which his mind was thus temporarily involved, extended no inconsiderable portion of its influence to his muse. We do not wish to extend this article beyond the allowable limit; but we must make room for a single specimen of the dark effusions which at this epoch flowed from the gay, the giddy, Odoherly.

THE ENGLISH SAILOR AND THE KING
OF ACHEN'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale of Terror.

COME, listen Gentles all,
And Ladies unto me,
And you shall be told of a Sailor bold
As ever sail'd on Sea.

'Twas in the month of May,
Sixteen hundred sixty and four,
We sallied out, both fresh and stout,
In the good ship Swift-sure,

With wind and weather fair
We sail'd from Plymouth Sound,
And the Line we cross'd, and the Cape we
pass'd,
Being to China bound.

And we sail'd by Sunda Isles,
And Ternate and Tydore,
'Till the wind it lagg'd, and our sails they
flagg'd,
In sight of Achen's shore.

Becalm'd, days three times three,
We lay in th' burning sun;
Our Water we drank, and our Meat it stank,
And our Biscuits were well nigh done.

Oh! then 'twas an awful sight
Our Seamen for to behold,
Who t'other day were so fresh and gay,
And their hearts as stout as gold.

But now our hands they shook,
And our cheeks were yellow and lean—
Our faces all long, and our nerves unstrung,
And loose and squalid our skin.

And we walk'd up and down the deck
As long as our legs could bear us;
And we thirsted all, but no rain would fall,
And no dews arise to cheer us.

But the red red Sun from the sky
Lent his scorching beams all day,

Till our tongues, through drought, hung
out of our mouth,
And we had no voice to pray.

And the hot hot air from the South
Did lie on our lungs all night,
As if the grim Devil, with his mouth full of
evil,
Had blown on our troubled Sprite.

At last, so it happ'd one night,
When we all in our hammocks lay,
Bereft of breath, and expecting death
To come ere break of day,

On a sudden a cooling breeze
Shook the hammock where I was lain;
And then, by Heaven's grace, I felt on my
face
A drop of blessed rain.

I open'd my half-closed eyes,
And my mouth I open'd it wide,
And I started with joy, from my hammock
so high,
And "A breeze, a breeze!" I cried.

But no man heard me cry,
And the breeze again fell down;
And a clap of Thunder, with fear and wonder
Nigh cast me in a swoond.

I dared not look around,
Till, by degrees grown bolder,
I saw a grim sprite, by the moon's pale light,
Dim glimmering at my shoulder.

He was drest in a Seamen's jacket,
Wet trowsers, and dripping hose,
And an unfelt wind, I heard behind,
That whistled among his clothes.

I look'd at him by the light of the stars,
I look'd by the light of the moon,
And I saw, though his face was cover'd with
scars,
John Jewkes, my Sister's Son.

"Alas! John Jewkes," I cried,
"Poor boy, what brings thee here?"
But nothing he said, but hung down his head,
And made his bare scull appear.

Then I, by my grief grown bold,
To take his hand endeavour'd,
But his head he turn'd round, which a gap-
ing wound
Had nigh from his shoulders sever'd.

He open'd his mouth to speak,
Like a man with his last breath struggling.
And, before every word, in his throat was
heard
A horrible misgugling.

At last, with a broken groan,
He gurgled, "Approach not me!
For the Fish have my head, and the Indians
my blood,
'Tis only my Ghost you see.

"And dost thou not remember,
Three years ago to-day,

How at Aunt's we tarried, when Sister was married

To Farmer Robin, pray ?

" Oh ! then we were blythe and jolly,
But none of us all had seen,
While we sung and we laugh'd, and the
stout ale quaff'd,
That our number was thirteen.

" And none of all the party,
At the head of the table, saw,
While our cares we drown'd, and the flag-
gon went round,
Old Goody Martha Daw.

" But Martha she was there,
Though she never spake a word ;
And by her sat her old black cat,
Though it never cried or purr'd.

" And she lean'd on her oaken crutch,
And a bundle of sticks she broke,
And her prayers backward mutter'd, and
the Devil's words utter'd,
Though she never a word out spoke.

" 'Twas on a Thursday morn,
That very day was se'nnight,
I ran to sweet Sue, to bid her adieu,
For I could not stay a minute.

" Then crying with words so tender,
She gave me a true lover's locket,
That I still might love her, forgetting her
never—
So I put it in my pocket.

" And then we kiss'd and parted,
And knew not, all the while,
That Martha was nigh, on her broomstick
so high,
Looking down with a devilish smile.

" So I went to sea again,
With my heart brim-full of Sue ;
Though my mind misgave me, the salt wa-
ters would have me,
And I'd take my last adieu.

" We made a prosperous voyage
Till we came to this fatal coast,
When a storm it did rise, in seas and in skies,
That we gave ourselves up for lost.

" Our vessel it was stranded
All on the shoals of Achen,
And all then did die, save only I,
And I hardly saved my bacon.

" It happ'd that very hour,
The black king walking by
Did see me sprawling, on hands and knees
crawling,
And took to his palace hard by.

" And finding that I was
A likely lad for to see,
My bones well knit, and my joints well set,
And not above twenty-three,

" He made me his gardener boy,
To sow pease and potatoes,

To water his flowers, when there were no
showers,

And cut his parsley and lettuce.

" Now it so fell out on a Sunday
(Which these Pagans never keep holy),
I was gathering rue, and thinking on Sue,
With a heart full of melancholy,

" When the King of Achen's Daughter
Did open her casement to see ;
And, as she look'd round on the gooseberry
ground,
Her eyes they lit upon me ;

" And seeing me tall and slim,
And of shape right personable ;
My skin so white, and so very unlike
The blacks at her Father's table,

" She took it into her head
(For so the Devil did move her),
That I in good sooth, was a comely youth,
And would make a gallant Lover.

" So she tripp'd from her chamber so high,
All in silks and sattins clad,
And her gown it rustled, as down she bustled,
With steps like a Princess sad.

" Her shoes they were deck'd with pearls,
And her hair with diamonds glisten'd,
And her gimcracks and toys, they made such
a noise,
My mouth water'd the while I listen'd.

" Then she tempted me with glances,
And with sugar'd words so tender,
(And tho' she was black, she was straight in
the back,
And young, and tall, and slender—)

" But I my Love remember'd,
And the lockit she did give me,
And resolv'd to be true to my darling Sue,
As she did ever believe me.

" Whereat the Princess wax'd
Both furious and angry,
And said, she was sure I had some Paramour
In kitchen or in laundry.

" And then, with a devilish grin,
She said, ' Give me your locket'—
But I damn'd her for a Witch, and a con-
juring Bitch,
And kept it in my pocket.

" Howbeit, both day and night
She did torture and torment,
And said she, ' If you'll yield to me the
field,
' I'll give thee thy heart's content.

" ' But give me up the locket,
' And stay three months with me,
' And then, if the will remains with you still,
' I'll ship you off to sea.'

" So I thought it the only way
To behold my lovely Sue,
And the thoughts of Old England, they made
my heart tingle, and
I gave up the locket so true.

" Thereon she laugh'd outright
With a hellish grin, and I saw
That the Princess was gone, and in her room
There stood old Martha Daw.

" She was all astride a Broomstick,
And bid me get up behind ;
So my wits being lost, the Broomstick I
cross'd,
And away we flew, swift as the wind.

" But my head it soon turn'd giddy,
I reel'd and lost my balance,
So I tumbled over, like a perjur'd lover,
A warning to all gallants.

" And there where I tumbled down
The Indians found me lying ;
My head they cut off, and my blood did quaff,
And set my flesh afrying.

" Hence, all ye English gallants,
A warning take by me,
Your true love's locket to keep in your pocket
Whenever you go to sea.

" And, oh dear uncle Thomas,
I come to give you warning,
As then 'twas my chance with Davy to dance,
'Twill be yours to-morrow morning.

" 'Twas three years ago this night,
Three years gone clear and clean,
Since we sat down at Aunt's at the wedding
to dance,
And our number was thirteen.

" Now I and sister Nan,
(Two of that fatal party)
Have both gone from Aunt's, with Davy to
dance,
Tho' then we were hale and hearty.

" And, as we both have died,
(I speak it with grief and sorrow—)
At the end of each year, it now is clear
That you should die to-morrow.

" But if, good uncle Thomas,
You'll promise, and promise truly,
To plough the main for England again,
And perform my orders duly,

" Old Davy will allow you
Another year to live,
To visit your friends, and make up your odd
ends,
And your enemies forgive.

" But friend, when you reach Old England,
To Laure'ston town you'll go,
And then to the Mayor, in open fair,
Impeach old Martha Daw.

" And next you'll see her hang'd
With the halter around her throat ;
And, when void of life, with your clasp knife
The string of her apron cut.

" Then, if that you determine
My last desires to do,
In her left hand pocket, you'll find the locket,
And carry it to Sue."

The grizzly Spectre thus
In mournful accents spoke,
By which time, being morning, he gave me
no warning,
But vanish'd in sulphur and smoke.

Next day there sprang up a breeze,
And our ship began to tack,
And for fear of the Ghost, we left the coast,
And sail'd for England back.

And I being come home,
Did all his words pursue ;
Old Martha likewise was hung at the 'size,
And I carried the locket to Sue.

And now, being tired of life,
I make up my mind to die ;
But I thought this story I'd lay before ye,
For the good of Posterity.

Oh never then sit at table
When the number is thirteen ;
And, lest witches be there, put salt in your
beer,
And scrape your platters clean.

This " Tale of Terror " was composed at the express request of a distinguished female, nearly related (by marriage and genius) to its no less distinguished author.—In return, this matchless female christened a lovely and promising boy, of whom she was delivered, during the stay of the Ensign, after the name of Odoherty ; an appellation, the ideas suggested by which, will be agreeable, or otherwise, to its bearer, according as he shall, in future years, inherit or not inherit, some portion of the genius in whose honour it was originally conferred. Of the various *genethliaca* composed upon the occasion, the most admired was the following.

To the Child of Corinna !

Oh, boy ! may the wit of thy mother awaking
On thy dewy lip tremble, when years
have gone by,
While the fire of Odoherty, fervidly breaking,
In glances and gleams, may illumine thy
young eye.

Oh ! then such a fulness of power shall be
seen

With the graces so blending, in union endearing,
That angels shall glide o'er the ocean green,
To catch a bright glimpse of the glory of
Erin !

Oh ! sure such a vision of beauty and might,
Commingle, in splendour, by him was
expressed
The old Lydian sculptor, the delicate sprite,
That in Venus' soft girdle his Hercules
drest.

On his return to Edinburgh, we find the indefatigable mind of the Ensign earnestly engaged in laying the plan and preparing the materials for a weekly paper, upon the model of the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Sale-room*. His views in regard to this publication were never fully realised; but we have open before us, a drawer which contains a vast accumulation of notes and *esquisses* connected with it. We insert a few of the shortest in the mean time, and may perhaps quote a few dozens of them hereafter.

I.

THERE is nothing in this world more likely to produce a good understanding in families and neighbourhoods, than a resolution to be immediately entered into by all the several members of the same, never again, from this time forward, upon any occasion or pretence whatever, in speech or writing, to use the monosyllable *I*. This will no doubt cause some trouble and inconvenience at first, especially to those who are not half so intimate with any other pronoun; but by the help of a small penalty, to be strictly levied upon every transgression, that will soon be got over, and this most wicked and pernicious monosyllable effectually banished from the world. The Golden Age will then re-descend on earth, and many other things will happen, of the particulars of which the curious reader may satisfy himself, by referring to Virgil's *Eclogue*. Among the most interesting circumstances of this great revolution, which, however, is not specified in the place referred to, will be the total abolition of both metallic and paper currency. *Money will be no more*. Those that have will give to those that want; and the redundant population will not, on having the matter properly explained to them, object to removing themselves by some convenient and gentle method of suicide, rendering war, famine, pestilence, and misery (so politely called by Mr Malthus by the somewhat endearing term, *checks*), utterly unnecessary. Who would not wish to accelerate to mankind the approach of this blessed era? The simple and sure means are above stated; and if the world does not forthwith proceed to make itself happy, it can no longer

shelter itself under the pretence of not knowing how to set about it.

II.

Of all the natural sciences, that of Scandal has been the most universally cultivated in every civilized country, and the most successfully in our own. Modern scandalographers have comprised it under two great divisions, open or direct scandal, and implied or indirect scandal.

Instances of the first are now less common in society than formerly. This perhaps arises more from an artificial refinement in our manners, than from any real refinement in our minds. There still exist many who would not hesitate, under favourable circumstances, to make use of the direct scandal; and there are many more who would not be ashamed to listen to it. But in all circles, whether public or private, there are, for the most part, three or four men and women, who are as different from the surrounding mass of starched neck-cloths and satin slips, "as red wine is from Rhenish." These humane and gentle beings check the growth of direct scandal, which, notwithstanding the fostering care of its vulgar disciples, is generally "no sooner blown than blasted." Being prevented from lifting its malignant head into the liberal air, it strikes downwards, and, spreading its obscure ramifications under ground, gives rise to the indirect or implied scandal.

This is the more dangerous kind, in as far as it is more difficult to eradicate or guard against it. In polished society, where it most frequently occurs, it has neither a local habitation nor a name. It is "an airy tongue, that syllables men's names," without pronouncing them distinctly; and the labour of the metaphysical chemist has been unequal to the discovery of any sure test for its detection. It is also, on that account, more fondly cherished by the disciples of the science, because the practical gratification arising from it is in consequence so much the greater. Thus a scandalous assertion, if made directly, cannot be frequently repeated, because the mode of its expression admits of little variety; whereas your implied scandal is capable of being varied almost infinitely,

and thus affords a pleasant and continued opportunity of shewing off to advantage the ingenuity of the malicious man, without vexing the dull ear of the drowsy one. Under the name of personal talk, it may be regarded as constituting the essence of conversation in society at the present period.

III.

THERE are few subjects on which men differ so much as in regard to Blue Stockings. I believe that the majority of literary men look upon them as entirely useless. Yet a little reflection will serve to shew the unphilosophical nature of this opinion. There seems, indeed, to be a system of exclusive appropriation in literature, as well as in law, which cannot be too severely reprobated. A critic of the present day cannot hear a young woman make a harmless observation on poetry or politics without starting; which start, I am inclined to think, proceeds from affectation, considering how often he must have heard the same remark made on former occasions. Ought the female sex to be debarred from speaking nonsense on literary matters any more than the men? I think not. Even supposing that such privilege was not originally conferred by a law of nature, they have certainly acquired right to it by the long prescription. Besides, if common-place remarks were not daily and nightly rendered more common-place by continual repetition, even a man of original mind might run the hazard of occasionally so far forgetting himself and his subject, as to record an idea which, upon more mature deliberation, might be found to be no idea at all. This, I contend, is prevented by the judicious interference of the fair sex.

At the same time, "a highly polished understanding," in an ugly woman, is a thing rather to be deprecated than otherwise. A pretty girl may say what she chooses, and be "severe in youthful beauty" with impunity, for no one will interrupt her solely to criticise the colour of her stockings; but I think that a plain one should reflect seriously before she "cultivates her mind assiduously."

IV.

ONE solitary death's head, all of a sudden grinning on us in our own bed-room, would be a much more trying sight than millions of skulls piled up into good large houses of three stories. Architecture of that kind is less impressive than could be imagined. There is a tolerable specimen of it at Mucruss Abbey, Killarney; but the effect is indifferent. Skulls, somehow or other, do not build well. Perhaps they would look better in mortar. As they are arranged at Mucruss Abbey, they look like great clusters of the wax of the humble-bee; and after heavy rain, the effect of the water dripping from the jaw-bones and eye-holes is rather ludicrous than pathetic. They are all in the melting mood at one time, and apparently for no sufficient reason; while the extreme uniformity of their expression may, without much impropriety, be said to be quite monotonous. It may be questioned if a stranger, unacquainted with this order of architecture, would, at first sight, perceive the nature of its material. Perhaps he would, for a while, see the likeness of one or two skulls only, and wonder how they got there; till, by degrees, the whole end-wall would laughably break out, as it were, into a prodigious number of vacant faces, and wholly destroy the solemnity of that otherwise impressive religious edifice. Yet it is not to be thought that an Irishman could contemplate such a skullery with unmoved imagination. Where be all their brogue and all their bulls now! A silent gable-end of O'Donohues and Maggillicuddies! Walls with long arms—but sans eyes, sans nose, sans ears, sans brains! A mockery of the live population of the county Kerry! A cairn of skulls erected over the dry bones of the buried independence of the south of Ireland! Yes, thanks to the genius of the Lake of Killarney, there is not here the skull of a single absentee.

If the reader has ever been in the kingdom of Dohomey, he will remember the avenue leading up to the king's palace. For nearly a mile, it is lined on each side by a wall of skulls twenty feet high; and how nobly one comes at last on the skull-palace! Yet the scene cloyes on the spectator. One

comes at last to be insensible to the likeness between the head on his own shoulders and those that compose the skull-work of the royal residence; and he might forget it entirely, were it not that he occasionally sees a loose skull replaced by a head belonging, the night before, to one of his friends. It is understood that the present king of Dahomey is about to remove these walls, and distribute the old materials through his kingdom, now greatly in want of inclosures. There is also some talk of taking down the ancestral palace itself, and of building another of fresh skulls. It is calculated that 300,000 adult skulls, and 300,000 infant ones, will be sufficient for a very handsome palace; and 50,000 annually have been cheerfully subscribed for six years. It will be finished, most probably, about the same time with the college of Edinburgh; and report speaks highly of the beauty and grandeur of the elevation.

From Mucruss and Dahomey the transition is easy and natural to the catacombs of Paris. They are on a larger scale, and consequently so much the less terrifying. One "skull by itself skull" may be no joking matter; but after remaining unmolested for a few minutes among some billions of pericraniums, we come to feel a sovereign contempt of the whole defunct world, and would not care a straw though a dozen of them were to jump down and attempt to kick our shins. One takes out a skull, and puts it back again into its place, just as one would a common book from the shelves of a library; and what is far worse, every skull is *verbatim et literatim* the same empty performance, and, not being bound in Russia leather, worm-eaten through and through. A man in the catacombs may indeed be said to be in a brown study.

A night passed in a vaulted cell, with one or even two skeletons, especially if they were well known to have been able-bodied men when alive, might well occasion a cold sweat, and make the hair to stand on end. There would be something like equal terms there, one quick against two dead; and no man of spirit could refuse the encounter, though the odds were against him, guineas to pounds. A ring would have to be formed, the odd ghost bottle-holder and umpire. But in a populous Place of Skulls—a Cra-

niopolis like the catacombs, containing so enormous an "inhabitation," that no regular census has ever been made—any accidental visitor might contrive, surely, to while away a few hours without much rational perturbation, and unless very much disposed indeed to pick a quarrel, might suffer the thigh-bones to lie at rest, as pieces of ornamental furniture, never intended to be wielded as weapons either of offensive or defensive warfare.*

A night passed in a small, black, bleak, musty old church, not far from the catacombs, would be worse by far than the catacombs themselves. One would sit there full of the abstract image of skulls; and, beyond all doubt, several skulls would come trundling in during the course of the night. Of old, when a hero was dubbed knight, he sat up during the dark hours in a church, where an occasional ghost or two might touch him, when gliding by, with its icy fingers. It would have required but a small share of chivalrous feeling, to have kept watch in an intrenchment of skulls, seemingly impregnable. It asks more courage to fight the champion of an army in single combat, than to dash into the lines.

DR ULRICK STERNSTARE'S FIRST
LETTER ON THE NATIONAL CHA-
RACTER OF THE SCOTS.

Paris, 12th Nov. 1818.

MR EDITOR,

It is but a short while since I have received your letter, requesting that I would turn my attention to the Scottish national character, and endeavour to throw some light upon that interesting topic. I remember your applications to me, when I was in Edinburgh, concerning this matter. Nor indeed, since then, although much engrossed with other scientific researches, have I altogether lost remembrance of the cerebral characteristics exhibited by, or detected in, your countrymen. Nevertheless, as is remarked by Van Sweiten, in his *Prognosis*, "*Phænomenorum quæ aliquando in memoriam recepit, haud*

* See a letter on this subject, in a late Number of a celebrated Magazine.

ex templo menti theoria occurrit.;" and therefore I have by no means been so inconsiderate as to dismiss from my recollection, what I saw in Edinburgh, whether in its courts of law, or churches, or other places of public resort; nor yet those *quasi disjecta inania*, which I had opportunity of noting in the country. Since I arrived here, I have received from my friend Dr Spurzheim; valuable hints on the subject which you have so much at heart, and, with his usual liberality, he has been so kind as to communicate to me a small unpublished tract, "On certain peculiarities generally observable in the structure of Scottish lawyers."

In these circumstances, I have been revolving in my mind what things were farther needful for throwing light on the national character of your countrymen, and have had several conversations with Cuvier upon the subject. This ingenious and admirable philosopher has in his possession several skulls of Highlanders, which were picked up from the field of Waterloo, and which attest, in the most striking manner, the high-minded firmness of your mountain compatriots. These he contrasted with the skulls of some English dragoons, shewing that the latter were generally larger behind the ears, but not higher (and indeed for the most part not so high) in the top of the head.

But what I most ardently long for, is the head of a genuine and well-authenticated covenanter. Till I procure this, my data for deciding upon the national character are quite inadequate and insufficient; and my conclusions must continue to hang, as it were, suspended in mid air. Till the head of a covenanter is produced, I suddenly refuse to open my lips. It was in the sufferings of the covenanters that the strength and devotedness of the Scottish character were most remarkably manifested, as well as the virulence and obduracy of its fanaticism. I wonder that no painter has yet attempted to represent a preaching on a hill-side. It is one of the finest subjects that can be conceived for the exhibition of character.

When last in Scotland, I was advised to look about among the pulpits, to try whether any living specimen could be found, resembling the ancient Scottish worthies. I did so, but

was not successful. I found everywhere a wonderful slackening and falling off from the old rigour of spirit. No hill-side visages were to be seen—no indications of hard wrestling. If I may speak out my mind, I do not believe that a single Scottish pastor of the present times has ever been fairly hand to hand with the enemy. What a declension is this!—If I reproach them unjustly, let them speak out and rebut the charge; but, if I have guessed the truth, then they are surely very different men from their forefathers.

The superb collection of skulls which for some time past I have been accumulating, in reference to Scottish characteristics, is increasing every day. But a covenanter is yet required to form the apex of the pyramid. Meantime I must content myself with collecting whatever specimens I can find. I have long had eye upon an old Scottish snuff-dealer in London, whose head contains some remarkable points. He is now in his last illness, and, if any confidence can be placed on certain nocturnal emissaries of the dissection-room, I may, in due time, expect to see him here. Several impositions have been attempted upon me: On Thursday last, three skulls of rampant Irishmen were presented to me as those of quiet Lowland peasants; but these I failed not to reject and respuce with indignation, and sent the swindler blushing from my presence. Another person had the impudence to present me with a skull artificially constructed of bone. The French are an ingenious people; but an unfortunate consequence of this is, that one-half of what we meet with in their country is not real. The German gravity of my appearance, and my large peruke (with which I envelope and keep warm the seat of the soul, in conformity to the advice left by the profound and erudite Magliabechi to future men of learning), seem to inspire every Parisian variety of knave with a confidence in my *bonhomme*. These persons, however, have as yet met with nothing but disgraces in their attempts to practise upon me, and have not even been allowed to sneak off, till their heads were measured and examined in the most satisfactory manner, and the causes of their *fourberie* made as clear as daylight. No French impostor now

thinks of grappling with me any more than he would think of hugging with one of the bears in the *Jardin de Plantes*. This last-mentioned place is my favourite resort, and there I am in the habit of daily holding forth to men of science, on the peculiarities of the different nations, of which travelling specimens are seen passing before us.

If you meet with any thing curious, be so good as transmit it to me, either dead in a glass case, or alive with a letter of introduction. No specimen, I promise you, shall ever suspect that I am taking a look of him. Expect my next letter on this subject in due time. I am, Mr Editor, yours, &c.

ULRICK STERNSTARE.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

[MR EDITOR—The authenticity of the following narrative may be perfectly relied on, although the family name has been altered. E. U.]

THE Maleverers of Maleverer had long inhabited a very ancient and extensive mansion, in a remote western county; the estate around it was considerable, and the estimation in which the members of the family were held throughout the surrounding country, was not less the result of their great local influence, than of their ancient descent. There were those who said that Avenel de Malever had accompanied Robert, Earl of Montaigne, the uterine brother of the conqueror, in his invasion of England, and had, in consequence, received a share of the plunder and confiscations lavished on that greedy nobleman. The Battle Abbey-roll, in which is to be found the name of Malevere, affords considerable confirmation of such an opinion. Be this as it may, the genealogical tree was a lofty one, and its roots were planted in very high antiquity.

Living almost entirely within their own demesne, this family had preserved much of the solemn grandeur which had attended their forefathers in the zenith of their glory; and as they found few, in more modern times, willing to concede the respect they exacted, they had gradually withdrawn from all general society, and confined themselves solely to the intercourse which was occasionally held with their numerous tenantry. This resolution, too, was strengthened by the variance

of religious opinion between them, and the great majority of their neighbours, since the Maleverers of Maleverer prided themselves on still preserving, in all their rigour, the doctrines of the church of Rome.

In the early part of the 19th century, the last remaining scion of this venerable stock began to droop, and as the estate was, by virtue of an old entail, to go to a distant and protestant successor, the present owner felt little interest in, or attachment to, an individual, of whom he knew nothing which he considered to be favourable, and whom he looked on as little better than an intruder on the rights of his name. Without therefore having had any communication or intercourse with this neglected branch, Hugh Maleverer of Maleverer was gathered to his ancestors in the month of October 18—, in the full profession of the catholic faith, having, by his last will, bequeathed away from his successor all which it was in his power to alienate.

In compliance with the directions contained in this will, the magnificent but tarnished household furniture, nearly coeval with the embattled mansion itself, was sold immediately on his decease; and when the new tenant, an amiable and respectable country gentleman, arrived from his usual residence, in a distant part of the kingdom, to take possession of his newly acquired estates, he found scarcely a bed in his own house which he could call his own.

The day following his entry into the manor place, the gray-headed steward attended his summons, and appeared with all the musty deeds and age-stained parchments, which for centuries had been employed to secure and chronicle the various changes and arrangements made by the house of Maleverer. The investigation of them had occupied the greater part of the day, and night was fast waning, when the new possessor of this extended property, discovered that there was still much to be pored over and examined, in the pile of deeds, which had been hitherto unexplained to him. As, however, the eyes of his venerable companion began occasionally to close, and as the frequent yawn betrayed the old man's fatigue, Mr Maleverer at length told him to retire to bed, saying, that his own faculties were still untired, and that he foresaw much in

the heaps around him to occupy his attention for some hours longer.

Thus left to himself, Mr Maleverer employed several hours in perusing the evidences of the noble property to which he had become entitled, and it was only as morning approached that his attention began to flag, and his mind to wander occasionally from the important papers before him. In one of the short intervals occasioned by this abstraction, his eye unconsciously rested on a mark in one of the high pannels of black Norway wainscoat surrounding him, which bore some resemblance to a key-hole : having more than once noticed this, Mr M. at length rose from his seat to examine the object more accurately, and found, on a closer inspection, that his conjecture was correct. He then endeavoured to discover if the pannel in which the hole was cut was moveable ; but as it resisted all pressure, he would have ceased to trouble himself further, but that the singularity of the circumstance excited his curiosity, from a belief that something extraordinary must have been intended, and which the opening of the pannel would disclose. Under this impression, he began to look for a key which might fit the aperture ; and, after considerable search, discovered an old fashioned rusty key, on the edge of a narrow ledge, in the wainscoat, some feet above his head ; this he anxiously seized, and on its application to the key-hole, found that it was fitted to it ; but owing to the rust which embrowned it, he was long apprehensive that all his efforts to open this mysterious pannel, would be vain. By dint, however, of perseverance, he ultimately succeeded in turning back the wards, and pushing open a door, formed so nicely in the pannels of the wainscoat, as to elude observation, save from the shape of the key-hole ; he found himself in a small but lofty apartment, dimly lighted from a narrow window, situated very high in the wall, through which the full rays of a waning moon feebly entered. He had scarcely cast a hasty glance around the room, before he was startled by the appearance of a figure in a sitting posture, in a remote part of the apartment, seemingly deeply engaged in reading, but without any light, save that afforded by the sickly beams of the moon. The entry of Mr M. appeared to produce no effect on this ex-

traordinary being, although Mr M. himself, albeit a man of courage and resolution, felt both yielding to a sensation of indescribable alarm, at behold a figure so occupied, at such a time, and in such a situation.

A few moments, however, sufficed to rally his senses, and after a little reflection, he determined boldly to examine the object which had produced so strong a feeling of surprise, nay, apprehension. He therefore returned into the room in which he had been sitting, and hastily catching up the light, again approached the closet ; on thus a second time entering it, he had neither wish nor opportunity more closely to examine its furniture or situation, being solely occupied with the determination to unfold the mystery which was before him. The stranger still sat in the same spot, apparently intent on his book, with one arm resting on the table beside him ; Mr M. therefore advanced towards him, and as the light glanced more strongly on the figure, he was enabled to discern regular, and rather handsome features, with a profusion of light hair ; the gentleman, for such he seemed, appeared to be clothed in the English fashion, but of a date rather remote ; his coat too was decorated with a brilliant but partly tarnished star, a circumstance which alone would have produced considerable surprise, but which was much heightened by Mr M.'s remarking, that although he had advanced several steps into the room, and consequently must have made some noise in his approach, the figure still appeared not to heed him. In the confusion of ideas produced by the singularity of his situation, Mr M. at length began to apprehend that the motionless figure before him, must be an inhabitant of another world ; a conjecture to which the hour of the night, the silent solemnity of the scene, and the strange mode in which he had become acquainted with the mystery, all seemed to give colour ; and without waiting to analyze his feelings, or examine more minutely into appearances so alarming, he rushed, without further hesitation, from the closet ; and having hastily closed again the pannel, and put the key into his pocket, retired to a sleepless bed to brood over the strangeness of the occurrence.

The waking reflections of Mr M. were, however, insufficient to suggest

any solution of the circumstances which he had witnessed ; and as soon as the dawn afforded sufficient light, he hastened to the large bow-window, in his sleeping room, which afforded a view of the now leafless trees around the mansion, in hopes that light and air would dispel the feverish dreams of imagination. The gloom, however, of a late November's morning, afforded no relief to his mind ; the venerable oaks in the park, deprived of their leaves, and the wide spreading ocean beyond them, only served to increase the solemnity of his thoughts ; and as soon as his servant was stirring, he despatched him to summon the old steward to his presence, in hopes, that, from him, some solution of the mysterious circumstances of the preceding night might be elicited.

After detailing the particulars, he demanded of the old man, if any tale of horror was connected with the mansion, or if he could, in any shape, account for the apparition he had witnessed. The steward, at first, hesitated to reply ; but, at length, shaking his gray locks, he, with a sly smile, informed his master that he believed he could account for the apparition.—“ This, Sir,” said he “ realizes, or rather accounts for, a suspicion which many of us have had respecting that room and its inhabitant. It is not a human being whom you saw last night, but——” “ Why pause thus ?” said Mr Maleverer, “ I adjure you to relieve my apprehensions !” “ Be it so,” replied the steward. “ That inmate of the eastern closet, which caused you such alarm, is, in fact, a waxen image of the unfortunate adventurer Charles Edward Stuart.” He then went on to state a report which had been general at the time of the rebellion, in the year 1745 ; and which he, as a boy, had often heard ; that the ill-fated Chevalier had taken refuge, and been concealed in the manor house, until he was enabled to escape from his pursuers.

This report could have had no other foundation than the existence of this waxen prototype, which had been procured by the then owner of the estate, who being a rigid catholic, and of Jacobite principles, had naturally taken an interest in the Prince's misfortunes, and had caused this figure to be formed out of compliment to his hapless master. It had afterwards been neglected

and forgotten, and the tradition only of its existence remained, since the room in which it was contained had for many years been carefully closed. The old steward attributed the recent discovery of the figure to the sale (amongst the other furniture of the mansion) of an enormous mirror, which, having been nailed to the wainscoat for half a century, had concealed alike the key and key-hole ; so that no aperture being visible, the very recollection of the room, had, in the course of so long a period, died away.

A cool and dispassionate investigation, by day light, of the closet, and its unknown inhabitant, satisfactorily corroborated the old man's solution of the mystery.

A PORTRAIT.

Behold yon stately vision that advances,
Trampling the Earth, and all that it inherits,
Beneath his lordly footsteps !—His bare head
Is canopied by clusters of dark clouds,
That throng around his brow as if they loved it.
They throng around, but never veil the star—
The large, bright, burning star that glitters there :
Seeming to glory in its marble throne.

As he comes on, see ! ever and anon
How his majestic arm dashes aside
That gloomy mantle—spurning it behind him !
But it still clings, and like the poisoned garment,
Will not be cast away.——

As he approaches, mark those haughty eyes,—
What a strange lustre lights them ! Yet methinks
In their blue depths of beauty I can see
A dark, deep well of ever-springing tears :
Howbeit tears that seldom reach the lids,
And never overflow them,—but sink down
And stagnate round the heart—corroding there.

Mark ! as the vision stands and gazes round it,
How all things bow before that awful presence !
How all things seem to change ! the light-green grass
Loses its beauty, and the small ground-flowers
That flocked to meet his footsteps, shrink and wither.
Not that his eye falls on them,—it disdains

To look so low,—but they have felt its power—
Its fatal power to kill or to create.

But on the Towers, the Temples, and the
Thrones
Raised by the guilty weakness or base pride
Of soaring, creeping Man,—he looks on
them.
And as he gazes, lo ! they move—they totter !
He gazes on—See ! to and fro they rock !—
And now, down-tumbling to the plain be-
neath,
They crumble into dust, and disappear.
And in the midst of all that boundless de-
sert
Which he himself has made, he stands alone :
The Monarch of a silent, empty world.

P. G. P.

London, Nov. 1818.

ELEGY.

Oh breathe not—breathe not—sure 'twas
something holy !—
Earth hath no sounds like these—again it
passes
With a wild low voice, that slowly rolls a-
way,
Leaving a silence not unmusical !—
And now again the wind-harp's frame hath
felt
The spirit—like the organ's richest peal
Rolls the long murmur, and again it comes,
That wild low wailing voice.—
These sounds to me
Bear record of strange feelings—it was even-
ing,
And this same instrument lay on my window,
That the sighing breezes there might visit
it ;—
I then did love, to leave my lonely heart,
Like this soft harp, the play-thing of each
impulse,
The sport of every breath—I sate alone
Listening for many minutes—the sounds
ceased,
Or, though unnoted by the idle ear,
Were mingling with my thoughts—I thought
of one,
And she was of the Dead—She stood before
me
With sweet sad smile, like the wan moon at
midnight
Smiling in silence on a world at rest—
—I rushed away—I mingled with the
mirth
Of the noisy many—it is strange, that night
With a light heart, with light and lively
words,
I sported hours away, and yet there came
At times wild feelings—words will not ex-
press them—
But it seemed that a chill eye gazed upon
my heart,
That a wan cheek, with sad smile, upbraid-
ed me ;

I felt that mirth was but a mockery,
Yet I was mirthful.—

I lay down to sleep—
I did not sleep—I could not choose but
listen,
For o'er the wind-harp's strings the spirit
came
With that same sweet low voice. Yes ! thou
may'st smile,
But I must think, my friend, as then I
thought,
That the voice was hers whose early death I
mourned,
That she it was who breathed those solemn
notes
Which like a spell possessed the soul.—

I lay
Wakeful, the prey of many feverish feelings
My thoughts were of the dead !—At length
I slept,
If it indeed were sleep.—She stood before me
In beauty—the wan smile had passed away—
The eye was bright—I could not bear its
brightness.

Till now I knew not death was terrible,
For seldom did I dwell upon the thought,
And if, in some wild moment, Fancy shaped
A world of the departed, 'twas a scene
Most calm and cloudless, or if clouds at
times
Stained the blue quiet of the still soft sky,
They did not dim its charm, but suited well
The stillness of the scene, like thoughts that
move
Silently o'er the soul or linger there,
Shedding a tender twilight pensiveness !
This is an idle song !—I cannot tell
What charms were hers who died.—I can-
not tell
What grief is their's, whose spirits weep for
her !—
Oh many were the agonies of Prayer,
And many were the mockeries of Hope ;
And many a heart, that loved the weak de-
lusion,
Looked forward for the rosy smiles of Health,
And many a rosy smile passed o'er that
cheek
Which will not smile again—and the soft
tinge
That often flushed across that fading face,
And made the stranger sigh with friends,
would wake
A momentary hope—even the calm tone
With which she spoke of Death, gave birth
to thoughts,
Weak, trembling thoughts, that the lip ut-
tered not !—
—And when she spoke with those, whom
most she mourned
To leave, and when through clear calm tears
the eye
Shone with unwonted light, oh was there
not
In its rich sparkle something that forbade
The fear of Death ?—and when in Life's
last days
The same gay spirit, that in happier hours

Had character'd her countenance, still
gleamed
On the wan features—when such playful
words,
As once could scatter gladness on all hearts,
Still trembled from the lip, and o'er the
souls
Of those who listened shed a deeper gloom—
In hours of such most mournful gayety,
Oh was there not even then a lingering hope,
That flitted fearfully, like parent birds
Fast fluttering o'er their desolated nest?

Mourn not for her who died!—She lived
as saints

Might yet to live—she died as Christians
die;—

There was no earthward struggle of the
heart,

No shuddering terror—no reluctant sigh.—
They who beheld her dying fear not Death!
Silently—silently the Spoiler came,
As Sleep steals o'er the senses, unperceived,
And the last thoughts that soothed the wak-
ing soul

Mingle with our sweet dreams.—Mourn not
for her!

Oh, who art thou, that with weak words
of comfort,

Would'st bid the mourner not to weep?—
would'st win

The cheek of sorrow to a languid smile!
Thou dost not know with what a pious love
Grief dwells upon the Dead!—thou dost
not know

With what a holy zeal Grief treasures up
All that recalls the past!—when the dim eye
Rolls objectless around, thou dost not know
What forms are floating o'er the mourner's
soul!

Thou dost not know with what a soothing art
Grief, that rejects Man's idle consolations,
Makes to itself companionable friends
Of all that charmed the Dead!—her robin
still

Seeks at the wonted pane his morning crumbs,
And, surely, not less dear for the low sigh,
His visit wakes!—and the tame bird who
loved

To follow with gay wing her every step,
Who oft, in playful fits of mimicry,
Echoed her song, is dearer for her sake!—
The wind, that from the hawthorn's dewy
blossoms

Breeds fragrance, breathes of her!—the mor-
tal lay,

That last she loved to hear, with deeper
charm

Speaks to the spirit now—even these low
notes,

Breathed o'er her grave, will sink into the
soul

A pensive song that Memory will love
In pensive moments:—

Mourners, is there not
An angel that illumines the house of mourn-
ing?

The Spirit of the Dead—a holy image
Shrined in the soul—for ever beautiful.

Undimmed with earth—its tears—its weak-
nesses—

And changeless, as within the exiles heart
The picture of his country,—there no clouds
Darken the hills—no tempest sweeps the
vale,—

And the loved forms he never more must
meet

Are, with him in the vision, fair, as when
Long years ago they clasped his hands at
parting! A.

GENERAL LUDLOW'S MONUMENT.

Oxford, Nov. 16, 1818.

MR EDITOR,

DURING a short tour through Switzer-
land last summer, I resided some
part of the time at the delightful little
town of Vevay, on the lake of Geneva.
I had good introductions to most of
the inhabitants, and found them ex-
tremely sociable, hospitable, and well-
informed. The immediate environs
are not strikingly beautiful, owing to
the nature of the cultivation of the
vineyards, which are enclosed by stone
walls. At the distance, however, of a
mile and a half from the town on every
side, there is the most picturesque
scenery in the canton, and the air of
comfort reigning throughout the pea-
santry, the quiet and retired fields,
woods, and villages, filled me with in-
expressible delight. The village of
Clarens, so celebrated by Rousseau, did
not quite answer my expectations; but,
though the luxuriant wood, if it ever
did exist, is not now to be found, yet
the shade of a few trees and shrubs,
and the view from it, is very magnifi-
cent. I here read his *Heloise*, and I
am free to confess, that no such emo-
tion or such sentiments as he describes
entered my soul—I was far more in-
terested in what I am about to describe
—the manners of the place.

The rent of lodgings is extremely
moderate, and the price of provisions
equally so. There are two very excel-
lent houses which take visitors or fami-
lies, *en pension*, on reasonable terms;
and there is not only an assembly call-
ed the *Cercle*, but a very good library,
which is liberally opened to strangers.
The hours are early; the dinner is
served at one; the tea, or *gouter*, about
six or seven; and by ten o'clock, every
family has retired. There are occa-
sionally balls, both private and by sub-
scription, which are often kept up till

a late hour in the morning. Here both old and young mix together, which is not the case at Berné; and the refreshments are most liberally served of the delicious productions which the place affords.

The climate is so mild in winter, that many invalids repair hither from various parts of Europe; and in such repute are some of the grapes field, that at the vintage it is usual for those patients they call *les poitrinaires* to be sent by medical advice, and, during six weeks, eat these grapes; beginning in the morning, a quarter of an hour before rising, with a small quantity, which is gradually increased; and this is pursued regularly through the period; and, as far as my inquiries led me, with great effect.

I had occasion to attend the church, which is Protestant, and standing on a pleasing eminence, on a communion Sunday. The scenery, good order, and numerous attendance of the peasants, struck me very forcibly, contrasted with those in the churches of Italy I had been accustomed to see during a residence there of four years.

The discourse was plain, and delivered in an unaffected manner; and the devout manner with which the sacrament was administered and received (it being carried round to the congregation by six clergymen), also afforded another strong contrast to the Catholic church on this most solemn occasion.

I revisited this place of worship after the service, to make a copy of an epitaph on a monument erected to the memory of Edmond Ludlow, who, during his unmerited exile, resided in this town. His house was shown to me, and stands on the left side of the street, and on the edge of the lake, coming from the Vallais—it is tolerably spacious, and ranks amongst the best in the place.

Whether this epitaph has appeared in print in England, in any memoirs of Ludlow's life, I will not pretend to say; but an old attendant at the church assured me, that very few English travellers came to look at it, and he had never observed any one copy it before I took that which I now subjoin.—I am your humble servant,

VIATOR.

Siste Gradum et Respice.

Hic Jacet Edmond Ludlow, Anglus natione, Provinciæ Wiltoniensis Filius Henrici Equestris Ordinis, Senatorisque Parlamenti, cujus quoque fuit ipse membrum, Patria Stemmata clarus, et Nobilis, virtute propria Nobilior, Religione Protestans, et insigni pietate Corruscus ætatis Anno 23 Tribunus militum, Paulo post Exercitus Prætor Primarius.

Tunc Hibernorum Domitor.

In pugna intrepidus, et vitæ prodigus, in Victoria Clemens, et mansuetus, Patriæ Libertatis Defensor, et Potestatis arbitrariæ oppugnator accerimus. Cujus causa ab eadem Patria 32 Annis extorris meliorique Fortuna Dignus, Apud Helvitiis se Recepit ibique ætatis anno 73 moriens omnibus sui Desiderium Relinquens, Sedes Æternas latus advolavit.

Hocce monumentum in perpetuam veræ et Sincerae erga maritum defunctum Amicitia, Memoriam dicat, et vovet Domina Elizabeth de Thomas ejus strenua et mæstissima, tam in infortunio quam in Matrimonio consors dilectissima quæ animi magnitudine, et vi amoris conjugalibus mota, Eum in exilium ad obitum usque constanter secuta est.

Anno Domini 1693.

LITERARY PREMIUM.

[A gentleman of this city has received from a friend in London, a letter, in the following terms.]

"DEAR SIR,—Enclosed you will find a bill for £50, to be divided into three sums of £25, £15, and £10, as prizes for the best lines, in verse or prose, on the subject of *Sir William Wallace's inviting Bruce to the Scottish throne*; which I could wish to be so expressed, as not to give offence to our brethren south of the Tweed.

"Perhaps there could be introduced into the composition, the propriety of erecting a tower or monument to the memory of Wallace, on Arthur Seat or Salisbury Craigs. If such an object could be accomplished, I would leave £1000 by my will to assist it.

"My name need not be mentioned—only say a native of Edinburgh, and a Member of the Highland Society of London, who left his native place at twelve years of age. The rest I leave to your better judgment. And remain, &c."

We understand, that Messrs Manners and Miller, booksellers here, have kindly undertaken to receive and transmit any communications on the subject indicated in the foregoing letter; and we have been requested, therefore, to intimate, that candidates for these prizes may send their compositions (*postage paid*) to Messrs Manners and Miller, before the 1st May 1819, when the prizes will be awarded.

[We communicated the above notice yesterday evening to our friend Mr Wastle, whose Poem on the purposed theme is already in a state of great forwardness. Had Signifer Dohartiades been in life (καὶ εἴη ἔτι ζῶντι δακρυῶν), we would have backed him against the field for a Rump and Dozen.]

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ALBERT THORVALLDSEN.

THEY are of opinion at Rome, that Canova has but one rival there; and this rival, whose sculptures adorn the palaces which look down upon the broken columns and falling arches of the Cæsars, is a Goth by blood—a son of the Northern warriors, who once

wasted the imperial city with fire and sword. "These works are the production of a divine hand," exclaimed the noble-minded Canova, when he first beheld the colossal statues of Mars and Adonis, which had been created by the chissel of the Scandinavian, whose ancestors bent before the gigantic and distorted effigies of Odin or Baldur, and whose skill could scarce enable them to trace the rude emblems of their barbarous divinities on the unhewn rock and the runic altar.

The father of Albert Thorvalldsen was a poor Iclander, who had settled at Copenhagen, where he maintained himself and his children by following the trade of a stone-cutter; and Albert was born in the Danish capital in the year 1772. The boy would attempt to set himself at work even in his earliest infancy, and he would try to imitate his father's carvings. The old man saw that his son was destined for better things; and when Albert became a little older, he placed him in the free drawing-school, attached to the royal academy of the fine arts, established at Copenhagen. Here Albert learnt to draw. Genius was apparent in his sketches; yet he did not shew any decided vocation for drawing, neither did he study it with diligence; but the young sculptor obeyed the strong impulse which was rising within him, and, without instruction, he applied himself, with great ardour, to the art of modelling.

An annual prize-medal is given by the academy of Copenhagen to the best modeller in clay. When Thorvalldsen had entered his sixteenth year, he thought that he too would attempt to enter the lists. According to an academical bye-law, each candidate for the prize is placed in a separate room, when, furnished with the proper tools and materials, he is required to form his model,—a regulation precluding all suspicion of assistance from more experienced artists. Thorvalldsen's courage began to fail when he was about to enter his cell; so much indeed did he dread the impending trial, that by the advice of a friend he was induced to raise his spirits by quaffing, not the mead or ale which the maids of slaughter pour out in Odin's hall, but a few comfortable glasses of good brandy, and thus cheered he shut the door.

In four hours Thorvalldsen came

out of the room of probation bearing his basso relievo in his hands. To borrow the expressions of Mr d'Israeli, by whom the "youth of genius" has been elegantly and feelingly illustrated, "the instant his talent had declared itself, his first work, the eager offspring of desire and love, astonished the world at once with the birth and the maturity of genius." Such extraordinary powers were displayed in this specimen, that, in addition to the prize for which he had contended, the academicians unanimously adjudged their golden medal to him,—a reward which is always accompanied by a travelling stipend from the Danish government.

The Danish academicians acted towards Thorvaldsen with judicious kindness. They considered that the raw and uneducated stripling could not be sent abroad with advantage to himself; therefore, under their direction, Thorvaldsen continued his studies at Copenhagen. He had now obtained many valuable friends. Abildgard, the celebrated historical painter, treated him with parental affection. The Danish nobility did not withhold their patronage, and his talents developed themselves more fully every day.

At length, in the year 1797, Thorvaldsen set sail for Naples in a frigate belonging to the king of Denmark. The voyage had its perils; contrary winds drove the vessel towards the coast of Barbary, where she was nearly stranded, and she was afterwards compelled to put into Malta. Thorvaldsen was about twenty-four years old when he reached Naples. But he had not gained much knowledge of the world. Transplanted to the luxuriant shores of the Mediterranean, the child of the North could speak no other language except his harsh native dialect: And had he not been restrained by shame, he would have returned without delay to his native clime.—Alone and dispirited, he became *homesick*, and he nearly sank beneath that mental malady, which the Germans emphatically term the *Heimweh*.

He proceeded, however, to Rome, and during two years he passed his time merely in contemplation of the wonders of ancient and modern art. At the end of this period, during which his mind had been actively employed, though his hands were quiet,

he applied himself in earnest to the practice of his art. Zoya, who then resided at Rome, became his warmest, and at the same time his most sincere friend. Perpetually rousing the enthusiasm of the student, by pointing out the inferiority of his productions, when compared to the relics of classical antiquity, the learned Dane never withheld his censures from his youthful countryman. And Thorvaldsen, in confident emulation, not in despair, destroyed many a bust and many a statue upon which other artists would have been contented to found their claims to distinction.

Thorvaldsen was retired in his habits, he shrunk from the crowd.—When his model of Jason was exhibited to the public, all acknowledged it to be a masterpiece, but still scarcely any one at Rome knew the name of Thorvaldsen. And at the table where he dined every day, in common with the other students, one of them, who had been a constant guest, inquired of him, whether he was acquainted with the clever young Dane, the modeller of Jason.

It will be readily anticipated, that Thorvaldsen remained no longer in obscurity. Mr Hope, whose well-directed munificence is almost proverbial, employed him to copy the model of Jason in marble. After he had completed it, he modelled a large basso-relievo, containing a subject taken from Homer, which excited universal admiration. His reputation was placed beyond doubt or cavil, and he advanced steadily in the path of excellence.

In the year 1808 he finished his statues of Mars and Adonis; they are considered as forming an era in the history of modern art. Orders were given to him, in the following year, by the king of Denmark, to execute four large basso-relievos for the new palace then building, which he performed with his usual skill. The King presented him with the *Danebrog* cross, which, we believe, confers nobility on the wearer. Old Harry's apophthegm will be recollected, such gifts are merely valuable as speaking the sense of the nation by whose chief they are bestowed. Thorvaldsen has lately become the husband of the daughter of an English peer. And he will now grow old in the enjoyment of the rewards which he has earned with credit and honour.

NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Expedition under Captain ROSS and Lieutenant PARRY, in the Isabella and Alexander.

MY DEAR SIR,—You were pleased to say, on our departure from England, that nothing would gratify you more, than to learn from me, as opportunities might occur, the progress we made in our voyage of discovery. On the strength of this flattering encouragement I wrote to you a long letter towards the end of July, just as the last whalers were about to take their departure for England, which I find came safely to your hands. At that time our hopes and spirits got the better of all doubts and fears; for though we were then beset on every side with ice, yet we had seen enough, and learned enough, both from the Danes below, and all the masters of the whalers around us, to be assured, that the ice was rapidly disappearing, partly from the heat of the sun, but mostly I believe from the constant friction of one flaw or mass against another, and from the action of the salt water upon them. I believe I told you also of the fineness of the climate, and that we had once, on the top of an ice-berg, the temperature by Fahrenheit's thermometer at more than 80° when exposed to the sun, and that the effect of his powerful rays was not only felt, but very visible in the streams of water which poured down the sides of all these stupendous masses, like so many mountain cascades. It is not however the sun's rays that chiefly contribute to destroy the ice—they are of too rare occurrence to produce any such permanent effect; for the torrents continue to fall, and the field-ice to dissolve, apparently just as much in the ordinary weather of the Arctic regions, which, generally speaking, is mild, but foggy, and the atmosphere mostly loaded with clouds, or some kind of vapour, as when the sun shines forth in all his glory;—when I say *mild*, I mean that there is little or no wind, and that Fahrenheit's thermometer ranges from 32° to 40° in the shade; once, and I believe but once, it was down to 24°, but very often above 40°, I am now speaking of the month of August, and I may add that September brought with it no diminution of temperature,—it is true we were then

ranging down the western coast of Baffin's Bay to the southward; but we have learnt from experience, that in these regions one does not increase the cold by increasing the latitude, as I shall now proceed to shew you more fully.—

I must premise, however, that I am writing to you without book. Our commodore took possession of all the logs, journals, remark-books, and charts, and carried them off with him from the Humber to the Admiralty, so that all our opinions and speculations on what we have done, and what we have left undone, are at headquarters;—I mention this in order to claim indulgence for any lack of precision in dates and numbers; but the main facts of the voyage are too strongly imprinted on my mind to need any written monitor.

About the 9th of August we got so far up the coast of Greenland as to recognise the Cape Dudley Digges of Baffin, but still hampered with the ice. When near this Cape, we very unexpectedly observed something like human beings moving towards us on the ice, which separated us from the shore about seven or eight miles. On a nearer approach we perceived that they were actually men, sitting on low sledges, driven by five or six dogs in each. When within a mile or less of the ships, they stopped short, but hallooed and shouted at a great rate. Just at this time some signals were making between the ships, which probably alarmed them, for they suddenly wheeled round, and set off again towards the shore in full gallop, at a speed which we supposed to be at least equal to that of our mail-coaches; of course we soon lost sight of them behind the hummocks of ice. Every body regretted their sudden disappearance; and in order if possible to bring them back, and to explain our friendly intentions, Captain Ross caused a white flag to be hoisted on a hillock of ice, on which was painted a hand holding a green branch of a tree—a colour by the way, and an object not very common in this part of the world; there were also left on the ice some

presents placed on a stool, and an Esquimaux dog with beads about his neck; every thing however remained untouched on our return from an attempt to push to the northward through the ice, and the poor dog was lying down on the very spot where we left him. On the third day the natives were again observed at a distance, coming towards us, they now approached within a few hundred yards of the ship before they stopped, but perceiving that they had no inclination to come nearer, Jack Saccheus, the Esquimaux whom you saw with his canoe on the Thames, volunteered to go out to them. It required no small degree of courage to undertake this enterprise, as the southern Esquimaux are firmly persuaded, that there is a race of giants dwelling in the mountains to the northward, who are exceedingly ferocious, and great cannibals, and Jack of course believed this story of his countrymen. It happened, however, fortunately perhaps for all parties, that, at the place where they halted, the ice had separated, leaving a canal of a few feet in width. They immediately began to talk and hawl in a language which Jack at first did not understand, but by a little attention he discovered that the language they made use of was that of the southern Esquimaux, somewhat different in the pronunciation, as well as in many of the words themselves, but he soon found that he could make out their meaning. The questions they put to him, with great eagerness, were to the following purpose:—Who are ye?—What are ye?—Where do you come from?—Are you come from the moon?—What are those two great birds?—Jack told them in reply, that he was a man like them;—that he had a father and mother;—that he was made of flesh and bones, and that he wore clothes;—that the two great things which they called birds were houses to live in. On hearing this, they all called out, No, no, we saw them flap their wings, and they were sure that they were *Angelkuk*, or evil spirits, come to destroy them,—at the same time one of them pulled from his boot a sort of rude knife, which he held out in a threatening posture, and said he would kill him. Jack threw them a shirt across the canal, that they might be convinced he carried about with him substantial matters, and not

such as spirits could carry; they asked him what skin it was made of? Thus, by degrees, they conversed together; and when Jack told them any thing that pleased them, or to which they gave their assent, it was indicated by pulling their noses. In a short time they had got into familiar conversation; and Jack having learnt that there was plenty of water to the north, came running to the ship for a plank to enable them to cross. Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry now went to meet them. On approaching the ship their astonishment was unbounded,—every object drew from them an ejaculation of *hai-ya!* accompanied with immoderate bursts of laughter. They laid hold of the ice-anchors, the smith's anvil, the large spars of wood, as if they could carry them off, and expressed the utmost astonishment apparently at their unexpected weight; they seemed like men who distrusted the sense of sight, and could not satisfy themselves of the reality of objects, until they had grasped them; to view themselves in a looking-glass, but more especially in a concave mirror, made them almost frantic with joy and wonder, and drew forth such bursts of laughter, and exclamations of surprise, as were never heard before. The masts of the ship, and a top-mast on deck, attracted their most profound attention, which is not at all surprising, especially when they were assured that they were pieces of wood. A man who never saw a tree, nor even a shrub beyond a birch or willow twig of the thickness of a crow's quill, must necessarily be incredulous that the mast of a ship could be made of the same material. The two substances with which they seemed to be most familiar, were *skin* and *bone*; and they always enquired of what *skin* our jackets, trowsers, shirts, hats, &c. were made, and of what *bone* were our buttons, and most other solid substances. Glass of all kinds they took naturally enough for ice.

We gave them some bread, but they spat it out; some rum, but they could not bear it; and we learned from Jack that they lived entirely on animal food, mostly on the flesh of seals, sea-unicorns, bears, foxes, and birds; and when all these failed them, that they eat their dogs. The bones of the animals which serve them for food, supply them also with fuel; and

a very fine soft moss, with long fibrous roots, when dipped in fish oil, is used by them as candles or torches. This moss grows in great plenty, and very luxuriant. The bones also serve them to make their sledges, which are fastened together with thongs of skins. Their knives are certainly the rudest instruments of the kind in the whole world: they are nothing more than a flattened piece of iron, like a bit of a hoop, passed longitudinally in the groove of a fish's bone, and extending beyond it, at one end, about an inch; and they are thus fixed, without the faculty of opening or shutting. Mr Sabine took great pains, through the medium of Jack's interpretation, to learn where they got the iron, and how they worked it; the result of which was, that it was hewn by a sharp stone, from a large mass found in the mountains at no great distance from the spot where we were; of course it was concluded that it must be *native* iron; and supposing it to have been recently discovered, this circumstance may, in some measure, account for the rudeness of their manufacture, as the stitching of their clothes and boots, and the putting together of their sledges, were by no means contemptible performances. They described two pieces of iron from which they derived their supply; and each of which, by their account, might be equal to a cube of two feet. They called it *Sowie*, and the place where it was found *Sowie-lick*, the former of which Jack observed to be the name given to iron by the Southern Esquimaux. We now find, since our arrival, that this iron turns out to be meteoric, and that it contains the usual proportion of Nickel; so that Jack's interpretation, which some of us were disposed to doubt, has been justified. Indeed he is a man on whom the utmost dependence may be placed; very intelligent, and always ready to oblige; willing to learn, and grateful to those who will take the trouble to instruct him, whether in writing, drawing, or any thing that he wishes to undertake,—he is indeed a most valuable man. While speaking of him I may observe, that we were once afraid we had lost him, to the great regret and sorrow of every man on board. He had gone on shore, and did not return for two or three days; but, on sending after him, he

was found in the hut of a Southern Esquimaux, with his collar bone broken. On inquiring how it happened, it turned out that his musket burst; Jack having loaded it too deeply with powder, on the principle (as he said) of "plenty powder, plenty kill."

It is very remarkable, that this new tribe of Esquimaux (which I find by the newspapers are ridiculously called a New Nation) have no boats, nor any means of going upon the water, except on the ice, though the greater part of their subsistence is derived from that element; but we understood that they managed matters very well without them. The way in which they proceed to catch seals, is by going to the openings or chasms in the ice, lying down, and imitating the cry of a young seal, when the old ones immediately peep up; and while they are endeavouring to scramble upon the ice, they are knocked on the head by the hunters, or run through with a kind of spear made of bone. I remember reading of a similar practice among the Southern Esquimaux. They gave us some specimens of this Seal-music, and also of their songs, which were any thing but music, and accompanied with the most ridiculous gestures and grimaces. On the murmuring of these notes in the ice, they also watch for the rising of the sea-unicorns to blow, which it seems they are frequently obliged to do. The flesh of this animal dried is a considerable article of their winter food. Though afraid at first to go into the boat, they appeared soon to be sensible of the advantages of being able to float on the water, and one of them shewed a great desire to get possession of Jack's canoe, after he had been told the use of it, of which he was before perfectly ignorant; and nothing could more strongly prove their complete insularity from their more southern neighbours, than the circumstance of their not having the word *kayiack* (canoe) in their language.

Rude and ignorant as these poor creatures are, you must not believe what is stated in the newspapers, that they had no knowledge of a Supreme Being: this is not a subject to obtain correct notions about from savages, whose language we do not comprehend. Jack distinctly admitted that they entertained the same notions of a good and evil spirit as their southern

neighbours do, and which all nations, savage and civilized, with certain modifications, seem to entertain. But I must quit the subject of these people, lest I should tire you. One circumstance, however, I cannot pass over, which is this, that their winter habitations were to the northward, and that they came down south to pass the summer where there is more ice and snow, and consequently more food to be had than in the former situation,—a seeming paradox, the truth of which, however, was completely verified by us. On the very northern summit of Baffin's Bay, which could not be less than 78° , there was much less snow on the land, and much less ice on the water, than we had hitherto met with in any part of Davis Straits, and these people had told us that we should find it so; well, therefore, might our new friends deem this the happy country, and conclude that all the world to the south of them was ice and snow! And if good looks and a cheerful demeanour may be considered as indications of happiness, they were certainly in the enjoyment of it: they were all in excellent keeping, with faces as round as the full moon, and exceedingly like the people of Kamschatka and the Aleutian Islands. Their dogs, too, were in excellent condition: they have long bushy tails like the fox, a rough straggling mane round the neck, and have a general resemblance to the wolf: they seem very quiet, and never bark; but a young dog, since its arrival at Deptford, has learnt to bark as loud and long as the noisiest dog in the place.

A breeze of wind, and an open sea, were occurrences of too rare and important a nature to be neglected, and we accordingly availed ourselves of them, and steered to the northward, leaving these children of nature, and, as we deemed them, of misery, without the smallest reluctance; for, in fact, they at last became bold and troublesome, and attempted to steal every thing they could lay hands on. We had not proceeded far, when a singular appearance, of a deep crimson colour, on the surface of the snow, by the sides of the hills, attracted our attention, and the more so when we found it continuing in patches, for an extent of ten or twelve miles. Having landed near to one of the patches, we collected a considerable quantity of

it, melted the snow, and preserved the colouring matter which it deposited. Various conjectures were hazarded as to this curious matter, and all the three kingdoms of nature were put in requisition. Many a page was turned over in our books of knowledge, with which the Admiralty had liberally supplied us; and, at length, some one, Captain Sabine, I believe, found, in Rees' *Cyclopedia*, the very thing we were in search of, under the word "Snow;" but the account there given, left us just where we started. Saussure, it told us, found snow of a bright red colour, on the Alps, and considered the colouring matter as the farina of some plant, while M. Ramond, who found the same kind of snow on the Pyrenees, concluded it to be of mineral origin, and we now learn since our return, that ours at least is neither the one nor the other, but an animal substance, the excrement of birds, as Mr Brande supposes, from the quantity of Uric acid it is found to contain; and I have no doubt but he is right, for in the very neighbourhood of it were such myriads of birds, of the Auk kind (*Alca Alce*), that when they rose up from the ice or the snow, they literally darkened the sky; and close to the spot where we landed, was one of their breeding places. If I say that they sometimes appeared in hundreds of thousands, or even millions, it will not give you an adequate idea of their numbers. We shot as many as we pleased, and fed the whole ship's company with them, being very palatable food, free from all fishy taste or smell, and they made most excellent soup. We used to bring down from twenty or thirty at a single shot; and as we had reason to believe that these vast multitudes were chiefly confined to the upper part of Baffin's Bay, we laid in a stock for future supply, by placing them in casks, with layers of pounded ice between them.

Having passed Cape Dudley Digges, we opened out a sound or strait, which was considered to be that of Baffin, named "Wolstenholm's Sound;" but the shallowness of the water, and the ice within it, gave no hopes of a passage that way, and we accordingly passed it at the distance of 15 or 20 miles. The "Whale Sound" of Baffin was not more promising; but it appeared to many very desirable that we should have approached somewhat

hearer to "Sir Thomas Smith's Sound," at the north western extremity of the bay, which presented a very wide opening; but we passed it at the distance of 50 or 60 miles. The land now stretched S. W., and we ran parallel with it, but at so considerable a distance, that it was only to be seen at intervals, when the weather cleared up, which it did, sufficiently to let us see another opening, which we were willing to recognize as "Alderman Jones' Sound," of Baffin. The weather was in general mild and exceedingly pleasant, and the sea in the whole of the upper part of the bay, almost wholly free from ice, excepting now and then a solitary ice-berg, floating, or a-ground. By the way, we could have no doubt, from the immense glaciers which filled the valleys along the shores of Baffin's Bay, and the great depth of water close in with them, that the many hundreds of these enormous masses we met with in our progress through Davis' Straits, some a-ground, and others a-float, had their origin in this bay. The appearance of these bergs is singularly curious, exhibiting the ruined forms of castles and cathedrals, with their walls, gates, towers, and spires, in every state of decay; and they are sometimes so completely perforated, that boats may sail through them, in which case, if the sun should happen to shine out, it is impossible to conceive a more brilliant sight than that which is then displayed. It is a scene to be met with only in the Arabian Nights Entertainments; or if we are to look for its parallel in real life, Hancock's glass shop in Cockspur street, in a sunny morning in the month of May, is the picture in miniature of an excavated ice-berg.

On the 30th August, when in latitude $74\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, or thereabouts, we suddenly deepened our water from 150 or 160 fathoms, to the amazing depth of 750 fathoms, and increased its temperature from 32° to 36° . On the weather clearing up, we found ourselves a-breast of a large opening, which we had no doubt, from its latitude, was that named by Baffin, "Sir James Lancaster's Sound." From the northern to the southern headlands, it appeared to be at least 50 miles in width. As we knew that Baffin had not entered this sound, but stood away from it to the south eastward, its appearance inspired hope and joy into every countenance;

and every officer and man, on the instant as it were, made up his mind that *this must be the north-west passage*;—the width of the opening, the extraordinary depth of water, the increased temperature, and the surrounding sea, and the Strait so perfectly free from ice, that not a particle was seen floating, were circumstances so encouraging, and so different from any thing we had yet seen, that every heart panted to explore this passage which was to conduct us all to glory and to fortune. We had hitherto met with nothing that could in the smallest degree damp our spirits; we had lived well, suffered no fatigue, either from anxiety or bodily exertion; we had seen nothing like danger; and we had been animated by one sentiment; but nothing had yet occurred to inspire us with the hope of success in the great enterprise; we had proceeded cheerfully, but without enthusiasm, and our ardour had rather diminished as we begun to diminish our latitude. But to find so grand an opening under such circumstances as I have mentioned, and in the very spot too of all others, most likely to lead us at once to the northern coast of America, was so unexpected, and at the same time so exhilarating, that I firmly believe every creature on board anticipated the pleasure of writing an overland dispatch to his friend, either from the eastern or the western shores of the Pacific. We stood directly into this spacious inlet; the width continued pretty nearly the same, as far as we could see, and not a particle of ice on the water; neither was there any appearance of land a-head. Every breast beat high, and every one was desirous to mount the crow's-nest, to look out for the opening which should conduct us into the Polar Sea, near the coast of the main-land of America. We had not run, however, above ten leagues within the inlet, when the *Isabella* bore up, and of course, the *Alexander* did the same, and we stood out of the inlet; why, we could not conjecture, but under all sail. Our commodore, as it afterwards appeared, had seen the land at the bottom of the inlet. It is impossible to describe to you the gloom that was immediately spread over every countenance, all their sanguine hopes being thus unexpectedly dashed to the ground. At the very spot where the *Isabella* bore up, the depth of water was 650 fathoms, and

the temperature continued the same as at the entrance: the *Alexander* was about four or five miles a-stern of her consort at that time; but not the least appearance of land was visible in the direction of the inlet from her crows-nest.*

On passing near the southern point of Lancaster Sound, the depth of water had increased to upwards of 1,000 fathoms. Close to this point we landed on a fine sloping sandy beach, at the bottom of a little bay, into which a river of running water was falling, whose width might be from 50 to 60 yards, and the water above knee deep. The flat ground through which it ran was free from ice, and appeared to be covered with a tolerably good soil, in which were growing a variety of plants. On the banks were found a piece of a fir-tree, or branch, about five inches in diameter, and a piece of birch bark. We went through the ceremony of taking possession of this land in the name of his Majesty, which, I fear, is only putting "a barren sceptre in his hand," though of all the places we had yet seen since we crossed the Arctic circle, this is by far the most inviting; and, indeed, were it not for the high peaked mountains, partially covered with snow, which bound the valley on each side, we could not possibly have supposed ourselves to be in the high latitude of 74° , especially on looking seaward, and seeing not a particle of ice as far as the eye could reach.

The month of September had now set in, and the disappointment experienced in Lancaster Sound cast a damp on all our future proceedings. We continued to the south-eastward, along the land, which we saw at intervals, but kept at a very respectable distance from it. We saw several openings, but examined none. The sea continued clear of ice, and the weather moderate, but seldom clear. We landed somewhere about lat. 70, and found traces of natives, but saw none. Near this place too we fell in with the largest iceberg which had yet occurred. The *Alexander's* boat

was three hours nearly in rowing round it. It was found, by measurement, to be upwards of two miles in length, and almost as many in breadth, and above fifty feet above the surface. All hands began to calculate its contents in cubic feet, which my memory will not allow me to state, but its weight was settled to be some twelve or thirteen millions of tons. On the summit of this iceberg was a large bear, who, in perceiving us advance to attack him, made a plunge into the sea, from the height of fifty feet, and escaped from his pursuers.

We continued to trace the land down to Cape Walsingham, which forms the northern side of the entrance into Cumberland Straits, up which old Davis proceeded 180 miles; we did not, however, once attempt to look at them, but shaped our course from hence to Cape Farewell. Here, however, we encountered a most tremendous gale of wind, in which the ships separated, and saw nothing of each other again till their arrival in Brassa Sound, on the 30th October, after a passage of three weeks across the Atlantic, and within three hours of each other. During this passage, we had the *Aurora Borealis* very frequently, and sometimes very grand and beautiful, but we could not perceive that it had the smallest influence on the magnetic needle, as we had been taught to expect, though this phenomenon is unquestionably connected with magnetism some way or other, as the great luminous arch was generally, though not invariably, bisected by the magnetic meridian.

You will probably expect from me some opinion as to the existence and practicability of a north-west passage; but I really feel myself to be utterly unable to give any well-founded opinion on the subject. I may, however, with safety assert, that our observations have not supplied us with any grounds whatever for stating, as I perceive has been positively stated in the newspapers, and apparently on demi-official authority, that *there is no passage from Baffin's Bay into the Pacific*. I am perfectly certain, that no officer employed on the expedition, ventured to hazard such an assertion, because no one is competent to make up his mind to such a decision. But, were I compelled to deliver my sentiments on this interesting question, I should say

* The Crows-Nest is a kind of box, sufficient to hold a man; generally a cask, fixed near the mast-head, to protect the observer from cold, and enable him to look out for whales, or open pieces of water.

that the whole of this land, from Wolstenhelm's Sound round the head of Baffin's Bay, and down to the northern coast of Labrador, is so intersected by numerous straits or inlets, that, as far as appearances go, the land on the western side of Davis' Strait and Baffin's Bay is formed into a great cluster or archipelago of islands, beyond which is the polar sea; but whether all, or any, of these straits are, or are not, navigable, is a question that yet remains to be decided, and which nothing can decide but practical experience; and this I have reason to believe to be the opinion entertained at head-quarters; for I am extremely happy to inform you, that the Admiralty have allowed the crews of the two ships to volunteer their services, as it is understood, for another expedition next year; and it is almost unnecessary to add, every one to a man has volunteered for this service.

To say that we have done nothing, would not be the truth; to say that we are satisfied with what we have done, would be equally untrue;—and yet the voyage has not been abortive. If we had done nothing more than that of narrowing the ground of inquiry, it would be something; but it will be found that we have accomplished more than this. We have swung the pendulum in latitudes where it was never swung before; and we have made such experiments on the dip and variation of the magnetic needle, close to the magnetic pole, as cannot fail to clear up, in a very considerable degree, the mystery which hangs over this intricate subject. Our sudden departure from Doncaster Sound was a subject of so much deeper regret, as we had found, close to that inlet, the variation of the compass above 110° west, and the dip to exceed 86° ; so that, had we continued a very few degrees of longitude to the westward, perhaps 100 or 120 miles, we should certainly have stood on the magnetic poles, where in all probability our compasses would have ceased to act, at least with any degree of certainty, on board ship, as we found that the local attraction of the iron in the ships (and especially the *Alexander*) increased with the increase of the dip and variation; and that the magnetic polar attraction decreased in the same proportion; so that, at last, our compasses became so sluggish and so variable,

that very little dependence could be placed on them. On this subject our journals teem with observations made in the ship, and on the ice, with facts that must give a deathblow to the theory of Captain Flanders, and some other ingenious men, who, from a few facts, collected probably with no great care, raise a system in their closets, which, when submitted to the test of experience, are found woefully wanting.

These few loose, hastily written hints, which I have thrown together while the ships are preparing to be paid off, will in some measure put you in possession of the outlines of our proceedings, though they are not calculated to satisfy a curiosity so ardent as I know yours to be. But I must reserve the rest till I have the pleasure of seeing you, which, I trust, will not be longer than ten days hence. In the meantime, I am, &c.

Deptford, 1st Dec. 1818.

P. S. We have just heard that two gun-brigs have been ordered up from Chatham to Deptford, to be prepared immediately for a *particular service*, which every body here says is for the further prosecution of the North-west-passage.—God grant it may be so, and that I may be fortunate enough to be again employed in this interesting enterprise.

VERIFICATION OF A PASSAGE IN PURCHAS.

WILLIAM CROWE, Esq., the public orator to the university of Oxford, on reading from Purchas the passage which Barrow has taken for a motto to his "*History of the Arctic Voyages*," was so forcibly struck with the grandeur of the imagery, and with the poetical manner in which it was expressed, that he sat down and versified the passage, almost without altering, omitting, or adding a single word, as will be seen when comparing them.

"How shall I admire your heroicke courage, ye marine worthies, beyond all names of worthiness! that neyther dread so long eyther presence or absence of the sunne; nor those foggy mysts, tempestuous winds, cold blasts, snowes and hayle in the ayre: nor the unequal seas, which might amaze the hearer and amate the beholder, where the *Tritons* and *Neptune's* selfe would quake with chilling feare, to behold such

monstrous icie islands, renting themselves
with terrour of their owne massines, and
disdayning otherwise both the sea's sove-
reignty, and the sunne's hottest violence,
mastering themselves in those watery plaines
where they hold a continual civill warre,
and rushing one upon another, make windes
and waves give backe; seeming to rent the
eares of others, while they rent themselves
with crashing and splitting their congealed
armours."

PURCHAS.

Turned into verse by Mr Crowe.

How shall I admire

Your courage, ye marine adventurers,
Worthies, beyond all names of worthiness!
Who can endure alike the sun so long
Present or absent, and without a dread
Encounter foggy mists, tempestuous winds,
Cold blasts, with snows and hail if the fro-
zen air,

And those unequal seas which might amaze
All ears and eyes, yea, and make Neptune's
self

To quake with chilly fear, when he beholds:
When his huge monsters, icy isles, disdain-
ing

His sovereignty, and the sun's hot violence,
Master themselves upon those watery plaines,
And hold continual war; and where they
rush

Make winds and waves give back, till in
the shock,

Crushing and renting their congealed sides,
They split themselves by their own massiness.

ON NAVAL EDUCATION.

MR EDITOR,

THE subject of education in general
has been, of late years, so much a
topic of discussion, and is, besides, at
all times so interesting, scarcely any
apology can be deemed necessary,
when a professional man seeks to com-
municate his ideas respecting that
branch of the whole, on which his op-
portunities have best enabled him to
form a judgment. On the present oc-
casion, accordingly, I hope to afford
your readers some satisfaction, by con-
sidering at length that most impor-
tant portion indicated above, which is
connected with the pursuits of nearly
all my past years, and which no possi-
ble combination of political circum-
stance can ever render altogether un-
interesting to a discerning British pub-
lic; and in doing this, I shall equally
hope to be able to avoid giving offence
any where, for I shall studiously speak
of existing institutions with that re-
spect which is especially their due
from one who owes his own profes-

sional proficiency, whatever it may
be, exclusively to the opportunities
afforded by them.

Naval, like every other professional
education, may be divided into two,
its elementary and higher branches;
in other words, into that degree of in-
formation which is indispensable to
the whole body for the discharge of
its daily duties, and that which is cal-
culated to carry certain individuals
beyond the beaten routine, and to en-
able them to perform, if called on,
certain higher services. The first di-
vision comprises practical seamanship
and navigation, to which alone, ac-
cordingly, the prescribed examination,
previous to a young man's becoming
eligible for promotion as lieutenant,
is confined: the second may be con-
sidered positively incomplete without
an introduction to natural history,
mechanics, the higher branches of
mathematics, natural philosophy, as-
tronomy, and the like; but may also
be extended even indefinitely beyond
these bounds, for what science is there
in truth which may be deemed posi-
tively useless in the conduct of a voy-
age of discovery, or other similar ser-
vice, what acquisition can never be
brought into play in the varied cir-
cumstances of a seaman's life?

A brief statement of the opportuni-
ties afforded by the existing institu-
tions of our service for acquiring pro-
ficiency in these several departments,
and of the degree in which they are
for the most part improved; together
with some suggestions for a partial
change in these institutions, by which,
with little expense, and, it is presum-
ed, great profit, the opportunities in
question might be materially multi-
plied and increased—these form the
direct objects aimed at in the follow-
ing remarks.

There are two ways, it is well known,
in which a boy, destined for the navy,
may fulfil its requisitions preparatory
to promotion in its ranks.—He may
be entered, at the age of thirteen, on
board one of his Majesty's ships,
where six years actual service as mid-
shipman entitles him to demand that
he be examined touching his capacity
to undertake the charge and fulfil the
duties of a lieutenant;—or he may
be sent at the age of twelve to Ports-
mouth academy, an institution, it must
be premised, on a very limited scale,
and to which, accordingly, only very

superior interest can procure a boy's admission, under bond too that the Navy shall be the profession of his life; but where three years of assiduous study, if crowned with such proficiency as the subsequent examination shall consider necessary, are held equivalent to two years passed on board ship, and with four more, accordingly, spent in actual service, equally entitle the young aspirant to be put on his ultimate examination. Of these two ways, it is easy enough, at first sight, to determine which is best, and yet the difference, on examination into the entire circumstances of each, is not great, both labouring under peculiar disadvantages as complete systems of professional education.

The boy of thirteen, who is sent on board ship, is withdrawn from his early studies, while yet the only impression made by them on his mind, is that of disgust at the labour their tasks had imposed on him. He is thrown into a new world, where the greatest number of those about him are idle, and the choice spirits whom he is most likely to admire and imitate are profligate into the bargain. The schoolmaster, under whom he is required to study navigation, knows nothing probably beyond that necessary, but not exclusively necessary, science; ten to one he is not respectable in his habits, or if he is, that is, under the supposition that the chaplain unites the two charges in his own person, he is a ward room officer, moving in a different sphere from his pupils, and only seeing them at distant and uncertain intervals; while, in the meantime, a thousand claims of active duty, or of amusement under its name, press on the young midshipman's time and attention, rendering it nearly utterly impossible for him to acquire any habit of consistent application. And yet, notwithstanding, it is very seldom that any one, thus circumstanced, grows up a complete dunce; for the situation is not, after all, without its peculiar advantages, as a school of instruction. The practical part of seamanship is even mechanically acquired,—the habit of encountering difficulty and danger, and of applying a prompt and judicious remedy is early formed,—the wits are sharpened for every practical purpose,—and even in the theory of navigation, first curiosity, and then

interest, on daily witnessing the most abstruse calculations applied to the most indispensable purposes of self-preservation, readily carry a boy over the first difficulties. As his six years advance, he gradually becomes solicitous about his ensuing examination, receiving thus a further spur to exertion; and thus, although it must be confessed that, in almost every case alike, all other branches of liberal education are entirely overlooked and neglected, there are yet few or no instances in which a young man of nineteen thus educated, is not qualified to meet the ultimate scrutiny of the examining captains, on the subject of practical seamanship and navigation, a test, by the bye, which, though once little more than matter of form, is now, by the rigour of some very recent regulations, abundantly severe.

The boy of twelve, on the other hand, who is sent to Portsmouth academy, passes through a very different probation, but reaches ultimately very nearly the same point. Taken from home at a still earlier age than the other, his habits of application are, if possible, still less confirmed; but they are soon acquired here, for the discipline is exceedingly strict, both in its letter and administration, and the attention of the young pupils is still further fixed on their tasks by a very judicious regulation, which provides, that if any of them complete the prescribed course of study within two years and a half instead of three years, and can then undergo creditably the concluding examination, these two years and a half shall reckon to them as full time. Their studies, meanwhile, consist of arithmetic in all its rules, elementary mathematics, practical geometry, and drawing, together with such notions of rigging, and other branches of practical seamanship, as the details of a dock-yard are calculated to convey,—this last, however, being rather considered as the recreation than the employment of the young students. Thus far all is very well; the concluding examination is very strict,—and the lad of fifteen, who has passed its ordeal, joins a ship for the first time with very decided advantages over his fellows—inferior to them only in the habitual, practical application of his learning to the purposes of his profession. Even this little obstacle in his course too is soon over-

come,—a very few months are sufficient to teach a sharp lad all that is necessary to be learnt in this way; and the habit of applying it comes of itself within the four years which, as has been already explained, he must yet pass in active service before coming to his ultimate examination. But unfortunately almost every other advantage is for the most part lost in the meantime. The young academicians are comparatively a very small body—scarcely any two of them get together—the chances are twenty to one at least, that they do not—they are inferior in practical knowledge to their young compeers, who, on the other hand, feel their own strength on that point, and, by consequence, undervalue every other, and taunt and jeer at a proficiency which, not being their own, they affect to despise. Thus circumstanced, our young pupils yield for the most part to the tide,—it would be indeed too much to expect from their years that they should very steadily set themselves in opposition to it,—they first, accordingly, conceal and neglect, and then finally lose that proficiency which had been the aim and boast of their earlier years; and amulous alone of that active excellence which, as it is the most congenial to their age, so is it the most popular in their profession, they become, all of them, good practical seamen, much as those educated on board ship, but never (I intimately know and highly regard many of them, and am ignorant of one exception), never push forward to the higher branches of nautical science—never keep up more of what they once learnt even, than what is indispensably necessary to pass them as lieutenants, and to enable them to discharge the duties of the several stations in our service which they may afterwards attain*.

* I positively know one instance, and perhaps it is not solitary, of a young man who passed through Portsmouth academy with the utmost credit, having been one of the very few of his year who finished the prescribed course of study in two years and a half, and who yet was rejected as incompetent when he subsequently presented himself to pass as lieutenant.—My young friend will forgive me for thus quoting him, when I add, that he was so stung by the affront, he studied day and night afterwards, and passed the immediately following month with the utmost ease. His talents had only

Such is a faithful and not over-charged picture of the several means for acquiring proficiency in professional science afforded by the existing institutions of our naval service, and of the degree in which these are for the most part improved by young officers. A single glance is sufficient to shew them to be incomplete and inadequate for their purpose, now especially when the pursuits of science are both more extensive in their own spheres, and more widely disseminated among all ranks of society than they were when these institutions were organized; and when accordingly greater opportunities for instruction are required by naval officers to enable them as well to keep pace with the improvements of science, as to retain their place relatively with those with whom they are called on to act and to associate. But there are three special points, each of great importance, in which they would appear to me most particularly deficient. In the first place, both systems of education pursued by them lead only to one common point of very moderate proficiency,—the pupil of the one learning steadily up to it, impeded only by his own idle habits, and of the other learning and unlearning down to it, his first career being interrupted halfway by a sudden and entire change of object of pursuit. In the second place, the union of two systems in the same service injures the effect of both, inasmuch as it deprives the respective pupils of each of that encouragement which community of preparation and object with their compeers can alone bestow. And, lastly, neither of them afford any means or inducement to young men to pursue their studies beyond the point of moderate proficiency to which they both equally conduct, which means and inducements are accordingly altogether wanting in our service, not only to our own great loss and disgrace, but also to the detriment of the country, whom we should otherwise be enabled more effectually to serve.

been neutralized, only put in abeyance, by the circumstances in which he had been placed; they were, and are still equal to any exertion at which they could reasonably be tasked, and certainly much superior to the mere maintenance of acquisitions, the first difficulties of which they had readily surmounted.

There are two slight innovations, however, which it seems to me would obviate these and other imperfections in the systems in question. The first is, that three or more years spent in assiduous study at any academy willing to accept the boon, provide the requisite masters, and bring forward accordingly boys of fifteen to a certain given point of proficiency, to be determined by a prescribed examination, shall reckon for two years of active service equally with the same time passed at Portsmouth academy; and the second, that an advanced academy be established for the Navy, similar to that possessed by the Army at High Wycombe, admission to which to be open to officers of all ranks, who may be able to procure an appointment to it, and to undergo the previous examination necessary to ascertain that candidates are qualified to follow the course of study pursued in it. Officers thus appointed to enjoy their full personal pay, the same as if they were actually serving afloat (this also being the case at High Wycombe), and to undergo another examination at the close of the prescribed course of study, be it for one, two, or more years, the successful result of which to have no other reward than the certain reputation of superior proficiency to what is commonly attained in the profession, and the recommendation for selection for special service which such reputation would confer; nor the unsuccessful to have other penalty than the general knowledge of the fact. These proposals I shall now consider in their order.

I.—It was before observed, that on a first view of the two systems of elementary naval education now pursued, it seemed very easy to determine which was the best, although on closer examination they are found of nearly equal value the one to the other; and also, that when that examination is gone through, it is not the want of opportunity for acquiring practical proficiency, although the most obviously probable blemish of that which would seem otherwise the best, which is in truth its capital defect, but, on the contrary, the comparatively small number of students brought forward under it, and their want accordingly of all community of preparation and object, with the great mass of compeers with whom they are required to begin their professional career. And that this real-

ly is the state of the case was again attempted to be proved by the fact, that the boys thus educated invariably, and that too in a short time, equal their comrades in practical dexterity, at the same time that they as invariably, and in an equally short period of time, sink to their level in theoretic attainments. The first view accordingly which I now take of the first proposal in question, is, as it would apply a remedy to these disadvantages in this otherwise superior system. Multiply the number of seminaries possessed of the privilege as to service conferred on Portsmouth academy, and you immediately multiply the number of pupils brought up in the same manner—attaching a value to the same attainments—pressing forward to the same goal—keeping each other in countenance in the same studies—and emulous to set forward and increase their respective proficiency in them, not more, they will conceive, for their own honour, than for that of the seminaries whence they each come. And thus would be transferred at once to Naval education all the advantages which in classical instruction arise from the competition of the great grammar schools, Eton, Westminster, and Rugby with each other, and with inferior seminaries,—a competition which we see influence the minds of even their youngest pupils, although their pursuits are to them as dry as navigation or mathematics to a young midshipman.

In the second place, it has been often objected to the navy, as a profession, that boys intended for it are taken so soon from school, and are brought up in habits so exclusively idle, should they either become disgusted with it themselves, or have their prospects in it overcast, they have yet no alternative in their choice, they are fit for nothing else, being in want of that general preliminary education on which alone any after studies can be grafted to advantage, in whatever situation of life the student may be placed. Now this again would be obviated by the proposed measure; for the elements of general education may be bestowed within the prescribed time with ease. For this purpose indeed I would not recommend the required attainments to be too exclusively professional. I speak from an intimate knowledge of the fact when I say, that four years

spent at sea, with a good understanding of the advantage of previous study, and the necessity of continued application, are infinitely better even for practical purposes than six idled away, as they for the most part are under existing institutions. This last observation, however, is only thrown out by the way, and as matter of opinion: I do not pretend definitively to prescribe the point at which the test for admission into the service in this way should be fixed.

Thirdly, such an innovation as is here proposed would appear peculiarly called for by the circumstances in which we are now placed as a nation, inasmuch as it would hold out that encouragement which a few revolving years of peace will make indispensably necessary, if we would keep up our stock of young officers against another war. As matters now stand, no parent in his senses would send his child to sea to have his morals compromised, his habits degraded, and himself exiled, for nothing at all, for the prospects of the navy are now indeed nothing. But if three years of assiduous application to a particular course of study, reconcilable in the main with almost every other profession as well as this, could be made synonymous with two passed on board ship, many would be induced to turn their views in this direction with little or no ultimate loss, even if disappointed.

And lastly (for I do not wish to extend these remarks unnecessarily), such a prefatory course of study, generally disseminated through the profession, would equally disseminate the thirst for higher attainments throughout its ranks. It is a trite but very true observation, that we must know a little about any matter in hand, before we can become even curious about it. If, then, the elements of natural history, mechanics, and practical astronomy, were made portions, and they certainly would be very attractive portions, of the required course, who shall say to what extent the opportunities for original observation and experiment, so amply afforded by our profession, might not be carried, even although no further steps were taken to promote the end?

II. There are four points of view, in which, as more striking, although not perhaps more important, than many

others, I shall here place the second measure proposed (*viz.* the establishment of a naval college, similar to that possessed by the Army at High Wycombe.) These are, as it would essentially benefit the whole profession, those members of it even who may never be able to obtain admission on the lists of the academy or college in question; as it would still more particularly benefit those who may obtain such admission; as it is called for by a due consideration for the interests of the country at large, identified as these are with the enjoyment, by the Navy, of the means of obtaining an improved education, now especially, that the sphere of practical science is become so much more extended than when the existing institutions were organized; and lastly, as it would satisfy the absolute right of the Navy itself to possess these at least equally with the sister but rival service, the Army. I proceed with the first.

The establishment of a naval academy, or rather college, similar to that possessed by the Army at High Wycombe, would benefit the service at large, those members of it even who may never obtain admission on its lists, by holding out a distinct inducement to young officers to pursue their scientific studies beyond the point indispensable to pass them as lieutenants. No one is absolutely certain of what he is capable until he tries. If, then, the qualifications for admission into the college were placed high, at the same time that it was distinctly understood that a passage through its ordeal would be a very great recommendation, there is no doubt that many would make the attempt to qualify themselves accordingly, who would fail in that attempt, but who would yet reap great and lasting benefit from having made it. That this effect, however, of the institution might have its fullest operation, it would be advisable, I think, that the test of qualification should be set very high, the higher indeed the better, so that still something striking be left to be gained by admission, were it even principally the recommendation it would bestow. By this means, mere interest without pre-eminent merit would never be able to push to honours or distinction through this avenue; and the constant vacancies on the establishment,

which, however comparatively small its scale, the mere want of qualified candidates would long occasion, would still further cheer and support patient merit in the previous toil, by the certainty of ultimately earning, if ever deserving, the reward. And here I may remark by the way, that this is, in my opinion, the only capital error in the military establishment at High Wycombe, and yet alone accounts sufficiently for the slender general effect its institution has had on the sister service. The qualification for admission to it is set a great deal too low; appointment to it is notoriously matter of mere interest, and is prepared for, accordingly, only on the spur of the moment, when success is certain.

In the second place, however, the institution in question would more particularly benefit those who may be fortunate enough to obtain admission on its lists, first, by uniting them together, and carrying them forward in their scientific studies to a point which their solitary exertions would not probably ever have attained; and next, by returning them to the active duties of their profession, not only with much higher qualifications than they before possessed, but with the advantage of having these generally known and recognised. It would carry them forward to a higher point of proficiency than any to which their solitary study could ever have attained, through means not only of the superior masters whom it would provide for their instruction, but also of the emulation which community of preparation and pursuit would excite among themselves; and it would restore them to their profession, not only with effective claims to selection for the conduct of almost any special service which might be fitting out, but with qualifications which would make a special service of almost the most ordinary routine, by the capacity they would bestow of blending scientific inquiries with every department of duty. Should any novel emergency of either attack or defence occur in the fleet in which they might be serving, with what advantages would they enter into council, with what deference would their opinions be listened to! In whatever corner of the world their lot of service might be cast, they would seize the passing or permanent phenomena of nature with

the ken of men acquainted with whatever is already known on the particular subject, and ready to notice and to reason on the peculiar variety, should any occur. Should they visit a new country for the first time, their account of it would be complete in all its parts: its capacities, natural and political, would be appreciated with judgment; and the manners, customs, and institutions, civil and religious, of its inhabitants, would be reported without exaggeration, and connected probably with the history of the species at large, by some minute analogy of practice or community of belief, the observation of which might have escaped the less gifted traveller. Or if these visions are Utopian as thus stated, and perhaps in their utmost perfection they are so, they at least indicate the direction in which the judicious outlay of a few hundred pounds annually might conduct to the improvement of a most important body of public men, as the Navy unquestionably is; and however modified by sedate judgment, will still leave enough behind to warrant the expense.

The illustration of the deep interest of the nation at large, in thus educating the great body of naval officers up to a higher point than is now deemed necessary, and some of them even up to the highest, and which illustration forms now the third point of view in which I am to consider the proposal in question, would seem, in some degree anticipated by these remarks: and indeed it is somewhat difficult to draw a distinct line between concurring interests, the qualifications thus spoken of, tending not more to call individuals into notice, than to further, by one and the same act, the service on which they are employed. There is one distinction, however, to be observed between the interests in question, and which best of all separates them on the present occasion. The interests of individuals are transitory, those of the state permanent. The thousands of naval officers, whose race is gone and going by, have sunk, and are now sinking to repose with each his little meed of success and fame, apportioned and appreciated according to his opportunities, not much the better nor much the worse now, however these have been. But the state in past time is the same state still, and who shall say what may not have been lost irre-

vocably, through the very want which I would now recommend to supply, what discoveries in science, what combinations of philosophical reasoning, what death-blows to our enemy's resources may not have been missed, solely because naval officers have never hitherto been able to travel out of the usual routine of their professional duties? The opportunities enjoyed by them of original observation and experiment are incomparably superior to those possessed by any other body of men; their leisure is even a burthen to themselves, and their inducements to give their ingenuity a scientific direction are great.—And yet not one of them has ever materially assisted the progress of science by any considerable original discovery*, and not a very great number have even very con-

spicuously followed in the beaten path. This can be owing to nothing but the want of original preparation and due encouragement, and it is assuredly not more nor less the duty than the interest of a great maritime state to remedy the defect.

The absolute right of the Navy to enjoy at least equal opportunities of improvement with the sister service, the Army, is the last topic to be illustrated under this head, and, in stating it, I am unconscious of being actuated by any mean jealousy of the Army, or of the advantages and honours which it enjoys. In common with a great many more of my class and degree, I may very possibly think, that in public estimation the glories of Waterloo have been allowed somewhat too much to eclipse the once pre-eminent trophies of St. Vincent and Trafalgar, the names of Wellington, Hill, Beresford, and others, somewhat too much to cast into oblivion those of Jarvis, Duncan, Nelson, and the rest.—And, in like manner, on the present occasion, I may and do think, that the Army, with its seminaries at Woolwich, Sandhurst, and High Wycombe, has somewhat too heavy a scale of instruction adapted to its purposes when compared with our humble academy at Portsmouth. But neither in the one case nor in the other are any of us desirous to pull down, and in this, in particular, I would only seek to build up in amicable rivalry and imitation. And surely none would censure such a desire as illiberal under any circumstances, but particularly if it can be proved, as I hope to prove it satisfactorily, that in point of fact, officers of the Navy, of all ranks, stand more in need of a liberal education than officers of the Army of even high relative station, although, as matters now are, they have comparatively no opportunities of improvement afforded them at all.

The Army and Navy differ as fields for the exertion of individual talent, in a great many circumstances; but in none more than this, that whereas, on the one hand, ninety-nine out of a hundred officers of the army are never called on to display greater original resource than what consists in a gallant spirit, and due notions of discipline, as evinced in their deportment both to superiors and inferiors: on the other,

of information would speedily reduce to its proper level?

* The minute observations and reasoning of the late lamented Captain Flinders, respecting the Marine Barometer and Variation of the Compass, come the nearest to an exception to the above remark, but are not yet of sufficient importance materially to qualify it: while there is another fact to which there is no exception whatever of any moment, still more strikingly in point on the opposite side.—The Navy has been actively and assiduously employed against its antagonist for many years since the discovery of most of the modern improvements in chemistry and other sciences, during all which time, too, England has been the first maritime, and among the first scientific nations in the world.—Not one combination of mechanical power, for the purposes either of attack or defence, has notwithstanding appeared among us, the invention of one of our own body; we did not even discover ourselves the principles of that memorable improvement introduced 36 years ago into our own line of battle; we plodded on in the old routine, from the first even to the last. On the contrary, no sooner were the energies of the Army, assisted as these are by its several seminaries, called out, than new inventions of shells, rockets, grenades, &c. became immediately common. Now who shall say what might not have been the several results at Toulon, Teneriffe, and Boulogne (I quote, after all, the only instances of failure in our modern annals), or how superior might not have been our successes at Copenhagen, and elsewhere, if we had even only possessed these secrets at an earlier date? And who shall presume still more to determine what hitherto undiscovered weapon may not even yet start forth to existence, when the brains of our young officers shall become pregnant with other matters than the *main top-sail-haul* routine, which has hitherto occupied their every thought, but which a more general degree

there is not that little midshipman in the whole Navy who is not east, occasionally, absolutely on himself, be it but in the conduct of a boat on detached service, and who must not sink or swim, I speak to the letter, as his own judgment shall lead him right or wrong in the supposed case. Every step as he advances in his profession, multiplies and increases the importance of the occasions in which he is thus called on for the exertion of individual talent: and when at length he becomes a lieutenant commanding a small vessel, or a commander in a sloop of war, he has, for every ordinary purpose of conducting his charge in safety, precisely the same task to perform with the Admiral of the fleet, with these additional disadvantages, that his experience is less, his ship for the most part is employed nearer the shore, and consequently in more critical situations than a fleet would, without an object, choose to go into, and he has, besides, no such advisers to consult with as are usually found in a flag-ship. His charge, it may be said, is less; but to him, and to the ship's company confided to his judgment, the stake is just the same: it is life, and property, and honour, in both cases.

Such being the case, then, to whom, I would now ask, should the best professional education be given, to the officer on whom the best is thus far thrown away, that the chances are ninety-nine to one that he is never called on to apply any of it to practice; or to him who, whether he has it or not to an advisable extent, must be all his life, in peace or in war, in scenes where some of its lessons are indispensably necessary for his safety and reputation? The question answers itself; and that answer is an admission of the right which I have thus sought to establish and maintain.

This communication, Mr Editor, has already extended to an almost inadmissible length; and I therefore hasten to conclude it with only one more observation. This regards an objection which may possibly be made to the whole of the plan thus detailed and recommended, viz. that it would place theory before practice, and accordingly injure the service more than it would improve it. I am not, however, of this opinion. It would make us all a little more theoretical, and, in so far, would be an advantage; and some of us would become, through its means, too good

for the general routine of service, and in so far it would be an advantage still, for, associating with, and emulating these, would raise the tone of our pursuits in every respect, while their success would reflect credit on us all. But the great mass of us would, relatively to each other, remain much the same as now, too indolent, perhaps too inert in every way, to push to eminence in any speculative pursuit. To them the practical details of our service would still continue a peculiar sphere; and, indeed, be it said without apprehension by one, who has always been rather sedentary than otherwise in his own habits, in these there is a pleasure, a delight, a pride even, when they are kept in just their proper place, subordinate to higher objects, which will always redeem them from neglect, did not their indispensable necessity guarantee them from such a fate. But that is a still more effectual security; for who would neglect the practical details of a service, in which the very smallest oversight may, by a fatal concatenation, lead to the most signal calamity?

Should these remarks ever have the honour of meeting the eye of our present First Lord (Lord Melville), their scope and tenor will, I am sure, receive his indulgent consideration, however their entire purpose may possibly fail of obtaining his unqualified approbation. His father's name stands pre-eminent among those of the statesmen of his day; and yet is for nothing so noted, or so gratefully remembered, as for the minute attention and encouragement he always lent to suggestions for naval improvement. Who shall be emulous of his example if not his son? who shall follow up his views, if not the inheritor of his appropriate honours? The first step in this case is, indeed, already taken; for it is to the present Lord Melville that we are indebted for the renewed severity of our examination as lieutenants. If any generous love of fame animate his labours (and who shall presume to doubt it?) let him persevere with his best judgment in the same path, and ample will be his reward. His name will be inscribed with honour in the imperishable annals of his native land, when the distinctions of political party, and the bustlings of ephemeral administration, shall be alike swept away and forgotten amidst the other wrecks of a transitory existence. M.

REFLEXIONS OCCASIONED BY SOME LATE SINS OF THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

"Licence they mean when they cry Liberty,
For who love that must first be wise and good." MILTON.

WERE any proof wanting to shew how utterly unenglish, in all their ideas, a certain class of periodical writers are, who affect a peculiar regard for the maintenance of our national spirit and character—that proof might be abundantly gathered from the disquisitions of these persons on the death of the late Queen. A virtuous matron, who had been, for more than half a century, the blameless and domestic partner of one of the most virtuous monarchs that ever sat upon any throne, might have expected, one should have supposed (and without any great excess of sanguine expectation), that her dust might be gathered into the receptacle wherein all distinctions are levelled, without being insulted by any voice of irreverence, from among a nation so eminent for their virtue and their loyalty as the English. And yet it has not been so. Throughout the great body of the people, indeed, the spirit that has been manifested, has been worthy of the name which we bear, and the rights which we inherit. There has been none of that foolish adulation which is used to disguise the hatred of tyrants upon the lips of slaves. There has been no fulsome mockery—no frigid affectation—no false-tongued mimicry of passionate admiration or of passionate grief. But there has been a quiet expression of respect for the unspotted worth and purity of the Queen's character and conduct, mixed not unnaturally with the expression of yet deeper reverence for the aged and afflicted sovereign, whom she has preceded to the grave—and mixed, as might become a nation whose household virtues are their noblest distinction, with no obscure expression of sympathy for the remaining members of that illustrious house, whose greatness has of late been visited with so many dark tokens of all the weaknesses "that flesh is heir to." Such sentiments as these, and such communion of sentiment, might be looked for from a people that see, in their monarchs the emblems and instruments of their freedom; and are ever prepared to reverence in them the representatives and guardians of their character.—Nor can we hesitate to believe that

they who have adventured to speak after a different fashion, whatever may be the loftiness of their pretensions and their professions, are, in truth, strangers to that character, and enemies to that freedom.

We acquit the "men of mark" of every party among us, of all participation in such unworthiness; most sincerely do we wish we could extend this acquittal to some of the publications which are commonly supposed to bear with them the authority of one great and important party. In not a few of these publications, we are very sorry to say, there has been displayed upon this occasion, a spirit of envious, uncharitable, splenetic captiousness, the appearance of any symptoms of which, in such quarters, upon such occasions, we always regret the more, on account of the encouragement which they cannot but afford to the mean and skulking malevolence of a very different set of works—works whose principles and practices will long, we hope, continue to be condemned, as they now are, by all that make any pretensions to the character of English statesmen. The men of virtue and of talent (and who will deny that there are many such?) who oppose themselves in Parliament, and out of Parliament, to the present administration of their country, should beware whom they admit to claim fellowship with them. They should remember that they profess to be the representatives of some of the best, and the wisest men that ever England produced. We believe them indeed to be mistaken, but who shall suspect them to be insincere? Let them think how the old Whigs of England would have scorned the low-minded enemies of all her greatness, whom they are permitting to fight by their side—nay, from whose impotent hands, they have sometimes permitted themselves to borrow for their warfare, the embaled and empoisoned weapons of a caitiff malice.

There exists in this island, above all in its metropolis, a set of men, who, were their power equal to their will, would soon, indeed, take away from us every thing that has served to draw

the admiration and respect of the world to the constitution of England, and the character of Englishmen. There exists a set of practised incendiaries, who lurk around every corner of our venerable pile, ready to thrust in the spark of destruction, whenever they hope to blow it with impunity. The daily, the weekly, the monthly press, groans with the weight of inflammatory dullness. It is the business of these men, and of their wicked lives, to taint every purity which we love—to degrade every dignity which we reverence—to debase all our recollections—to darken all our hopes—to shake all our confidence. To these men, whose pride is in their profligacy, the dearest of all triumphs is a fair reputation blasted, a sacred feeling outraged—the stain of demoniacal pollution stamped on some high resting-place of the affection and the honour of their countrymen. What is good, they hate, being wicked; the contemplation of worth is sufficient to poison the beams that shine upon them. They abhor the old, majestic, proud spirit of England, and would substitute in its place a little vain flimsy thing, made up of pretence and meanness. These creatures are like toads, which delight to spit their venom upon flowers; obscure, filthy, not to be touched for disgust, their track may be surely followed by their most odious slime.

There is nothing which has more bitterly afflicted the paltry spleen of these *patriots* than the personal character of the King and Queen of England. The image of their purity has oppressed them like a nightmare. The respectful applauses of the people have been daggers to their ears. They have reviled our Ministers; and as all men are not wise, nor all measures obviously prudent, they have persuaded many that they deserve to be reviled. They have railed against our Parliaments, and deafened the air with their clamours of corruption. The great machine of government and legislation has gone on as befitted a pure and lofty nation; yet here too, exaggeration and invention have been enough to procure for their voice some credence. But the throne was a sanctuary which their malice could not approach without being consumed. The inflexible integrity, the domestic purity, the honesty and the honour of the King—these were things which they durst not touch, lest every foot should turn

round upon them, and trample them into their mire. Removed by God's Providence from his severe duties and his innocent enjoyments, these enemies of our peace have fondly persuaded themselves that our King has become half forgotten among us, and they have at last begun to wage an obscene war upon his gray hairs and his affliction. They have insulted him living through the dead partner of his affections and his virtues. The privacy, the blamelessness, of her long life, have not been able to make them ashamed of outraging her memory. Armed with all the confidence which malice can give, and ignorance augment, they have launched forth keen darts, which have served no purpose save that of shewing their fury—which have at once fallen down blunted and bruised, beneath the heavenly armour of which a great old poet speaks.

“Sotto l'usbergo del esser puro.”

When a poet, who is the worst enemy of his own greatness, put forth, some time ago, a set of ribald libels upon the character and person of the present sovereign of these realms, we took occasion to tell him, not, we hope, without the respect to which his genius entitles him, that his publication was a disgrace to him as a *gentleman*, no less than as a subject,—that it was an unmanly and cowardly production, because it was replete with insults against one who could not chastise them. The conduct of the Jacobinical journalists, who have, upon this later occasion, reviled the Queen's memory, are chargeable with a still meaner, and a still more disgusting piece of cowardice,—were it worth while to bring any charge against heads already so covered with contempt. The rank and station of the Queen should have protected her from insolent—her sex alone from coarse abuse; yet insolence and coarseness have been mingled together with no sparing hand in the invectives of those vulgar spirits, who, to the disgrace of our country, possess the chief sway of the only press that acts directly and powerfully upon the lower classes of the community. By every rational and reflective lover of our native land, the wicked and pernicious productions thrown out by this corrupted press to please the rank cravings of a diseased and morbid appetite for excitement among the uneducated or half-educated populace, are contemplated with a seriousness of ap-

prehension very different from what might, at first sight, be regarded as due to the exertions of a set of writers, without any exception, utterly ignorant; and, with a very few exceptions indeed, utterly dull. It is no difficult thing to hit the taste of the vulgar. The pantomime must be strange indeed that does not relax the muscles of a clown, or a serving man. The malevolence of human nature despises not a few of them that are low, to rejoice in the humiliation, real or fancied, of their superiors. Alas! it is a still more universal passion which leads the wicked to triumph in the degradation of the good, however transitory, however imaginary, that degradation may be; nor can any engine, which increases the action of these bad passions, and which thrives by increasing it, be utterly despised by us, merely because its machinery is rude, and its superintendent contemptible.

However lively may be the indignation with which we regard the authors and circulators of those ruffian-like calumnies, from which neither the solemnity of the death-bed, nor the sanctity of the grave, have been able to protect the late Queen of England—of the feeling with which these inhuman outrages have been witnessed by us, the emotions of anger and indignation have been far indeed from being the principal elements. A false calumny can leave no permanent stain upon the purity which it insults; nor is it to be feared that the calm voice of history can be at all affected by the whispers or the babblings of wretches whereof posterity will take no note. Our indignation that such things should be said, is trifling, when compared with our grief that they should be endured. We are none of those prophets of evil who delight in foretelling the degradation of their country—we are none of those who carry personal spleen into public speculation, or colour the wide prospect of national existence with colours dipt in the gloom of a factious disappointment.

Well may we praise the land that gave us birth,
And bless the fate that made that country
ours;

For of all ages and all parts of earth,
To choose our time and place did fate allow
Wise choice would be this England, and
this Now.

We have cherished, and we do cherish
high hopes; we fear not that

that which is good should be deserted by the favour of Omnipotence; we have no fear lest the wicked men, who hate the happiness which is connected with virtue, should ultimately prosper in their unworthy aims. But it is not easy, and perhaps it were not wise, to view, without something of sorrow, the least symptom of decay in that general spirit of manliness and uprightness, in those broad and firm habits of generous feeling, from which, in the darkest days of our political horizon, we were wont to shape a hope and a confidence, that, by God's grace, have not been disappointed. The principles and the feelings of our countrymen must ever strengthen and support each other. Heretofore they have been gloriously blended. Patriotism and loyalty, and moral purity, have been enshrined together in the same hearts; and the undivided homage of those who loved and hallowed their union, was the main element of that whereon all our trust was built, the first and highest attribute in the national character of our countrymen. The moment, that the chivalry of feeling is discarded, will be viewed by us as the sure harbinger of death and destruction to the energy of principle. We have no faith in the excellence of their citizenship, who are ungenerous men; we have no hope for the nation that allows the feelings of the low, and the passions of the bad, to mingle permanently and deeply in the waters out of which her spirit drinks. The periodical press of England is, for the most part, fed by men vulgar in birth, in habits, and in education—needy adventurers—shallow, superficial, coxcombs—puny creatures that spring up in that broad and sterile track of *debateable land*, which lies between the simple and the enlightened—the peasant and the gentleman. Alike audacious to precede, and servile to follow—vulgar misconceptions, and ignorant apprehensions, and paltry jealousies, and envious sneers, are the elements and instruments of their atrocious war. Newspapers contain something for every man; therefore they come into the hands of every man. The lie that we read with a shudder to-day, is repeated to-morrow and to-morrow, for weeks, for months, and for years, till the eye and the mind learn to glance over it with unconcern. Newspapers are not studied, they are simply read. Their

contents are swallowed by us when our bodies and our minds are in a state of listlessness and inaction; a bold calumny is precious, for it lends a stimulus to their flagging, and a point to their dulness. Men give themselves up gradually to their incessant and irritating influence, because they cannot always resist; and in every vice, as well as in this of credulity, *il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*. It is time that men should perceive their danger—that they should open their inert eyes on the depth of that giddy precipice to which their unwary feet have been conducted—that they should acknowledge one fault, and argue from its certain existence to the possible existence of many—that they should at last make a stand, and permit the unwearied waves, which would fret away all their land-marks, *to come no farther*. If there be one gentleman among our readers, whose conscience tells him that he has for a moment read, without indignation and disgust, any of the late mean and carping calumnies against the good name of Queen Charlotte, let him reflect with seriousness, and we are pretty sure it will be with sorrow. Let him learn henceforth to distrust more readily the motives of other minds, and the weakness of his own—to examine into the true nature of other calumnies to which he may have been longer accustomed—to shake from him prejudices which may have been more successfully instilled—to return to thoughts and feelings which, in regard to other objects, may have been more deliberately perverted and abused. Let him learn two lessons, *to suspect and to analyze*—and we doubt not he will soon acknowledge, with us, the possibility of drawing good out of evil.

We can suppose it very possible, that persons who stand acquitted to themselves of any participation in the faults of which we have spoken, may say, that we have been making a great deal too much of the matter, and deny, perhaps, that there exists any danger, or any evil, such as we have described and lamented. Far, very far, be it from us to quarrel with that blessed spirit of charity, which “think-eth no evil.” But where guilt does exist, it is a better and a wiser thing to forgive freely than to acquit rashly. Unless we be very widely mistaken, the outrages of which we have been speaking are no isolated offences, has-

tily committed, and deserving to be hastily forgotten. Unless we have looked through a false medium upon the whole political and social surface of our country, these outrages are part of one deliberate system of evil, which it is alike impossible to contemplate too seriously, or to condemn too severely. They are part of a system devised, and, alas! too well organized, by wicked men, for wicked purposes,—a system, which, however inconsiderable may be its instruments, taken separately—however contemptible its planners and its propagators, both in their morals and in their intellects,—is yet formidable, from the extent to which it operates, the unceasing nature of its operation, and the progress which we fear it has already made in not a few of the objects to which its polluted energies have been directed. This system has indeed enlisted in its service as motley and polygeneous an array, as ever found the elements of its ruin in disunion of voices, purposes, and views. But that which is incapable of creation, may have power enough for destruction; and we should beware of too much despising our adversaries, merely because we feel ourselves entitled to despise them. We envy not their tranquillity, however comfortable it may be, who contemplate, without a fixed and serious alarm, the action of that Jacobin press, which has for its main object to effect the degradation of the feeling and the character of our people, and which omits no opportunity of forwarding this ignoble purpose, by attacking the reverence of the people, for any one of those venerable institutions which serve to keep alive the connexion between them and their fathers, and so to cherish the spirit wherein England has ever found the true source of her happiness and her greatness. Of these sacred institutions, most assuredly the Monarchy is one. Its importance, were there no other means of estimating it, might be gathered from the indefatigable bitterness with which its outworks are assaulted by those who hate it only, or chiefly, on account of its connexion with other less external and tangible objects of our reverence.

The late abuse of the Queen was only one transient ebullition of that spleen which is vented with a more determined and pertinacious audacity against her son. It would almost seem as if the known affection of the

child had been sufficient to kindle, in these wretched bosoms, a new hatred of the parent. The filial duty of the Regent; brought by the circumstances of his affliction, more conspicuously before the public eye, might tend, they were afraid, to endear him to his people; and they strove to counteract the effects of his tenderness, by degrading its object. It is thus that these men proceed in their warfare. The falseness of premises, the absurdities of conclusions, can easily be exposed; therefore in these they deal not. They do not assault by reason, argument, or principle; for, in regard to these, they feel, and have always felt, their weakness, or rather their nothingness. Their stronghold lies in the abundance of evil passions; these they cherish, exacerbate, and multiply; and through these they make their approaches to heads little fitted either by nature or by education for scrutinizing facts, or weighing abstract arguments in the balance. Their scheme, their easy scheme, is to assault principles, by abusing persons. Surnames and nicknames, and all the hackneyed tools of vulgar insolence—these are the weapons wherein the art-injury of this literary mob is rich. It is a startling thing to reflect for a moment to what extent, in some instances, these base weapons of a cowardly warfare have already served their turn, how unremittingly the shafts have been discharged, and how deeply the venom has been sucked into the circulation of opinion!

The same abuse, which, in the early part of his reign, was levelled abundantly against the King himself, but from which it has now been long the policy of his worst enemies to abstain, has been revived and redoubled against the Regent—and for why? The question will not easily be answered by the greater part of those who are accustomed to hear, if not to echo, the disloyal outcry. It is the maxim of our constitution, that the Sovereign can do no wrong; the Regent has responsible Ministers; the old fable of secret influence has not been resuscitated: upon what pretence, then,—(for we need not ask from what motives)—proceeds the incessant persecution of the Prince's character in these corrupt prints? With his private character they have little acquaintance, and not much concern;—they abuse it, however, perpetually, and yet even against it they have no

charge to bring forward, upon whose merits they would be willing to rest the justification of their general abusiveness. In his public character of Regent, we know of only one act which was openly and entirely his own. By this one act, it is our firm belief, he merited the eternal gratitude of his country and of Europe; and yet from this noble act, dates the beginning of the most systematic and rancorous calumny that was ever levelled by plebeian arrogance against the supreme magistrate of a mighty nation. The abuse of the Regent, as contrasted with the King, begun from the very moment when the son identified his political being with that of his father, by adopting the principles and the servants of his government.—But what avails it to point out the logical blunders of men who despise all reasoning? or why pursue the filthy windings of a bloated and luxuriant malice, which, the more deeply it is wounded, will only multiply the more the organs of its infernal hiss,

With complicated monsters, head and tail,
Scorpion and asp, and Amphibians dire,
Cernæus horned, Hydus, and Elops drear,
And Dipsas?—

It is indeed a task without honour, as without pleasure; and yet, could any thing be effected that might tend to confine the crawlings of the reptile to its native coverts, could any check be given to that sluggish apathy with which a vast proportion of the people have accustomed themselves to contemplate the most audacious of its inroads,—there would be no need of pleasure in the execution, or honour in the completion of the work, to make a lover of his country embrace it freely. It is the privilege of the earth-creeping adversaries of our honour, that, to combat them, we must descend. Assault them with the high chivalry of feeling and principle, and their scaly length glides, without one agony, into the fens and brakes, where for it alone, path or shelter may be found.—Speak to these babblers as Englishmen, and they understand you not. They have no knowledge or communion in that nature which binds Englishmen together. They have no reverence for that which we worship—no love for that which we love. They are strangers to the spirit of the land from which they spring—enemies of its old freedom—parricides of its old honour; and yet from day to day the crouching spirit of their treason is per-

mitted to repeat its hiss, till alas ! honest ears become familiar with the dissonance, and hearts formed for honesty begin to be touched and blackened with the sprinklings of the poison.

The combination of plebeian meanness, and plebeian falsehood, should be encountered, as heretofore it hath been, by a counter-combination. The good, the honest, the truly patriotic, need only to perceive their danger in order to be secure of their victory. The delights of derision may flatter and deceive, for a moment, the weakness of the best natures ; but at last the vitals of principle begin to be affected, and the alarm is given. It is then that the original stamina are aroused from their inaction, and that the vigour of early feeling tosses forth the contagion, which, had it approached more cautiously, might have planted its roots more profoundly. It is then that men ask themselves whither their thoughts are tending ; and that wise and virtuous men blush, as well they may, to perceive how they have been permitting the strongholds of their character to be slowly and basely undermined by the skulking diligence of the foolish and the wicked.

The spleen and wrath of a disappointed party—against whom we shall say nothing, except that we rejoice in their disappointment—has led, we are apprehensive, not a few members of this party, upon not a few occasions, to have recourse to measures, and to league themselves with men, whose nature should render them equally odious to every party that aspires to the name of British. Did the Jacobin crew derive no casual encouragements from their betters, the utmost of their vile efforts would be deserving of nothing but sheer contempt. Upon this last occasion we have remarked, with any feelings rather than those of triumph, the self-degrading and wilful inadvertence of some, whom, hostile though they be to us, we willingly acknowledge, to be in the main, generous opponents, and of whose characters therefore, whatever may be our opinion of their cause, we would always desire to think, not with tolerance merely, but with respect. It is with no hypocritical lamentation that we turn from the meanness with which modern tactics are too frequently disgraced, to better times, in which neither difference of faith, nor difference of success, availed to corrupt, in the hearts of either ar-

ray, those great principles of honourable warfare, which both alike were proud to carry with them into an honourable field. The day has been, when, to insult the person of a sovereign, and the deathbed of a lady, would have been alike disclaimed, alike execrated, alike loathed, by all the parties to which English politics give legitimate birth.

There is no affectation in our sorrow over the "*Gran' bonta de' Cavalier' antichi*," and yet there is no despair mingled with our sincere affliction. The errors of which we complain will, we are well persuaded, be no more than transitory errors. The pedigree of right thought is not soon to be radically corrupted. It is a high surely, but is very far from being an unwise confidence, wherewith the best and the greatest intellects of England still look to the future tenor of their country's being. It is with a sober and a prospective trust that our poets and philosophers still lend magnificent words to the prevailing sentiment of their people.

Hail to the crown by freedom shaped—to gird
An English sovereign's brow ! and to the throne

Whereon he sits ! whose deep foundations lie
In veneration and the People's love,
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.
Hail to the state of England ! and conjoin
With this a salutation as devout,
Made to the spiritual fabric of her church ;
Founded in truth ; by blood of martyrdom
Cemented ; by the hands of wisdom reared
In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp
Decent and unproved. The voice that
greets

The majesty of both, shall pray for both ;
That, mutually protected and sustained,
They may endure, as long as sea surrounds
This favoured land, or sunshine warms her soil.
And, O, yeswelling hills and spacious plains !
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple
towers,
And spires whose "silent finger points to
heaven ;"

Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient Minster, lifted above the clouds
Of the dense air, which town or city breeds
To intercept the sun's glad beams—may ne'er
That true succession fail of English hearts,
That can perceive not less than heretofore
Our ancestors did feelingly perceive,
What in those holy structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love.
Thus never shall the indignities of time
Approach their reverend graces unopposed ;
Nor shall the elements be free to hurt
Their fair proportions, nor the blinder rage
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn ! * * *

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. Mr Dibdin has returned from a bibliographical tour of seven months upon the Continent, in which it has been his chief object to examine the libraries, and to incur into the state of literature in France, Normandy, and Germany. During this tour the public libraries, and the principal private collections, have been particularly examined; and as Mr D. took an artist with him, expressly for the purpose of making picturesque views, and drawings from illuminated MSS., he has been careful to bring home such specimens of the skill of his companion as may be likely to gratify the present prevailing taste of his countrymen.—Among the objects of Art, the cathedrals of Rouen, Bayeux, Caen, and Coutance, in Normandy,—and those of Strasbourg and Vienna in France and Germany,—have been particularly selected; while many of the illuminated treasures in the Royal Library at Paris,* and in the public libraries of Munich, Vienna, and Nuremberg, have been examined and copied with a fidelity which has not been hitherto surpassed.—The great monastic establishments of Kremsmünster, St Florian, Mölk, and Goettvich, in Austria, have been particularly visited—and the book-treasures of the dilapidated monasteries in Bavaria minutely noticed in the immense collections at Munich. The greater part of this ground has been untrodden by English travellers; and perhaps the whole has been neglected with the view of accumulating *bibliographical* information—the professed object of Mr Dibdin's undertaking, and the fruits of which will one day be submitted to the public.

M. de Roquefort's long-expected edition of the Works of *Mary of France* is about to appear at Paris. His text will be taken from the MSS. preserved in the Royal Library; but as these are imperfect, the deficiencies will be supplied from the MS. in the Harleian Collection. Few of our readers at least can be strangers to the pleasing translations of the lays of Mary by the late Mr Ellis, prefixed to his *Specimens of Ancient English Metrical Romances*. Le Grand d'Aussy has also paraphrased some of her tales in his *Fabliaux*, a work which, by diffusing a superficial notion of the poetry of the Trouveurs, and thus satisfying the multitude, has done infinite mischief to the good cause of romantic literature. It must be recollected, that the lays constitute a portion only of the works of Mary. She

also versified a collection of *Æsopian* apoloques; and although the confabulations of a cock and a bull may seem to possess less interest than the fairy adventures of Graelent and Lanval, yet, from the singular elegance of her style, they may be numbered amongst the most valuable relics of the middle ages. In her verse we trace the simplicity and archness of La Fontaine; and it is more than probable that La Fontaine himself had studied her antique rhyme. Pully conversant with the "*vieux Gaulois*," as the modern Frenchmen, half in seriousness and half in mockery, call the dialect spoken by their ancestors, La Fontaine was prepared to feel and understand the beauties of this forgotten songstress of the elder day. Besides the fables, this edition will also include Mary's poem on the Purgatory of Saint Patrick. We have never had an opportunity of reading this poem, but the prose legend has many fine touches of fancy, which are susceptible of poetical embellishment. M. de Roquefort states in his prospectus, that he intends to add a dissertation on the ancient manners and customs of the French and English nations, together with certain *recherches* on her life and works. As to the latter points, we do not, however, expect that any very material addition can be made to the able essay of the Abbé de la Rue, published in the transactions of the Society of Antiquaries. We have reason to suppose that the undertaking of M. de Roquefort has been promoted by the friendship and exertions of the Abbé; and we hope that he may receive sufficient support from the public to enable him to proceed in these labours. His Glossary of the Romance Language is a creditable proof of his acquirements. All the romantic epics of the Trouveurs ought to see the light. The investigation of romance in the prose romances is exceedingly unsatisfactory: yet whilst these ponderous volumes are purchased almost for their weight in gold by our eager collectors, the sources from whence they are drawn are completely neglected. Hitherto the French have talked much about their Trouveurs and Minstrels, whilst they have done little towards the effectual encouragement of the study of their ancient literature. This reproach, however, falls quite as heavily upon our own dear fellow-countrymen. We cannot mention the name of poor Weber without pain. His collection of metrical romances, greatly as his plans were contracted by necessity, is a treasury of invaluable materials towards the history of fiction, and manners, and language; and yet we must blush for the "reading public," (to whom, by the bye, all real antiquarians

* From these illuminated MSS. a series of very interesting old French portraits have been selected.

ought to owe almost as great a grudge as Mr Coleridge does,) when we recollect the reception which awaited it.

At Madrid has recently appeared the first volume of a series, to consist of about ten volumes, of the history of the Spanish war against Napoleon Bonaparte. The succeeding volumes are promised at regular periods of publication. This history has been written by the royal order. To preserve that impartiality so rare in all national histories, the present one is not composed by a single writer, but by several, who unite their common labours, while the whole body discuss the most difficult points, ascertain the truth of the facts, and have been furnished with every possible means to promote their researches. Each volume will have an appendix, noting the documents which they have consulted, and the historical proofs and illustrations, with charts and plans, explanatory of the military operations. If the spirit of this work be such as appears by the first volume, it will form an unique history, not written by one historian, but by several. At all events, this history must be consulted as an official document of the Spanish nation.

At Paris a large collection of French poetry, arranged by classes, is announced as ready for the press; to be entitled, *Nouvelle Encyclopédie Poétique*. The editors labour to persuade us that many a poet has only written one or two striking poems. The ancient king who had only one eye, though otherwise handsome enough, the artist painted in profile; and on the same principle they propose to exhibit their poets by their most advantageous side. We hope they will be careful not to give us any monocular poet, whose single eye the critics may condemn to have taken out. Aware that in former compilations of this nature, the editors have been swayed by the influence of circumstances, by the opinion of a flatterer, or the solicitation of a friend, they promise to exert a severity in their choice which is very commendable. It is to consist of eighteen volumes, of which the classes are as follows: Poemes didactiques; poemes descriptifs; poemes erotiques, mythologiques, et philosophiques; poemes heroïques, badins, et burlesques; heroides et elegies; idylles et eclogues; epitres morales; epitres familiares; odes; stances, cantates, chants royaux, cantiques, &c.; satires; fables; contes; romances, chansons erotiques, anecdotiques, &c.; chansons anacreontiques, rondes, vaudevilles; chansons poissardes, grivoises et burlesques; epigrammes, madrigaux, impromptus, inscriptions; fragmens, portraits et pensées en maximes; ballades, sonnets, rondeaux, trios, villanelles, lais, virelais, tansons, re-nouveaux ou reverdis, monerimes. We have given their arrangement, as we consider this classification may be useful. Mr Campbell's selections from our own poetry will form an interesting accompaniment,

and we may then compare the distinct genius of the national poetry of each. There is one playful class in which the French will be found to excel, and many in which we maintain our superiority. Such collections provoke comparison, and keep alive the inquiries of taste, and often tend to its enlargement. While chemists are disputing whether some bodies are simple or compound, critics have their chlorine and their muriates.

Brazil.—*Journal von Brasilien, &c.* The Brazil Journal, No. 1. 8vo. Weimar.—This publication, descriptive of a country which has hitherto been concealed with great jealousy from Europeans, has commenced, and will, no doubt, be satisfactorily supported. M. d'Eschwege, lieutenant-colonel and director-general of the gold mines of Brazil, has undertaken this journal, not less interesting to the department of geography and natural history in general, and to this country in particular, than adapted to correct various errors propagated by late travellers. The first Number, accompanied by a plan and other plates, contains merely the general introduction to the history; the second will comprise an account of Brazil, its productions, population, &c. in the form of memoirs, notices, &c. The whole is the result of observations made during several scientific journeys, by the diligent and learned author.

We understand that M. Simonde de Sismondi, is at present engaged in writing a History of France, from the beginning of the French Monarchy down to the Revolution; it will consist of about 20 volumes.

[The announces of the following new books, &c. &c. have been received from a private correspondent in Germany.—EDITOR.]

Etymologicum Græcæ Linguae Gudianum, et alia Grammaticorum scripta e codicibus manuscriptorum, nunc primum editum. Accedunt notæ ad *Etymologicum magnum ineditæ* E. H. Barkeri, Imn. Bekheri, Lud. Kulenkampii, Amad. Peyroni aliorumque. Quos digessit et una cum suis edidit Fr. G. Sturzium, cum indice locupletissimo. Lipsiæ, 1818. 4to. 682 pages. The *Etymologicum Gudianum* contains about 590 pages. Then follows *Specimen Lexici*, a Photio, Patriarcha Constantinopolitano conscripti, with a letter by T. Gale to Marquard Gude, on this specimen. Next are extracts of a MS. at Leipzig, *Ετυμολογία τῆς Ἀλφάβητος* of Apion, Homeric Glossæ, Orion's Lexicon, &c. and from a Codex Darmstad. Bombyt. of the 14th and 16th century. Lastly, *Grammatica Descripta*, opera Birnbaumii ex cod. Schellersheimii.

History of the Religion of Christ; by Fred. Leopold, Count of Stollberg. Hamburg, 1818. Vol. XIV. This volume contains the very interesting but short period from the partition of Theodosius (395)

to the sack of Rome by Alaric (410). Though a Catholic author (for which faith he has left the Lutheran church), it is not only for the variety of his information, or the splendour and beauty of his language, that he may be perused with advantage by every Christian. (F. Schlegel, II. last lecture.)

The Year, in four cantos, a rustic epic; by Christ. Donaleitos. From the original Lithuanian. Translated in the same measure, by Dr L. F. Rhesa, Professor of Divinity. Königsberg, 1818. 8vo. Dr Rhesa, to whom we owe this translation of the first Lithuanian poem, is known as the translator of the Bible into the same language. The poet himself was a country clergyman in 1760, who to the powers of a poetical mind added much talent for mechanics and the study of languages. His poem is quite national, and altogether unlike any similar production. When in our language Klopstock attempted the first tolerable hexameters, this poem was already written in the same measure in this uncultivated tongue, rich in spondees, diphthongs, and vowels. We see that the manners of the people have been unchanged for two centuries past, as they are altogether like those described by the writers of the 16th and 17th centuries.

Recollections of a Tour to St Petersburg, in the year 1814, by Ulrick Chevalier Schlippenbach. Second edition. 2 vols. Hamburgh 1818. The author, known by his poems and his travels, has given not only most ample and minute accounts of that very singular residence, but also some interesting and accurate information as to the provinces through which he passed. One of the most attractive parts of the works, is on the still little known town of Riga, its wealth, owing to good administration, and the embellishment of the town and its environs. The same holds true of the picture of Livonia, so rich in the beauties of natural scenery.

Travels through Italy and Sicily, by A. W. Kephallides, 2 vols. Leipzig, 1818. 8vo. Mr Kephallides, Professor at Breslau, distinguished by his History of the Caspian Sea, gives an account of his tour to the said countries in 1815, chiefly valuable for the antiquarian knowledge displayed in it. Two maps of the Capitoline, others of Girgenti, Syracuse, and the theatre of Taormine, and the Etna, are added to it. The character of the people, particularly of its lower classes, having been drawn with spirited and ingenious strokes, is, perhaps, what exhibits most originality.

Fred. Schlegel, who was acknowledged to have been the only man of talent in the Austrian embassy at the diet, has been dismissed from his situation, being generally supposed to have been subservient to the Pope as a secret agent. Some of his attempts to conversion are said to have succeeded, and a form of abjuration is shewn, said to have been found with a lady.

A declaration of the German Protestant

princes, in the Latin language, on the state of religious concerns in their countries, has been sent to the Pope in the beginning of November. It was suspected that it would occasion a rupture.

Messrs Bronsted of Denmark, Shakelberg of Livonia, and Link of Stuttgart, have returned to Germany, with the ingenious Mr Kexo, who died lately, from a tour through Greece, where they discovered the celebrated Phygalian marbles, now in the British Museum, and the statues from Egina, now belonging to the Crown Prince of Bavaria. Within a short time they will meet at Rome, to live there together three years, which they will consecrate to the composition of a comprehensive work upon Modern Greece, and the publication of the numerous maps and drawings executed during their travels.

The Hanoverians and Prussians have agreed to make the river Ems navigable within three years, for ships of 300 tons. By a communication the latter have determined to establish with the river Lippe, there will be a water communication of the north of Germany with the Rhine, from Emden to Wesel. The expense is calculated at £500,000. Perhaps Emden thus may rise at the expense of Bremen. A communication of the Elbe and the Rhine, by means of canals, would perhaps be the greatest possible improvement to the trade of Germany; but it is not to be expected, till public spirit should pervade the disunited provinces of the Confederation. A canal is in contemplation between the Baltic and the Elbe; but the way of executing it is not yet agreed upon. Lubeck would be ruined by the loss of Russian trade, if the projected canal did not pass by it; as it easily might, by means of the river Stecknedz, which plan had already been begun under the French usurpation. Denmark wishes to lead it through Holstein; Mecklenburg again wants it to go through its own territory from Wismar, to some little town on the banks of the Elbe.

The erection of Saving Banks, where the smallest quantities of money, even a few pence, are taken upon interest, after the model of the Scotch and American ones, is in contemplation at Hamburgh and Altona. In the former city, many local obstacles are first to be removed, some of them owing to an institution existing already for many years; proceeding upon a plan similar to that of the Saving Banks, but not taking less than £2, whereby, of course, the most beneficial effect upon the lower classes is prevented.

The law-suit between Mr Luden of Zena, and Mr Kotzebue, the author of so many bad plays, and of late a secret agent of the Russian court in Germany, that has attracted so much attention in Germany, from the characters between whom it has been carried on, as well as its origin (Mr Luden's discovery and publication of a man-

nuscript memoir of the Russian court, in which, amongst others, Kotzebue calumniated Mr Luden), has been thus decided. Kotzebue is to give a solemn declaration, that he did not intend to do an injury to Luden; to declare the pretended extracts he has given of Luden's works to be false, and of his own invention; and, finally, to pay the expenses of the law-suit.

Messrs Ersch and Gruber are the editors of the new great *Encyclopædia of Science and Arts*, published at Leipsig. The second part of the first volume has just appeared, going as far as Aetius. It deserves to be noticed, that contributors add their names to every article received. This book is enriched by the labours of all the first literati in Germany.

A work peculiarly deserving the attention of classical scholars and lovers of ancient history, is, *Die Staatshaus haltung des Athenen* (On the political economy of the Athenians), by Boekh, professor at Berlin. This work is well worthy of being translated into English.

Hamburg, Dec. 1818.

Sultan Kette Ghery, Krim-Gehry.—The wild and romantic country of Caucasus, so interesting to the naturalist and to the historian, has been hitherto almost unexplored. The savage and rude manners of its inhabitants, the jealousies and feuds of its chiefs, and the almost impassable state of its mountains and valleys, have appalled the most adventurous travellers. Even the latest scientific expedition, undertaken with the view of examining that country, under Professors Parrot and Engelhardt, could not venture much out of the beaten track. It is evident, that without the assistance and support of the chieftain of the country, Caucasus must be considered as inaccessible. Philosophers therefore will rejoice to learn, that a native prince, the Sultan Kette Ghery, who is related to the present possessor of the Ottoman throne, is likely to open this country to the curiosity and enterprise of civilized Europe. This sensible, well-informed, and enterprising chief, is at present one of the many strangers from the remotest corners of the earth, now enjoying the benefit of the public lectures in our celebrated University. He is anxious to carry with him to the wilds of Caucasus that species of information which will tend to civilize his rude subjects; and we understand it to be his intention to make these subordinate to the grand plan he has formed, of introducing into his native land the light of Christianity.

Geology of the Volga.—The religious missionaries first sent by our modern British Missionary Societies to distant countries, were, in too many instances, utterly unfit for the duties they had undertaken. Of late years, the education of this class of men has been much improved; and now

the Societies are careful to have them instructed, not only in the principles of Christianity, but also in the arts of life, and the details and principles of physical science. We have heard of several of these meritorious persons, who are at this moment endeavouring to spread the light of Christianity in remote and unexplored regions, and who, at the same time, are actively employed in the investigation of their natural history. The lately published report of the Edinburgh Missionary Society contains mineralogical information; and another report about to appear from the same quarter, is to communicate an account of the *geology of the Volga*.

Prase in Scotland.—Dr Macculloch has found the mineral named *prase* on the banks of Loch Hourn in Inverness-shire. This is not a new discovery in Great Britain, as some journalists pretend; for *prase* was discovered in Cumberland by the President of the Geological Society of London, and also in Scotland by Professor Jameson, many years ago.

Perpetual Motion.—Mr Spence, the ingenious inventor of the constant motion by means of magnetism, has placed one of his clocks, which is driven by the unceasing action of magnets, in one of the apartments of the Observatory on the Calton Hill. It was deposited there on the morning of Monday the 14th December, and the key placed in the hands of Sir George Mackenzie, Bart. vice-president of the Astronomical Institution. Mr Spence was induced to take this step, in consequence of the assertion of several individuals, that the motion was kept up by some cause different from magnetism.

Black Lead Mine in Glen Strath-Farrar, &c.—Professor Jameson has examined the *black lead mine* in Glen Strath-Farrar, 22 miles from Beaulieu, in Inverness-shire, and finds the ore disposed in irregular but promising masses in gneiss. He also met with the cinnamon-stone in gneiss, near Kincardine, in Ross-shire; and in the same district, crystals of *apatite* imbedded in quartz veins that traverse gneiss. In Ross-shire, Professor Jameson saw that particular variety of granite found in Corsica, and which has been so much noticed by French geologists under the name of *orbicular* or *Corsican granite*; and near Drimnadrochit, in Inverness-shire, he observed that rare mineral the *anthophyllite*.

Ranges of Hills of Iron Ore in Brazil.—Mr Engineer Von Eschwege, director of the mines of Minas Geraes in Brazil, informs us, that the abundance of iron ore in Minas Geraes is extraordinary; and he questions if any other district on the face of the earth contains so much. The ores are magnetic iron-stone, iron glance, iron mica, and compact clay iron-stone; and these are disposed not in veins, or single beds, but form whole hills and ranges of hills.

Curious Discovery that Spiders feed upon

Sulphate of Zinc.—A few months since, having occasion for some sulphate of zinc, I proceeded to examine my collection of metallic salts, amongst which I expected to find what I required. I readily found the paper, in which the label informed me the sulphate of zinc had been, but was much surprised to find none in it. A considerable quantity of minute particles of a yellowish-brown substance were scattered through the paper, some adhering to it, and all held together by an extremely fine silky thread. On removing the various papers, and searching to the bottom of the box, I discovered a portion of the sulphate of zinc, enveloped in a heap of the powdery substance. When I took it up, a very large spider ran out of it, and hid himself amongst the papers. The salt, with the exception of a thin shell, had been completely eaten by the insect. Never having met with or heard of a parallel circumstance, I was induced to investigate more minutely, with a view to discover if I might not have been deceived. On recovering the spider, I found it was of the species "*Aranea Scenica*." It had assumed a perfectly black colour; was, on being approached or disturbed, remarkably brisk in his motions; but at other times would drag his legs after him in a peculiarly sluggish manner. Having cleaned the box, I deposited the insect in it, with a lump of nearly two ounces of sulphate of zinc. In about ten weeks he had pierced this also, and, as usual, had produced a considerable portion of the powder. I then deposited other metallic salts, as sulphates of iron, lead, and copper, muriates of lead and mercury, and nitrates of copper and silver, with the sulphate of zinc in the box; but the spider did not leave the latter, nor did he touch either of the other salts, though I removed the sulphate of zinc for a time from the box. Being thus satisfied of the fact, I endeavoured to ascertain if the salt had undergone any chemical change in passing through the spider. I caused him to fast two days, then deposited him in a clean box with 200 gr. of sulphate of zinc; and when I perceived he had eaten nearly half of it, I carefully weighed the remainder with the powdery substance; it weighed 170 gr.: here was a loss of near 30 per cent. This, however, might be in part water. I therefore collected 60 gr. of the powder, on which I poured six ounces of boiling water. A considerable part remained undissolved, though frequently agitated, during two days. Ten drops of sulphuric acid were then added, and the whole was dissolved. It seems probable, therefore, that the sulphate of zinc had been deprived of part of its acid in passing through the spider.—The insect at this time seems perfectly healthy, having eaten nearly four ounces of the salt in about six months.

Notice respecting the Discovery of Pearl Sinter.—An English traveller of St John's College, Cambridge, Mr Hastings Robin-

son, lately arrived in that university from his travels in Italy; bringing to the Professor of Mineralogy some fine specimens of the curious *hydrate of silica*, commonly called *pearl sinter*, from Professor Santi of Pisa, accompanied by a written statement of the manner in which this mineral was originally discovered by Professor Santi, who published an account of it in his *Travels*, under the name of *amiatiti*; and also of the reprehensible conduct of Dr W. Thomson of Naples, who claimed the discovery as his own, and gave the mineral the name of *florite*.

Northern Expedition.—A considerable number of animals, and other objects of natural history, have been brought home by the different ships composing the northern expedition. The animals consist chiefly of birds and zoophytes, some of which are new.

Germany.—The king of Prussia has granted Baron Humboldt £2000 a-year, and all necessary instruments, to enable him to prosecute, advantageously to science, his projected journey into the interior of the Indian peninsula.

Denmark.—In the spring of the year 1816, his Majesty the king of Denmark resolved to have a trigonometrical measurement executed in Denmark, and intrusted it to Professor Schumacher. One of the instruments being damaged in the carriage, the operation could not be begun that year. The year following, Professor Schumacher went to Munich, and there received, from M. Reichenbach, a new instrument, in the room of the damaged one. Since that time the operations have been prosecuted without interruption, and the series of triangles now extend from Lauenberg to Fühnen. In Denmark and the Duchies four degrees and a half of latitude will be measured, and from Copenhagen to the West Coast the same number of degrees of longitude.

A few months ago, the Hanoverian government joined in this great scientific operation; and the celebrated M. Gauss, director of the observatory at Gottingen, was ordered to go to Luneburg, there to connect one of the steeples with the Danish triangles, in order to continue the series of triangles through the kingdom of Hanover. This connexion is now accomplished; and it will be happy for astronomy and geography, if all the neighbouring states will thus assist in bringing them to perfection.

Royal Geological Society of Cornwall.—In our last, we gave an account of the Fifth Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, and, according to our promise, we now present our readers with a short account of the Papers read at the Meeting, for which we have been indebted to a Correspondent.

1. The first paper was by the Secretary, Dr Forbes, and was a sort of "ELOGE on Natural History." In descanting on the various advantages arising from this study,

the author took notice of its effects in augmenting our relish for the works of nature, by superadding the higher intellectual pleasures to the delights afforded by the mere contemplation of beautiful or sublime objects; its power in preventing the evils flowing from an excessive and vague admiration of the works of nature; its ready and uncombustible association with other pursuits; its tendency to promote health and cheerfulness; its power in averting and relieving unhappiness; its beneficial influence in leading to religion; its conferring a relish for simple pleasures; its influence in improving the taste and judgment, and in quickening our habits of observation.

2. An extremely interesting paper by Mr Jos. Carne, "On the relative Age of the Veins of Cornwall;" in which the ingenious and industrious author attempts, by fair deductions from an immense collection of facts, to establish six or seven classes of veins, differing in the order and period of their formation. This paper does not admit of abridgement. It is of considerable length, and was characterised by the secretary, who read it, as the most valuable communication that had yet been presented to the Society.

3. Two very valuable papers from the pen of the learned Mr J. Hawkins: one "On the Nomenclature of the Cornish Rocks," as fixed by Werner, from specimens presented to that great geologist by Mr Hawkins: another, "On Floors of Tinstone." On this occasion the Society elected Mr Hawkins an honorary member.

4. A paper "On the Hornblend Formation of the parish of St Cleer, and on the geology of other parts of Cornwall," by the Rev. Mr John Rogers. In this communication the author detailed the various relations and localities of this formation, and illustrated the whole by a map of the district, and numerous specimens of the rocks. Several interesting specimens were also presented by Mr Rogers, from the slate quarries of Tintagel, illustrating the nature of those appearances that have hitherto been generally considered as exhibiting the impression of shells, and, consequently, as demonstrating the secondary nature of our Cornish slate. Mr Rogers is of opinion, and it would seem justly, that these supposed organic impressions are mere varieties of structure of the slaty matter itself.

5. A paper by Miss Hill of Barnstaple, "On the Discovery of Hydrargyllite." From this communication it appears that the brother of Miss Hill, late surgeon in Barnstaple, and not Dr Wavell, as is commonly believed, was the original discoverer of this mineral.

6. A paper by Dr Forbes, "On the Geology of that part of Cornwall lying to the westward of Hayle and Cuddan Point;" illustrated by numerous specimens, and by an elegant geological map, and many plans and drawings by Mr Moyle, assistant secre-

tary. On the present occasion Dr F. had only time to read that portion of his paper which treated of the *Granite* of the Land's End district, and of the *Slate Formation* observable on the shores of the parishes of Burian, Sennen, St Just, Zennor, Towednack, St Ives, and Lelant. In this paper the author denied the stratification of the Cornish Granite; stated the *Slate Formation* of the district, which he described to consist of the following five rocks: *Hornblend Rock*, *Greenstone*, *Felspar Rock*, *Slaty Felspar*, and *Clay Slate*; and expressed his belief of the contemporaneous origin of these rocks, and the fundamental Granite. As an irresistible argument in favour of this opinion, and as of itself subversive of the Huttonian theory, he adduced the frequent instances observable on the Cornish shores, of Granite veins originating in the same rock, intersecting each other, and exhibiting at the point of intersection the appearance called a *shift* or *heave*.

7.—Two very interesting papers "On the Tin Trade of the Ancients;"—one by the Reverend Mr Greatheed, the other by the Treasurer, H. Boase, Esq. The latter gentleman brought forward many ingenious arguments in support of a somewhat heterodox opinion, which he holds, respecting the knowledge of Britain possessed by the ancients. He denies that Cornwall was ever visited by the Phœnicians, and maintains, that, if any islands denominated *Cassiterides* really did exist, they certainly formed no part of the present British Dominions.

Besides the papers above-mentioned, there were some before the Society that were not read. Notices were also delivered in by Mr Jos. Carne, of the quantity of tin and copper raised in Cornwall, Ireland, and Wales, during the year ending June 30, 1818; and several catalogues of Geological and other specimens, were presented to the Society by different gentlemen.

In the course of the meeting, Lord Dunstanville took occasion to notice the presentation of a piece of plate, value 150 guineas, to Dr. Paris; to whom, also, thanks were voted for superintending the publication of the first volume of the Society's Transactions.

From the Report of the Curator, Mr Edward Giddy, of whose correct, lucid, and elegant arrangement of the mineralogical cabinet much approbation was expressed by the meeting, it appears that upwards of 1600 new specimens have been added to the Cabinet since last anniversary; an augmentation which, we understand, arises entirely from private donations. In the Treasurer's report the following donations, among others during last year, were acknowledged:—Lord Mount Edgcumbe, 20 guineas; Lord Saint Germans, 20 guineas; Lord De Dunstanville (his Lordship's fourth donation) 10 guineas; E. W. W. Pendarves, 10 guineas; Davies Gilbert, Esq. M. P. (a new donation) 5 guineas, together with a valuable rain gauge.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Our readers will be delighted to learn that the Author of "The Pleasures of Memory" is on the point of giving to the public another poem, under the title of *The Four Ages of Man*.

The Rev. George Crabbe has now in the press a Series of Poems, under the title of *Tales of the Hall*.

It is generally reported that the author of *Beppo* has a poem, in a similar style, now on its way to England, entitled, *Don Juan*.

We are authorised to contradict the report that Mr Brummell, of fashionable memory, had sold the MS. of his *Memoirs of His Own Times*, to Mr Murray, for £4000. No such MS. having been either received, or, it is believed, written.

Captain John Ross, commander of the expedition, has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, an *Account of his Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions, in Search of a North-west Passage, in his Majesty's Ships Isabella and Alexander*; in one quarto volume, with proofs and numerous engravings.

Early in the spring will also be published, in one 8vo volume, with plates, another *Account of the Voyage in search of a North-west Passage, by his Majesty's Ships Isabella and Alexander, under the command of Captain John Ross, R. N. including a detail of the astronomical and other observations, with notes on the natural history of the Greenland seas and the adjacent coasts*; by Edward Sabine, Esq. F.R.S. and F.L.S. Captain in the Royal Regiment of Artillery, who accompanied the expedition at the recommendation of the President and Council of the Royal Society.

Captain David Buchan, whose interesting account of his former expedition into the interior of Newfoundland is printed in the appendix to Mr Barrow's valuable *History of Voyages to the Arctic Regions*, has in the press a *Narrative of an Attempt to discover a Passage over the North Pole to Behring's Straits, in H. M. S. Dorothea and Trent*; with plates.

The eldest son of the Duke of Clarence has announced for publication, *Minutes of a Journey over Land from Bundelcund, the Head Quarters of the Marquess of Hastings, through Egypt to England, in the Years 1817-18, with an Account of the*

Occurrences of the late War, and of the Character and Customs of the Pindaries. To which are added, a Description of the Sculptured Mountains of Ellora, and of the recent interesting Discoveries within the Tombs of the Pyramids of Egypt; by Major Fitz-Clarence; with maps, plans, and views. 4to.

The new edition of Mr Ricardo's valuable work on the *Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*, will be ready for publication in January.

Mr Thomas Campbell's long-expected work on the *Poetry of Great Britain*, which has formed the chief occupation of seven years, will certainly be published in January. The first volume consists entirely of an original Introductory Essay on English Poetry.

A Churchman's Second Epistle, with illustrative Notes, by the author of *Religio Clerici*, is in the press.

A *Life of the Admirable Crichton*, with Notes and Original Illustrations, will shortly be sent to the press.

In the press, and will be published on the 1st of February 1819, No I. of *Views in the Tyrol*, engraved by W. B. Cooke, from Drawings by P. Dewint. The Original Sketches by Major Cockburn of the Royal Artillery, made in the year 1817. This Work will be handsomely printed in Quarto Grand Elephant, to be completed in Twelve Parts, each Part to contain Two Views, price 10s. to be published Quarterly. A limited number of Proofs will be printed in Imperial Folio (the size of Stuart's Athens), at 16s. each Part. A Description of the Tyrol in English and French will be presented to the Subscribers in the course of the Publication.

No V. of the *Thames* will be published on the 1st of February 1819.

On the 1st of March 1819 will be published, No II. of *Delineations of the Celebrated City of Pompeii*, Engraved by W. B. Cooke, from Drawings by Major Cockburn of the Royal Artillery. In this Number will appear a highly finished Frontispiece of an Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, from a Magnificent Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R. A. and twenty-five Plates of Pompeii. A Valuable Addition is presented to the Work by a celebrated Antiquarian; Paintings on the Walls and Ceilings, with Mosaic Pavements of the Principal Villas. These will be carefully Coloured in exact Imitation of the Originals,—some of them will be published in Part II.

The Rev. James Townley, author of "Biblical Anecdotes," has nearly ready for the press, Illustrations of Biblical Literature, exhibiting the history and fate of the sacred writings, from the earliest period to the present; including biographical notices of eminent translators of the Bible, and other biblical scholars. The work will be interspersed with historical sketches of ecclesiastical manners and superstitions, and various dissertations on the origin of alphabetical characters; and will be accompanied with fac-similes of several biblical manuscripts, and other engravings.

Mr Honé proposes to elucidate his forthcoming enlarged Report of his Three Trials, by an abundance of additions, from materials of singular interest and rarity, with numerous coloured and other engravings, and portraits, and various fac-similes, which will render it as acceptable to the curious collector as to the general reader. The work is in forwardness, and will be printed in royal 8vo, by subscription.

The first number of Swiss Scenery, with five engravings, from drawings by Major Cockburn, will be published in January.

Parliamentary Letters, and other poems, by Q-in-the-Corner, are about to be published.

A work will very soon be published by Mr W. F. Pocock, architect, calculated to supply the wants of many persons who, at this time, are seeking information and directions in furtherance of the intentions of the legislature, in building a number of new churches. It will consist of a series of designs for churches and chapels of various dimensions and styles, with plans, sections, &c.

Mr Picquot, author of "The Universal Geography," has in the press a Chronological Abridgment of the History of Modern Europe, compiled from the best English, French, and German authors.

A work, designed as a proper companion to the "Comforts of Old Age," is now in the press, and will be published in a few days, called the Enjoyments of Youth. The object of the author of this small work, the scenery of which is laid in genteel life, is to impress upon the minds of the young the pleasures of religion and morality, in contradistinction to the inanity of the customary pursuits (which are delineated) of the well-bred young of both sexes in modern days. The story is told, not in the way of dry and abstract axioms, but by scenes (in the Vicar-of-Wakefield style) in which all or most may be supposed to participate in their progress through life.

Mr Parkinson is preparing for the press, a Familiar Introduction to the Study of Fossils.

Mr Chase, of Cambridge, has in the press a work on Antinomianism, in which he has endeavoured to convict the abettors of that heresy, of hostility to the doctrines of Grace.

A Grammar of the German Language, written with a view to facilitate its study, by C. T. Kersten, will be published in the course of the present month. The author has endeavoured to simplify the principles of that language, and to remove the difficulties attached to some parts of its acquisition.

The Rev. John Griffin has in the press, a third edition of his Memoirs of Captain James Wilson, considerably improved, and ornamented with a portrait of Captain Wilson.

In January, a work will be published, in a small volume octavo, entitled *Apelutherus*, or an Effort to attain Intellectual Freedom; in four parts—1. On religious and moral instruction; 2. On public and social worship; 3. On supernatural revelation; 4. On a future state.—A small impression of this work, in a very imperfect state, was some years ago distributed amongst the author's friends, but never advertised for sale. It has since received many additions, alterations; and corrections; and he wishes those friends to consider the former impression as entirely superseded and cancelled by the present publication.

In December will be published, *La Rentrée des Vacances, ou Present aux Jeunes Demoiselles*, par Marie Antonette Le Noir, auteur des *Conversations d'Ermstine*, &c.

In the press and shortly will be published, *Durayernum, or Sketches. Historical and Descriptive, of Canterbury*, with other Poems; by A. Brooke, Esq.

Miss Spence, author of *Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and Scenery, of Scotland*, &c. &c. is preparing for publication a new work, entitled, *a Traveller's Tale of the last Century*.

In the press, *Coral*, a novel, in 3 vols. 12mo.

Shortly will appear, in one volume, 8vo. *Practical Observations on the Construction and Principles of Instruments for the removal of Muscular Contraction of the Limbs, Distortion of the Spine, and every other Species of Personal Deformity*; by John Felton (late of Hinckley), surgical mechanist to the General Institution for the relief of bodily deformities, Birmingham.

Abeillard and Heloisa, a new and original didactic poem, is now in the press, and will be published in a few days; called, *a Nineteenth Century, and Familiar History of the Lives, Loves, and Misfortunes of Abeillard and Heloisa*, a matchless pair, who flourished in the twelfth century! by Robert Rabelais, the younger. The work is altogether historical, but the various elucidations may be deemed a material, matrimonial, comical, farcical, tragical, satirical, anecdotal, clerical, nautical, regimental, ethical, metaphysical, theological, philosophical, critical, political, and all the terminative faculty of *als*!

Mr S. Fleming has circulated proposals for publishing, by subscription, at two

guineas, the Life of Demosthenes; containing all that is recorded of that celebrated orator, both in his private and public conduct; with an account of the age of Philip of Macedon and Alexander the Great, embracing the most interesting and brilliant period of ancient Greece, in arts, literature, and eloquence. It will be handsomely printed on a fine paper, and make a large quarto volume, replete with curious and valuable matter.

Mr Roscoe has in the press, a work on Penal Jurisprudence and the Reformation of Criminals; which will include an inquiry into the motives, ends, and limits of human punishments; and also, as to the effect of punishment by way of example; and on the prevention of crimes. The work will also contain the latest accounts respecting the state-prisons and penitentiaries in the United States. From so philosophical a pen, a treatise on these subjects cannot fail, at this time, to be peculiarly valuable.

Undina; a tale, from the German of Bacon de la Motte Fougue; by the Hon. William Robert Spenser; with engravings, is nearly completed.

The Heraldic Cyclopædia, or Dictionary of Heraldry; by William Berry, Esq. late of the College of Arms.

A second volume of the Letters of Horace Walpole, royal quarto.

A Treatise on Midwifery, developing a new principle by which labour is shortened, and the sufferings of the patient alleviated.

A Treatise on Medical Logick, founded on practice, with facts and observations; by Sir Gilbert Blane.

In the press, Scripture Costume, exhibited in a series of engravings, accurately coloured in imitation of the drawings representing the principal personages mentioned in the Old and New Testament, drawn under the superintendence of B. West, Esq. P.R.A.; by R. Satchwell. Accompanied with biographical and historical sketches. Imperial 4to.

In the press, a work of considerable interest, entitled, The General Gazetteer, or Emigrant's Guide to the Western and South-western States and Territories of America; containing a geographical and statistical description of the states of Louisiana, Indiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio, the territories of Alabama, Missouri, Illinois, and Michigan, and the western parts of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New York; with a complete list of the road and river routes west of the Alleghany Mountains, and the connecting roads from New York, Philadelphia, Washington city, to New Orleans, St Louis, and Pittsburg.—In this work, the Emigrant's Guide to the Western and South-western States, by William Darby, of the New York Historical Society, and the Western Gazetteer, or Emigrant's Directory, by S. R. Brown, are united; the whole comprising a more com-

prehensive account of the soil, productions, climate, and present state of improvement, of the regions described, than any work hitherto published. Accompanied by a map of the United States, engraved expressly for this work from Mellish's large map, improved to January 1, 1818.

EDINBURGH.

Tales of My Landlord. Collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, school-master and parish-clerk of Gandercleugh. The Third Series, in 4 vols. 12mo.

Marriage, a novel. The second edition, 3 vols. 12mo. will be published in January.

Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica; edited by Macvey Napier, Esq. F. R. S. Lond. and Edin. vol. iii. part. 2d. 4to.

An improved edition, in 2 vols 8vo, of Schmidius' Concordance to the Greek New Testament, from the Glasgow University press, will appear in January.

We are happy in being the first to announce to the public, that Mr James Hogg, the celebrated Ettrick Shepherd, having been employed by the Highland Society of London to collect and arrange the Jacobite relics of his native country, has been silently prosecuting this task for some time past, and has already in the press the first portion of his interesting labours. The work, we understand, is to consist of all the Jacobite songs of merit, published as well as unpublished, with the original airs to which they were composed or sung; together with every anecdote that can be procured of clans, families, and individuals, which is calculated to illustrate the chivalrous history of the times, and the often romantic exploits of those who took an active part in the different rebellions, and were distinguished for their attachment to the exiled house of Stuart.

This, we think, will form a very curious and interesting national work, especially when we consider the uncleaned and extensive field that lies before the Editor, and the host of respectable individuals who have interested themselves in the success of his undertaking. Ever since the publication of the "Queen's Wake," Mr Hogg has occupied a distinguished place in the literary annals of our country, and there is perhaps no man living to whom such a task could be with more propriety confided, or to whom families possessed of the necessary documents will with greater willingness communicate them. Like his illustrious friend and brother Mr Walter Scott, and his immortal predecessor Robert Burns, Mr Hogg has evinced, in various parts of his writings, at least a poetical sympathy with the wayward fortunes of the Pretender and his followers, and perhaps one of the finest apologies that

was ever offered for Jacobitism is to be found in his song of "Donald M'Donald"—a song which long boasted an unrivalled popularity, although among the earliest productions of his unlettered muse.

"What tho' we befriended young Charlie,
To tell it, I dinna think shame,
Poor lad, he came to us but barelie,
And reckoned our mountains his hame.

It's true that our reason forbad us,
But tenderness carried the day,—
Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away."

With these feelings and qualifications, we are certain that Mr Hogg, if at all seconded in his meritorious efforts, will produce a work in the highest degree interesting to the antiquarian as well as the general reader, and it is in the furtherance of an object so desirable that we copy the following extract from his introduction to the first volume.

"These songs give many animated pictures of the battles and times to which they allude. They actually form a delightful, though rude epitome, of the history of our country during a period highly eventful; when every internal movement was decisive toward the establishment of the rights and liberties which we have since enjoyed; and they likewise present us with a key to the annals of many ancient and noble families, who were either involved in ruin by the share they had in these commotions, or rose on that ruin in consequence of the support they afforded to the side that prevailed.

"They are, moreover, a species of composition entirely by themselves. They have no affinity with our ancient ballads of heroism and romance, and the greater part of them far less with the mellow strains of our pastoral and lyric muses. Their general character is that of a rude energetic humour, that bids defiance to all opposition in arms, sentiments, or rules of song-writing. They are the unmasked sentiments of a bold and primitive race, who hated and despised the overturning innovations in church and state, and held the abettors of such as dogs or something worse—drudges in the lowest and foulest paths of perdition—beings too base to be spoken of with any degree of patience or forbearance.

"Such is their prevailing feature; but there are among them specimens of sly and beautiful allegory, as well as pathetic and simple lamentation. These seem to have been sung openly and avowedly in mixed parties, as they are more generally popular, while the others had been confined to the select social meetings of confirmed Jacobites, or treasured up in the cabinets of old Catholic families as their most precious lore. Many of these beloved relics have been given up to me with the greatest liberality; yet I have reason to believe, that in some

distant counties, numbers yet remain: for a locality prevails in many of them, that gives them an interest only in certain families and districts.

"It is for this reason that I have published only a portion of the songs at this time, and confined myself to those that are apparently of the earliest date, concerning which, authentic legendary documents could not now be so easily procured. I have subjoined such of these as I could come at, in the notes to each song; and I take this opportunity of requesting the descendants of those families that rose in support of the Stuarts, to furnish me with such songs and anecdotes as still remain in their possession, and are not generally known to the public. The most grateful attention will be paid to all information of this nature, whether contained in original letters, or statements of traditionary facts, and the manuscripts carefully returned if desired. Now, when all party feelings on that score are for ever obliterated—when the only representative of our ancient and revered race of kings fills this chair, such reminiscences are honourable, and are so estimated with every one of the princes of the blood royal at this present day. Indeed, had it not been rendered necessary for our kings of the house of Brunswick to maintain the sovereignty, to which they were called by the prevailing voice of the nation, they seem never to have regarded those the law denounced as rebels, otherwise than with respect, which one or two instances will sufficiently serve to prove."

After a number of affecting anecdotes, favourable to the above theory, Mr Hogg adds, "But to put this matter beyond the chance of being disputed, I have only to add, that the first proposal for the rescuing of these relics from oblivion emanated from the royal family. It was made by the Highland Society of London, while one royal Duke was in the chair, and another present, to Col. Stewart of Garth; who, as well may be supposed, readily engaged in the promotion of a scheme so congenial with his feelings; and it was in consequence of his immediate application to Mr Geo. Thomson of Edinburgh, the friend of genius and of song, that the task of selection devolved on me. It is plain, therefore, that no obloquy can attach to any one on account of the part that his predecessors took in the fortunes of the house of Stuart; for the present administrator of royal authority has, by a generous, but not unnatural calculation, transferred the feelings of those heroes toward the prince to himself, nor has he been slack in acknowledging it either in word or deed. And it is not alone in the higher spheres of life that such sentiments prevail; for since the horrors of the Roman Catholic religion ceased to oppress the minds of men, there has been but one way of thinking on the rights of the Stuarts throughout the kingdom.

"I am willing to do all for this interesting subject that lies in my power, but in the correspondence of those with whom the secrets remain, my chief dependence must be placed, for without this, the labours of any individual must be of small avail. Mine is not a work calculated for lengthened narrative, but for amusing and curious anecdote ; for all instances of heroism and their opposite qualities—in short, an olio of song, music, and tale ; and the shades of departed heroes, and of bards that once kindled at the injuries of princes, shall hallow the dwelling of him who generously lends his aid in rescuing their deeds and works from the twilight of endless oblivion."

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MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ANATOMY.

A Manual of Practical Anatomy, for the use of Students engaged in Dissections ; by Edward Stanley, Assistant Surgeon and Demonstrator of Anatomy, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 12mo. 9s.

ARCHAEOLOGY.

Mr Britton's second number of Chronological and Historical Illustrations of the Ancient Architecture of Great Britain ; containing eight engravings : also his fourth number of History and Antiquities of York Cathedral.

ASTRONOMY.

Time's Telescope for 1819, or a Complete Guide to the Almanack ; containing an explanation of saints' days and holidays, with illustrations of British history and antiquities, notices of obsolete rites and customs, sketches of comparative chronology, astronomical occurrences in every month, &c. 9s.

Evening Amusements ; or, the Beauties of the Heavens Displayed : in which several striking Appearances, to be observed in various Evenings in the Heavens, during the year 1819, are described ; by William Friend, Esq. M.A. 12mo. 8s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Bent's Modern London Catalogue of Books ; containing the books published in London, and those altered in size or price, since the year 1800 to October 1818. 8vo. 8s.

A Catalogue of Old Books, in the ancient and modern languages, and various classes of literature, for the year 1818 ; in which are comprised several valuable libraries, recently purchased in this country and on the continent ; particularly the celebrated one of J. M. M. Gasparoli, a noble graduated canon of the cathedral church of Notre Dame, at Antwerp. To be sold at the affixed prices, by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster-row, 8vo. 7s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Public and Private Life of John Howard, the Philanthropist, compiled from his private diary and Letters, the journal of his confidential attendant, the communications of his family and sur-

viving friends, and other authentic sources of information, most of it entirely original ; by James Baldwin Brown, Esq. of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, 4to. £2, 5s.

An Account of the Life, Ministry, and Writings of the late Rev. John Fawcett, D.D. who was Minister of the Gospel fifty-four years, first at Wainsgate, and afterwards at Hebden-bridge, in the parish of Halifax ; comprehending many particulars relative to the Revival and Progress of Religion in Yorkshire and Lancashire ; and illustrated by copious Extracts from the Diary of the Deceased, from his extensive Correspondence, and other Documents : with a portrait ; by Dr Fawcett, 8vo. 12s.

The Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. Drawn from the State Papers ; with six subsidiary Memoirs : 1. Of the calumnies concerning the Scottish Queen.—2. Memoirs of Francis II.—3. Of Lord Darnley.—4. Of James, Earl Bothwell.—5. Of the Earl of Murray.—6. Of Secretary Maitland. By George Chalmers, F.R.S.S.A. Illustrated by ten plates of medals, portraits, and views, 2 vols. 4to. £3 : 13 : 6.

EDUCATION.

A New Theoretical and Practical Grammar of the French Language, with numerous instructive exercises ; by C. Gros, 12mo. 5s.

Sketch of Modern and Ancient Geography, for the use of schools ; by Samuel Butler, D.D. head-master of the Free Grammar School, Shrewsbury. Fourth edition, considerably enlarged and improved, 8vo. 9s.

A Companion to the Globes : comprising the various problems that may be performed by the globes, preceded by the subjects to which they refer, and accompanied by more than one thousand examples and recapitulatory exercises, &c. To which is added, a concise Astronomical Introduction, and an Appendix, containing a Derivation of the Sun and Planets, with a brief History of the Constellations, for the use of schools and private families ; by R. T. Linington, private teacher, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Outline Maps of Ancient Geography, being a selection, by Dr Butler, from D'Anville's ancient Atlas, intended as practical

exercises for the pupil to fill up, and designed as an accompaniment to his sketch of modern and ancient geography. On drawing Columbiæ. 10s. 6d.

Exercises on the Etymology, Syntax, Idioms, and Synonyms of the Spanish Language; second edition, by L. G. A. Mac-henry. 4s.

Enchiridion Lyricum; or, a Guide to Lyric Verse; composed for the use of schools; being a sequel to "Steps to Sense Verses;" by the Rev. J. Hill, A.M. 12mo. 3s.

LAW.

A Practical Treatise on Life Annuities; including the annuity acts of the seventeenth and fifty-third Geo. III.; also, a synopsis of all the principal adjudged cases under the first act, together with select modern and useful precedents, &c.; by Frederick Blaney, Esq. 7s. 6d.

Original Precedents in Conveyancing; with notes, critical and explanatory, and concise directions for drawing or settling conveyances: the whole being the result of actual practice; by J. H. Prince. 12s. 6d.

A Practical Treatise on Copyhold Tenure and Court Keeping: being a summary of the whole law of copyholds, from the earliest down to the present period; with an Appendix, comprising rules to be observed in holding a customary Court-Baron, particularly with reference to plaints in the nature of real actions, precedents of court-rolls, copyhold assurances, &c. and extracts from every material relative Act of Parliament; by John Scriven, of the Inner Temple, Esq. barrister-at-law, 8vo. £1.

A Treatise on the Principles and Practice of the Court of Chancery; by Henry Maddock, Esq. barrister-at-law, 2 vols royal octavo. £21, 6s.

Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Court of Exchequer; by Alexander Anstruther, Esq. 3 vols royal 8vo. £2, 5s.

The Law of Carriers, Innkeepers, Ware-housemen, and other Depositaries of Goods for Hire; by Henry Jeremy, Esq. of the Middle Temple, 8vo. 7s.

MEDICINE.

On the Mimosæ; or a Descriptive, Diagnostic, and Practical Essay, on the Affections usually denominated Dyspeptic, Hypochondriac, Bilious, Nervous, Hysterical, Spasmodic, &c.; by Marshall Hall, M.D. 8vo. 6s.

Minutes of Cases of Cancer successfully Treated by the New Mode of Pressure. Part the Second; with some observations on the nature of the Disease, as well as the method of practice; by Samuel Young. 9s.

Stereoplea; or, the Defence of the Horse's Foot considered; by Bracy Clarke, 4to. 10s. 6d.

Thomson's London Dispensatory; containing, 1. pharmacy; 2. the botanical description, natural history, chemical analysis, and medicinal properties of the sub-

stances of the materia medica; 3. the pharmaceutical preparations and compositions of the pharmacopœias of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Colleges of Physicians; second edition. 15s.

A Letter to the Governors of Bethlem Hospital; containing an account of their management of that institution for the last twenty years; by John Haslam, M.D. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Physiological and Medical Researches into the Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of Gravel; translated from the French of F. Magendie, M.D. Professor of Anatomy, Physiology, &c. &c. at Paris, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANIES.

Vindiciæ Wykehamicæ, or a Vindication of Winchester College. In a letter to Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. occasioned by his Inquiry into Abuses of Charity; by the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 2s. 6d.

A Letter to James Day, Esq. of the Isle of Wight, explanatory of various circumstances arising out of a late occurrence; by a Satirical Observer of Men and Manners. 1s. 6d.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—12th December 1818.

Sugar. The demand for Sugar since the middle of last month has increased, and the prices are consequently on the advance. Considerable sales have lately been effected on London, which market regulates all the others in the kingdom. The stock on hand is by no means considerable, and much less than at the corresponding period of last year. No supplies of any consequence can now be expected from any of the colonies before May next; and the probability therefore is, that when the spring purchases are made, or as the time for these approach, Sugar will advance considerably in price, and the market be found very bare.—**Coffee.** There has lately been a considerable demand for Coffee, chiefly, however, on speculation. The accounts from the Continental markets are, that the prices in some are more firm than these had previously been, and in others, that an improvement had taken place. It is by no means improbable, therefore, should these appearances continue, that Coffee, as the spring approaches, may become an article of still greater speculation, and at improved prices. The still high prices, however, will render this very hazardous to the buyer.—**Cotton.** The market for this article still continues in a very depressed state, and prices on the decline. The loss on the importations of Cotton this year, has in many instances been severe. It is calculated as high as £5 per bale. The quantity imported into Great Britain this year is truly astonishing. The quantity brought into Liverpool to the 5th of this month, amounts to 400,384 bags, being equal to the whole import of the United Kingdom for 1817. Into London and Glasgow, to the 5th of this month, there has been imported 223,219 bags, making, for eleven months of this year, the enormous importation of 623,603 bags, the value of which, even at the present low prices, can scarcely be less than 12 millions, if not considerably more.—**Corn and Fruit.** The Grain market is heavy and on the decline. The supply of both home and foreign, has been very considerable. The abundant harvest has produced such a quantity of grain of all kinds, that the market must remain moderate. The market is glutted with every description of Fruit, and there is scarcely any demand.—**Tobacco.** The demand for Tobacco is extremely limited. In the markets of Holland, it is very low in price. The stock in Great Britain has materially increased.—**Irish Provisions.** The demand for prime Beef and Pork continues good. Butters remain nominally the same. The uncommon mild weather, which has covered the pastures with verdure almost to this date, has no doubt added to the supply of this article.—**Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.** The Rum market is dull, and the prices are heavy. Brandy has declined greatly in prices. Geneva is without variation.—**Oil.** The market for this article in general continues heavy.—**Tallow** has declined considerably in price.—**Hemp and Flax** are also heavy.—**Wines** of every description are still looking up in price. The vintage has in no place come up to the expectations formed of it, and in many places has fallen off to a very great degree, while the demand generally has very much increased.

The mercantile accounts from those places connected with the South American continent are by no means favourable, and it is much to be feared may be still worse. The horrid warfare carried on in that unfortunate country, not only destroys commerce, but involves all property in complete destruction, and which warfare is chiefly carried on and encouraged by headstrong adventurers from all countries, and by no means as is represented by the natives, at least the reflecting part of them. The seas are covered with armed vessels under what is called the Independent flag, but manned wholly by crews collected from all nations, and who, in their lawless career, pay very little respect to any flag, and harass the peaceable merchants of every nation, and occasion them numerous and severe losses. To the disgrace of our country, there are great numbers of British subjects

on board these vessels, and who plunder ships belonging to their own countrymen. The crews of these vessels, whatever dashing name they may choose to assume, are public robbers, whom it is the duty of all civilized nations, to arrest in their career of injustice; if not speedily put an end to, the British merchant, either directly or indirectly, must suffer severely, and soon banish peaceful commerce from the wealthy shores of the Gulf of Mexico. While fighting against a nation with whom we are at peace, and who has done us no harm, the son may—nay, from facts we know, is, engaged in the profligate course of robbing his nearest friends of their property. Such a system ought to be put down, and punished in the severest manner.

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SUGAR, Musc.	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.		DUTIES.	
B. P. Dry Brown, . . cwt.	76	to	—	76	to	77	77	to	80	} £1 10 0
Mid. good, and fine mid.	80	90	80	89	78	87	81	83		
Fine and very fine, . .	92	96	90	93	88	96	84	90		
Refined, Doub. Loaves, .	150	160	—	—	—	—	145	—	} 0 7 6½	
Powder ditto, . . .	124	126	—	—	—	—	118	—		
Single ditto, . . .	120	122	119	124	120	124	116	—		
Small Lumps, . . .	116	118	114	116	120	126	110	—		
Large ditto, . . .	112	114	110	112	110	116	106	—		
Crushed Lumps, . . .	—	66	66	67	67	70	—	—		
MOLASSES, British, . cwt.	43 6	—	42	43	41	—	37 6	38	} per lb. 0 0 7½	
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	128	140	126	138	127	137	130	132		
Ord. good, and fine ord.	141	154	139	152	138	147	144	152		
Mid. good, and fine mid.	120	127	—	—	95	129	110	120		
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	128	139	126	137	130	139	134	135		
Ord. good, and fine ord.	140	148	138	146	140	148	145	149		
Mid. good, and fine mid.	137	—	133	136	136	140	135	137	} 0 0 9½	
St Domingo, . . .	9½	10	9½	10	9	9½	8½	8½		
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
SPIRITS,	5s 10d	4s 0d	5s 8d	5s 10d	5s 8d	4s 1d	5s 3d	4s 2d	{ B.S. }	0 8 1½
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gal.	8 0	8 3	—	—	—	—	5 3	5 9		
Brandy, . . .	4 0	4 3	—	—	—	—	5 8	5 9		
Geneva, . . .	7 10	8 0	—	—	—	—	14 6	—		
Aqua, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	{ F.S. }	0 17 11½
WINES,	60	64	—	—	—	—	£50	55 0	{ B.S. }	145 18 0
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	48	54	—	—	—	—	46	52 10		
Portugal Red, pipe.	34	55	—	—	—	—	26	60 0		
Spanish White, butt.	30	35	—	—	—	—	28	34 0		
Teneriffe, pipe.	60	70	—	—	—	—	55	65 0	{ B.S. }	98 16 0
Madeira, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
LOGWOOD, Jam. . . ton.	£10	—	8 0 8 5	8 2 6	8 5	8 5	9 0	—		
Honduras, . . .	10 10	—	8 10 9 0	8 10	8 15	9 0	—	—		
Campeachy, . . .	11	—	9 0 10 0	—	9 0	9 5	—	—	{ Soc. c. }	0 9 1½
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	11	12	—	—	10 15	11 0	11 0	12 0		
Cuba, . . .	15	14	—	—	15 10	15 15	14 0	15 0		
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	8 6 9 6	—	—	—	11s 0d	11 6		
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 2	2 4	—	—	2 3	2 7	—	—	{ B.S. }	3 16 0
Ditto Oak, . . .	4 6	5 0	—	—	—	—	—	—		
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 3	2 4	—	—	—	—	—	—		
Honduras Mahogany	1 4	1 8	0 10 1 8	1 2½	1 6	1 5	1 6	—		
St Domingo, ditto	—	—	1 2 3 0	1 6½	2 0	1 8	1 9	—	{ B.S. }	8 14 2
TAR, American, . . . bbl.	—	—	—	—	16 0	17 0	20	21		
Archangel, . . .	21	—	—	—	20	21	25	—		
PITCH, Foreign, . . cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	12	—		
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	91	92	94	95	90	—	85	—	{ B.S. }	1 8 6
Home Melted, . . .	94	95	—	—	—	—	74	78		
HEMP, Riga Rhine, . . ton.	54	55	50	52	—	—	£51 0	—		
Petersburgh Clean, . .	49	50	49	50	49	—	47 10	48		
FLAX,	85	85	—	—	—	—	78	80	{ B.S. }	0 9 1½
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	60	140	—	—	—	—	66	73		
Dutch, . . .	70	78	—	—	—	—	—	—		
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MATS, Archangel, . . 100.	100	102	—	—	—	—	£4 5	5 5	{ B.S. }	0 10 0½
BRISTLES,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 0	16 0	—	—	—	—	15 15	—		
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	51	53	—	—	—	—	52	—		
Montreal ditto, . . .	60	—	58	60	58	—	62	65	{ B.S. }	0 10 0½
Pot, . . .	53	54	52	53	49	51	51	52		
OIL, Whale, . . . tun.	43	—	44	45	44	—	38	—		
Cod, . . .	80 (p. btl.)	—	—	—	48	50	47	—		
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	11	12	12½	13	0 9	0 10	1 1	1 2	{ B.S. }	0 10
Middling, . . .	10	10½	11½	11½	0 7½	0 8½	9½	11		
Inferior, . . .	9	10	10	11	0 7	0 7½	7½	9		
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	—	1 7	1 8	1 5	1 8	—	—		
Sea Island, fine, . .	—	—	3 6	3 9	3 1	3 2	—	—	{ B.S. }	per 100 lbs. 0 8 7
good, . . .	—	—	5 0	5 5	2 10	3 0	—	—		
middling, . . .	—	—	2 10	3 0	1 8	2 2	—	—		
Demerara and Berbice, .	—	—	1 8	2 2	1 7	2 0	1 8	2 0		
West India, . . .	—	—	1 6	1 10	1 5	1 8	1 5	1 8	{ F.S. }	0 17 2
Pernambuco, . . .	—	—	2 1½	2 2	1 11	2 0	1 11	2 0		
Maranham, . . .	—	—	1 11½	2 0	1 8½	1 11	1 9	1 9½		

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	3d.	10th.	17th.	24th.
Bank stock, ...	270	270 $\frac{1}{2}$	270 $\frac{3}{4}$ 271 $\frac{1}{4}$	268 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per cent. reduced, ...	76 $\frac{7}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$
3 per cent. consols, ...	77 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	78 77 $\frac{3}{4}$	77 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$
4 per cent. consols, ...	95 $\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	95 $\frac{1}{4}$	95 $\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	94 $\frac{7}{8}$ 95
5 per cent. navy ann.	107 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	107 $\frac{3}{4}$ 108 $\frac{1}{4}$	108 $\frac{1}{4}$ 108	108 $\frac{1}{2}$ 107 $\frac{3}{4}$
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	—	—	—	—
India stock, ...	232 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—
— bonds, ...	87 pr.	87 88 pr.	86 87	86 pr.
Ex chequer bills, 2d. p.d.	20 18 pr.	19 20 pr.	19 20 pr.	18 20 pr.
Consols for acc.	77 $\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	77 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{7}{8}$	77 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{7}{8}$	77 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{5}{8}$
American 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—
— new loan, 6p. c.	—	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	69 f. 25 c.

Course of Exchange, December 1.—Amsterdam, ——— 2 U. Antwerp, 11:9 Ex. Hamburg, 33:8:2 $\frac{1}{2}$ U. Frankfort, 139 Ex. Paris, 24:15:2 U. Bordeaux, 24:15. Madrid, 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ effect. Cadiz, 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ effect. Gibraltar, 34. Leghorn, 52. Genoa, 47 $\frac{1}{2}$. Malta, 50. Naples, 43 $\frac{1}{2}$. Palermo, 130 per oz. Oporto, 58 $\frac{3}{4}$. Rio Janeiro, 66. Dublin, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$. Cork, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$. Agio of the Bank of Holland, 0.

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ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th November 1818, extracted from the London Gazette.

Arthur, J. Red Lion-street, Holborn, cabinet-maker
 Allen, S. S. Little Yarmouth, Suffolk, corn-merchants
 Allard, W. Birmingham, haberdasher
 Allen, J., and J. Ware, Rotherhithe-wall, Bermondsey, oil and colour-men
 Allen, G. Greenwich, stationer
 Bagelmann, J. St John's coffee-house, Cornhill, broker
 Brown, H. Charles-street, Westminster, builder
 Brown, W. East Retford, Nottinghamshire, corn-factor
 Bills, S. Darlaston, Staffordshire, dealer
 Brayley, J. W. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer
 Bishop, R. Whitechurch, Hampshire, linen-draper
 Bowman, J. Crooked-lane, wine-merchants
 Briere, J. Craven-street, Strand, wine-merchant
 Bond, W. Dover, brewer
 Basano, J. Upper Thames-street, sugar-refiner
 Badderley, J. Nottingham, grocer
 Carter, J. New Bridge-street, Vauxhall, grocer
 Chattleburgh, D. jun. Norwich, wine-merchant
 Curtis and Hall, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street
 Chamberlayne, W. Leicester, hosier
 Day, R. H. Toul, Kent, seed-crusher
 Daves, T. Yoxall, Staffordshire, tape-manufacturer
 Diecins, W. jun. Dedford Mills, Weeden, Northamptonshire, and Crown-street, Finsbury-square, miller
 Dawson, J. Holbeck, Leeds, clothier
 Denet, H. Wilson-street, Gray's-inn-lane, cow-keeper
 Dixey, F. Oxford-street, optician
 Den, W. Broad-street, Ratcliffe-common, brewer
 Emery, T. Worcester, wine-merchant
 Ehrenstrom, E. Fen-court, Fenchurch-street, merchant
 Fawcett, G. George-yard, Lombard-street, paper-hanger
 Fitch, T. Highgate, butcher
 Fowler, C. Sealecoates, Yorkshire, merchant
 Favill, W. Cromwell, Nottinghamshire, miller and corn-factor
 Frost, J. Derby, linen-draper
 Glaysher, J. Hammersmith, ironmonger
 Ghren, M. jun. Broad-street, Ratcliff, oilman
 Gibbs, J. Buxtead, Sussex, farmer
 Gibson, J. and S. Forster, Wardrobe-place, Doctors' Commons, dealers in lace
 Godfrey, T. Salters-hall-court, merchant
 Greaves, P. Macclesfield, Cheshire, ironmonger
 Harris, J. Heaselor, Warwickshire, dealer
 Hampton, T. Manchester, merchant
 Howes, G. Rochester, tavern-keeper
 Hall, E. Hollbrook, Devon, grocer
 Humble, S. Liverpool, hop-factor
 Hall, J. Chatham, tailor
 Hewitt, J. Whitecross-street, charcoal-merchant
 Horner, J. Leeds, Yorkshire, merchant
 Howard, J. Middleton-street, Clerkenwell, builder
 Hughes, J. Liverpool, druggist
 Irwin, R. New House, Stapleton Cumberland, grocer
 Jarvis, H. Tottenham-court-road, cabinet-maker
 Keene, W. Newcastle Lyme, Staffordshire, maltster
 Langford, J. Ludgate-hill, chemist
 Lancaster, G. Liverpool, merchant
 Law, W. Copthall chambers
 Longman, J. Totnes, Devonshire, miller
 Lord, S. Sutton, Surrey, innkeeper
 Lax, J. Liverpool, soap-boiler
 Lancaster, T. J. Cateaton-street, merchant
 Mott, J. Hadleigh, Suffolk, miller
 Mills, C. E. Stamford, cabinet-maker
 Morris, W. G. Stratford-upon-Avon, banker
 Morris, W. M. Brighton, nurseryman
 Mills, H. New Bond-street, linen-draper
 Minchin, T. A., W. G. Carter, and A. Kelly, Portsmouth, bankers
 Middlewood, J. High-street, Whitechapel, perfumer
 Mitchell, J. Marple, Cheshire, miller
 Mulock, T., and H. Blood, Liverpool, merchants
 Moses, J. Lime-street, merchant
 Marshall, J. Northall, Yorkshire, clothier
 Mackay, J. Warwick-street, Golden-square, saddler
 Noble, J. and W. Ring, Bath, victuallers
 Nowill, J. and J. Burch, Jewry-street, stationers
 Oakley, T. P. Ealing, brewer
 Ohren, M. and M. C. Broad-street, Ratcliffe, stationers
 Prior, C. Cirencester-place, Fitzroy-square, oilman
 Pollock, R. and J. Wakefield, wool-staplers
 Pullan, C. A. Leeds, Yorkshire, merchants
 Ratsay, J. Finch-lane, stock-broker
 Reynolds, W. Bristol, soap-manufacturer
 Rust, W. Sheffield, merchant

Roberts, J. W. Collegehill, chessmongers
 Rogers, B. Ashton-upon-mersey, Cheshire, corn-dealer
 Rouse, W. High-street, Poplar, rag-merchant
 Robinson, N. Smedley, Lancashire, manufacturer
 Shelley, G. M. Union-street, Whitechapel, hosier
 Soane, G. Margate, printer
 Scottford, T. and J. Blackfriars-road, dealers
 Sivauc, C. Wilmot-street, Brunswick-square, merchant
 Slater, J., J. Slater, and J. Slater, jun. Yeadon, Yorkshire, clothiers
 Syder, G. Homerton, dealer and chapman
 Sawyer, R. J. B. Tobler, and C. Cumberledge, Leadenhall-street, merchants
 Sansum, S. Narlsworth, Gloucestershire, clothier
 Sprat, J. Exeter, coal-merchant
 Sherlock, T., and H. Blood, Liverpool, merchants
 Surman, W. York-street, Southwark, gun-maker
 Stead, T. Blackfriars-road, woollen-draper
 Talbot, W. George-yard, Lombard-street, merchant
 Taylor, J. Monkwearmouth-shore, brewer
 Thompson, J. Wheathampstead, Herts, wine-merchant
 Thompson, G. Bishopsgate-street-within
 Tovee, W. Exmouth-street, Spafields, builder

Taylor, T. Reingley Bridge, Lancashire, butcher
 Tuck, William, Elsing, Norfolk, miller
 Villiers, C. F. Ledbury, Herefordshire, druggist
 Ward, D. Sutton Soctney, Hampshire, innkeeper
 Walker, N. Dover, brewer
 Walker, R. Bristol, sheemaker
 Warren, W. Fenchurch-street, victualler
 Wilkinson, J., W. Horne, and J. Wilkinson, Friday-street, warehouseman
 White, J. Falmouth, mercer
 Warrington, N. High-street, Southwark
 Whitebrook, W. Hungerford-street, Strand, victualler
 Woodrife, J. Commercial-road, broker
 Wood, J. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner
 Williams, W. Amen-corner, bookseller
 Wyatt, J. Hinchley, baker
 White, J. Portland-street, Portland-place, merchant
 Watson, E. Withern, Lincolnshire, corn-dealer
 Williams, T. Liverpool, china-man
 Whitford, J. Black-horse-yard, High Holborn, coach-smith
 Yates, J. E. Shoreditch, pewterer
 Youlden, S. jun. Brixton, Devon, merchant

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 30th November 1818, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Brown, Matthew, and Co. manufacturers, Glasgow
 Curr, John, merchant, Glasgow
 Cameron, Hew, upholsterer, Glasgow
 Fergusson, Daniel, victualler and spirit-dealer, Glasgow
 Muir, Hugh, merchant, Glasgow
 Robertson, Thomas, merchant, Glasgow
 Stoddart, James, grocer, Edinburgh

DIVIDENDS.

Bowie, Francis, farmer and cattle-dealer, late in Tardoers, near Muirkirk; by William Falconer at Muirkirk, 9th December
 Cooper, Alexander, manufacturer, Aberdeen, as an individual, and partner of Wallace and Co. tanners at New Bridge, Aberdeen; by Alexander Brebner, merchant, Aberdeen, 16th December
 Campbell, Alexander, late drover and cattle-dealer in Inverveoch, Glenorchy; by Ludovick Cameron, writer, Inveraray, 7th January
 Glass, Alexander, herring-merchant, Glasgow; by Robert Wood, cooper in Glasgow, 21st Dec.
 Gray, Samuel, late merchant, Dundee; by Andrew Kinmond, merchant there, on 11th December

Motherwell, Peter, late merchant and wright at Airdrie; by the trustee, at his office at Airdrie, 10th December
 Mathewson, Thomas, late painter in Dundee; by John Stephen, jun., cabinet-maker there, 14th December
 Phillips, James, upholsterer, Glasgow; by Robert Sword, writer there, 15th December
 Stewart, John, in East Haughs of Lethnot; by James Speid, writer, Brechin, 30th November
 Steel, Nisbet, and Co., merchants, Glasgow; by John Berry, merchant there, 29th December
 Sloan, Samuel, late grocer, Irvine; by Kerr and Malcolm, writers, Glasgow, 18th December
 Smith, William, and Son, and David Smith, jun., late rope-makers, Greenhead, Glasgow; by James Kerr, accountant, Glasgow, 18th December
 Walker, Hugh, and Co., merchants, Paisley; by William Gilmore, merchant, Glasgow, 5th Jan.
 Wallace, John, baker, Aberdeen, as an individual, and as partner of Wallace and Co., tanners, New Bridge, near Aberdeen; by Alexander Brebner, merchant, Aberdeen, 16th December

EDINBURGH.—DECEMBER 2.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....42s. 6d.	1st,.....44s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 0d.	1st,.....31s. 0d.
2d,.....39s. 0d.	2d,.....—s. 0d.	2d,.....—s. 0d.	2d,.....—s. 0d.
3d,.....35s. 0d.	3d,.....33s. 6d.	3d,.....22s. 0d.	3d,.....25s. 0d.
Average, £1 : 19 : 11 : 5-12ths.			

Tuesday, December 2.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 10d. to 0s. 11d.
Mutton	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	2s. 6d. to 4s. 0d.	Butter, per lb.	1s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 8d. to 0s. 10d.	Salt ditto, per stone	24s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 6d. to 0s. 7d.	Ditto per lb.	1s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	14s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	1s. 3d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—DECEMBER 4.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....40s. 0d.	1st,.....44s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 0d.	1st,.....30s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 0d.
2d,.....37s. 0d.	2d,.....40s. 0d.	2d,.....26s. 0d.	2d,.....27s. 0d.	2d,.....26s. 0d.
3d,.....34s. 0d.	3d,.....36s. 0d.	3d,.....22s. 0d.	3d,.....23s. 0d.	3d,.....22s. 0d.
Average of Wheat, £1 : 16 : 10 : 6-12ths.				

Notc.—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

London, Corn Exchange, Nov. 30.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, Red	57	to 62	Fine	60	to 70
Fine	72	to 80	White Pease	—	to —
Superfine	—	to —	Boilers	70	to 72
New	—	to —	Fine	75	to —
English Wheat	56	to 62	Small Beans	—	to —
Fine	76	to 82	Tick	62	to 72
Superfine	—	to —	Small	78	to 80
New	—	to —	Feed Oats	31	to 33
Rye	50	to —	Fine	34	to 37
Fine	56	to —	Poland do	39	to 59
Barley	45	to 52	Fine	36	to 41
Fine	60	to 67	Potato do	38	to 43
Superfine	—	to —	Fine	—	to —
New	70	to 76	Fine Flour	65	to 70
Mult.	80	to 88	Seconds	60	to 65
Fine	90	to 98	Bran, per q.	—	to —
Gray Pease	56	to 58	Fine Pollard	—	to —

Seeds, &c.—Dec. 1.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Must. Brown	15	to 22	Hempseed	70	to —
White	15	to 20	Linseed, crush.	65	to 75
Tares	12	to 14	New, for Seed	80	to 90
Turnips	12	to 20	Ryegrass,	5	to 40
Red	—	to —	Clover, Red,	28	to 120
Yellow, new	—	to —	White	50	to 120
Caraway	65	to 67	Coriander	—	to —
Canary,	100	to 140	Trefoil	14	to 60
New Rapeseed, £46 to £52.					

Liverpool, Nov. 28.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat,	—	—	—	—	Rice, p. cwt.	0	0	0	0
per 70 lbs.	—	—	—	—	Flour, English,	—	—	—	—
English	11	0	to 12	0	p. 280 lb. fine	64	0	to 65	0
Scotch	10	6	to 11	6	—Seconds	58	0	to 60	0
Welch	11	0	to 11	6	Irishp. 240 lb.	50	0	to 51	0
Irish, old,	8	6	to 9	6	Ameri. p. bl.	45	0	to 50	0
New	11	0	to 11	6	—Sour do.	34	0	to 38	0
Dantzic	11	6	to 12	6	Clover-seed, p. bush.	—	—	—	—
Wismar	11	6	to 12	3	— White	0	to 0	0	0
American	10	0	to 11	0	— Red	0	to 0	0	0
Quebec	9	6	to 10	3	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—	—	—	—
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	—	—	—	English	40	0	to 46	0
English, grind.	7	6	to 8	0	Scotch	0	0	to 0	0
Malt	9	6	to 10	0	Irish	34	0	to 40	0
Scotch	8	0	to 9	6	Butter, Beef, &c.				
Irish	6	6	to 7	3	Butter, per cwt.	—	—	—	—
Foreign	7	0	to 9	0	Belfast	121	to 121	0	0
Malt, p. 9 lbs.	11	6	to 13	5	Newry	120	to 121	0	0
Oats, per 45 lb.	—	—	—	—	Drogheda	115	to 115	0	0
Eng. new	4	6	to 4	10	Waterford (new)	0	to 0	0	0
Scotch pota.	4	7	to 4	10	Cork, 3d	108	to 108	0	0
Foreign	4	5	to 4	8	—2d, pickled	118	to 118	0	0
Common	4	0	to 4	6	Beef, p. tierce	85	to 100	0	0
Beaus. pr. qr.	—	—	—	—	— p. barrel	60	to 65	0	0
English	70	0	to 72	0	Pork, p. bbl.	100	to 105	0	0
Foreign	68	0	to 70	0	Hams, dry,	68	to 68	0	0
Irish	65	0	to 70	0	Bacon,	—	—	—	—
Pease, per quar.	—	—	—	—	Short middles	76	to 78	0	0
— Boiling	70	0	to 76	0	Rapeseed, per last,	£44	to £46.	—	—

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 21st November 1818.

Wheat, 82s. 6d.—Rye, 60s. 7d.—Barley, 64s. 11d.—Oats, 36s. 0d.—Beans, 76s. 5d.—Pease, 73s. 7d.—Oatmeal, 38s. 0d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th November 1818.

Wheat, 72s. 2d.—Rye, 52s. 1d.—Barley, 49s. 1d.—Oats, 30s. 9d.—Beans, 55s. 9d.—Pease, 55s. 5d.—Oatmeal, 25s. 6d.—Beer or Big, 44s. 0d.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE month of November last year was reported as unusually mild and warm, the mean temperature being nearly 7 degrees above that of 1816. This season, however, it has been even higher by nearly 2 degrees. This difference is chiefly owing to the absence of frost during the night, the mean of the greatest daily heat being only about half a degree higher than that of last year. Compared with October, the temperature has gradually declined, though not so rapidly as might have been expected, the difference of the average being only about $4\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. During the night the thermometer generally stood above 40, and sometimes as high as 50. The temperature has also been unusually steady, the difference between the highest and lowest in 24 hours being frequently no more than 2 or 3 degrees, and on one occasion only a single degree. The fluctuations of the barometer, with the exception of a few days about the middle of the month, have been moderate, and the average height is nearly the same as last year. The quantity of rain exceeds that of October by about an inch, and that of November last year by 3-10ths. The average of Leslie's hygrometer is upwards of 2 degrees lower than that of October; but if allowance be made for the difference of temperature, the relative dryness of the atmosphere was nearly the same in both. The mean of the maximum and minimum temperature, contrary to what usually takes place, is lower than that of ten o'clock morning and evening; but the difference (2-10ths of a degree) is so small, that the two may be considered as absolutely coinciding. The coincidence between the mean point of deposition, and the mean minimum temperature, is equally striking, the difference being only 1-10th of a degree. It is a remarkable fact, that on the 19th of the month, the barometer remained so steady during the whole 24 hours, that three observations, viz. at ten o'clock morning and evening of the 19th, and ten o'clock on the morning of the 20th, agreed to the 1000th part of an inch; the height of the mercury at each period being 29.750. At ten o'clock on the evening of the 20th, it had risen only 7-1000ths, and about 8-1000ths by the morning of the 21st. The month altogether has been very different from what is usually experienced at this season. The fields are at this moment clothed with all the verdure of spring.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude $56^{\circ} 25'$, Elevation 185 feet.

NOVEMBER 1818.

Means.			Extremes.		
THERMOMETER.			THERMOMETER.		
	Degrees.			Degrees.	
Mean of greatest daily heat,	50.5		Maximum, 16th day,	56.5	
..... cold,	42.9		Minimum, 17th,	33.0	
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	47.2		Lowest maximum, 22d,	44.0	
..... 10 P. M.	46.6		Highest minimum, 1st,	50.0	
..... of daily extremes,	46.7		Highest, 10 A. M. 2d,	55.5	
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.	46.9		Lowest ditto, 13th,	36.5	
..... 4 daily observations,	46.8		Highest, 10 P. M. 1st,	53.0	
Whole range of thermometer,	227.5		Lowest ditto 22d,	37.0	
Mean daily ditto,	7.6		Greatest range in 24 hours, 18th,	16.5	
..... temperature of spring water,	48.6		Least ditto, 11th,	1.0	
BAROMETER.			BAROMETER.		
	Inches.			Inches.	
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 52)	29.638		Highest, 10 A. M. 28th,	30.070	
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 52)	29.634		Lowest ditto, 16th,	29.015	
..... both, (temp. of mer. 52)	29.636		Highest, 10 P. M. 23th,	30.020	
Whole range of barometer,	5.724		Lowest ditto, 14th,	29.045	
Mean daily ditto,	.191		Greatest range in 24 hours, 15th,	.647	
			Least ditto, 19th,	.000	
HYGROMETER (LESLIE'S.)			HYGROMETER.		
	Degrees.			Degrees.	
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.	7.8		Highest, 10 A. M. 3d,	20.0	
..... 10 P. M.	7.5		Lowest ditto, 4th,	0.0	
..... of both,	7.7		Highest, 10 P. M. 16th,	19.0	
..... point of deposition, 10 A. M.	45.5		Lowest ditto, 4th,	1.0	
..... 10 P. M.	42.7		Highest P. of D. 10 A. M. 2d,	50.6	
..... of both,	45.0		Lowest ditto, 22d,	35.0	
Rain in inches,	5.054		Highest P. of D. 10 P. M. 27th,	49.6	
Evaporation in ditto,	.930		Lowest ditto, 22d,	27.2	
Mean daily Evaporation,	0.31				
WILSON'S HYGROMETER.			WILSON'S HYGROMETER.		
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.	12.9		Greatest dryness, 7th, 10 A. M.	30.0	
..... 10 P. M.	11.8		Least ditto, 26th, 10 P. M.	0.0	

Fair days 15; rainy days 17. Wind west of meridian 11; East of meridian 19.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Nov. 1	M.59	29.565	M.52	S.W.	Cloudy.		Nov. 16	M.59	28.987	M.49	S.
	A. 43	.469	A. 54					A. 40 $\frac{1}{2}$	.946	A. 49	
2	M.57	.203	M.55	S.W.	Clear.		17	M.57	29.515	M.48	W.
	A. 50	.203	A. 54					A. 38	.553	A. 45	
3	M.59	.211	M.52	S.W.	Ditto.		18	M.57	.654	M.45	S.W.
	A. 55 $\frac{1}{2}$	.246	A. 52					A. 36 $\frac{1}{2}$	.570	A. 49	
4	M.59	.135	M.50	Cble.	Rain.		19	M.57	.586	M.52	W.
	A. 42 $\frac{1}{2}$	.108	A. 51					A. 47	.627	A. 53	
5	M.59	.232	M.48	S. E.	Cloudy.		20	M.57	.561	M.50	W.
	A. 40 $\frac{1}{2}$	.305	A. 48					A. 45	.607	A. 46	
6	M.59	.370	M.47	S. E.	Cloudy,		21	M.57	.551	M.45	S.E.
	A. 40 $\frac{1}{2}$	.570	A. 48		cold.			A. 39	.551	A. 44	
7	M.59	.570	M.48	S. E.	Cloudy.		22	M.57	.551	M.44	S.E.
	A. 45	.695	A. 49					A. 32	.126	A. 45	
8	M.59	.695	M.49	S. E.	Rain.		23	M.57	.194	M.43	S.
	A. 43	.753	A. 49					A. 32	.391	A. 45	
9	M.59	.790	M.49	E.	Cloudy.		24	M.57	.518	M.47	S.
	A. 43	.813	A. 48					A. 39	.696	A. 43	
10	M.59	.748	M.47	S. E.	Ditto.		25	M.57	.690	M.43	Cble.
	A. 41 $\frac{1}{2}$	.589	A. 46					A. 54	.638	A. 46	
11	M.59	.533	M.48	S. E.	Ditto.		26	M.57	.761	M.51	Cble.
	A. 41 $\frac{1}{2}$	.533	A. 48					A. 41	.847	A. 51	
12	M.59	.442	M.48	S. W.	Ditto.		27	M.57	.851	M.55	W.
	A. 41	.442	A. 46					A. 48	.930	A. 51	
13	M.59	.556	M.50	S.	Clear.		28	M.57	.930	M.52	W.
	A. 41	.556	A. 49					A. 48	.901	A. 51	
14	M.59	.152	M.50	S.	Ditto.		29	M.57	.777	M.51	W.
	A. 42	.152	A. 50					A. 44 $\frac{1}{2}$	.616	A. 51	
15	M.59	.136	M.52	W.	Clear,		30	M.57	.507	M.53	W.
	A. 41	.326	A. 48		mild.			A. 44	.507	A. 52	

Average of rain 2.6 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

William Gray, Esq. is appointed to be his Majesty's Consul for the State of Virginia.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

His Grace the Duke of Gordon has presented the Rev. George Shipperd of Fort-William to the church and parish of Laggan.

The Rev. Samuel George Kennedy, preacher of the gospel, has been appointed as minister of the Leith-wynd Chapel, Edinburgh.

III. MILITARY.

Brevet. Major D. McDonald, 19 F. to be Lieut. Colonel in the Army 29 Oct. 1818
 Capt. P. J. Stanhope, h. p. 56 F. to be Major in the Army 12 Nov.
 3 Dr. G. Edward Willey to be Cornet by purch. 22 Oct.
 6 James G. Hall to be Cornet by purch. vice Hillary, ret. do.
 Regt. Quar. Mast. C. Short to be Adj. and Cornet, vice McDowall, prom. 15 do.
 Troop Quar. Mast. E. Wheldon to be Quar. Mast. vice Short do.
 8 Bt. Major N. Bruton to be Major by purch. vice Martin, ret. 29 do.
 Cornet Hon. C. Westerra, from 24 Dr. to be Cornet, vice Cox, 24 Dr.
 11 Bt. Lt. Col. R. Diggins to be Lt. Col. 21 Nov. 1817
 5 Nov. 1818
 — J. Bouchier to be Major, vice Diggins do.
 Capt. S. White, from h. p. 12 Dr. to be Capt. do.
 — J. Duberly, from h. p. 11 Dr. to be Cornet, vice Bouchier 6 do.
 Cornet Richard Edgell to be Lieut. do.
 — Charles Jordon to be Lieut. 7 do.
 Cornet and Adj. George Butcher to have the rank of Lieut. 8 do.
 Lieut. R. Archdall, from h. p. Waggon Train, to be Lieut. 12 do.
 — Hon. John Law, from 1 F. G. to be Lieut. 15 do.
 — G. A. Anson, from 3 F. G. to be Lieut. 15 do.
 Cornet W. R. Chambers, from h. p. 25 Dr. to be Cornet 9 do.
 — G. S. Crole, from 21 Dr. to be Cornet 10 do.
 13 Arthur M'Call to be Cornet 11 do.
 Bt. Col. T. Pritzler, from 22 Dr. to be Lt. Col. 5 do.
 Lieut. John Major to be Capt. do.
 Cornet James Tomlinson to be Lieut. do.
 — Arthur Hancock to be Lieut. 6 do.
 — Henry Stones to be Lieut. 7 do.
 Lieut. A. Bacon, from h. p. 10 Dr. to be Lieut. 8 do.
 — C. Andrews, from h. p. 1 Dr. to be Lieut. 9 do.
 — J. Wallace, from h. p. to be Lieut. 10 do.
 — Charles Clarke, from 21 Dr. to be Lieut. 11 do.
 — R. B. Teesdale, from 25 Dr. to be Lieut. 12 do.
 Cornet W. D. Hamilton, from Waggon Train, to be Cornet, vice Tomlinson 10 do.
 — Robert Ellis, from 25 Dr. to be Cornet, vice Hancock 11 do.
 John Lawrenson to be Cornet, vice Stones 12 do.
 Troop Serj. Maj. T. Rosser to be Adj. and Cornet, vice Lawrence, res. Adjutancy only 29 Oct.
 Assist. Surg. D. McGregor, from 22 Dr. to be Assist. Surg. vice Hart, ret. on h. p. 22 Dr. 5 Nov.
 14 Hen. Gage to be Cornet by purch. 12 do.
 Lieut. J. H. Thursby has been permitted to resign his Commission from do.
 15 — G. A. F. Dawkins has been permitted to resign his h. p. Lieutenantcy

17 Bt. Lt. Col. O. Werge to be Lt. Col. vice Carden, dead 14 Nov. 1817
 Capt. J. Willington to be Major, vice Werge 15 Oct. 1818
 Lieut. J. Brackenbury to be Captain, vice Willington do.
 20 — H. J. Atkinson to be Captain by purch. vice Wildman, 6 Dr. G. 29 do.
 22 Cornet T. M'Kenzie, from 24 Dr. to be Lieut. vice Fitz-Clarence 3 Sept. 1817
 24 — J. G. Palling to be Lieut. vice Gibson, dead 21 Nov.
 — C. R. M'Lead to be Lieut. 24 do.
 — G. Cox, from 8 Dr. to be Cornet, vice Palling 21 do.
 Lieut. J. Mylne to be Adjutant, vice Pellichoddy, dead 24 do.
 25 Bt. Major C. Synge, from 20 Dr. to be Major, vice Bt. Lt. Col. Ellis, ret. 5 Nov. 1818
 Robert Burdett to be Cornet by purch. vice Oswald, ret. 22 Oct.
 4 F. Lieut. W. Graham to be Adjutant, vice Richardson, res. Adjutancy only 12 Nov.
 8 — C. R. Fox, from R. W. I. Rang. to be Lieut. vice M'Dermott, ret. on h. p. of W. I. Rang. 12 Nov.
 17 — W. M. Yorke, from 65 F. to be Lieut. vice Stalkart, dead 3 Nov. 1817
 22 — H. F. Cane to be Captain by purch. vice Le Sage, ret. 22 Oct. 1818
 Ensign E. Butler to be Lieut. by purch. vice Cane do.
 G. V. Butler to be Ensign by purch. vice Butler do.
 26 Lieut. Boyes' reappointment is to bear date the 6 May 1812
 32 Serj. Major Pepperel to be Quar. Mast. vice Stephens, res. 15 Oct. 1818
 50 Capt. W. A. Craig, from 68 F. to be Capt. vice Chapman, ret. on h. p. 68 F. 5 Nov.
 53 Ensign J. Silver to be Lieut. vice Brodie, dead 15 Oct.
 60 Lieut. H. Vis. Barnard, from 2 Life G. to be Capt. by purch. vice Maling, 2 W. I. R. 22 do.
 62 — J. Twigg to be Capt. vice Bt. Major Butler, dead 15 do.
 Ensign T. Russell to be Lieut. vice Twigg do.
 65 Lieut. C. Mitchell, from 69 F. to be Lieut. vice Yorke, 17 F. 3 Nov. 1817
 67 Assist. Surg. R. Greig, from 22 Dr. to be Assist. Surg. vice Kenny, prom. 5 Nov. 1818
 71 N. A. Connor to be Ensign, vice Macdougall, dead 22 Oct.
 72 Bt. Lt. Col. F. Calvert, from 52 F. to be Lt. Col. vice Leitch, ret. 5 Nov.
 82 Capt. J. Hutchison, from 85 F. to be Capt. vice Sterne, ret. on h. p. 85 F. 12 do.
 87 Hosp. Assist. J. Robson to be Assist. Surg. vice Coulthard, dead 18 Nov. 1817
 92 Capt. A. Ferrier to be Major by purch. vice Holmes, ret. 22 Oct. 1818
 Lieut. J. K. Ross to be Capt. by purch. vice Ferrier do.
 Ensign D. Macpherson to be Lieut. by purch. vice Ross do.
 2 W. I. R. Capt. A. M'Pherson to be Major by purch. vice M'Entagert, ret. do.
 — T. Maling, from 60 F. to be Capt. vice Iles, ret. 21 do.
 Lieut. H. Cradock, from 1 F. G. to be Capt. by purch. vice M'Pherson 22 do.
 4 Major J. D. Elphinstone, from 2 Dr. to be Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Col. Sir J. Wardlaw, ret. 12 Nov.
 R. W. I. R. Ensign C. R. Fox, from 85 F. to be Lieut. vice Ramsay, ret. 5 do.
 1 Ceylon R. Lieut. J. Braham, from h. p. 85 F. to be 1st Lieut. 15 Feb.
 R. Artil. Capt. J. Grant, from h. p. to be Capt. vice Wall, dead 30 Aug.
 Gent. Cadet C. P. Brewer to be 2d Lieut. vice Simmons, prom. 5 Oct.
 — J. Knowles to be 2d Lieut. vice Milnes, prom. do.

R. Artill.	Gent. Cadet H. Poole to be 2d Lieut. vice Pulham, dead do.	Lieut. Martin, from 4 F. with Lieut. Duthy, h. p. 85 F.
	— H. O'Brien to be 2d Lieut. vice Lyster, prom. do.	— Stavelly, from 4 F. with Lieut. Blagrave, h. p.
	— Z. Mudge to be 2d Lieut. vice Cornelius, prom. do.	— Sidley, from 25 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Greig, h. p. 8 F.
	— A. Gosset to be 2d Lieut. vice Hall, dead do.	Ensign Dickens, from 35 F. with Ensign Knox, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn.
	— H. Briscoe to be 2d Lieut. do.	— Dillon, from 50 F. with Ensign Weir, h. p. 47 F.
	— C. E. Beauchamp to be 2d Lieut. vice Scott, prom. do.	— Priestly, from 12 F. with Ensign Carew, h. p. 15 F.
R. Engin.	Lt. Col. G. Cardew, from h. p. to be Lt. Col. vice Marlow, dead 12 do.	— Chamberlain, from 4 F. with Ensign Gamble, h. p. 91 F.
Garrison.	Lt. Gen. Hon. Sir E. Paget, G. C. B. to be Capt. of Cowes Castle, vice Col. Drouly, dec. do.	— Nason, from 56 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Leighton, h. p.
Recr. Dist.	Samuel Colberg (late Paymaster of Det. at Liverpool) to be Paymaster 25 Jan.	Paymaster Brennan, from 7 F. with Paymaster MacDougall, h. p. 88 F.
Med. Staff.	The Commission of Staff Surgeon E. Doughty is to bear date 6 Apr. 1809	Qua. Mast. Hogan, from 7 F. with Qua. Mast. Lambert, h. p. 14 F.
	Staff Surg. G. Beattie, M. D. from h. p. to be Surg. to the Forces, vice Arthur, h. p. 5 Nov. 1818	Surgeon Ridsdale, from 15 Dr. with Surg. Easton, 47 F.
	Hosp. Assist. A. Nelson, from h. p. to be Hosp. Assist. to the Forces 10 Oct.	Assist. Surg. Tedlie, from 69 F. with Assist. Surg. Browne, h. p. 89 F.
	— W. Birrell, M. D. from h. p. to be Hosp. Assist. to the Forces do.	
	— John Bell, from h. p. to be Hosp. Assist. to the Forces do.	

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Graham, from 2 F. with Lt. Col. Jordan, Insp. F. O. Mil. Ionian Islands	
Brev. Major D. Campbell, from 92 F. with Capt. Brown, h. p. 4 F.	
Capt. Kirk, from 47 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Sadler, h. p.	
Lieut. Plunkett, from 6 F. with Lieut. Pigot, h. p. 1 F.	
— Harrison, from 69 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Higginbotham, h. p. 34 F.	
— Irving, from 13 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Maitland, h. p.	
— Sproule, from 69 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Bailey, h. p.	

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel Sir J. Wardlaw, 4 W. I. R.	
Lieut. Col. Ellis, 25 Dr.	
— Leitch, 72 F.	
Major Martin, 8 Dr.	
— Holmes, 92 F.	
— M'Entagert, 2 W. I. R.	
Captain Le Sage, 22 F.	
— Les, 2 W. I. R.	
Lieut. Thursby, 14 Dr.	
— Dawkins, h. p. 15 Dr.	
— Ramsay, W. I. Rang.	
Cornet Hillary, 6 Dr. G.	
— Oswald, 25 Dr.	
Quarter Master Stevens, 32 F.	

Appointments Cancelled.

2d Lieut. St John, Rifle Brig.	
Adjutant Jervis, 72 F.	

Dismissed.

Major Baillie, 25 F.	
Paymaster Smith, 25 F.	

Deaths.

Colonel.	Smith, late Gar. Co. West Ind.	Coleman, late Ind. Co. of Inv.
Cuyler, 11 F.	Bonnet, Huntingdon Militia	Ensigns.
Lieut.-Colonel.	Lieutenants.	Carnie, 12 F.
R. Carrol, h. p. Port Ser. 16 Oct.	M'Laren, h. p. 42 F. 13 Mar. 1818	MacDougall, 71 F. 27 Sept. 1813
Majors.	M'Pherson, 36 F. 17 Sept.	Langton, 4 W. I. R. 2 Nov.
Butler, 62 F. 10 Sept.	Brodie, 53 F.	Burton, R. Afric. Cor. 19 July
Grant, late of 92 F. 17 Mar.	Irwin, 61 F. 9 do.	Leishman, late R. Gar. Bn. 17 Apr.
Troya, h. p. 8 W. I. R.	Boyle, h. p. 75 F. 8 Apr.	
Captains.	MacKay, late Indep. Comp.	Rainsford, late 1 Vet. Bn.
Chadwick, 22 Dr. 17 May	Nicholson, late 5 Vet. Bn.	Abbott, do. 9 do.
Shannahan, h. p. R. Staff Corps	Bigger, do. 18 Dec. 1817	Deans, late 2 do.
Troyer, h. p. 4 Ceylon Reg.	Pettigrew, late 5 do. 10 June 1818	Sandon, Huntingdon Militia
Ashe, h. p. Bourbon R. Jan.	Pelt, late 7 do.	Adjutant.
Cochrane, late Ind. Co. 22 May	Powell, do. 8 Jan.	Lt. Stephenson, 30 F. 21 Mar.
Coote, late 1 Vet. Bn.	Buchanan, late 12 do. 19 June	Quarter Masters.
Bruce, do.	Squair, do. 8 Jan.	Bacon, h. p. 66 F. 18 Oct.
Porter, late 7 Vet. Bn. 12 June	Broetz, late 13 do. 8 Jan.	Ross, Rifle Brigade 7 do.
Sears, late 8 do. 23 Apr.		

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

May 20. At Calcutta, Mrs Geo. Playfair, of a son.
 Sept. 27. Mrs P. Horton, of Chatham county, America, was safely delivered of three hearty male children! They have been named George Washington, Andrew Jackson, and Napoleon Bonaparte; and, of course, according to the Shandean system, have all the chances of becoming great men that distinguished names can give them.
 Oct. 19. At Desart house, the Right Hon. the Countess of Desart, a son and heir.
 21. At Woolwich, the lady of Captain Duncan Grant, royal artillery, a daughter.
 22. At Peebles, Mrs Wm Campbell, a daughter.
 24. At Blairgowrie, the lady of William Macpherson, Esq. of Blairgowrie, a son.
 26. At Annfield, Leith, Mrs J. T. Goodsir, a daughter.
 27. At Hatton, Mrs Davidson, younger of Muirhouse, a son.

28. Mrs Vans Hathorn, Prince's street, a son.
 Nov. 5. In Wimpole-street, London, the lady of the Hon. J. T. Leslie Melville, a son.
 — At Pershore, Worcestershire, on her road to London, Lady Lucy Clive, consort of Lord Clive, a son and heir.
 — Mrs Dawson of Morebattle Tofts, a son.
 7. The wife of Archibald Mackeechie, tailor, No 52, Bridgegate-street, Glasgow, of two boys and a girl, who, with their mother, are doing well.
 — At Miliken, the lady of Sir William Miliken Napier of Napier, Bart. a son.
 10. Lady Pringle of Stichel, a daughter.
 — In George-street, Edinburgh, the lady of William Mein, Esq. of Ormiston, a son.
 12. In Dublin-street, Edinburgh, the lady of Major Alston, a son.
 13. In Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, the lady of Thomas Maitland, younger of Dundreman, advocate, a daughter.

16. In Queen-street, Edinburgh, the lady of Alexander Norman Macleod, Esq. of Harris, a son. 17. At Dalkeith, Mrs W. Graham, a daughter. *Lately*—At Eaglesham, the wife of John Biggar, a weaver, was safely delivered of three female children, who, with the mother, are all doing well. Mrs George Bell, 32, St Andrew-square, Edinburgh, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 12. At Hart-street, Edinburgh, Robert Boog, Esq. solicitor before the Supreme Courts, to Mrs Henrietta Scott, relict of Lieut.-Colonel William Scott, late in the service of the Honourable East India Company on the Bengal establishment.

15. At Bess Brook, Ireland, Mr Michael Reynolds, aged 81, to the accomplished Miss Ann Rea, Currieruppen. Immediately after the hymeneal knot, the bride, a slip who only hath attained her 7th year, supported by a crutch, repaired with her rib to a neighbouring alehouse, to spend in festivity the nuptial hour.

— At Westbury, Daniel Fripp, Esq. to Miss Sarah Steuart Powell, youngest daughter of Timothy Powell, Esq. Bristol.

23. At Falkirk, Mr Thomas Gibb, merchant, Edinburgh, to Miss Mary Colvin.

24. At Foss, Joseph Stewart Menzies, Esq. of Foss, to Margaret, only daughter of the late Mr James Pollock, Edinburgh.

26. Captain James Crerar, of the royal navy, to Jean, daughter of Captain John Clyne, shipmaster in Leith.

— At Dumblane, Mr John Ferguson, surgeon in Dumblane, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Stirling, minister of the gospel there.

30. At East Breech, Mr William Potts, merchant, Edinburgh, to Lillies, second daughter of Thomas Sym, Esq. of East Breech.

Nov. 1. George Stuart, Esq. captain of the 3d, or Buffs, to Alicia Inston, only daughter of the late Rev. Henry Dunkin, rector of Glassough, county of Monaghan, Ireland.

2. At Biggar, the Rev. Alexander Jack, Dunbar, to Elizabeth, daughter of James Hamilton of Budsensill, Esq.

— At London, Mr Joseph Louthian, to Janet, youngest daughter of David Tod, Esq. Cold Bath Square.

5. At Lockerbie, Mr William Maxwell Little, S. S. C. Edinburgh, to Ann, daughter of William Martin, Esq. of Blackford.

1. James Dickson, surgeon, royal navy, to Miss Janet Jeffrey, daughter of George Jeffrey, Esq. New Kelso, Rox-shire.

6. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Brown, merchant, Edinburgh, to Helen, youngest daughter of Mr William Gibb, merchant there.

— At Edinburgh, Captain Albert Cummings of London, to Margaret, only daughter of the deceased Rev. Joseph Johnstone, minister of Innerleithen.

1. At Stobo Manse, Mr Charles Balfour Scott, writer to the signet, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the Rev. Alexander Ker, minister of Stobo.

10. At Bowland, Samuel Sproull, Esq. to Eliza, daughter of the late William Walker, Esq. and niece of Colonel Walker of Bowland.

— At Glasgow, Mr Peter Forbes, merchant, Edinburgh, to Jane, second daughter of William Irvine, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

— At Edinburgh, John Hood, Esq. of Stoneridge, to Jane Anne, second daughter of the late Alexander Low, Esq. of Annfield.

— At Glenfermate, R. R. Bruce, Esq. Honourable East India Company's service, to Miss Catherine Barron Spottiswoode, daughter of William Spottiswoode, Esq. of Glenfermate.

12. At St James's, Westminster, the Rev. James Glen, one of the ministers of that parish, to Margaret, widow of the late W. Bruce, Esq. of Cowden.

6. At his Grace the Duke of Athol's, at Dunkeld, George Fairholme, of Greenknow, Esq. Berwickshire, to the Hon. Caroline Elizabeth Forbes, eldest daughter of Lieut.-General Lord Forbes. His Royal Highness the Archduke Maximilian of Austria and suite honoured the nuptials with their presence, being on a visit to the family there at the time.

19. At Edinburgh, Captain Nickle, of the 88th regiment, to Elizabeth Ann, daughter of William Dallas, Esq. writer to the signet.

Lately—At Lisbon, Lieutenant Thomas Mitchell of the rifle brigade, eldest son of the late Mr Mit-

chell, collector of shore-dues and harbour-master, Grangemouth, to Mary, eldest daughter of Lieut.-General Blunt, Major-General in the British army.

DEATHS.

In India, in January last, Captain John Beaumont, 5th regiment, native infantry, son of the late Mr Francis Beaumont.

At Calcutta, in May last, Mr Alexander Cassels, late of the Honourable East India Company's service, youngest son of the deceased Andrew Cassels, Esq. Leith.

June 1. At Calcutta, Mrs Susan Tod, wife of Major George Cadell, 12th Madras native infantry, Adjutant-General subsidiary force, Hyderabad.

Sept. 1. At Havannah, on his way home from South America, Mr John Dickie, only son of the late Mr Alexander Dickie of this city.

3. At Hamilton, Bermuda, Mr Colin Falconer Taylor, eldest surviving son of Mr Taylor, rector of the grammar school of Musselburgh.

25. At Paris, Miss Isabella Bethune Morison, daughter of the deceased William Bethune, Esq. of Blebo.

Oct. 1. At Ramsgate, in the 70th year of his age, after a lingering illness, Finlay Fergusson, Esq. F. R. S. of Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, London.

9. Mr Matthew Laycock, carrier between Manchester and Skipton. About two months ago, when returning from the former place, he was bit by a dog supposed to be mad, on which he took the medicine at Colne usually administered in such cases; but when returning from Manchester, on Tuesday, the 6th ult. he began to be unwell, and strong symptoms of the hydrophobia appeared. On the Friday following, he expressed a fear of the returning malady, and wished to see his children; they were brought to him; he gave each of them a kiss; and very soon after, the malady returned, and he died the same day in the greatest agony, barking like a dog.

10. At Haddington, of the palsy, after four days' illness, Mr Charles Herriot, aged 69. He taught a private school there for the space of thirty years, with credit to himself. Previous to that, he was a bookseller in the Parliament-square for above 12 years.

13. At Handsworth, Staffordshire, in the 116th year of her age, Ann Smallwood, widow. She was born in 1702, the year Queen Anne came to the throne. She was the mother of 16 children, the eldest of whom, now living, is 80 years old. She had been nearly blind a few years, but all her other faculties she retained to the last.

18. At Lockerby, Mary and Biddy Chambers, sisters. They had lived together nearly the whole of their lives, and expressed a singular solicitude that they might die together: in this their prayers were heard, as they died on the same night, the one at ten, the other at twelve o'clock, and were buried in one grave.

19. In the 56th year of her age, at Colonel Vincent's, Cullen's Wood, near Dublin, the Right Hon. Catherine, Lady Mount Sandford, daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Oliver, and relict of the late Lord Mount Sandford.

20. At Perth, Thomas Black, Esq. late Provost, and Collector of the Customs there.

22. At Morpeth, Andrew Marjoribanks, Esq. deputy commissary-general.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Matthew Fortune, of the Tontine.

23. At No 1, Gayfield Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Jane Gall, wife of Mr John Gall, coachmaker, Edinburgh.

— At Kirkhill, in her 14th year, May, youngest daughter of Charles Adamson, Esq. paymaster, Aberdeenshire Militia.

— At Barr-house, Argyllshire, Miss Sophia Campbell Macalister, only daughter of Colonel Macalister of Barr.

26. At Minto-house, the Right Hon. William Elliot of Wells.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Eliza Hunter, daughter of the late William Hunter, Esq. of Glenormiston, and spouse of William Campbell, Esq. writer to the signet.

27. At the Harebills, near Leeds, Yorkshire, Mr Griffith Wright. He had attained the advanced age of 87, and was perhaps the oldest proprietor of a newspaper in this kingdom, if not in the world, having established *Wright's Leeds Intelligencer*, A. D. 1751, nine years before his present Majesty's

accession to the throne. He retired from business more than 35 years since.

— At Mid Calder, Mr James Goodair, surgeon.

28. At Newington, William Cooper Blyth, son of R. B. Blyth, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Dee-mount, near Aberdeen, Lieut.-Colonel P. Black, late in the Honourable East India Company's service, on the Bengal establishment, aged 55.

— At Edinburgh, at the house of Thomas Adair of Genoch, Esq. clerk to the signet, her grandfather, Agnes, the infant daughter of John Ross, Esq. R. N. captain of the Isabella, and commander of the Northern Expedition, which sailed in May last upon a voyage of discovery.

29. At Berwick-upon-Tweed, in his 75th year, Mr William Graham, carpet-manufacturer there, after a lingering illness, which he bore with the most exemplary fortitude.

— At Mount Edgecumbe (the seat of his father), the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Valletort, after a long illness. His lordship was born in the year 1794.

30. At Buccleugh Place, Edinburgh, Anne, daughter of Mr Young of the Excise.

31. At Edinburgh, after a short illness, Lieut. John Blackburn, of the Dumfriesshire Militia.

— John Alston, Esq. banker, Glasgow, in the 75th year of his age.

— At Musselburgh, after a few days' illness, Mrs Susanna Small, relict of Charles Spalding, Esq. late merchant in Edinburgh.

Nov. 2. At Hatfield, Yorkshire, Sir Hector Maclean, Bart. of Marvaren, North Britain.

— At Glasgow, Thomas Hotchkiss, Esq. brewer in Edinburgh.

4. Stephen Rowan, Esq. of Bellahouston, merchant in Glasgow.

5. At Edinburgh, after a short illness, Francis Ronaldson, Esq. surveyor, General Post Office.

— At the Mains of Kellie, John, son of Mr Alexander Bowie, farmer there.

6. At Kenleith, Mr James Proven, paper-maker.

— At Boulogne, Mary Jane, the infant daughter of Captain Coll Macdougall.

8. At Stanwix, near Carlisle, aged 83, Mary, the wife of Mr John Carruthers. This woman bore ten children at four births, namely, four, three, two, and one.

9. At his house, in George Square, Edinburgh, Alexander Schaw, Esq. aged 93.

— At Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, Mr John Robertson.

— At Corsbie, aged 89, the Right Hon. Lady Euphemia Stuart, sister to the late Earl of Galloway.

10. The Rev. William Ramsay, minister of Corstachy.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Jane Cochrane, wife of William Drysdale, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Maria Christie, spouse of Archibald Christie, Esq. younger of Baberton, and daughter of the late J. Reeves, Esq. of Lanley, Wiltshire.

11. At a very advanced age, at Southwood-house, near Ramsgate, Charlotte, Dowager Countess of Dunmore. Her ladyship was a daughter of Alexander, seventh Earl of Galloway, and was married the 21st of February 1759, to John, fifth Earl of Dunmore, who died in March 1809, and by whom she had five sons and four daughters, including George, the present Earl of Dunmore; Augusta, now Lady Augusta D'Ameland, married at Rome, April 4, 1793, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and secondly, December 5, 1793, at St George's, Hanover-square, London, which marriage was declared null and void by the Prerogative in 1794; and Virginia, born in Virginia, and named after it at the request of the Council and Assembly of Virginia, of which his lordship, her father, was then governor.

— At his house, Fountainbridge, Alexander Gardner, Esq. Deputy Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer in Exchequer.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Brydon, painter and glazier.

12. At her house, 56, George-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Major Drummond of Vellore, Stirlingshire.

13. At Buccleugh-place, Edinburgh, Mr James Masson, late merchant, Edinburgh.

14. At Arniston-place, Edinburgh, Mr Robert Kirkwood, engraver.

— At Perth, in the prime of life, after a short illness, Mr John Greig, merchant.

— At his house, Clyde-place, Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Laurie, senior, teacher of dancing.

15. At Edinburgh, Miss M'Cormick, eldest daughter of the deceased William M'Cormick, Esq. Dundas-street.

16. At his house, No 24, Society, Edinburgh, William Wotherspoon, Esq. accountant.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Vere Fergusson, daughter of the late Rev. Adam Fergusson, minister of Mouline.

— At Sanquhar, William Marshall, aged 102 years, son of the famous William Marshall, "King of the Randies," and Chief of the Galloway Tinkers, who died at the advanced age of 121 years, feared or respected by all his "ain kind o' folk," as well as the chief part of the inhabitants of the district in which he resided. William, the subject of our obituary, was born, as is generally believed, at Colmonell, in 1716: he himself said the year before; but from his father having been with the army in Flanders, as a soldier (which he seems to have left that he might attend Kelton hill Fair), and from other circumstances, it is most probable that he was only 102 years old. Marshall, the younger, ostensibly exercised the vocation of tinker at Minnigaff; but his real occupation was smuggling,—a business as unsubstantial as the foam that is dashed from the bows of the vessel freighted with the goods. Like unto thousands, Marshall at one time had realized some property in that ephemeral profession; he had "two gude houses in Minnigaff," but like the foresaid thousands, after having spent the summer of his days in it, nothing remained to him in the autumn of his life, as the fruit of his privations and his toil, save an irritated temper, and vicious propensities. It would appear that Marshall had some hard skirmishes with the dragoons, called in to assist the revenue officers. In one of these, his "braw mare" was shot under him; in another, we could clearly trace that his party had used fire arms against the military, but that there were "nae lives lost." For these four-and-twenty years past, Marshall has resided at Sanquhar; and until within the last three years, he was wont to go round the farmers exercising his vocation of hornor. Until a month before his death, he had been looking for his "bawbee to buy tobacco;" and although his walk was tottering and slow, and in his person he read Sphinx's riddle, yet his back was as straight as that of any man living, and over shoulders he was as square as when his sinews were strong with the vigour of thirty.—*Dumfries and Galloway Courier.*

18. Alderman Goodbehere. He returned to his house, China-terrace, Lambeth, in apparent good health, to dress, as he was going out to dinner, and he immediately went up stairs. Soon after the servant heard a violent noise, as if something heavy had fallen; she immediately ran up, and found her master lying on the floor quite dead—it is supposed that he died in an apopleptic fit. Mr Goodbehere has left a widow and a son, his only child, about 20 years of age, who is a member of the University of Cambridge.

19. At Edinburgh, Miss Francis Weir, at her house in Charlotte-street.

Lately.—At Norwich, Mrs Anne Plumtre, the author of many ingenious publications. This lady was particularly skilled in German literature.

At Pickering, in Yorkshire, W. Marshall, Esq. the very eminent writer on "Rural Economy," and "Agriculture in general."

At East Coves Castle, in the Isle of Wight, the seat of John Nash, Esq. Lady Romilly. Her ladyship had borne a long and painful illness with exemplary patience and resignation.—The death of Lady Romilly will be felt most severely by the unfortunate. Her ladyship distributed £1000 per annum privately amongst worthy families who had been reduced by misfortune.

At his seat, Neuville, Marshal Clarke, the Duke of Feltre. He was of Irish extraction, and one of Bonaparte's generals, by whom he was created Duke de Feltre, and a field-marshal.

At Portland, in the United States of America, about the middle of September, Andrew Scott, Esq. a native of Paisley. He had recently arrived at New York from a voyage to the East Indies; and, while on a visit to his family, the very evening of his reaching home, he was deprived of life by a shock of the palsy.

At her house, Castle-street, Mrs Dougal, widow of the deceased James Dougal of Easter-house.

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VOL. IV.

REMARKS ON THE ROMANCE OF ANTAR.*

THE few detached passages translated into German in the *Mines de l'Orient*, can scarcely be said to have done more than excite the attention of scholars to this Arabian Romance. The merit of having introduced even them to any thing like an acquaintance with its merits, belongs exclusively to Mr Hamilton. We are not aware that any so considerable addition has for a long time been made to our stock of oriental knowledge and amusement as by his excellent production; nay, we almost think that when he has furnished his version, he will have conferred on us a favour only second to that which has immortalized the name of Galland.

Antar, or Antara, of whom, on a former occasion, we have spoken a few words,† is the knight-errant (Κατ' εἰρήνην) of Arabia; and our readers will be able to judge for themselves, whether he be not also, in all probability, the original and prototype of the knights-errant of Europe. His adventures bear a likeness which can scarcely be supposed to be entirely accidental to those of our western Palmerin and Amadis; or rather, perhaps, we should say, to our romantic stories of Cœur-de-Lion and the Campeador. The history was, it is supposed, compiled from the oral narratives of the story tellers, and thrown into its present form by Osmay, one

of the scholars who frequented the court of Haroun-al-Raschid; but there is no reason to doubt the real existence of its hero. Antar was a poet as well as a warrior; and the well known production, which goes under his name, and which forms part of the Moallakhat, is introduced into the body of this romance itself, although Mr Hamilton has not yet reached it in his translation. Smaller pieces in verse are every where scattered throughout the narrative; a mode of composition very common, both among the Persians and Arabs. For even in the *thousand and one nights*, although the European reader would scarcely suspect it to be so, the more passionate speeches and descriptions are all in verse. The style has indeed much higher authority in its favour, for the prophetic books of the Old Testament, and even some of the historical ones, abound in the same sort of intermixture. The time when the incidents of the story occur is in the century before Mahomet, when the Arabs still drank wine, and “blasphemed in ignorance.”

Nothing can be more delightful than the feeling which attends us in our first perusal of Antar. We are transported into a scene of which we have before seen nothing, but in which we recognise at once, as if by intuition, the glow, the wildness, the vastness

* Antar, a Bedouen Romance; translated from the Arabic. By Terrick Hamilton, Esq. Oriental Secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople. London, Murray, 1819. pp. 298.

† See Magazine, No XVII. for August 1818—Article, On Menil's edition of Antara's Poem.

—all the unchanged and unchangeable features of the eternal desert. The personages into whose company we are introduced have the most inimitable air of dignified barbarism; they have no idea of pleasure except what consists in galloping along the sand on the back of a far-descended courser, or reposing beneath the shadow of some green palm-trees by the side of a fountain.—Even their plundering expeditions seem to be undertaken by them more for the excitement of the chase and the combat, than for the sake of the booty itself. And yet their booty is of no despicable kind. The slow caravan is terrified in the midst of the desert by a cloud of dust, more regular in its shape and its progress than those which are tost up by the wind alone, and which form, as it were, the perpetual waves of that limitless ocean. From the midst of the cloud they soon hear the cry of onset, and see the flashing of the javelins. “They come down to the field, and they are like furious lions; they gallop and charge before the warriors. They rush into the scene of blows and thrusts. They dash down on them, mounted on raven-coloured steeds, strong sinewed. Then begins the storm and the bluster—the sport and exertion—the give and take—the struggle and the wrestle—and every eye gazes intently, and every neck is stretched out.” The prize is “fine linen,”—and “precious stones,”—and “all manner of merchandize;” among the rest, beautiful damsels covered up in long veils, Koptish and Arabian; some having “cheeks like the piony,” “eyes like the roe of the desert,” and “glances like the arrows of death;” others, in the language of Solomon, “black but comely.”

In one of these expeditions, a noble Bedouen, by name Shedad, receives as his share a negress called Zebeebah. Like the King of Israel, he has no objection to her dark colour. “She had made a great impression on the heart of Shedad, and he longed for her in his soul. Her form was delicate; her eye inspired love; her smile was enchanting, and her gestures graceful.” “In blackness,” says Shedad, “there is some virtue; if thou observest its beauty well, thy eyes do not regard the white or red. Were it not for the

black of the night, the dawn would not rise.”

“Shedad visited her morning and evening; and thus matters continued till she became pregnant; and when her time came, she brought forth a boy, black and swarthy like an elephant, flat nosed, blear eyed, harsh featured, shaggy haired; the corners of his lips hanging down, and the inner angles of his eyes bloated; strong boned, long footed; he was like a fragment of a cloud, his ears immensely long, and with eyes whence flashed sparks of fire. His shape, limbs, form, and make resembled Shedad; and Shedad was overjoyed at seeing him, and called him Antar, and for many days he continued to gaze on him with delight. But when Zebeeba wished to wean him, he grumbled and growled exceedingly, and the corners of his eyes became fiery red, so that he appeared like a mass of crimson blood; and this was his condition till he was weaned.”

This hopeful child is, of course, duly prized by his father; but the companions of the foray in which his mother was captured, when they learn that the lady has produced a boy, allege that they were not aware of her fruitfulness, and that Shedad has got too great a share of the booty, in the possession of such a quick breeder. King Zoheir, the patriarch of the tribe, hearing of the dispute, expresses a wish to see the child, who is its chief cause. Antar is brought into the presence, and his majesty is so much terrified by his shocking appearance, that he tosses a piece of raw meat at him, by way of *bon-bon*. The King's bulldog, however, thinks the present an infraction upon his dues, and snatches it—but mark the issue: “Antar followed him till he came up with him; he was greatly enraged, and seized hold of him with all his strength. He wrenched open his jaws, and tore them in twain even to his shoulders, and snatched the meat out of his mouth.” The possession of “this wretch,” as the King calls him, is, however, confirmed to Shedad, who gives Zebeebah a small house to live in by herself with her children. Antar continues to grow every day in bulk and in boldness. One day he is employed to look after some cattle, when a wolf darts upon them from a thicket. Antar “runs after him and smites him with his staff between the eyes, and makes the oil of his brains to fly out from between his ears, and slays him.” In short, neither beast nor

boy can resist the prowess of this infant Alcides, and ere long "his name is a terror among all the servants of Shedad."

The first exploit which makes him celebrated in a more extensive circle, is his killing of a favourite slave of Prince Shas, the son of King Zoheir. This is narrated in a style of most patriarchal simplicity.

"One day the poor men, and widows, and orphans met together, and were driving their camels and their flocks to drink, and were all standing by the water side. Daji came up and stopped them all, and took possession of the water for his master's cattle. Just then an old woman belonging to the tribe of Abs came up to him, and accosted him in a suppliant manner, saying, Be so good, master Daji, as to let my cattle drink; they are all the property I possess, and I live by their milk. Pity my flock and cover my nakedness; have compassion on me and grant my request, and let them drink. But he paid no attention to her demand, and abused her. She was greatly distressed and shrunk back. Then came another old woman and addressed him, O master Daji, I am a poor weak old woman, as you see; time has dealt hardly with me, it has aimed its arrows at me; and its daily and nightly calamities have destroyed all my men. I have lost my children and my husband, and since then I have been in great distress; these sheep are all I possess; let them drink, for I live on the milk they produce. Pity my forlorn state; I have no one to tend them, therefore grant my request, and be so kind as to let them drink.

"As soon as Daji heard these words, and perceived the crowd of women and men, his pride increased, and his obstinacy was not to be moved, but he struck the woman on the stomach, and threw her down on her back, and uncovered her nakedness, whilst all the slaves laughed at her. When Antar perceived what had occurred, his pagan pride played throughout all his limbs, and he could not endure the sight. He ran up to the slave, and calling out to him, You bastard, said he, what mean you by this disgusting action? Do you dare to violate an Arab woman? May God destroy your limbs, and all that consented to this act.

"When the slave heard what Antar said, he almost fainted from indignation; he met him, and struck him a blow over the face that nearly knocked out his eyes. Antar waited till he had recovered from the blow, and his senses returned; he then ran at the slave, and seizing him by one of the legs, threw him on his back. He thrust one hand under his thighs, and with the other he grasped his neck, and, raising him by the force of his arm, he dashed him against the ground. And his length and

breadth were all one mass. When the deed was done his fury was unbounded, and he roared aloud even as a lion. And when the slaves perceived the fate of Daji, they shrieked out to Antar, saying, You have slain the slave of Prince Shas! What man on earth can now protect you? They attacked him with staves and stones, but he resisted them all; he rushed with a loud yell upon them, and proved himself a hardy warrior, and dealt among them with his stick as a hero with his sword."

The result of this fray might have proved fatal to Antar, but for the interposition of Malik, a brother of Prince Shas, who takes a fancy to the boy, and intercedes for him with King Zoheir. His majesty sends him back to his father's dwelling in triumph, where he is immediately surrounded by all the females of the establishment, "amongst whom were his aunts and his cousin, whose name was Ibla. Now Ibla was younger than Antar, and a merry lass; she was lovely as the full moon, and she frequently joked with Antar, and was very familiar with him as he was her servant." The particular kindness of Ibla, on this occasion, seems to have made a strong impression on the heart of Antar, and from that moment his love for this "merry lass" forms the chief passion of his soul, and the strongest stimulus to all his heroic exertions. The maiden, however, takes no notice of her admirer, because, being a slave, and the son of a slave, he cannot for a moment be supposed worthy of a noble born Arabian damsel like Ibla. There is much nature, we think, in this little incident.

"One day he entered the house of his uncle Malik, and found his aunt combing his cousin Ibla's hair, which flowed down her back, dark as the shades of night. Antar was quite surprised, but Ibla ran away as soon as Antar had entered and seen her, as her sable locks waved to the ground behind her. This increased Antar's astonishment; he was greatly agitated, and could pay no attention to any thing; he was anxious and thoughtful."

From this time his "anguish becomes oppressive;" the tears rush into his eyes whenever he sees her; he addresses to her the most fervent effusions in verse, and manifests every symptom of the most authentic passion. He is aware that he has in his present condition no hope, and he resolves to raise himself to the state of a free Arab by means of his sword. In the meantime, however, his passion is suspected, and he is ordered into con-

finement by his father; but learning the name of the slave who had betrayed him, his wrath immediately swells into irresistible violence, he bursts his cords like Samson, and, rushing into the field, he immediately slays the object of his resentment in the same shocking manner in which he had already despatched the slave of Prince Shas. This homicide brings him into new jeopardy, and his father and brothers pursue him with intent to kill him. They come up with Antar in the desert, and find him in the act of killing a prodigious lion, *pour se disennuyer*. As soon as he had strangled this "dog of the plain," he rips her up, kindles a fire with dry sticks, and roasts and devours the entire carcase. Shedad and his companions, amazed by this display of strength and stomach, think it prudent to make a quiet retreat; and Prince Malik, hearing their account of what had occurred, again interests himself so much as to procure the pardon of Antar.

Shortly after this, while Shedad is absent, the women are amusing themselves with dancing and music in the garden, when they are surprised by a party of horsemen of another tribe, and carried off in the unceremonious manner to which Arabian ladies are so well accustomed. Among the rest is Ibla. Antar, who happened to be at some little distance, does not hear of this outrage immediately; but returning in a short time, and learning the absence of his love, his rage becomes so great that he runs off, on foot, and single-handed, in pursuit of the marauders. He engages them with irresistible fury, and ends with slaying seventy of them, and bringing back the whole of the females in triumph—Ibla being mounted *en croupe* on the horse which he himself rides. The women are passionate in their acknowledgments; but their minds are quite distressed by the idea of having been seen unveiled by strangers; and fearing that their lords and masters might conceive a disgust for them in consequence of this exposure, it is earnestly intreated of all present that the affair should be kept a profound secret. On the day after his return, Shedad goes out on horseback to examine his herds and flocks;

"And he perceived amongst his horses some strange ones, and also saw Antar riding upon a black mare. Whence, cried he,

came these animals? and whence got you this mare, that excites my wonder? Now the mare Antar was riding belonged to the chief of the Cahtanians, and the other horses were those the horsemen rode whom he had slain; the spoil and all he had collected were concealed at his mother's. O master, he replied, as I was tending the flocks yesterday, there came some Cahtanians, and with them an immense quantity of cattle; they were much fatigued, and moreover frightened at the Arab horsemen. I followed them, and finding these horses separated from the rest, I took them and brought them back. Thou wicked slave, said Shedad, these are no horses strayed from their owners, thou hast carried them off from beneath their riders; it is on this account thou wanderest alone in these wilds and rocks, and every Arab thou canst meet thou killest him, and thou carest not whether he is of the tribe of Cahtan or Adnan. Never wilt thou leave off this conduct till thou hast excited feuds among the Arabs, and slain heroes and horsemen! Never again will I let thee take my cattle to the pasture; and he beat him with the whip he had in his hand; and as he continued to lash and thrash him, no good will come of thee, said he; evil and abominations are rooted in thee; thou wilt breed dissensions among the Arab tribes, and thou wilt make us a common tale among nations. His father still beat him and abused him, and he bore it all.

"At last Semeeah (the wife of Shedad) came out, and seeing what was going on, she wept bitterly. She sprang forwards and threw herself on his breast, exclaiming, sooner shalt thou beat me than him; he does not deserve such ill treatment, O Shedad. But Shedad became very angry with her, and shoving her away, threw her down on her back. She rose up and cast herself into Antar's arms, uncovering her head, and letting her hair flow down her shoulders. This excited Shedad's surprise. What has happened to this wretch, he exclaimed, that you feel so much affection and tenderness? Loose his bands, said Semeeah, and I will relate the whole story to you. Tell me, said he, and I will release him. Then she told Shedad all that Antar had done; how he alone had attacked seventy horsemen, and had driven them back in confusion and despair, and had secured in safety all their families and children. Then Semeeah repeated these verses:

"O Shedad, hadst thou seen me, my face uncovered, and my person carried off behind the warriors, and the women of Prince Cais in dismay, no resource at hand, and their veils trailing on the surface of the earth. Ibla too! they mounted her behind a warrior, whilst her tears streamed down her cheeks. The slaves whom I encouraged, fled; every one fled, all trembling in affright. Our families surrounded us weeping in anguish and in misery. Our camels were driven away, and every heart was dis-

tracted. Then Antār plunged into the midst of them ; into the black rolling dust ; the atmosphere was involved in darkness, and the birds sunk motionless ; their horsemen fled through fear : this one was slain, that made captive ; he protected us. After he had comforted us all, he pursued them, and the honour of them all was destroyed. O it is right I should respect him ; protect him ; my honour he protected, and he preserved the honour of us all.'

"Semeeah's account of Antār's actions astonished Shedad, and he rejoiced and was glad. It is surprising, said he to himself, he kept all this secret, and his submission to be bound by me ! 'tis most wonderful ! Antār stood unconcerned, and listened to Semeeah's acknowledgments ; and Shedad came up to him, and released him, and begged his pardon," &c.

Another scene of the same kind, but displaying, in a still more remarkable manner, the peerless strength and valour of Antār, occurs not long after this. King Zoheir himself has gone out with all his warriors to attack the rival tribe of Cahtan. That tribe, however, happen to be on their march to attack Zoheir, and the two armies miss each other by the way. Antār, in spite of all the heroism he had formerly displayed, is still, from feelings of Arab pride, kept in the station of a slave by his father Shedad, and he has not therefore gone forth with the free-men to battle. He is at home, as of old, tending the cattle, when the enemy approaches the tents of Zoheir and his tribe. "*He received them as the dry dust receiveth the first drops of rain.*" He defends the women and the wealth of the king, and puts the Cahtanians to flight. On his return, King Zoheir, understanding what has occurred, clothes Antār in a robe of honour, mounts him upon a fine horse, and entertains him at table "till the wine sported with their senses." Notwithstanding all this, however, Shedad still refuses to acknowledge Antār as his son, and so to elevate him above his servile condition. The hero, unable any longer to endure this indignity, goes by night to the tent of his benefactor Prince Malik, and having bid him farewell, he mounts his horse, and rides out into the desert to seek his fortune for himself, in the true style of "*Cabelleria Andantesca.*"

He meets a small party of his own tribe, marauding in the wilderness, and joining himself to them, his superior skill and valour soon secure to him the place of captain. A rich Howdah,

travelling with a royal bride through the plain, forms their first booty. The second is a horse of unrivalled lineage and grace—the illustrious *Abjer*, thenceforth the inseparable companion of all the adventures of Antār. "His hoofs," says our narrative, "were as flat as beaten coin ; when he neighed, he seemed about to speak, and his ears were like quills. His sire was Wasil, and his dam Hemema." Mounted on this horse, armed with the unconquerable Indian sword *Dhami*, and animated with the love of *Ibla*, nothing can resist the prowess of Antār. After a variety of adventures in the desert, he is engaged in the most cruel of all his battles with the tribe of Maan, when his friend, Prince Malik, arrives by accident in the field, and is the witness of his victory. The joy and gratitude of Antār, on this meeting, are as enthusiastic as his valour had been. The prince insists that Antār should return with him to the king his father, and our hero consents. They are proceeding on their journey homeward, when Antār's passion seizing him, he thus exclaims :

"When the breezes blow from Mount Saadi, their freshness calms the fire of my love and transports. Let my tribe remember I have preserved their faith ; but they feel not my worth, and preserve not their engagements with me. Were there not a maid settled in the tents, why should I prefer their society to absence ? Slimly made is she, and the magic influence of her eye preserves the bones of a corpse from entering the tomb. The sun as it sets, turns towards her, and says, Darkness obscures the land, do thou rise in my absence ; and the brilliant moon calls out to her, Come forth, for thy face is like me when I am at the full, and in all my glory ! The Tamarisk trees complain of her in the morn and the eve, and say, Away, thou waning beauty, thou form of the laurel ! she turns away abashed, and throws aside her veil, and the roses are scattered from her soft fresh cheeks. She draws her sword from the glances of her eyelashes, sharp and penetrating as the blade of her forefathers, and with it her eyes commit murder, though it be sheathed : is it not surprising that a sheathed sword should be so sharp against its victims ! Graceful is every limb, slender her waist, love-beaming are her glances, waving is her form. The damsel passes the night with musk under her veil, and its fragrance is increased by the still fresher essence of her breath. The lustre of day sparkles from her forehead, and by the dark shades of her curling ringlets, night itself is driven away. When she smiles, between her teeth is a moisture com-

posed of wine, of rain, and of honey. Her throat complains of the darkness of her necklaces. Alas! alas! the effects of that throat and that necklace! Will fortune ever, O daughter of Malik, ever bless me with thy embrace, that would cure my heart of the sorrows of love? If my eye could see her baggage camels, and her family, I would rub my cheeks on the hoofs of her camels. I will kiss the earth where thou art; mayhap the fire of my love and ecstasy may be quenched. Shall thou and I ever meet as formerly on Mount Saadi? or will the messenger come from thee to announce thy meeting, or will he relate that thou art in the land of Nejd? Shall we meet in the land of Shureba and Hima, and shall we live in joy and in happiness? I am the well known Antar, the chief of his tribe, and I shall die: but when I am gone, history shall tell of me."

As they draw near the tents of Zoheir, they meet with Shedad. On seeing him approach, Antar immediately dismounts, and kneels before him. His father, struck with admiration of his heroism and his piety, kisses him between the eyes, and they walk home in peace. The women receive him with acclamations of joy, "and none more than Ibla."

In the morning, however, his father's jealousy returns, and he refuses to elevate Antar to the rank of a freeman. His passion for Ibla, in like manner, procures for him nothing but ridicule from the father of that damsel; and Antar soon begins to feel, that, after all he has done, a hero, like a prophet, is without honour in his own country. To whatever his father commands, he submits; and such is the force of parental spleen, that he finds himself once more compelled to tend the camels and the sheep. While he is thus meanly occupied, his father's tents are once more surrounded by a party of hostile Arabs, and a bloody combat ensues, in which the invaders have greatly the advantage. Antar refuses to take any share in the conflict. "Ye have refused me the name of son," says he; "I am but a herdsman slave; it is not for me to fight with the warriors of Yemen." At last, when all hope of safety for their own existence is extinguished in the breast of his father and his kinsmen, they fall at the feet of Antar, and pray him to assist them this once, upon whatever condition he himself pleases to assign. The rank of a freeman, and Ibla, are the boons he asks; and both being grant-

ed, the hero once more mounts Abjer, and scatters the enemy "like chaff before the wind." But the faithless father of his mistress repents him, when in safety, of the promise he had made in the hour of his danger. He contrives to defer the fulfilment of his engagement from day to day, in the hope that some rival wooer may arrive, capable of carrying matters with a high hand towards Antar. This wooer at last arrives, in the person of Amarah, an Arab prince, who offers a dower so magnificent, that it quite dazzles the understanding of Ibla's father, viz: "A thousand he and she camels, and a thousand sheep, and twenty Ooshareeyi camels, and twenty horses of the noblest breed, and a hundred silk robes, and fifty satin garments spangled rich in gold, and twenty strings of the finest jewels, and a hundred skins of wine for the feast, and a hundred male, and as many female slaves." This proposal is made in presence of King Zoheir, and Antar hears it patiently to the end. He then bursts forth:—

"Thou he-goat of a man—thou refuse!—thou villain! Dost thou at such a time as this demand Ibla in marriage?—thou coward, did not I demand her when she was in the midst of twelve thousand warriors, waving their bone-cleaving swords, and thou and thy brother were flying among the rocks and the wilds? I then descended—I exposed my life in her dangers, and liberated her from the man that had captured her; but, now that she is in the tent of her father and mother, thou wouldst demand her! By the faith of an illustrious Arab, thou dastard, if thou dost not give up thy pretensions to Ibla, I will bring down perdition upon thee, and I will curse thy relations and thy parents, and I will make the hour of thy wedding an hour of evil tidings to thyself and thy posterity!"

Zoheir interferes to prevent bloodshed, and Ibla's relations having renewed their promise to Antar, the evening is again concluded in feasting, "till the wine sports with them." Next morning it is suggested to Ibla's father and brother, that by craft they may perhaps succeed in putting an end to the proposals of Antar. They call upon him, and ask of him, by way of dower to Ibla, a thousand Assafer camels, "that she may boast of them." Antar, in ignorance of the nature of these animals, agrees to the request; but, on inquiry, he soon begins to understand the trick which has been played upon him; for they told him, that "the camels were in

the kingdom of Monzar, the king of the princes of the Arabs, and the lieutenant of Chosroe Nushirvan, whose armies are innumerable."

"Uncle, said he, I will give you these camels loaded with the treasures of their masters: but give me your hand, and betroth me to your daughter, and thus shew me the purity of your intentions. So Malik gave him his hand, and a fire blazed in his heart. Antar's joy was excessive, his bosom heaved, and he was all delight—he started on his feet—he took off his clothes, and put them on his uncle: and Ibla saw Antar's arms, and smiled. What art thou smiling at, fair damsel? said Antar. At those wounds, she replied; for were they on the body of any other person, he would have died, and drank the cup of death and annihilation: but thou art unhurt by them. Her words descended to his heart cooler than the purest water, and he thus addressed her:

"The pretty Ibla laughed when she saw that I was black, and that my ribs were scratched with the spears. Do not laugh nor be astonished when the horsemen and armies surround me. The spear barb is like death in my hand, and on it are various figures traced in blood. I am indeed surprised how any one can see my form in the day of contests, and survive."

Next morning Antar mounts Abjer, and sets off on his perilous journey. He meets at even-tide with an old Shiekh.

"An old man was walking along the ground, and his face almost touched his knees. So I said to him, why art thou thus stooping? He said, as he waved his hands towards me, my youth is lost somewhere on the ground, and I am stooping in search of it."

This venerable person welcomes him with "a cup of milk cooled in the wind (which, by the way, is no bad method of cooling better liquor than milk), and instructs him touching the road to the land of Hirah, where the precious camels are alone to be found. Antar, after a vast variety of adventures, comes upon the immense horde, and separates with his spear, a thousand camels, compelling the slaves to drive them before him. After three hours, his march is stopped by a prodigious army, headed by the lieutenant of King Monzar. Their numbers present no obstacle to the irresistible Absian, and he is "wiping Dhuni" upon them, when, by a sudden stumble of Abjer, he is thrown on the ground. He recovers himself in a twinkling, and is proceeding in his work of slaughter, till his foot slips

upon a bald skull he had just cut off. His enemies leap upon him in scores, and he is bound all over in fetters before he is able to arise. He is now led before King Monzar himself, who at once perceives that he has to deal with no common person, and converses with him with some affability. While they are yet talking, a lion rushes upon the host, and so prodigious is the strength of this furious animal that every thing shrinks before him, and the plain is "like red leather, deep scarlet in hue." Antar immediately proposes to encounter this monster, and the king consents. The guards relax the bonds of his arms, and are about to untie his feet also, but this Antar refused, saying, "leave them bound as they are, that there may be no retreat from the lion."

"It was an immense lion, of the size of a camel, with broad nostrils and long claws; his face was wide, and ghastly was his form; his strength swelling; he grinned, with his teeth clenched like a vice, and the corners of his jaws were like grappling irons. When the lion beheld Antar in his fetters, he crouched to the ground, and extended himself out; his mane bristled up; he made a spring at him: and as he approached, Antar met him with his sword, which entered by his forehead, and penetrated through him, issuing out at the extremity of his back bone. O by Abs and Adnam! cried Antar, I will ever be the lover of Ibla. And the lion fell down, cut in twain, and cleft into two equal portions; for the spring of the lion, and the force of the arm of the glorious warrior, just met."

This feat establishes him in high favour with Monzar, and he continues to be with him in all his wars, fighting by his side, and performing, on every occasion, prodigies of valour. Among other things, there occurs a quarrel between Monzar and the great king of Persia, Chosroe Nushirvan, whose tributary he is. The actions of Antar, by this means, become well known at the court of Chosroe.

The quarrel between the monarch and his dependant still continues, when there arrives at the court of Chosroe a Greek knight, by name Badhramoot. It had been the custom of *Cæsar* to send every year costly presents to the Persian,

"But one day Badhramoot came to the Emperor, and found him sitting down, and all his treasures before him; he was selecting the best metals and jewels, and was putting them in cups, and was sealing them up, and was packing them up in boxes,

and was preparing them for a long journey by land. Badhrāmoot was much agitated and surprised at this. To whom do you intend sending this treasure? he asked. To Chosroe Nushirvan, the lord of the crown and palace, replied the Emperor; for he is the King of Persia and Deelem, and the ruler of nations. O monarch, this King, is he not of the religion of Jesus, the son of Mary? the chief asked. He is the great King, he replied, and he worships fire; and he has armies and allies, whose numbers are incalculable, and on this account I send him tribute, and keep him away from my own country.

"At these words the light became darkness in Badhrāmoot's eyes. By your existence, O King, said he, I cannot allow any one to adore aught but the Messiah, in this world. We must wage a sacred war, and have a crusade against the inhabitants of that land and those cities. How can you submit to this disgrace and indignity, and humble yourself to a worshipper of fire; you who are the Emperor of the religion of the Cross, and the Priest's gown? I swear by him who withdrew a dead body from the earth, and breathed into clay, and there came forth birds and beasts, I will not permit you to send these goods and presents, unless I go also against those people, and fight them with the sword's edge. I will engage the armies of Chosroe, and exert my strength against them; if I am slain, then you may stand to your covenant."

Badhrāmoot accordingly arrives at Modayin, with the presents, and offers forthwith to deliver them into the hands of Chosroe, provided that prince can produce a Knight superior to himself, in the warlike exercises of his profession. If no such person can be found, he will retain the presents, and return with them to Antioch.—His proposal is immediately accepted by Nushirvan, and a space being marked out for the combat, day after day, for many successive days, the Greek Knight engages and baffles all the chosen warriors of Persia. The Great King is sadly dispirited by the fate of his chivalry, and is about to dismiss the Greek in despair, when his vizier advises him to write to King Monzar; for, said he, "in such emergencies, the horsemen of Hijaz are most renowned, but our horsemen, O king of the world, are only famed for magnificent entertainments." The hostilities still subsisting between Monzar and his Sovereign, render Chosroe very unwilling to adopt this proposal; but the continued misfortunes of some days more, subdue his spirit, and he at last allows the vizier to write to Monzar. "Come hither," said he, "without de-

lay, and let there be no answer, but the putting your foot in the stirrup."

The Arabian King is very glad to have his quarrel accommodated in such a flattering manner, and he immediately obeys the mandate, taking with him all his chosen warriors, and Antär, "the horseman of the age," by his side. The Greek Knight had fought one entire day with Bahram, the last and noblest of all the warriors of Nushiwan, and although he has not slain or wounded him, yet when evening separated them, the advantage was still visibly on the side of the stranger. The King commands Antär to be the combatant of the succeeding day, an arrangement with which the Greek and the Arabian are alike delighted.

"Then Antär rushed down upon the Grecian like a cloud, and the Greek met him like a blazing fire. They engaged like two lions; they maddened at each other like two camels, and they dashed against each other like two mountains, so that they frightened every eye with their deeds. A dust rose over them that hid them from the sight for two hours. The Greek perceived in Antär something beyond his capacity, and a sea where there was no rest; he was terrified and agitated, and exclaimed—by the Messiah and his disciples! this biscuit is not of the same heaven—this is the hour of contention; and now is the time for struggle and exertion. So he shouted and roared at Antär, and attacked him with his spike-pointed spear, and dealt him a furious thrust; but Antär eluded it by a dexterous movement, and struck him with the heel of his lance under the arm, and made him totter on the back of his horse; and he almost hurl'd him on the ground; but Badhrāmoot, with infinite intrepidity, sat firm on his horse's back, and galloped to the further part of the plain. Antär waited patiently till he had recovered, and his spirit was renewed, when he returned upon him like a ferocious lion, and recommenced the conflict.

"King Monzar was highly gratified at the deeds of Antär, and felt convinced that he was only sparing him, and dallying with him, and that had he wished to kill him, he would have done it. But the Monarch was perfectly astonished at Antär's courage; and turning to his attendants, said to them—By the essence of fire, this is indeed horsemanship and intrepidity. Never have I remarked such but in an Arab! And he advanced towards the field of battle, that he might observe what passed between these dreadful combatants, and that he might see how the affair would terminate.

"Now Bahram, when he perceived that Antär was superior to himself in strength, and was mightier than the Greek in the conflict, felt assured that he would obtain the

promised reward ; so he was seized with the disease of envy, which preyed in flames upon his heart and his body, particularly when he heard that Antar had slain the son of his uncle ; then he resolved to betray Antar, and make him drink of the cup of perdition. So he waited till both were involved in dust, when he drew from under his thigh a dart more deadly than the misfortunes of the age ; and when he came near Antar he raised his arm and aimed at him the blow of a powerful hero. It started from his hand like a spark of fire : but Antar was quick of mind, and his eyes were continually turning to the right and to the left, for he was amongst a nation that were not of his own race, and that put him on his guard, and he instantly perceived Bahram as he aimed his dart at him ; and then casting away his spear out of his hand, he caught the dart in the air with his heaven-endowed force and strength, and rushing at the Greek, and shouting at him with a paralysing voice, he struck him with that very dart in the chest, and it issued out quivering like a flame through his back ; then wheeling round Abjer, like a frightful lion he turned down upon Bahram ; but Chosroe, terrified lest Antar should slay Bahram, cried out to his attendants—Keep off Antar from Bahram, or he will kill him, and pour down annihilation upon him. So the warriors and the satraps hastened after the dreadful Antar, and conducted him to Chosroe, and as the foam burst from his lips, and his eye-balls flashed fire, he dismounted from Abjer, and thus spoke :

“ May God perpetuate thy glory and happiness, and mayst thou ever live in eternal bliss ! O thou king mighty in power, and the source of justice on every occasion ! I have left Badhrāmoot prostrate on the sands—wallowing in blood. At the thrust of my spear he fell dead, and his flesh is the prey of the fowls of the air. I left the gore spouting out from him like the stream on the day of the copious rain. I am the terrible warrior ; renowned is my name, and I protect my friend from every peril. Should Cæsar himself oppose thee, O King, and come against thee with his countless host, I will leave him dead with his companions. True and unvarnished is this promise. O King, sublime in honours—illustrious and happy, thou art now my firm refuge, and my stay in every crisis. Be kind then, and grant me leave to go to my family, and to prepare for my departure : for my anxiety, and my passion for the noble-minded, brilliant-faced Ibla are intense. Hail for ever—be at peace—live in everlasting prosperity, surrounded by joys and pleasures ! ”

Soon after the narration of this exploit, the present translation closes. Antar is left returning towards his own country, loaded with honours and gifts, by Nushirvan, and intent on at last re-

ceiving the great reward of all his heroism in the embrace of Ibla. We would hope Mr Hamilton's diligence may be such as to enable us, ere long, to lay before our readers an abstract of his ulterior progress.

In the meantime, even the short and imperfect account which we have given, will furnish some idea of the species of amusement to be met with in this very novel publication. We forbear, for the present, entering into any critical disquisition concerning its merits, satisfied that a few extracts will be more instructive than any remarks we could offer ; and satisfied, moreover, that the book itself will soon be universally in the hands of old and young. One remark, however, we shall hazard, and this is, that Antar is the only considerable work of fiction of Arabic origin, which our readers have in their possession. It is long since M. Langles asserted his belief that the tales of the *thousand and one nights* are not original in the Arabic, from which we have received them, but translations from the old Persian or Pellevi. This hypothesis has been adopted by the great Orientalist of our time, Von Hammer, in his history of Persian poetry ; a most important work, of which we shall soon give some account to our readers. Were any thing wanting to confirm the opinion of these scholars, it might be found abundantly in the contrast presented by *Antar* to the *Arabian Nights*. The simplicity of scenery and action, and the almost total absence of supernatural agency on the one side, compared with the endless richness and pomp, the exquisitely artificial intrigues, and the perpetual genii, talismans, and sorcerers, on the other ; all these circumstances, and a thousand minor ones, which the reader will easily gather, even from the limited extracts we have given, are sufficient to shew incontestibly that the two works, though written in the same beautiful dialect, and perhaps much about the same time, belong in truth to two several nations, differing widely from each other in faith, in laws, in modes of life, and in character.

It is the highest compliment which can be paid to Thalaba, that it looks as if it were merely a more polished strain, framed for the same ear, which had been long accustomed to the story of Antar. Our perusal of this real Bedouen story has vastly increased

our love for that most exquisite and most characteristic of all Mr Southey's poems; because it has satisfied us of its perfect fidelity. No man of high original genius ever possessed the power of imitation in the same measure as Mr Southey. His genius seems to become intensely infused into his imitation.

THOUGHTS ON NOVEL WRITING.

SINCE, in modern times, the different modes of national existence are no longer capable of being represented in epic poems, it has become the task of the novelist to copy, in an humbler style, the humbler features exhibited by human life. Of all novels, *Don Quixote* (which was the earliest great work in that line) has most resemblance to an epic. It has little to do with cities, but relates chiefly to the indigenous national manners remaining visible in Spanish country-life, and to chivalry; which, being unable any longer to hold its place in society, could not be introduced among contemporary objects, except in masquerade. Fielding also represented English country-manners with their roots still fixed in their native soil. *Le Sage* and *Smollet* both bear traces of the adulteration which natural characteristics undergo, when plucked up, and boiled together, in the town cauldrons. *Goethe* has preserved the rural life of the Germans in *Herman and Dorothea*; which, although written in the form of a poem, bears a close affinity to some of the higher sorts of novels. And, lastly, some person, who seems averse to have his name too often repeated, has fairly pasted the flowers of Scotland into his herbals of *Guy Mannering*, *Old Mortality*, &c. for perpetual preservation.

These form the highest class of the novels which have dealt in actual existences, and not in pastimes of imagination. In proportion as society has undergone the influence of detrition, succeeding novels of the pourtraying class have grown more limited in their objects, more slight in their execution, and more ephemeral in their interest. The external aspect of town-life no longer affords any thing worthy of being painted for posterity; and the country-people, feeling the influence of an intellectual ascendancy proceeding from the cities, have lost confi-

dence in their own impressions. The uniformity of habits, imposed by most trades and professions, has eradicated freedom and variety of volition from those who exercise them, and has caused every unfolding of character, except what bears on a certain point, to be considered as superfluous and pernicious. Novelists have therefore, for some time past, found more persons in the highest circles fit for exhibition than any where else, except in life approaching to barbarism. Unshackled by the drudgeries of life, and standing in awe of few persons' opinions, the leaders of fashion have been able to let their minds shoot forth in a considerable variety of forms and affectations, which, although neither noble nor useful, have served to afford some amusement to gaping spectators in the other classes. Only such individuals of the lower class have dragged in, as happened to retain some uncouth traits of physiognomy.

However, as the manifestations exhibited in fashionable life are without system or coherency, and have no root in any thing permanent, they cannot be painted, once for all, in any standard performance; and hence a succession of flimsy publications keeps pace with their changes. The manners and concerns of the middle classes have also been handled in works, which are not written like the highest novels, for the sake of recording the developments exhibited by the human mind, but which may be called moral novels; because they have generally a didactic purpose, relating to existing circumstances, and are meant to shew the causes of success or failure in life, or the ways in which happiness or misery is produced by the different management of the passions and affections.

To judge how far the modes of existence of the different classes are worth painting, it would be necessary to take a glance at the objects, passions, or employments which respectively fill up their lives. The highest class has more room than any other, to sprout forth in spontaneous forms; but its aims are for the most part neither high nor serious, and its force like that of rockets, is spent chiefly *in vacuo*, without being directed towards any manly or rational purposes. Their volitions, not being sufficiently tasked against obstacles, want nerve and concentration; and the rapid whirl of objects around them prevents any faculty from being exert-

ed, for so long a continuance, as to attain its full growth. Except in so far as the tone of their existence is strengthened by political partizanship (which among them is not conducted so as to exercise the higher faculties), their time is either spent in enjoyments and amusements, quite ephemeral and selfish, or in contests of vanity, relating to objects of no practical importance, except within the circles of fashion. Persons of the learned professions have a line chalked out for them, in which direction they must spend their energies. Perseverance, and a regular exercise of the understanding, are the things chiefly required from them; and their leisure time, of course, is not apt to produce any very spirited or forcible manifestations of character. It is chiefly spent in squaring their manners to those of the higher classes, and in partaking of similar amusements. The next comprehensive class is that of shop-keepers and master-tradesmen, whose existence seems to be chiefly occupied by the passion for money-making, and the enjoyments of physical luxury, and often by the sectarian forms of religion. Among the richer portion of this class, the advantages, and the external show procurable by wealth, serve to engross the attention of their self-love, and to confine its operations within the circle of their own acquaintances; but, among the poorer set, self-love, being unable to spend itself in that manner, takes a different direction, and assumes the form of political fanaticism. Unsatisfied pride, finding nothing in the station which it occupies, to allay its fever, grasps at an increase of political functions, with which to dignify its existence; and, being always at war with the lazy and inactive importance of property, wishes to change the field of society in a gymnastic arena, where advantages are to be gained or lost, according as individuals possess that sort of activity and address, which are inspired by envy and ambition. The sturdy malcontent, finding no peace within, wishes to exercise his itching sinews in wrestling matches with those members of society who feel more at ease, and whose muscular powers are not in the same feverish state of excitement. In the next lower class, that of workmen and mechanics, the desire of political change, where it exists, proceeds from different motives; namely, from the belief that

it would lighten the pressure of a taxation which preys upon the daily comforts of their existence. Vanity and ambition do not lead them to hate their superiors; they only wish to be relieved from physical causes of suffering. In this class, the uniformity of occupations is such, as to destroy all variety in the developements of the mind. The external aspect of their existence is without any features worthy of being represented; but a source of internal life is often lighted up within them by the most beautiful sentiments of piety, and by the feelings engendered out of domestic relations.

Since external existence no longer presents the same striking objects as it has done at former periods, a new species of novels (of which *Werter* and the *Nouvelle Heloise* are examples) has sprung up, and has for its purpose the exhibition of the internal growth and progress of sentiments and passions, and their conflicts. Great genius may be shewn in works of this kind, and probably no kind of writing has exerted more influence over modern habits of thought; yet they cannot well be considered as any thing more than a spurious sort of literature, and one that is not perhaps very salutary in its effects. They are not memorials of what has existed; for such combinations of sentiment as they represent never took place in any human mind. Neither are they didactic works; for no person, in reading them, ever picked up rules of practical prudence, or gained more control over his passions. Mastery over our feelings is gained by exerting the will in the course of our personal experience; but, in reading a novel, the will remains totally inactive. And, lastly, in novels of this kind, such is the crude mixture of beauty and deformity, and of what is to be chosen with what avoided, that they cannot be regarded as works of art, holding up models of perfection to the imagination. Therefore, the only purpose they can serve is to afford a temporary excitement, neither very pure in its kind, nor even always agreeable to feel, from its want of harmony and consistency.

When literature has become so redundant, and conceptions have been so largely accumulated, as in this country, the spirit of system is needed to enable authors to discover the true

places which ideas should occupy, and the proper forms in which they should be arranged. Every unprejudiced spectator must perceive that English literature is running waste, and sinking into degradation, from the want of a philosophy to guide its combinations. The earliest forms given to literature are generally dictated by instinctive impressions which authors have received from real life. Later authors are apt to bewilder themselves among the variety of existing models, and to choose modes of writing which do not always harmonize with the principal ideas they mean to convey. When the lights and instincts of nature have been lost sight of (as they always must be after a long series of artificial compositions), it is only by the influence of philosophy that literature can be regenerated, and made to spring up again in pure and symmetrical forms. English literature, indeed, has all along been more remarkable for substance and vigour, than for fine proportions or flowing outlines. The external causes of that vigour, however, are now on the decline; and there remains but one chance for our literature, namely, that of being regenerated by a spirit of system, proceeding out of a more profound analytical examination of human nature, than has hitherto taken place in England. If nothing of that sort comes round, our literature must go rapidly down the hill. Schlegel has a passage on this subject, which we have already quoted in a former number of this publication. It contains so much truth, that we earnestly request our readers to turn back to No XVII. Vol. III. page 509, and read it over again.

LETTERS FROM THE LAKES.

(Translated from the German of Philip Kempferhausen—written in the Summer of 1818.)

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MAY NOW safely say that I know something of the character of the north of England; and if you afford me any encouragement to write long letters, I shall attempt to give you some description of the infinite beau-

ties of that wonderful region of lakes and mountains. I have indeed lived a month in Paradise, and scarcely know, when I return—as I must do—to that dull native city of mine, how I shall be able to endure existence. But to begin. You know that I had too long been kept, sorely against my will, in the dreariest part of England, and when I found myself among the mountains of the north, I felt as if I had been dropt from the sky into some far distant land of enchantment. My very soul seemed changed with the scenery around me, and I gave myself up to a crowd of delightful emotions that formed, as it were, a new and complete life of themselves, independent of all former recollections. I was insulated, among the dreary sea of human existence, in a spot that seemed sacred to happiness,—care, sorrow, and anxiety, were shut out by an everlasting barrier of mountains; there was a bright regeneration of all the brightness of early youth, and I walked along like a being who had never suffered the depression of mortality, but was strong in the spirit of gladness that seemed to pervade universal nature. These feelings may seem exaggerated or incomprehensible to those who have lived all their days in a beautiful and magnificent country, or to those whose hearts are bound only to cities and communities of men. The first cannot fully understand the glorious exultation of novelty that expands the soul of an enthusiast, admitted but “in angel-visits short and far between” to communion with those great and lovely forms of nature, among which they themselves have passed all their tranquil lives—while the second can yet less sympathize with that devotional feeling excited by objects which to them yield, at best, but a transitory entertainment. It is perhaps on persons such as I that nature most omnipotently works, persons who have known enough of her and her wonders to have conceived for her a deep and unconquerable passion, but whom destiny has debarred from frequent intercourse, and chained down among scenes most alien indeed to all her holiest influences.

“My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.”

Those little secret haunts of beauty which one sometimes sees near the

suburbs of a great smoky city, never fail to touch my heart with inexpressible pleasure. They seem vestiges of my past youth—groves of gladness left sacred in the melancholy waste of time—and peopled with a thousand visions. They have often made me feel how imperishable is the love of nature—a love that may sleep, but may not be extinguished—that, like an early attachment to a human soul, can live for ever on occasional or recollected smiles, and is unconsciously strong in the mournfulness of absence as in the bounding bliss of enjoyment. For nearly fifteen years of a life yet short, I had seen mountains, and glens, and cataracts only on the canvass—silent shadows of thunderous magnificence,—fair gleamings of light and verdure, that no art can steal from the bosom of inimitable Nature. But now I was restored to my birth-right—the mountains, the rocks, the lakes, the clouds, the very blue vault of heaven itself were felt to belong to me, and my soul, expanding like a rainbow, embraced the whole horizon in its own brightening joy.

The circumstances in which I was, drew around me a peculiar atmosphere of feeling. I was a stranger—a foreigner—in this heavenly land. All the mountains that rose up before me had each its own name unknown to me—on every hand streams came dancing by me, that doubtless gave appropriate appellations to the long winding vallies which they made so beautiful—cottages peeped from every little covert of wood, and shone in clusters on every hill-side, filled with happy beings all strangers to me, and now for the first time brought into the existing world of my imagination—ancient halls, impressed with a solemn shade of hereditary grandeur, at times lifted themselves above the fine oak woods—there hung a mossy bridge that for centuries had spanned the clifty torrent—there stood a chapel bright in a green old-age of ivy—there lay a gray heap of stones—burial-place, or cairn, or shapeless and undistinguishable ruin of some dwelling of the days gone by. The great objects of nature herself speak an universal language, and I understood at once the character of the noble mountains of England. But here, there were undertones new to my heart; the spirit of human life breathed a peculiar music—shed a

peculiar light over the face of Nature. For a while I was haunted by a delightful perplexity concerning the moral character of the happy people, whose figures, faces, dresses, fields, gardens, houses, churches, all seemed to me so interesting—and so impressive. Nature, thought I, is in herself most beautiful—and beautiful would this region be, even were it a region of lifeless solitude. But here, there is a subordination of all the various works of man to the spirit that reigns over all the vast assemblage of these various works of nature. The very houses seem to grow out of the rocks—they are not so much on the earth, as of the earth—every thing is placed seemingly just where it ought to be—there is a concord and a harmony in the disrupted fragments of the cliffs that have overstrewed the plains with tree-crowned natural edifices, no less than in the artificial habitations that are mingled with that mountain-architecture, in every imaginable shape of fantastic beauty.—Here must dwell an indigenous population—their outward forms and shews of life are moulded visibly by the influence of these superincumbent mountains—the genius of the place—the “*Relligio Loci*” has made what it willed of the human life over which it presides. Never before had I seen nature so powerful in the birth of beauty, harmony, solemnity, gentleness, and peace, all blending with and sustaining the works and the spirit of animated existence.

For the first day or two I understood every thing I saw imperfectly, but there was unspeakable delight in the constant flow of images that kept passing through my soul. In a foreign country almost every thing is, to a certain degree, new to us. Things so familiar to the natives as not even to be seen by them, touch a stranger with an inquiring emotion, and as he is becoming gradually acquainted with the meaning, and purposes, and character of every thing around him, his mind enjoys a singular union of the pleasure of mere perception, with that of imagination, and even of the reasoning faculty. It is like acquiring a new language, when words seem gradually to brighten into things, and when the page of a book, at first dim and perplexing, seems at last crowded with pictures brightly painted and clearly defined. I had not slept two nights

among the hills of Westmorland, till I felt as if I could have pointed out and explained to others, beauties, which, on my first entrance into the country, I might be said to have enjoyed, rather than to have understood. I soon felt like a native—and in walking up the mountains, have acquired something of the springing step and forward-leaning attitude of the shepherds and the herdsmen.

A strong and deep passion for nature, especially when of a sudden revived and gratified to the utmost, seeks to indulge itself in solitude,—and on plunging into the manifold recesses of those magnificent mountains, I felt that even the conversation and society of a beloved friend would have been irksome, much more the unsatisfactory talk of some peasant guide, whose provincial dialect I, though well acquainted with the pure English tongue, might have been unable distinctly to have understood. I wished for no guide—and in good truth I needed none. I had an imperfect map-knowledge of the geography of those mountains—and had formed to myself a confused and dim picture of its celebrated lakes—but I cared not into what pass I first penetrated—I went not there to prove the correctness of other men's descriptions—or to sail down the stream of their emotions—I had no faith in that mock philosophy that pretends to lay down the infallible laws of beauty and grandeur, and draws out rules for scientifically making our approaches towards the impregnable precipices of nature,—I chose rather to travel like the free wind that shifts twenty times a day, yet, midst all its caprices, obeys the spirit of the regions where it roams; and, if I may so speak, to linger, like a calm, in places of sudden and unexpected peace. Who shall pretend to determine which of a hundred vallies is the most beautiful? Who ever saw all the beauties that, during one long summer day pass over the very humblest dell? There can be no guide to a lover of nature but that love itself—and he who once surrenders the course and flow of his affection and his imagination to the will of another,—sees as he sees—and feels as he feels—and may undoubtedly both see and feel much that is startling and impressive; but his pleasure, after all, must be a barren pleasure, and can create within the soul, neither exalted enthusiasm

at the time, nor food for future poetical meditations. I therefore asked no questions, even of those intelligent and noble looking shepherds whom I often passed upon the hillside; I courteously returned their somewhat haughty and laconic salutations, and passed on like a shadow along the verdant moss, or the flinty crags. Why should I ask what the mountains themselves told me in language easily understood. I saw before me the cliff that might not be scaled—and the abyss that might not be descended. At each bend of a valley—on each shoulder of a mountain—my magnificent and royal road stretched into the distance—I feared not to move onwards when the torrent called upon me to follow—and if the thick mist overshadowed me, I waited till the blast drove into air the walls of my prison-house. At night-fall I could recollect no plan on which I had pursued my pilgrimage, but I did recollect many a panoramic vision on earth—many a phantasmagorical procession through the heavens—all the tamer scenery of the spectacle was forgotten, and in sleep my senses continued to be impressed by a wild and hurried confusion of all the most majestic images of nature.

I felt afraid to enter into conversation with the shepherds and peasants in whose cottages I slept. I wished them to be what they seemed to my imagination, and I was loth to acquire an imperfect knowledge of their character, lest the strong interest which their appearance had created in my mind should thereby be destroyed or weakened. Never had I seen so fine-looking a race. The young men were all tall, straight, and muscular, with brown-clustering hair, and bronzed faces, in whose high and regular features nothing vulgar or clownish appeared. The old men, as I have seen them, sitting at their cottage-doors, or beneath a huge beam of wood that forms a recess for the fireplace in these simple dwellings, seemed, with their solemn countenances and gray heads, like patriarchs of the great pastoral age; while the young women, beautiful as angels, and arrayed in a bashful yet no inelegant timidity in the presence of a stranger, even surpassed all my former ideas of the fabled charms of shepherdesses and mountain-nymphs. Never before had

I seen human life in low estate, without something allied to degradation. But I now beheld before me the free children of the soil, and I could not but admire the sons and daughters of liberty. There was nothing like servitude to be seen among them. I could not tell whether the young maidens were or were not daughters of the family; all seemed to perform the same household work in those calm evenings which I passed silently among them; and every thing went on as if one kind spirit of love and happiness insensibly filled all hearts with one purpose. Of these interesting people I have since seen much; but I dare not yet venture to speak of the habits, manners, customs, and feelings, of a race so unlike any other I have beheld, and whom it requires to study thoughtfully before it is possible for a stranger to understand them. How should I dare to describe their character, till I have seen into the soul of their lonely, their adventurous, and most peculiar life? A shepherd's year is one of many seasons!

It was the land of lakes through which I was a pilgrim. Yet I know not how it happened, that, during the first days I saw no lakes that had power to detain me on their shores. I had passed some years of my boyhood on the sea-shore; and as I walked by the edge of these calm sheets of water, I seemed to long for the hollow murmurs of the ocean, and felt the want of that awful sound. But it was the mountains that, when I was yet at a distance from them, wholly filled my imagination. The deep blackness that separated one mighty mass from another—the topmost crags that shot into the sky's heart—the sudden illuminations that burned on the cliffs till the whole side of a hill would seem on fire—the clouds that coursed not along the sky, but up the glens, and cleaving to the mountains half-way down, sometimes with amazing velocity flying past in detached and broken fragments, and sometimes coming on with a majestic slowness in deep processional masses, as if from an immense distance—and then, the sounds of the desert at times even terrible—these were the things that followed me, and that I followed—there was a sort of rolling—a swell in my soul that I wished not to subside, and in that mood I think I should have turned

away from the level expanse of a lake, however beautiful or majestic, as from a scene too peaceful for the tumultuous state of my senses and imagination.

In this wild mood I traversed many of the mountain glens of Westmorland and Cumberland; and I was fortunate enough to enjoy every kind of weather, from the stillest and brightest sunshine to the most loud and stormy darkness. Now that I have become somewhat familiar with the "local habitations and the names," I cannot but admire the many wayward routes which, in all the glorious delight of ignorance, I find that I have occasionally followed. One very stormy day, I left the village of Patterdale (a hamlet surrounded by huge mountains at the head of a lake called Ullswater); and, ascending a steep wild pass through the hills that hang over the little inn, came at last by the edge of frightful precipices to the very summit of Helvylln. I then may say, that I flew before a strong-rushing wind along the smooth brink of a succession of semicircular basins of vast depth, in some of which lay black sullen pools, till I descended the shoulder of a huge mountain upon the old oak woods and the ancient Hall of Rydal. I then crossed the valley through which the high road runs from Kendal to Keswick, and, ascending Loughrig Fells (I have a pleasure in writing these names), came out of the enveloping mist in the long and solemn valley called Langdale: having traced that valley to its head, I bore on across the opposing precipices, and after two hours' walk in a savage solitude, my course was blocked up by an enormous mountain (the Great Gabel); so, wheeling to the right, I soon descended into Borrowdale, a vale filled with rocks, woods, promontories, and even mountains,—and certainly not to be surpassed by any scene on earth for beauty mixed with grandeur—wildness with cultivation—and profound seclusion sometimes widening out into such a sweeping magnificence, that it would seem a fitter site for palaces than cottages, for cities than for hamlets;—then espying through the opening storm a wild staircase in a mountain to the left, I toiled up its steps against the hurricane, and, descending its long, dreary, melancholy vale, by the side of a stream rolling over a bed of blue slate, just as the

evening closed in, I reached a small inn on the banks of Buttermere, having been without one hour's rest, hurrying on through the storm from sunrise to sunset, and having travelled nearly fifty miles, through all possible varieties of mountain scenery.

Next morning, by sunrise, I left the valley, in which lie separated from each other, by some smiling meadows, the lakes of Buttermere and Cromack-Water, and passing a singular cataract in a roaring cleft between two high perpendicular rocks, I followed a green and wide pass, till I came to the top of a mountain hanging over the lake of Ennerdale, whose shores stretch away in Arcadian beauty, till it melts into a noble vale extending to the sea. Instead of pacing the level banks of this lake, I penetrated the misty mass of mountains at its head, and, after long bewilderment, came suddenly down upon the head of Wastdale, in whose profound and silent depth—for the wind had wholly ceased—lay a cluster of cottages embowered in trees, and close to them a little building, scarcely larger than a cottage, but which I discovered from its shape to be a chapel. This is the most solitary place I ever beheld; and what makes the solitude more affecting is, that it has, and seems long to have had, its own small population. The few houses it contains are old, but not ruinous—ash trees of immense age overshadow them—and all around them are the remains of woods long ago decayed, and some solitary yew-trees, within whose wreathed trunks centuries seem to be enclosed, and that give to this still pastoral scene something of an indefinite and mysterious solemnity. Methought I could have lived here for ever!—transient thought! I soon left this solitary hamlet, and, pausing on the top of a hill, gave it a farewell glance; and then, crossing a long moor, and its own dreary lake (Barnmoor-Tarn), I descended into a vale of a character altogether opposite to that of Wastdale,—a long narrow vale, smiling with cultivated fields—watered by a rivulet, that, though much swollen, was still translucent, and, along all its course, beautifully shaded with trees. Never saw I such fair cottages as in this valley—all seemed cheerful serenity, and placid enjoyment; and if two hours ago I

wished to be a hermit in the severe sojourn of that other profounder glen, it was here that I almost thought,

“That lowly shepherd's life was best,”

and could have pitched my tent in this bright and warbling solitude. But the sweet cottages and green mounds of Eskdale soon faded behind me;—as I ascended a steep mountain, which I believe is called Hardknott, the mists again encircled me in darkness, and I saw nothing for two hours but black crags, or foamy waterfalls, till the gentle hours of evening again stole over the earth, and I continued walking on through a succession of meadows, coppice-woods, and rocky heaths, till a brighter smile of verdure all round me, and more frequent cottages, and a widened rivulet, warned me that some village was near, and just as the rooks were gathering for the night on a lofty row of pine trees, I entered Ambleside, a romantic village, situated on the slope of a hill, crowned by its white church-tower, and commanding the view of a noble valley, which terminates in the lake of Windermere.

If ever, my dear P., you visit this enchanted land, endeavour to make your way through the mountains in the track I have now described. I have sketched these two days' walk very slightly and generally; but he who has traversed this mountainous region, has assuredly seen specimens of the finest things the country contains.—Yours ever.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now been a fortnight at Ambleside, and have studied with enthusiastic love, the character of nature, as she is displayed in the enchanted circle of which that sweet village may be considered as the centre. Wherever a man happens to be, indeed, he is apt to feel that all things gather, as it were, round himself—and even though there be no such combination of objects in reality, they seem all to diverge from his place of abode in imagination. But Ambleside is a central situation,—and each day has presented me with a fresh vision of beauty and magnifi-

cence.* I am not, however, now going to describe inanimate nature—and, perhaps, you will not be displeased to find my former letter, that expressed only vague and indefinite first impressions, followed by one that speaks to you of illustrious living men. I know your admiration of the modern poetry of England, and you will read with interest any information concerning those men of genius, whose works we have often read together, and of whose personal character we have insensibly formed to ourselves a dim and shadowy picture. I have been so fortunate as not only to have seen Southey and Wordsworth, but to have seen them beneath their own roofs, and to have heard them, with perfect freedom, and a noble simplicity, deliver their opinions both on things, on books, and on men. I hope that I know too well what is due to the sanctity of the domestic life of men of genius and virtue, to utter one idle word about that bright scene of happiness which I was permitted, though a stranger and unknown, to behold and to enjoy—but to you who, like myself, regard these men at once as the most original of poets, and the most patriotic of citizens, I may be allowed to communicate something of what I felt in their presence, and to tell you something of Southey and Wordsworth as human beings, accustomed as we have both hitherto been to think of them only as creative spirits in the world of inspiration.

My first, and indeed only, interview with Mr Southey was purely accidental. I had strolled into a nursery-garden, close to the small town of Keswick, and found myself at the door of a gentleman's house, on whose privacy I felt that I might seem to the inmates to have somewhat rudely intruded. On retiring from the front of the mansion, I met a gentleman, to whom I apologised for my seeming intrusion; and being received with a singular courtesy, I found myself sitting in an elegant little parlour, with my unknown host, a lady, who I saw was his wife, and two very beautiful children. I know not how it was, but all at once I felt assured that I was in the house of Robert Southey. There reigned in the mansion so still, and yet so cheerful, an air of serenity—there was such a total absence of any professional air about its master, and, at

the same time, something so much more elegant and scholar-like in his demeanour than I had ever seen in any English country-gentleman merely, that before I perceived in him any of the distinctive traits of the poet, or heard him say any thing at all extraordinary, I ventured to hint, that I suspected the intellectual rank of the man in whose presence I had the honour to sit. When I found that it was indeed the great author of *Thalaba* and *Madoc*, I could not but feel no small portion of awe—a feeling due from me, who had only the devout love of genius, to him who was so richly gifted with the heavenly flame itself—and who occupied so high a place in the literature of a great nation. Mr Southey allowed me, with frank and unaffected good-nature, to express my sense of the honour I enjoyed, and then changed the conversation with some lively remarks on the weather, which was oppressively hot; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, he uttered two of those little witticisms called puns. There was indeed something short and epigrammatic in his talk, and I felt rather puzzled how to take my share in the conversation; for I could not think of shewing off as a facetious person before a great poet, on my very first interview with him; and yet I saw that gravity, and, still more, any formal discussion, would be most absurd and out of place with a man, who, though eminent for genius, talents, and learning, had all the simplicity, I had almost said the playfulness—though that would be too strong a word—of a child. I soon felt myself perfectly at ease; for there was no affectation in this lively and happy carelessness of mind, evidently unbending itself with pleasure in the bosom of a beautiful family, from those severe and higher studies which have raised his name among the immortals; and e'er an hour elapsed, I was absolutely exchanging repartees with the poet; and on one occasion I thought his smile admitted, that I had said a tolerably good thing. During all this time, I was, in spite of myself, acting in the character of a well-intentioned spy, and had a fair opportunity of beholding the personal appearance and manners of this celebrated man. His figure is rather tall and slim, but apparently muscular, and has altogether an air of gentility

about it. He has nothing whatever about him of the stiffness or awkwardness of a great student; but, on the contrary, were he a mere ordinary person, I should describe him as a genteel-looking man, possessing much natural elegance, or even grace. But his head and countenance bespeak the poet. His hair is black, and bushy, and strong, and gives him a bold, free, and even dignified look—his face is sharp—his nose high—and his eyes, without having that piercing look which is often felt to be disagreeable, because too searching in the eyes of men of genius, are, without any exception, the most acute and intelligent I ever beheld. Yet I believe he is near-sighted; and this seems to have given him a habit of elevating his face when he speaks, as if he were looking up, which brings all his features fully before you, and seemed to me to impart to his whole demeanour a singular charm of sincerity and independence. His voice seemed to me at first to be shrill and weak, and perhaps it is so; but there is in it a kind of musical wildness, which I could not help considering to be characteristic of the author of *Thalaba*; and when he chanced to recite a few lines of poetry, it became quite impassioned.

After tea, during which happy meal I saw, in a thousand little circumstances not to be misunderstood, the amiable heart of that poet who has excelled all his contemporaries in the delineation of domestic blessedness, he led me into his study. Fit study for a poet! On first entering it, I almost felt as if I had stepped out into the calm evening air. One softened blaze of beauty burst upon my eyes. The windows commanded an entire view of two noble lakes—Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, and of a richly-wooded valley, by which they are separated from each other, and yet bound together by a river that covers it with fertility and verdure. Vast ranges of mountains terminated the prospect at the head of the higher lake, while the blue waters of Bassenthwaite seemed to die away in the skies. I gazed on the transcendent landscape, and then on the poet—so worthy of each other. His face seemed kindling with pride—when he said that he considered these lakes as his own—that he had lived twenty years on their banks—and would probably die

there. He pointed out to me some of the objects which he thought most characteristic of the scene before us; and then, with great simplicity, said, “You have now been reading the great book of Nature—here are the volumes of men!” I saw one of the noblest private libraries in England—certainly the richest of any in Spanish and Portuguese literature. It seemed to me, that Mr Southey’s air and manner insensibly changed “from lively to severe,” as we sat together surrounded by that magnificent collection of books which his intellectual power had enabled him to purchase, his learning to select, and his genius to enjoy. I saw that his soul was there—that this was the room in which he had composed his noble poems, his learned histories, his beautiful illustrations of antiquity, his Essays so lively and so original—the vast mass of his miscellaneous literature—and that here he was yet meditating future works for the benefit of mankind, and for the glory of his own imperishable name. It seemed indeed a magnificent seclusion—haunted by all high and noble fancies, and presided over by genius and virtue. I had seen before splendid libraries in cities, belonging to universities and corporations of learned men—in whose dim galleries, and retired cells, students explore the treasures of the wisdom of past ages,—noble institutions, founded and endowed, perhaps, by the bequests of some rich and liberal-minded citizen, or noble, or king; but here was a vast treasure of books, piled together in the majestic silence of solitude, and existing, too, for the use of one solitary intellect, who, far removed from the noise of busy life, had, from his youth up, been self-devoted to the great cause of truth, and now sat surrounded and inspired by the spirits of the mighty men of old; while his dwelling was overshadowed by the grandeur of nature. Calm and lofty happiness reigned over all the poet’s house; but it was in this “sanctum sanctorum” that I felt the concentration of all the rays of his character. A beautiful arrangement prevailed in this library. The massy folios seemed to know that they stood not there for shew alone; and when that illustrious man, in the course of conversation, took down a volume from its shelf, he turned over

the leaves with an assured hand and eye, as if the contents of every page were familiar to him, and the whole mighty force around him at once disposable, and all ready marshalled in known array. It seemed to me the very temple of knowledge—in whose pure air error, falsehood, or prejudice, could not bear to live.

You may guess with what feelings I bade farewell to such a man and such a scene. Before we parted, he not only requested me to visit him on my return to Keswick, but gave me a note to the celebrated Wordsworth, of whom he spoke as the greatest poet since the days of Shakspeare, and of whose personal character he seemed impressed with the profoundest veneration. Of that extraordinary person—certainly the most original genius of his day, at least of his country (for we must not yield our Goëthe)—I shall endeavour to speak in my next Letter.

It was at sunset that I left Mr Southey; and finding the inn of Keswick crowded with parties of travellers, each in its own way seeking to enjoy the beauties of this fine region, I walked back to Ambleside, distant nearly sixteen miles, which I reached about midnight. It was a bright moonlight; and the profound repose of the mighty mountains, along whose bases my walk lay, was most congenial with the lofty enthusiasm which had been kindled in my mind, by my too fleeting intercourse with a great and pure intellect. Now I proceeded in dark and deep shadow, as the road descended into some dell, formed by fantastic precipices; and now I could almost have thought it daylight, when the moonshine steeped my path over some rising mount, beautifully crested with the light-tressed birch-trees. The few cottages that I past on the road-side, were all quiet as the rocks that sheltered them; and nothing crossed my path, during that long still journey, but now and then a sheep starting from its slumber, as my footsteps approached its bed of fern. Several lakes, which I had scarcely seen the day before, owing to the rain and mist, now smiled upon me with unexpected beauty—here and there, in some quiet bay, reflecting a large bright star, or streamered with a long trembling line of moonlight. Thoughts and feelings arose of themselves, without any voluntary effort; and all glid-

ed through my mind with the uninterrupted pleasure of a dream.

Many of my thoughts, you may be assured, were of Southey, his character, and his life. Thine, I exclaimed to myself, is a specimen of genuine glory! Thine is true power—legitimate dominion.

Day succeeds day, and with him the tide of happiness is ever on the flow. He sees before him a series of duties which high intellect alone can perform—and every morning he addresses himself to the high task of his calling. Should human afflictions assail him—and I was not ignorant that God had removed from him a boy of singular promise—there was a strength of comfort in all his high studies to dignify distress—and to that was, in his case, happily added the illumination of religious faith. This man does not achieve great things by sudden fits of strength and of passion, as is sometimes seen with poets who are lifted above ordinary life only by a short-lived and uncertain inspiration. He is at all times master of himself and of all his faculties, and possesses, beyond, perhaps, any man that ever lived, the power of turning himself at will from one subject to another, however different they may be, nay even hostile in nature. I could not but with wonder hear him say, that he proceeded in the composition of all his long poems—some of them, you know, so wild in their scheme and structure—with the utmost regularity—composing a certain portion every day—nay, even at stated hours.

His whole time was subdivided, he said, into distinct duties and tasks—and when the work of one hour was performed, he felt himself always ready for the new labour and delight of the next. Happy and enviable discipline of a great mind! What wonderful things may not this man, yet in the prime of his life, who has already done more than any other literary man in Europe, yet live to achieve.

Such were some of the thoughts that occupied my mind on my solitary night walk. And yet, strange to say, this man has been for many years the object of calumny and hatred to a body of writers who cannot endure the triumph of his genius, and to whom the odours of his pure name come like gales of Paradise to the evil spirits banished for ever from its

bounds. Southey has shewn himself to be, what every great Poet must be, unless dark or evil passions have unsettled and disturbed his spirit, a patriot—a devout lover of his country. In his early days he worshipped Freedom with that untamed and irrepressible transport, that only freedom, love, or religion, can rouse in the soul of the youth of genius. As he witnessed more widely the destinies of man, he came to see, with a high and philosophic sorrow, that the world is filled with bright delusions, and that the good have in all ages adored in their simplicity, those seemingly innocent and salutary schemes for the amelioration of human nature, which the bad have conceived in their cunning, for its degradation and overthrow. Still true to all his former principles, he sees now, in the wisdom of matured experience, the limitations under which they must be made to act when reduced into practice, and brought into contact with the manifold passions of men, bound mysteriously together into nations, by the secret influence of government and laws. He is an enemy, therefore, to those sudden innovations that would tear violently to pieces, those masses of feeling which, in the form of great National Institutions, have been raised, and cemented, and hallowed, by a long succession of ages. He knows that it is easy to destroy, but difficult to create; that when a fine old reverend building is removed, a flimsy thing is often built on its site—and that even the ruins of what is magnificent should be repaired with a gentle hand, and with the same materials. It is thus that Southey has become odious to the reformers; and, that in the bitterness of their hatred and despair, they accuse him of having deserted the creed of his youth, and become a renegade and an apostate. Base and infatuated calumniators! His creed never was at any time their creed, nor was his life ever as their life. Even when they would have made the world believe that Southey was with them, they knew well that his high and pure soul was altogether in another sphere. He, in truth, loved mankind, which they pretended to do,—but he did not hate his country, as they in sincerity did, and still mortally do, now that she stands eminent among all the nations—and that a calm, sedate, and

firm spirit, yet bold, generous, and free, prevalent alike in the councils of her rulers, and in the patriotism of her best population, shews them how hopeless now are all the long-cherished schemes of revolution and anarchy.

What a glorious thing is public feeling, my dear friend, in this happy country, and with what a voice of thunder does it speak! "I am not afraid of the judgment of the people of England on my character, either moral or intellectual," said Southey to me that evening, with a confidence inspired by the consciousness of having deserved well of his country. He had indeed no cause to fear. Even amid all the violence of faction—all the bitterness of party—all the prejudices of sectarian spleen—all the levity and indifference, real or affected, of mere worldly men to the character and pursuits of a recluse poet and philosopher like Southey;—how splendid and noble a reputation is his,—and with what authority his very name comes upon the ear when pronounced in any company of enlightened and good men, citizens, and Christians. All the violent and insane reproaches that have been spattered out against him in pamphlets, reviews, and public harangues, and private gossiping, are then forgotten, as their wicked or pitiful authors—and all at once shew, by their respect and admiration for the poet and the patriot, that, with a free and intelligent people, calumny has no dwelling-place in national remembrance; or is saved from total oblivion only in the indignation and disdain of the wise and virtuous.

OUR JOYS.

(From Goëthe.)

THERE fluttered round the spring
A fly of filmy wing,

Libella, lightly ranging,
Long had she pleased my sight,
From dark to lovely bright,

Like theameleon, changing :

Red, blue, and green,

Soon lost as seen—

Oh! that I had her near, and knew
Her real changeless hue!

She flutters and floats—and will for ever—

But hold—on the willow she'll light—

There, there, I have her! I have her!

And now for a nearer sight—

I look—and see a sad dark blue;

Thus, Analyst of Joy, it fares with you.

THE INTERVIEW.

(From Schiller.)

SEE her yet amidst her lovely train,
 As there, the loveliest of them all, she stood ;
 Her sunlike beauty struck the glance with
 pain,
 I stood aloof, irresolute, subdued,
 A pleasing shudder thrilled each beating vein,
 Awed by the circling loveliness I viewed ;
 But all at once, as on resistless wing,
 An impulse came, and bade me strike the
 string.

What may have been that moment's wilder-
 ed feeling,
 And what my song, in vain would I recal ;
 My heart had found an organ new, revealing
 Its every wish, its holy movements all.
 My soul, for long long years its love con-
 cealing,
 Now burst at once impetuous from its thrall,
 And from its deepest depths aroused a tone,
 Which slumbered there divine, yet all
 unknown.

Hushed were the chords, and that wild im-
 pulse by,
 My soul relapsed into itself again ;
 But in her angel face I might descry
 Sweet bashfulness resisting love in vain.
 Rapt with the pure delight of realms on high,
 Her few soft words I caught, a soothing
 strain—

Oh ! none henceforth may breathe such
 tones of love,

But spirits blest, that swell the choirs above.

"The faithful heart, that pines disconsolate,
 Nursing a timid love in silence long,
 Shall find one soul its self-hid worth to rate,
 Be mine to wreak that heart on fortune's
 wrong ;

Poor though it be, it claims the brightest
 fate ;

To love alone the flowers of love belong ;
 The fairest boon rewards that heart aright,
 Which feels its worth, and will that worth
 requite."

THE ELEMENTS.

(From Bürger.)

I TEACH a lofty lore—attend !
 Four Elements in marriage blend,
 In marriage blend, like man and wife,
 One body, fraught with love and life.
 Thus spake the God of Love—Let Air,
 Earth, Fire, and Water be—They were.

To Fire's bright fount, the Sun, 'tis given
 To burn amid the deep blue heaven.
 He scatters warmth, bids daylight shine—
 He ripens grain, and fruit, and wine ;
 For all life's juices makes a way,
 And gives its pulse a quicker play.

He wraps the Moon in quiet splendour,
 And bids the circling stars attend her.
 What holds a light to those who stray ?
 What leads the ship her ocean way

For thousand thousand miles afar ?
 Sun, Moon, and many a lovely star.

The Air enfolds this earthly ball,
 Wafts here and there, wafts over all.
 From God's own mouth, that breath of life
 Through all creation circles rife,
 No darksome cave its search deceives,
 And e'en the worm's close lungs it heaves.

Through wood and field the Water flows ;
 Its thousand arms the world enclose.
 Like God's pervading breath, it presses
 Through earth's embowelled deep recesses ;
 In quick decay would nature sink,
 Without that life-spring whence to drink.

Earth's Maker, when he hailed her bride,
 To her a triple spouse affied,
 Water and Air embraced her first ;
 Her kindly warmth the sunbeams nursed ;
 And thus her lap each hour supplies
 A brood of varied forms and dies.

To her full breast that brood she presses
 With mother's joy, with soft caresses ;
 She is the kindest mother, she,
 Early and late she suckles free ;
 No infant which her lap hath borne
 Goes from that nursing-lap forlorn.

Look here and there—beneath—above—
 The Elements unite in love.
 The glow of heaven glads their union,
 And each with each holds sweet communion ;
 Sprung from an impulse such as this,
 Thou, Man, art born through love for bliss.

Now prove thyself, now tell me truly,
 Does Love, life's spring, inflame thee duly ?
 Say, does thy sunlike mind look down,
 Illuming country, home, and town ?
 Does Love inflame thy heart with light,
 As heaven's high tapers gild the night ?

Thy tuneful tongue—does it too bear
 In Nature's harmonies a share ?
 Thine accents and thy song—are these
 Love's echo from a heart at ease ?
 Do peace, joy, blessing, round thee play,
 Like shower of spring, and breeze of May ?

And hold'st thou sacred from a breach
 The band that knits us each to each ?
 Succour'st a fellow-creature's need
 With thine own drink, with thine own bread ?
 And bidd'st his naked limbs recline
 In linen and in cloth of thine ?

Thou ! heedless of thy brother-men !
 Thou, bastard, thou ! what art thou then ?
 E'en wert thou beauteous, rich, and bold,
 Wise as that wisest king of old,
 E'en hadst thou, with an angel's tongue,
 Warmly declaimed and sweetly sung—

Thou, bastard ! loveless among men,
 Without sweet Love what art thou then ?
 Thy heart is but a lifeless mass ;
 Thou art an empty sounding brass ;
 The hollow jingling of a bell ;
 And of a wave the turbid swell.

A SPEECH,

TO THE TUNE OF THE EMERALD ISLE,

Delivered at the Dublin Dilettanti Society, 12th January 1819.

I.

THERE came, with his speech, "the young glory of Erin."

His robe, thin with years, was fast fading away;
 Oh once it was black, as it mocked at repairing;
 Though now, like the rein-deer's, it shifted to gray;
 He stood on the shore, like a bird of the ocean,
 With an emigrant's hope, and an exile's devotion,
 And thrice, with the air of a patriot in motion,
 He spoke—to the tune of the Emerald Isle!

II.

Scene of my birth—lovely city of Sligo,
 Young cradle where genius hath rocked me to fame,
 Your glories are gone—you are going—and I go,
 As naked and wild from your shores as I came!
 Never again, in convivial hours,
 Shall my bold tongue embody the orator's powers,
 While in goblets are emblem'd the sweets and the
 sour,
 That visit the vales of the Emerald Isle.

III.

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
 And the patriot harp, that enlivened the scene?
 And where is John Finlay, the friend of my childhood?
 And the Catholic Board so deserted and green?
 Green, green is the Catholic coach of O'Connell!
 And green the thin robe of Æneas M'Donnell!†
 And green is our Hay,† they are all, every one ill,
 For gone is the pride of the Emerald Isle!

IV.

Land of my sires! shall I dine in Dun-Edin?
 Shall I sing to the scorners, who scoffed at thy son?
 —No!—Blackwood and Jeffrey alone let them feed
 on
 Their haggis, oat cakes, or what'er they've agreed
 on,
 And of the young glory of Erin make fun!

Ah! once there were moments, and I spoke in
 Kerry then—
 And Hone bought my speeches—my young heart
 was merry then—
 And my monody blithely I measured for Sheridan,
 And poured "the Lament of the Emerald Isle!"

V.

Sad, sad is my heart—I am sore discontented,
 While Cobbet and Cox in a transport can flee!
 While Birkbeck by Jeffrey is praised and is printed,
 And builds his high home in the boughs of a tree!
 But bright days shall come, and dispel this dull
 tedium;
 Lady Morgan, and I shall employ our own idiom,
 And Sir Charles, || who knows, through her lady-
 ship's medium,
 The feeling and taste of the Emerald Isle!—

VI.

Free spirits, we fly to the fair land of freedom,
 We'll make our harps heard o'er the roll of the
 waves,
 Cast our robes to the winds—we no longer shall
 need 'em—
 And smile at the custom and costume of slaves!
 And Owen shall give us a new constitution,
 And Bentham a dozen! and then we can chuse one;
 And if, on the way, we by accident lose one,
 We're sure of another, my Emerald Isle!

VII.

And Cartwright shall join us, that patriot hoary,
 With his brother reformers, Hunt, Hazlitt, and
 Hone,
 And Hobhouse, the attic of Rue St Honoré,
 The friend of Lord Byron, (a friend of my own.)
 Yet should fame pass away with all chance of pro-
 motion,
 Still, still shall my heart, like a wave of the ocean,
 Sigh sad to the moon in pathetic devotion,
 And break on the shore of my Emerald Isle.

* Mr O'C. is distinguished from the other orators of the Catholic board by a coach; this coach is green, his liveries green, his hall door green, &c. &c.

† The author of many bad speeches, and the object of one good pun—having once, it is said, dined with doctor Troy, the titular archbishop of Dublin, he availed himself of the opportunity of imbibing more wine than he could with safety carry. As he conceived, he was returning home, some watchmen thought proper to be dissatisfied with his conduct, and brought him to a watch-house, where *heureusement* he met the learned Lord N., who, after making a few inquiries, rebuked these heedless guardians of the night, observing, that they were little aware of the dignity of the personage with whom they had presumed to interfere; that the charges they preferred against him must be unfounded, for, that he was no other than "the *pious Æneas*, returning from *Troy's sack*." His lordship also indulged, with his wonted felicity, in some excellent jokes about his mother, Venus, &c., adding something about "*Nympharum domus*," and "*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem*."

‡ Lately cut by the Catholic Committee.

§ Member of the Greek Society at Athens, and of the Dublin Lending Library—these honours were the tribute of public gratitude for her national tales, "*Ida of Athens*," and "*The Wild Irishman*."

|| Sir Charles T. Morgan. At a dinner given by the Dublin Dilettanti to Mr Moore, Sir Charles T., who rose immediately after Mr Phillips, and delivered a longer speech, expressed his regret that he was not "a native of the land which had given birth, at no distant interval, to the talented company by which he had the honour of seeing himself surrounded;" he then proceeded in a long eulogium on the Irish people, adding, however, "that he chiefly knew them through the medium of Lady Morgan."

OF SOME MEMOIRS WRITTEN IN THE
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

AN ancient chronicle, written by a contemporary, is one of the luxuries of the historical student. Its pictures of manners so interesting to the philosophical mind have even been found as entertaining as a new novel or a book of travels to more common readers. We are transported into a new state of society, where our sympathies are awakened, with pain indeed, as well as with delight; for, after all, however disguised by other customs, the tale is true, and it is the history of human nature.

Among such rare and original memoirs may be classed those of Jacques du Clercq, who has written the events of his own times and country, in which our nation was much concerned, begun in 1448, and left unfinished in 1467. It was a period when France lay a prey to the incursions of the English: an English monarch had not long before been seated on the throne of France; and the French people were suffering between the divided dominion of the French sovereign, and the Duke of Burgundy, the ally of England. It was a feudal age, when their heroes were valiant in the field, but atrocious in the dread retreat of their own *chateaux*; when the spirit of Christianity had no influence over the tyrannical and incontinent knight, and the ecclesiastic corrupted by pride, pomp, and licentiousness; while no law, nor even any moral sense, relieved the violated maiden, the spoliated peasant, the degraded citizen—nothing, not even pity, to check the remorseless passions and the brute force of the military character.

These memoirs exhibit this curious picture. They are unknown to the public, as they have only been printed in that great collection of memoirs relative to the history of France, contained in more than seventy volumes; a work now not possible to be completed, for in the fury of the Revolution the copies were wasted, that no recollections might remain of the loyalty and bravery of the fathers of their land—those statesmen, those marshals, and other officers of state, who had not only devoted their daily business to the public, but had consecrated their leisure, and perhaps gratified no mean vanity, by informing posterity of all the good they had laboured to obtain for them.

The present memoirs are indeed a rude and artless narrative; but its simplicity is strong with such honest feelings, that we cannot resist this ancient “*escuyer and conseiller*” of the fifteenth century, in yielding full credit to his protestation; for he “certifies to all persons, that this book was made neither for gold nor silver, nor for a salary, nor for the account of any prince, nor man, nor woman living; neither willing to favour nor blame any one, but only to declare things as they happened.” More elegant historians could not have honestly subscribed this public protestation.

Passing over the public events of the times, we shall give what appears most striking in the domestic history of the age—the private anecdotes which shew us best what men were doing, and which we rarely perceive in the more imposing generalities of history.

One of the means by which these feudal lords attempted to increase their own power, was in procuring rich wives for their vassals. “At this time,” writes our memoir-writer, “died one John Pinte, a furrier; and the morning after John Pinte was laid under ground, did his widow, a young woman about thirty-four years of age, marry that same day a young man, one Willaret of Neuville, another furrier, and she slept the following night with her said second husband. I have put this down in writing, because I imagine few women have been known to remarry as soon, although in some respect an excuse might be made for this hasty widow; for at this time, in the country of the Duke of Burgundy, as soon as any tradesman, artisan, and sometimes the burgher of a large town, died, leaving a rich widow, the Duke, his son, or others of his people, would compel the widow to marry one of their archers, or other of their dependents; and these widows, if they would marry, were obliged to accept the offers which these gentlemen made, or buy off either those who would offer themselves, or those who governed the lord, and sometimes even the lord himself. Fortunate were those who could find friends or money to be delivered out of this thralldom; for usually, will he nill he, if they thought of marriage, they had no other choice than the man these lords had pitched on. Thus, likewise, when a man was rich, had he a daughter to marry, if he did

not marry her off very young, he was worked on after this manner."

Such was the general relaxation of all justice—morality was a feeling quite unexperienced by them—that it was an ordinary occurrence for armed men to seize on the daughter by the side of the mother, when they were walking or labouring in the fields; and when summoned before the judge, which was not as usual as the crime, the daughter, beguiled by the base promises of her ravisher, would publicly declare before her mother's face, that she had left her parent with her own free consent. Thus it happens that criminals whose crimes are committed with impunity, can entice others into crimes to which they would otherwise have been strangers. Here the unpunished ravisher produced the upfilial and shameless daughter. Such immorality, in some respect, carries with it its own chastisement; for crimes of so violent a cast would naturally produce a reaction in the friends of the oppressed, or even from the solitary hand of the oppressed herself, and the ravisher or the tyrant were often assassinated.

Those who found themselves deficient in prowess substituted the hired assassin, a humbler but certain vengeance. It appears in this chronicle, that five soldiers were executed for assassinating Peter of Louvain, a knight, at the instigation of three other knights, brothers of the name of Flany, to avenge the assassination of their brother William. This William Flany had been murdered by his barber, who had cut his throat at the request of the lady of the said Master William: she, when his throat was cut, placed a pillow on his face and stifled him. Soon after, Master Peter of Louvain came to the *chateau* and married the widow. This William, in his time, was a valorous captain on the king's side, but the most tyrannical of men, committing horrible and unimaginable crimes, such as forcibly carrying off damsels, in spite of every remonstrance, and racking, torturing, and hanging persons at a word; and, among others, had caused the father of his lady to die. Although this knight was a man of sixty, and his beautiful lady about twenty-three, he had many new damsels in his house, and often threatened his wife, which was the real occasion of his own death. But because that death was

disgraceful and vulgar, given by the razor of a barber, his brothers pursued the widow to have her burnt; but not succeeding in their wish, they made a victim of her lord."

Of one of these heroes the honest chronicler tells a tale, where the brutal vigour of the knight is finely contrasted with the meek sufferings and the magnanimity of a patient Griselda. It forms a story, pathetic for its incidents, and curious for the manners it paints.

"In 1459, in the city of St Omer, Messire Louis de la Vieffville, knight, aged about forty years, died suddenly alighting from his horse. He was the captain of Gravelines, a handsome knight, but very voluptuous, and remarkable for the following circumstance.

"Two or three years before, in the open fields, he seized on the beautiful niece of the abbess of Bourbourgh, a noble woman. He brought her to his lady, who indeed was *belle et bonne*, and had made him the father of several children. Yet though the lady was good, and beautiful, and chaste, he made this girl sit at his table and share his bed, and often thrust from him his lady out of his apartment, and bade her go where she willed. Patiently this noble lady endured this affliction, and did more; for after this knight had violated the damsel, the Duke of Burgundy summoned him, with the damsel, to appear before him, that justice might be administered. The noble lady, who had several children by the knight, was fearful that, if the damsel should complain of the violence done her, and told the truth, the Duke would condemn him to the death, and so she and her children, in after-times, be reproached. This to avoid, many times, and for many days, she cast herself at the feet of the damsel, earnestly praying her to be piteous of her husband, and not complain of the violence done her. By soft and humble intreaties, and with a thousand gold florins, the lady succeeded; and when the damsel appeared before the Duke, she complained not. And thus, by the aid of God and his relations, but still more by the lady his wife, was this knight not put to death, although the fact was notorious, for it happened in open day, and the damsel offered all the resistance a woman ought, and can, in that horrible situation. Many wished to have seen the

act of justice performed on this knight. His lady died shortly before him, of grief and disgust she was daily receiving from the life of her husband. This knight was a great talker, but never kept to his word."

Such incidents and such persons were the prototypes of the main incidents and the chief personages in the romances of the middle ages; the deliverance of fair prisoners by the gallantry of a few nobler minds, while the feudal lord or knight, whom no laws restrained and no sympathy could touch, only issued from his stronghold to commit the most devilish crimes, as the giant in romance.

It sometimes happened that a public violator was led to the scaffold; but their conduct there was marked by the same ferocious resistance even to the executioner. When one of them was desired by the executioner to kneel to be beheaded, the sturdy knight refused, and would not suffer him to do his duty. "The executioner seeing this," says our chronicler, "struck the sword across his throat while the knight was standing, and sent his head over his shoulders; a thing which no man had ever seen."

We turn away from scenes which only the necessity of exhibiting can plead for our having opened. To know man in society, it is indeed necessary to learn the evil and the good he is capable of reaching; to behold him destroying and destroyed in anarchy, crouching in terror under despotism, and only finding his balance in the moral order of regulated governments.

On the banks of the Rhine may yet be viewed the Gothic ruins of the haunts and holds of these illustrious *chevaliers voleurs*, the ancestors of that proud nobility which constitutes the numerous little courts of Germany. The chivalry of these petty lords consisted, among other deeds, in pillaging the merchants who passed through their domains, or the towns in their neighbourhood. From this circumstance we derive a confederacy, formed by the merchants, of more than a hundred towns against these little princes and courts—the origin of the famous Hanseatic League which so greatly contributed to the commerce of Europe.*

We are amused by an account of a new pilgrimage which was suddenly in vogue. In these times a sort of mania often broke out for some particular saint, and hurried away multitudes far and near, till the reputation of this new saint gave way in its turn to the rising celebrity of another. "In this year, 1458, about Lent, and after Easter, a great multitude of Germans and Brabanters, men, women, and children, in vast shoals poured down through the province of Artois to go in pilgrimage to Mount St. Michael, which they declared was for miracles which 'Monsieur Saint Michel' had performed in their respective countries. Among other things they told of a man, who, beating his child, because the child would go to Mount St. Michael, dropped down dead; and they said, that 'Monsieur the excellent Saint' had caused the man to die. Some said, that usually this wish of visiting the saint came so suddenly on them, that they could not tell the cause, but certain they were, that if they did not gratify it, they had no rest day nor night, till they reached the holy spot, and thousands helter-skelter kept pouring down." This restless desire for visiting the holy Mount of St. Michael, for which these good and simple souls could not account, might, at least with many, originate in that same tormenting passion for change of place which in the present day is so strongly experienced by others in their less saintly pilgrimages to Brighton and Margate. The St. Michael pilgrims assembled in fair weather; had they proved themselves as zealous amidst the snows of December as among the buds and blossoms of spring, their "tormenting desire" had been of a less suspicious nature.

Perhaps it may surprise, to discover a spirit of freedom which we could hardly suspect in this age—this broke out in the commercial city of Ghent, when the Duke of Burgundy assembled his states in Flanders, the cities of Ghent, Bruges, Ypres, and Courtray, and proposed to levy a new tax on salt, an article much consumed by the *Gantois*, who dealt largely in salted fish; and, "in return, he would compound with them for all future taxes. The smaller cities looked up to that of Ghent, to give their answer to their lord. The people of Ghent, imagining that if they agreed to this

* A recent traveller, in his lively "Autumn on the Rhine," observed this circumstance on the view of these picturesque ruins.

new tax it would not preserve them from future exactions, either by the present lord or his successor, and so that they should pay twice rather than once, would not consent to their duke's request, and replied, that they had consulted with the other states, and agreed among themselves, that they would not allow of this new tax till the last man in Ghent was destroyed." This republican fierceness induced the duke, Philip the Good, to break up the assembly instantly, without levying this tax. But the men of Ghent soon perceived that since their refusal, whenever they had any transactions with the duke or his councils, they were not so well received as formerly; and they began to murmur against their lord. This produced a war between the men of Ghent and the duke; which, after successes and reverses, ended in a great battle which the duke obtained, and which put the men of Ghent "on their knees; two thousand of them dressed in black, with bare heads, ungirdled, and unshod, headed by an old abbot, bitterly crying for mercy thrice to the duke for his ill-advised subjects." All at Ghent seemed on a sudden struck with deep repentance, while the duke declared, if they were good subjects he would be to them a good prince,—but ordered that all the banners of the Corporations of Ghent should be delivered up with their golden fleece (emblem of their woollen manufactory), to the king at arms, who in presence of the duke, heaped them all together in a sack, and hung them up afterwards, before the shrines of our Lady of Boulogne and our Lady of Haulx, where they remained in perpetual memory, to their last rag, of the republican fierceness of the drapers, the salters, the dyers, and the merchants of Ghent.

Among the military brutes, and the brutified multitude of this period, such as we have shewn them, the mind reposes with delight on the useful life of Jacques Cœur, one of the great merchants of the fifteenth century; in his commercial character he combined all the virtues of the patriot and the intelligence of genius. A man so enlightened, and, by his intercourse with the East, so powerful in a dark age, suffered persecution from the general calumny of those feudal barbarians, who beheld with hatred the man who, says our chronicler, "drew his origin from a humble stock, without nobility,

but from his youth became so expert in merchandise, which he sent all over the world, and even it is said to the Saracens, and had factors without numbers in strange countries, so that he became the *argentier* or financier of the king of France; and, by the means afforded by this Jacques Cœur, was the king enabled to reconquer the duchy of Normandy—and many a loan had he advanced to the timely aid of the king. He was so rich, that it was said he shod his riding-horses with silver, and built a house at Bourges, in Berry, as rich as any that was ever built. He bore for the device on his livery, "A Cœur vaillant, riens impossible." To the brave HEART, nothing impossible! However, under the shade of certain accusations raised against him by the *Demoiselle de Montagut* and others, he was closely imprisoned, whence however he escaped, and flew to Rome, where he lived honourably as in France; for notwithstanding that, all which he had in France, valued at a million of gold, had been seized on by the king, yet was Jacques Cœur rich, from the great merchandises which he possessed out of the kingdom."

It was when Jacques Cœur was a merchant of Bourges that Charles VII. first knew him. The monarch owed to his advice the re-establishment of the finances and commerce of his distracted kingdom, and under the title of *Conseiller-Argentier* our merchant regulated his domestic expenditure, and was in the receipt of the royal revenues. Although his opulence was immense, he was accused of no illicit traffic, and he declared that he felt prouder of this honour, than of that which the king betowed on him in ennobling him. He sent ten or twelve ships every year to the Levant, which was the true source of his wealth; but he had a mind and genius vast as the capital he traded on. It was the head and the purse of this merchant which enabled the generals of Charles VII. to reconquer France from the English; but the wisdom of the financier, more permanently active than the general's, cannot share in that glory which alone appears registered on the page of history. The wealth of Jacques Cœur seemed at length criminal, even to those who were participating in its benefit; the vultures of the court had long eyed their prey—they pursued him to confiscation, and interested

judges pronounced his guilt to share in the ready spoil.*

He was accused of having poisoned Agnes Sorel, the celebrated mistress of the monarch. Agnes had such little suspicion that he was to have been her poisoner that she had made him one of her executors. The Demoiselle who accused him was the daughter of one of his greatest debtors. It is now known that Agnes died in childhood. He was accused of a conspiracy against the king, but the plot appeared too absurd. Still he was doomed to fall, accused of an illicit trade with the enemies of Christianity, and secret connections with the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., witnesses were suborned, and Charles VII. gradually alarmed and tormented with jealousy of his son, imagined his old and faithful subject was guilty. The virtuous Jacques Cœur stood amidst a people who owed the existence of their country to him, and to his labours, to perform the *amende honorable*, to hold a lighted torch in one hand, with his head bare, and his gown ungirdled, and then sent back to prison. In an age when moral feeling scarcely existed, and the worst passions raged, the pacific pursuits of Commerce had humanised two grateful beings, in two clerks of this merchant of the fifteenth century. The fortune they had derived from him they returned. All they possessed they eagerly gave back to their persecuted master, while a third clerk, still more ingenious and adventurous, planned and effected the escape of his late master from prison. He died shortly afterwards at Rome; and his name remains as a monument of national ingratitude; at the request of his children, after his death, a new trial was obtained, and the sentence was reversed. The Demoiselle, his accuser, was condemned to die for calumny and perjury, but after performing the *amende honorable* to the memory of Jacques Cœur, her life was spared on condition of exile.

This Chronicle preserves many anecdotes of the English in France during this period. But its historical curiosity consists of an ample narrative of a

* We have a memoir of the *last years* of the life of Jacques Cœur, by Mons. Bonamy, in the thirty-fourth volume of the Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres. He treats, however, as fiction, the wealth this merchant was said to have retained, after the confiscation of his property in France.

persecution for Witchcraft, and secret midnight assemblies, held to attend the Devil's Sabbath. The lives and fortunes of thousands were involved in such accusations, and here we find that a great part of the inhabitants of the city of Arras were persecuted by the ecclesiastics of this period. I am of opinion, nor is this opinion hastily formed, that these extraordinary persecutions for imaginary crimes, accompanied the earliest attempts at a reformation in religion; these Sabbaths of the Devil were secret societies held in lonely places. Such, indeed, appeared as far back as in the twelfth century, among the vallies of Piedmont—and finally triumphed over the faggots and the sword of the church of Rome. The crime was called *Vauderie*, from the French term *vauz*, or vallies; and as this crime of worshipping the Devil in vallies is imputed to those who are accused of witchcraft in these present memoirs of the fifteenth century, and the custom of holding secret assemblies in vallies, in France and Piedmont, existed as far back as in the twelfth century, we may be certain that the cause was the same, namely, secret societies formed to subvert the doctrines and corruptions of the Roman church; but as religion and politics were in these ages inseparable, these societies were no doubt often turned to political designs. Long after arose the Huguenots of France, and the reformed religion on the continent; the spirit of the reformed religion was spread long before Luther and Calvin. An account of the *Vauderie* of the city of Arras may hereafter form an historical curiosity worth preserving in your volumes. VI.

THE STORY OF PARASINA.

From Frizzi's History of Ferrara.

THIS turned out a calamitous year for the people of Ferrara, for there occurred a very tragical event in the court of their sovereign. Our histories, both printed and in manuscript, with the exception of the unpolished and negligent work of Sardi, and one other, have given the following relation of it, from which, however, are rejected many details, and especially the narrative of Bandelli, who wrote a century afterwards, and who does not accord with the contemporary historians.

By the above mentioned *Stella del*

Assassino, the Marquis, in the year 1405, had a son called *Ugo*, who grew up to be a lovely and amiable youth. *Parasina Malatesta*, second wife of *Niccolo*, like the generality of step-mothers, treated him with little kindness, to the infinite regret of the Marquis, who regarded him with fond partiality. One day she requested of her husband permission to undertake a certain journey, to which he consented, but upon condition that *Ugo* should bear her company, for he hoped by these means to induce her in the end to lay aside the obstinate aversion which she entertained for him. And, indeed, his intent was accomplished but too well, since, during the journey, she not only divested herself of all her hatred, but fell into the opposite extreme. After their return, the Marquis had no longer any occasion to renew his former reproofs. It happened one day, that a servant of the Marquis, named *Zoese*, or, as some call him, *Giorgio*, passing before the apartments of *Parasina*, saw going out from them one of her chambermaids, all terrified and in tears. Asking the reason, she told him that her mistress, for some slight offence, had been beating her; and, giving vent to her rage, she added, that she could easily be revenged, if she chose to make known the criminal familiarity which passed between *Parasina* and her stepson. The servant took note of the words, and related them to his master. He was astounded thereat, but scarcely believing his ears, he assured himself of the fact, alas! too clearly, on the 18th of May, by looking through a hole made in the ceiling of his wife's chamber. Instantly he burst into a furious rage, and arrested both the one and the other, together with *Aldobrandini Rangoni* of *Modena*, her gentleman, and also, as some say, two of her chambermaids, as abettors of this sinful act. He ordered them to be brought to a hasty trial, desiring the judges to pronounce sentence in the accustomed forms upon the culprits. This sentence was death.—Some there were that bestirred themselves in favour of the delinquents, and, amongst others, *Ugoccione Contrario*, who was all powerful with *Niccolo*, and also his aged and much-deserving minister, *Alberto dal Sale*. Both of these, their tears flowing down their cheeks, and upon their knees, implored him for mercy, ad-

ducing whatever reasons they could suggest for sparing the offenders, besides those motives of honour and decency which might persuade him to conceal from the public so scandalous a deed. But his rage made him inflexible, and, on the instant, he commanded that the sentence should be put in execution.

It was then in the prisons of the castle, and exactly in those frightful dungeons, which are seen at this day beneath the chamber called the *Aurora*, at the foot of the *Lion's tower*, at the top of the street *Giovecca*, that on the night of the 21st of May was (or were) beheaded, first, *Ugo*, and afterwards *Parasina*. *Zoese*, he that accused her, conducted the latter under his arm to the place of punishment. She, all along, fancied that she was to be thrown into a pit, and asked at every step, whether she was yet come to the spot. She was told that her punishment was the axe. She inquired what was become of *Ugo*, and received for answer that he was already dead; at the which, sighing grievously, she exclaimed, "*Now, then, I wish not myself to live,*" and being come to the block, she stripped herself with her own hands of all her ornaments, and, wrapping a cloth round her head, submitted to the fatal stroke, which terminated the cruel scene. The same was done with *Rangoni*, who, together with the others, according to two calenders in the library of *St Francesco*, was buried in the cemetery of that convent.—Nothing else is known respecting the women.

The Marquis kept watch the whole of that dreadful night, and as he was walking backwards and forwards, inquired of the captain of the castle if *Ugo* was dead yet, who answered him—yes. He then gave himself up to the most desperate lamentations, exclaiming: "*Oh! that I too were dead since I have been hurried on to resolve thus against my own Ugo;*" and then gnawing with his teeth a cane which he had in his hand, he passed the rest of the night in sighs and in tears, calling frequently upon his own dear *Ugo*.

On the following day, calling to mind that it would be necessary to make public his justification (seeing that the transaction could not be kept secret), he ordered the narrative to be drawn out upon paper, and sent it to all the courts of Italy.

On receiving this advice, the *Doge*

of Venice, Francesco Fascari, gave orders, but without publishing his reasons, that a stop should be put to the preparations for a tournament which, under the auspices of the Marquis, and at the expense of the city of Padua, was about to take place in the Square of St Mark, in order to celebrate his advancement to the ducal chair.

The Marquis, in addition to what he had already done, from some unaccountable burst of vengeance, commanded that as many of the married women as were well known to him to be faithless like his Parasina, should, like her, be beheaded. Amongst others, Barberina, or, as some call her, Loadamia Romei, wife of the Court Judge, underwent this sentence, at the usual place of execution, that is to say, in the *Borgo* of St Giacomo, opposite the present fortress beyond St Paul's. It cannot be told how strange appeared this proceeding in a Prince, who, considering his own disposition, should, as it seemed, have been in such cases most indulgent. Some, however, there were who did not fail to commend him.

SELECTIONS FROM ATHENÆUS.

No III.

"THE Athenians gave the right of citizenship to Aristonicus, whose office it was to play at ball before the King Alexander. For his great skill in that exercise, they likewise erected a statue to him; for the latter Grecians paid more respect to the mechanical arts than the cultivation of genius."

"The Estians did the same honour to Theodorus the juggler, by erecting a brazen statue to him in the theatre; and the Milesians to Archelaus the harper. Pindar was not honoured with a statue at Thebes, but the musician Cleon had one erected to him with this inscription:

"Such Cleon was the son of Pytheas,
Whom Thebes adorn'd with many a well-
earned crown

For his sweet melody; whose glory reach'd
The highest heaven—such we hail thee,
Cleon,

The pride and boast of thy much honour'd
country."

"Polemon relates, that when Alexander razed the city of Thebes, one of the citizens hid his gold in the folds of the mantle of the above statue, which, when the city was rebuilt twenty

years after, he found just as he had placed it there."

"Athenæus speaks of Memphis, an extraordinary serious dancer, who, by action alone, could explain the philosophy of Pythagoras with more accuracy than those professors who used their tongues."

"Sophocles, to a very handsome person, added the accomplishments of music and dancing, which he had learned in his youth at Lampsus. After the battle of Salamis, he is said to have danced naked, anointed with oil, and with his lyre in his hand, round the trophies erected by the conquerors, though others deny that he was naked. When he produced the tragedy of *Thamyris*, he accompanied it with the harp; and at the representation of *Nausicæ* he exhibited his skill and agility with the ball."

"The grave Socrates himself was fond of the Memphian dance, and when surprised by some of his friends in the act of dancing, he told them that it was to give him the free exercise of his limbs."

"Hermippus says, that Theophrastus was particularly attentive to the neatness of his person and dress when he entered his school, and that he accompanied his discourses with appropriate action."

"Plato (in *Thæoteto*) censures those persons who were correct enough in other things, but totally neglected their dress, so as not to have the appearance of men of free and liberal manners, and knew not how to address either men or gods in fit and appropriate terms. Sapho, for this reason, speaks with contempt of *Andromeda* for not knowing how to manage her robe gracefully."

"Hermippus says that Theocritus of Chios treated Anaximenus as a mean person, because he was ill dressed."

"Callistratus, a disciple of Aristophanes, censures Aristarchus for having no taste in dress, judging very properly that the outward appearance shows the man, and exhibits a proof of education and manners agreeably to the following lines of Alexis."

* Alexis was a native of Thurium in Magna Grecia, a town celebrated for being the birth-place of Herodotus. He was great-uncle, by the father's side, to Menander, and was the first to discover and encourage

"I hate to see a man with graceless step
And awkward gait, plod on the public way;
When he might walk erect and firm; we pay
No tax for such accomplishments as these,
Nor is there ought expected in return.
A noble air becomes a noble mind,
'Tis the soft varnish spread o'er polish'd life.
And who that has a liberal mind, would e'er
Neglect to cultivate exterior grace?"

"Æschylus was the inventor of those flowing robes which were adopted by the priests, and those who carried the torches at the public sacrifices; as well as the action and attitudes which are practised by the Chorus. Indeed, according to Chamelion, he formed the chorus, without the assistance of any master in the art of dancing; he prescribed its movements, and in fact took upon himself the whole conduct and management of his pieces."

"Telesis or Telestes, the ballet-master, *ορχηστικὸς δασκαλός*, invented various modes of dancing; his action was so expressive, that his hands fully explained his intentions. Aristocles writes that he was so skilled in this pantomimic art, that when he represented the seven chiefs before Thebes in a dance, such was the delusion of the spectators, that they forgot they were only beholding a comic exhibition."*

the early genius of that admired writer. Alexis lived to a great age, and we have the authority of Plutarch for saying, that the vigour of his faculties was preserved to the last. Suides says he was the author of no less than 245 dramas, the titles of 113 are still upon record.

* I believe that, among the ancients, recitation was usually accompanied with a kind of dance or measured motion. The French translator, M. Lefebure de Villetrune, renders this passage thus, "Apollon, prends ta lyre, et joue nous un air agréable, en marchant avec grace sur le point du pied." None but a Frenchman could thus render *καλὰ καὶ νῦν βίβας*. One would imagine that the passage had been translated by a French ballet-master describing the Apollo of the French opera.

Compare the following passage from the Il. b. 18, l. 570.

Παῖς φορμυγγὴν λιγέην
Ἰμερσὺν κιδάρηζεν Λινὸν ὄντο καλὸν αἰεὶ,
Λεπτάλῃ φωνῇ τοὶ δὲ ρησσοῖσι ὁμαρτῇ
Μολπῇ τ' ὕμνῳ τ' ἑσσι σκαιροῖσι ἴσονται.

Which Pope thus translates:

"To these a youth awakes the warbling
strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;

"Chamelion says, that Æschylus, *μεδῶν ἵσται τὰς τραγῳδίας*, was always mellow when he composed his pieces, and that Sophocles reproached him with saying, or rather writing, good things, without being conscious of it."

"Homer, or some imitator of him, says in his hymn to Apollo,

"Apollo,
Deck'd with thy golden harp, strike a loud strain,
Moving with slow and graceful step."

"Eumelus, or Aretinus of Corinth, makes Jupiter himself a dancer, Great Jove himself, the sire of Gods and men, Danc'd in the full assembly."

"Theophrastus affirms, that Andro of Catania in Sicily, was the first who introduced the movement of the body to the sound of the flute, for which reason, the ancients called dancing *σιμελίζειν*."

"After some short remarks on the dog-days, the guests are invited to drink." Then follows an explanation of certain words, which I pass over as neither important nor entertaining.

"The use of the bath was particularly grateful to the ancients, they frequently bathed in the sea to strengthen and invigorate their nerves.

It appears that they were not unacquainted with the effect of the shower bath.

"There is another mode of refreshing the body after fatigue; to pour water over it. They pour," says Homer, "the grateful fluid over the head and shoulders."

"The old and the young were men of gallantry, according to Homer, as Phenix and Nestor. Menelaus was the only one who had not a mistress,* he would have outraged common decency by such an irregularity, as the war was undertaken to recover the wife that had been stolen from him."

In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain."

* What sympathy would have been excited for the injuries of Menelaus if he had kept a mistress? The ground of the action of adultery, as a civil suit is the loss of the wife's society, and if he had consoled himself with a courtesan, what reparation could he have demanded from the compassion or associated resentment of others? Homer has, in this observance, shewn his correct know-

A sudden transition is made to the subject of wine.

"Old wine is preferred to new, both for health and pleasure; it assists digestion, and being softened by age, passes more freely. It is an excellent restorative, makes good blood, red and flowing, and, above all, it produces quiet and sound sleep."

"Galen, speaking of the wines of Italy, says, that Falernian is not fit to drink under ten years;* from ten to twenty it is excellent; as it grows older, it affects the head and nerves. There are two sorts, the sharp and the sweet. If the vintage takes place when the south wind begins to blow, it is sweet and luscious, and the colour black, otherwise it is pale and sharp."

"Of the Alban wine there are likewise two sorts, the soft and the sharp; they begin to drink it at fifteen years old; that of Sorrento not under twenty-five years. As it partakes but little of the oily principle, and is moreover a tart wine, it grows ripe slowly; but when it is of good age no wine is more salubrious. The wine of Rhegio is more oily than that of Sorrento, and is therefore good at fifteen years. Wine of Privernum is thinner than that of Rhegio, and does not so soon affect the head; it may be drank at the same age. The Formian is similar to that of Privernum, though somewhat more oily and sooner ripe."

Many other sorts of wine are mentioned, with their qualities.

"The poet Antiphanes enumerates what each place was famous for.

Elis for cooks,
Argos for kettles,
Phllatium for wine,
Corinth for carpets,
Sicyon for fish,
Ægium for players on the flute,

ledge of human nature, and the remark of Athenæus does credit to his judgment and his morality.

* Galen distinguishes the best of the Sabine wine by the name of nobile vinum, *συνεπὴς Σαβίνος*.—Barry on Wines, p. 129.

Cicero, at an entertainment given by Damasippus, was pressed by him to drink some of his Falernian wine, which he particularly recommended for being forty years old. After having only lightly tasted it, he replied, "*bone ætatem fert*." This, however, shewed more politeness to his host, than approbation of his wine; a compliment of this kind is often agreeably made to an old man.—Barry on Wines, p. 118.

VOL. IV.

Sicily for cheese,
Athens for perfumes,
Boeotia for cels."

"Hermippus,* amongst other things, mentions,

Ἡ Ρόδος ἀσπίδας τι καὶ ἰσχυράς ἡδυνέουσας
Raisins from Rhodes, and well-dried luscious figs,

Inspiring gentle and sweet dreams."

"Antiphanes speaks thus of Thasian wine:

"Nothing so much provokes the appetite,
And gives a relish to the food we eat,
As generous Thasian wine, with unguents sweet,

And crowns of various flowers; where these abound

The gentle Venus takes delight to dwell,
But turns her back upon the scanty meal,
And shun's the poor man's board."

"Archestratus,† who wrote concerning banquets, has the following lines:

"Jove, the preserver, having once gone round—

Your moist locks scented, and your temples twin'd

With chaplets of white flowers; your goblets fill

With gen'rous rich old wine, tawny with age,
From rocky Lesbos brought, around whose shores

The salt sea beats incessant; better far
Than that of Byblos; tho' the Byblian grape
First tasted, you prefer for its rich smell
To that of Lesbos; soon the odour sweet
Falls on the sense, and the nice flavour dies
Vapid and spiritless; but the Lesbian juice,
Call it Ambrosia rather, never cloy.

Should some light wit, or vain fastidious fop
Pretend to jeer me for my taste, and boast
The juice of the Phenician grape, I turn
Neglectful of his taunts. The Thasian wine,
Of proper age, is generous, rich, and good;
But only when it is mellow'd thus by time.
I could a thousand other things recite
From various countries, none that can compare

To wine from Lesbos; give but this to me,
Let others praise their own."

"Hermippus makes Bacchus speak of several sorts of wine, particularly of

* Hermippus was a one-eyed comedian, contemporary with Euripides; he is said, by Suidas, to have written forty fables, several of which are noticed by Athenæus and Pollux. He was an enemy to Pericles (against whom he wrote anapæstics), and to Aspasia, who was not only a mistress of eloquence and general learning, but eminent also in poetry.

† Archestratus, a Syracusan, or according to some, a Geloan, the disciple of Terpsion. He is said to have written a poem in commendation of good eating.

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the Mendæan as provoking a diuretic propensity in the very gods;* of others thus,

"I love the soft and light Magnesian wine,
But that of Thasos gives the odour sweet
Of the ripe apple; this I think the best,
If you except the mild and harmless Chian.
There is a wine call'd Sappian; when you
broach

The cask, a soft delicious perfume fills
The spacious room, with nicely blended scents
Of the rich violet, with the fragrant rose,
And hyacinth; 'tis ambrosial nectar,
Or rather nectar pure, fit for the Gods;
With this I treat my friends, my enemies
May drink the bitter Peparethan wine."

"Phanias of Eresus writes, that the Mendæans sprinkled their vines with elaterium *τω ελατηριω*, the juice of the wild cucumber, which gave the wine a laxative quality."

"Themistocles received from the Persian king, Lampsacus to provide him with wine, Magnesia bread, Myonte fish, Porcopis and Palæscopsis for wearing apparel and carpets, upon condition that he clothed himself after the fashion of the Persians; and that he might not be tempted to resume the Grecian dress, he granted him the privilege of wearing the habits peculiar to the princes of the blood royal."

"Bacchus was worshipped at Lampsacus, under the name of Priapus, as he was also called Thriambus and Dithyrambus."

"According to Eparchides, Pramnian wine comes from the island of Icarus; it has neither sweetness nor body, but is sharp, dry, and stimulating. Aristophanes says, it was no favourite with the Athenians."

"Didymus says, that the Pramnian wine was called so after a vine of that name; others say, that it is derived from *παραμνειον*, permanens, for its durable quality; and again, *απο τῶ παραμνειν*, a leniendo, from its quality

of quieting a ferocious spirit; *και ος πινοντες προσωνηεις*, because the persons who usually drank this wine were of a quiet and sociable disposition."

"Theophrastus, in his history of plants, says, that in the neighbourhood of Heria, a town in Arcadia, wine was made which rendered the men fools, and the women prolific."

The text of Theophrastus, l. 9. c. 20. gives a very contrary meaning, as he uses the word *ατενωδους*, barren.

"Theophrastus says, that the wine used by the Thasians in their pytanæum was wonderfully agreeable. It was made by throwing into the vessel containing the pure wine, a certain quantity of flour, well kneaded with honey, which gave it an agreeable odour, and the flour a sweet and luscious flavour. The same writer adds, that if you mix harsh wine that has no smell, with another sort that is rich, racy, and fragrant, as wine of Heraclea with that of Erythræ, the result will be a salubrious liquor, which retains the softness of the one, and the stomachic qualities of the other."

"Mnesitheus of Athens, says, that red wine of a deep colour is the most nourishing; the white is light and diuretic; the pale or straw-coloured wine is dry, but favourable to digestion."

"Wine which has a certain proportion of sea water mixed with it, does not intoxicate, but it has a purgative and griping quality, and produces flatulency, yet it is friendly to digestion. Such are the wines of Myndus and Halicarnassus. For which reason, the Cynic Menippus gives to the city of Myndus the epithet of *αλμοπολις*, where the people drink brine."

"Chian wine is digestive, nourishing, produces good blood, and contributes to health, from the excellent ingredients of which it is composed."

"There are famous vineyards on the banks of the Nile, throughout the whole of its course; but the wine they produce differs both in taste and colour. That which comes from the neighbourhood of Antylla, near Alexandria, is preferred; the revenue of which, the ancient kings of Egypt, and after them the kings of Persia,

* During the consulship of Opimius, the vintage all over Italy was so remarkable, that the wine then produced (*vinum opimianum*) was greatly valued beyond that of any other year upon record. In the time of the elder Pliny, nearly two centuries after, there existed wine of this celebrated vintage, which, through age, had acquired the consistency of honey. It was kept for the purpose of flavouring other wines, and sold at the extravagant price of about four pounds sterling per ounce.—Vid. Pliny, Nat. Hist. l. 14, 4. cum not. Harduin.—Cic. de Clus Orator. 93.—Martial, l. I. 27 l. 2, 40.

* Addison alludes to this in the Spectator, No 295.

settled by way of jointure on their wives, to find them in girdles."

"Socrates, in Plato's Alcibiades, says, he was informed by one who had travelled through Persia, that as he passed over a great tract of land, and inquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the queen's girdle; to which he adds, that another wide field, which lay by it, was called the queen's veil; and that in the same manner there was a large portion of ground set aside for every part of her majesty's dress."

Theopompus of Chios relates a notable trick that used to be performed annually before the people at Elis, about a mile from Olympia, at the feasts of Bacchus.—"They take three brazen empty vessels, and seal them carefully in the presence of the strangers who are there assembled. The next day the seals are taken off with the same ceremony, and the vessels are found full of wine."

"Dion, the academic philosopher, charges the Egyptians with being great drinkers, and fond of wine to excess. He tells us, that in Egypt, in order to accommodate the people who would not purchase wine, a beverage was made of barley, of which they were so fond, that on drinking it they sung, danced, and made a thousand antics, similar to persons intoxicated with wine."

"Aristotle, according to Athenæus, makes the following very curious remark: 'They who were intoxicated with wine,' he says, 'fell forward,—they who were in the same state, after drinking the liquor made of barley (or ale), fell backwards. Because, with too much wine the head grows heavy,—with ale they become faint and drowsy.'"

A curious reason is given to prove that the Egyptians were fond of wine.

"It was an established rule with them to eat boiled cabbage before any other food, to prepare themselves for hard drinking; many, for the same purpose, swallowed the seeds of the cabbage. It has been observed, that the wine produced from those vineyards where cabbages are likewise planted, is flat and vapid."

On this subject, the poet Alexis has the following passage:

— "Yesterday
You drank too much, and what the consequence?

A heavy head to-day,—this must be cured
By a strict fast; and let some friend provide

A store of well boil'd cabbage."

Eubulus on the same subject.*

"Wife bring the cabbage; that, I think,
will cure

This heaviness which so affects my head,
If the good proverb holds."

Anaxandrides thus:†

"If first you bathe, then make a hearty meal

Of cabbage, you will ease the heavy weight,
And dissipate the clouds; that so obscure
Your aching brain."

"Amphis offers another remedy as more efficacious."‡

"Nothing so soon will dissipate the fumes.
Of drunkenness, and clear the aching head,
As some immediate unforeseen disaster;
This drives, at once, all fancies from the brain

With wonderful effect, and better far
Than cabbage can produce."

"Theophrastus speaks of this property in the cabbage, adding, that the odour only of this plant will obstruct the growth of the vine."

*End of Collections from the First Book
of Athenæus.*

ON THE REMOVAL OF MEMNON'S
HEAD FROM THEBES TO ALEXANDRIA
BY M. BELZONI.

London, 1st January.

MR EDITOR,

THE name of Belzoni has been rendered famous by an achievement accomplished singly by the resources of his own mind, which the united efforts of

* Eubulus, a comic poet, flourished in the 101st Olympiad. He was a writer, says Suidas, between the middle and new comedy. He was the author of 24 comedies, whereof his "Nutrices," Clepsydra, and Cercopes, are cited by Athenæus.

† Anaxandrides, a comic poet of Rhodes, or, as some say, of Colophon. He flourished in the second year of the 101st Olympiad, as Suidas and the author of the Olympiads testify; he is cited by Aristotle in his Rhetoric and Ethics; of the 65 comedies he wrote (in ten whereof he is said to have been victor), his *Odysseus* is chiefly commended by Athenæus.

‡ Amphis, a Greek comic poet of Athens, the son of Amphicratis. He was, says Laertis, contemporary with Plato, who was sometimes the subject of his comic wit. Besides his comedies, he wrote other pieces which are now lost.

the French army, and the corps of French savans, were unable to effect—the removal of the colossal head of an Egyptian statue, improperly called Memnon, from Thebes to Alexandria, of the enormous weight of nearly twelve tons; and which has been safely lodged in the British museum, as a present to that institution, from Mr Salt, and the late lamented traveller, Mr Buckhardt.

Some account of this arduous enterprise, with many other labours and discoveries of Belzoni, has been given to the public in the *Quarterly Review*, but not with those minute details, which, in matters relating to discovery, must always be interesting. I may, however, perhaps be able, in some measure, to supply this deficiency, if not so amply or so ably as might be wished, at least through an authentic source. The little narrative, from which I shall give you a few extracts, is written with great simplicity, and, I have not the smallest doubt, with perfect accuracy. It was drawn up, at the request of a friend, by an Irish servant of Belzoni, who, some eight years ago, when a boy, engaged in his service at Edinburgh, and has been with him ever since in all his journeys, and assisted him in all his excavations in Egypt and Nubia, with the exception of his last visit to the latter country, where he accompanied Mr Belzoni in a peregrination through the Holy Land. Here he fell in with Mr Legh, and returned with him to Constantinople with the view of rejoining Belzoni in Egypt; but on hearing in this city a rumour of the death of Belzoni (which, it has since been supposed, alluded to that of Mr Buckhardt), he attended Mr Legh to England; but finding, on his arrival, that the report was in all probability unfounded, he now waits only for an opportunity of rejoining his old master in Egypt. Being wholly illiterate, I have taken the liberty of correcting his orthography, but have strictly preserved his phraseology. His ideas are clearly and distinctly expressed, and his knowledge of the geography of the Nile, the ruined cities and temples on its banks, and the antiquities which have been discovered in them, is more correct and comprehensive than could possibly be expected from one wholly uneducated. The fact is, that Curtis (for that is his name) has, for the last

seven years, mixed so much with the Arabs on the shores of the Nile, that he is better acquainted with the Arabic language than his own. The following is the account he gives of the operations attending the removal of the misnamed Head of Memnon. For the execution of this object, after a special agreement with Mr Salt and Mr Buckhardt, Belzoni and his servant left Boulae, on the 14th June 1816, on their way to Thebes.

At Erranoun, they met with an Englishman, Mr Brine, established there, who has undertaken to refine the sugar, and make rum from it, “which,” says Curtis, “he has done without any difficulty; and his rum is as good as any Jamaica rum.” At Mansfalout, they met with M. Drouetti, the French consul, coming from Upper Egypt, with a large collection of statues, papyri, and mummies. At Siout, they got a firman from the Bey, a janissary, and a carpenter. When Belzoni arrived at Luxor, he sent for Aly Amon, from whom he had a letter of recommendation, who came on board immediately. The narrative then proceeds as follows.

“Mr B. asked him if he could get camels on the other side for to carry the things to the Memnonium, which he told him he could, and have all that he wanted there; so, on receiving this information, he crossed to the other side of the Nile to *Gorna*, (qu. Carnac?) and sent to the sheikh for four camels to carry the timber, and some donkeys to carry our beds. We had some difficulty on account of its being rhamadan; but however he sent us the camels and the donkeys, and we got our things over. The next morning Mr B. called the carpenter and me, and gave in the plan of the car for to transport the head, which is now in the British Museum; we got to work, and the next morning Mr B. and the janissary, with the interpreter, went to Hermonta, to the cashief, for to give him the firman, and to shew him the orders he had from the pasha, which he received with great attention, and after he read them, he said, “*allah rayi*,” which means, “with his head,” and asked Mr B. what time he wanted the men. He told him the next morning; which he told Mr B. he would do all in his power to get as many men as possible. So Mr B. returned to *Gorna*; and the next morning our car and rollers were finished; and at five o'clock came the cashief and his brother, and about twenty Albanese soldiers on horseback, driving the poor Arabs before them like a flock of sheep. As soon as they arrived, Mr B. made some tickets and distributed to the men who were to work; on doing this, he ordered us to bring the car,

and on the soldiers seeing this, they said, that now the head was going without doubt. So Mr B. gave the plan how the head was to be raised,—we got the levers and applied them, and raised it four feet high, and Mr B. ordered the car to be put under it, which was done; now the men being tired, Mr B. gave them liberty to rest until one o'clock, after which they all assembled again. Now we put our rollers under the car, and Mr B. gave orders that the ropes should be attached to the car, which we did immediately, and got all the men to the ropes. The order was given to pull, which was done with the effect of moving it six inches.

“Now their astonishment was greater than ever, and they said, that he moved it by necromancy, and not by their strength. They gave the head a name of *Cafini*. It being cooler, we went to work again, and in the course of four hours, we had moved the head eight yards; it being late, Mr B. gave the men liberty to go home, but told them that he expected them the next morning early. They all said *iva* or yes. The cashief, or governor, left three soldiers with Mr B. to guard the head. Next morning the men came, according to their promise, and more than came the first time; we got to work, and took the head that day thirty yards, and so continued for several days. Now the French party got on with their *intrigues*, so the cashief stopped the men all at once. Mr B. was very soon acquainted that it was the French doing; but however Mr B. soon got over that, for he was one of the most persevering men in the world, and what he has suffered in that undertaking no person would credit it, what with having the French and the Turks his enemies.

“Now the head being near the Nile, Mr B. went to try to take out the cover of the sarcophagus that M. Drouetti made Mr B. a present of on his arrival at Manfalout, which Mr B. found was counter-ordered by M. Drouetti, who made it a present to Mr Salt, after giving it to Mr B. at Manfalout; but this was of no consequence; for it only made the difference of not being taken away that year. Now Mr B. wished to have the head still nearer the Nile; so he sent for some men, who, to his great surprise, were sent immediately; and now the cashief receiving his long expected present from M. Drouetti, which consisted of only six bottles of olives and six bottles of anchovies, and seeing that he had nothing else to expect, thought his best plan was to make Mr B. his friend.”

Belzoni was now detained by the difficulty of getting a boat; and to lose no time by the delay, he made a journey towards Ipsambul, in Nubia, with a view to the clearing away the sand from that temple. In the mean time, Mrs Belzoni, who was left behind to excavate among the ruins of Thebes, made the discovery of the statue of Jupiter Ammon, and a row of fourteen sphinxes;

upon which she immediately despatched a messenger after her husband, acquainting him with her success. On receiving this intelligence, he engaged a small boat, and returned to Carnac, and had them secured, and a guard of soldiers placed over them. No boat being yet arrived, he again set out for Phil, where he took down, from a ruined wall, sixteen stones with inscriptions on them, and brought them away with him.

A boat had now arrived from Cairo, with some Frenchmen in it, who had been hired by Drouetti, the French consul, to bring down some antiquities; but the cashief having received orders from the pasha to impress all vessels, for the purpose of carrying corn to Cairo, that of the Frenchmen was taken possession of among the rest. Belzoni, however, had just received a letter from Mr Salt, enclosing a *firmaun* from the pasha, ordering a proper boat to be provided for his use. The cashief, therefore, took the boat of the French, which was very large, and gave it to Belzoni; but he still had great difficulty, and at last was obliged to give 3000 piastres to the reis or commander of the boat; besides, as might be expected, he met with great obstruction from the French, “who came to see the head, which they did with great malice, saying, that it was not worth the expense; and telling the reis or captain, that his boat would be broken, and that he never would be paid the money agreed for.”

“Now Mr B. prepared to get the head on board, and made a small bank for the purpose, on account of the Nile being going down. The bank being made, and all things being ready, the head was to be put on board the next morning. All the villagers, for eight miles all round the country, were all assembled there on both sides of the Nile. The workmen having come, the platform was placed, and all things prepared. At this time the reis of the boat went out of the way, that he might not see his boat broken in pieces. Now the word was given to let go, and the head was on board her in a quarter of an hour, with loud shouts and huzzas from the people.”

Mr Belzoni having thus succeeded in getting the head safely embarked, together with the sphinxes and the statue of Jupiter Ammon, made all sail, determined to stop no where, lest the decreasing water of the Nile might put an end to the voyage. Unluckily, however, the boat grounded; and after six hours labour of all the sailors,

they abandoned all hope of getting her off, and said, that she must remain there till next year, or her cargo must be thrown overboard. Belzoni, on hearing this, jumped out of the boat; and fixing the anchor on the bank, he prevailed on the Arabs to assist him in hauling on the cable, and in half an hour succeeded in moving her into deep water.

They reached Saccard without further impediments, and stopped here for a short time to give Mrs Belzoni a view of the pyramids. On entering a dwelling near these stupendous masses, they observed a party of Bedouin Arabs, who, after some surprise, observed to each other, that Mrs Belzoni would be a good prize to carry to Cairo to sell to some of the beys; which Belzoni overhearing, thought it prudent to make off with all possible despatch. From this place to Alexandria, the boat and her cargo proceeded without accident or interruption.

THE ÆGINA MARBLES.

IT is a subject of universal regret, that the Ægina marbles, which have already so much excited the public attention, and the loss of which is made still more sensible by Mr Cockerell's interesting memoir,* should have been destined to any other country than this, which possesses the only authentic illustrations of the history of art. Our museum, enriched with these, would have held unquestionable superiority over any other of Europe.

We have been at some pains to collect accurate information on this subject, and we are happy to find that no reproach of indifference or neglect can attach to any of the English gentlemen concerned in this affair. The discovery was made in 1811, by Messrs Foster and Cockerell, English, and Messrs Haller and Linckh, Germans. These gentlemen, equally zealous for the honour and advantage of this acquisition to their respective countries, sent immediate advices of this discovery to the most active authorities.

The Englishmen, sensible of the necessity of sacrificing some portion of their interest in order to facilitate their

purchase for their country, made their first proposition to Mr Canning, their minister at Constantinople, and they were willing to take half the sum the Germans might require for their portions.

Propositions of a favourable nature were made also to the Marquis of Sligo, who passed through Athens, on his return to England, at that period. The apprehensions they were under of interruption from the Turkish government, and the expenses of the undertaking, and little prospect of their ultimate success in acquiring them for this country, induced them to leave no means untried; and when Messrs Galley, Knight, and Mr Fazakerly, came shortly afterwards to Athens, they felt the object so important, that it was resolved to purchase the share of the Germans if possible, and that the party should then present the whole collection to the British Museum. In Mr Fazakerly's evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, on the subject of the Elgin marbles (of which we insert the following paragraph), ample testimony of the zeal of these gentlemen is given.

"Messrs Galley, Knight, and myself (Mr Fazakerly), were anxious to purchase those marbles for the British Museum, and we requested M. Lusieri to put some value upon them. At his suggestion we offered the sum of £2000; the marbles belonging to two English proprietors, and to two Germans, the English proprietors consenting to relinquish their share of the profits, in hopes that the marbles should come to England; so that the offer implied that the marbles were worth £4000. I think it justice to those two gentlemen, who made this liberal offer, to mention their names—Mr Cockerell and Mr Foster."

The Germans did not accept these terms; and finding it necessary to remove the marbles, they got the assistance of Mr Gropius, a Prussian merchant residing in that country, and well acquainted with the means of conducting affairs with the Turks. With great difficulty and risk, they transported them to Zante, as a deposit of greater security, until their public sale, which, as the best means of settling the respective interests of the party, it was determined should take place in the following year. Mr Gropius was constituted their agent during the absence of the several proprietors, whose avocations called them to different countries. Advertisements were published in the Gazettes of

* Inserted in the Royal Institution Journal, No XII., containing three most interesting plates, drawn and engraved by Mr Cockerell.

Europe, announcing the sale. In the mean time, an offer was made, from his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, of £6000, for these marbles, on condition that they should be found worth it on their arrival here; "but this was looked upon as a kind of blind bargain, and they did not know what might become of them."*

Accordingly this offer was not accepted; but as there was an apprehension at that time as to the security of the Ionian Islands, it was agreed that it would be advisable to send them to Malta, which was accordingly done; and it was on this accident that hung the unfortunate event of their sale. Mr Gropius, upon whom, for the reasons above, the conduct of the business was intrusted, ought to have altered the advertisements already published (stating their future sale at Zante), as to take place at Malta instead. The marbles were a commodity not to be purchased by a sample; that the sale should be effected where they could be viewed and examined, was not necessary to be suggested to a *ci-devant* artist; but Mr Gropius, who was not with the proprietors at the moment of their joint determination, expressed a singular aversion to Malta. He took none of the necessary measures; and when the day approached, he insisted (in the absence of the greater part of the proprietors) on holding the sale in Zante. Mr Combe,† on the part of the British Museum, went to Malta on the day appointed, where he concluded it must naturally take place;

the French agent, M. Fauvel, and Mr Wagner, on the part of the Prince Royal of Bavaria, who held to the advertisement published, and was ignorant of their transport to Malta, arrived at the same moment at Zante, where the latter finally concluded the purchase.

Mr Gropius, more anxious to avoid the embarrassment which awaited him on other affairs at Malta, than consulting the wishes and interest of his employers, had sent no notice of his intention to hold the sale at Zante to the agent of the proprietors of the marbles at Malta, under the pretence of the necessity of attending to the letter of the advertisement; nor was Mr Combe's arrival there known in time to defer the sale. This being concluded, by an agent legally constituted, Messrs Foster and Cockerell, who were absent in other places, found themselves, on their return, under the disagreeable predicament of being obliged to support the sale to the Prince of Bavaria, contrary to their interest and wishes, and the exertions they had hitherto employed for their acquisition to this country; and we are glad to have the means of thus informing the public of the cause of this circumstance, and of laying before them the very laudable proceedings of these gentlemen, which we hope may instigate further researches in the ancient world, with the same enterprise and liberality, and may contribute to render our Museum, what it may already almost claim to be—the first in Europe; and thus to elevate our rank in the fine arts to the same superiority over the rest of the world, which our useful ones have hitherto held unrivalled,

* See Report of Committee of the House of Commons, p. 62.

† Mr Combe came with an offer of £8000: the marbles were sold for 10,000 sequins, nearly £6000.

SPECIMEN OF AN UNPUBLISHED TRANSLATION OF ARISTOPHANES.

[The following specimen of a translation of Aristophanes, will, if we be not greatly mistaken, at once recall to the recollection of our readers, some exquisite versions from a modern language, which have already received the highest praise from Mr Jeffrey, and what is much better, from Mr Southey—and which, we have no hesitation in saying, always appeared to ourselves to be superior in all the qualities of closeness, ease, vigour, and elegance, to any thing which any age or country has produced in the shape of poetical translations. The difficulty of rendering Aristophanes, we should suppose to be a greater one than any the author had previously overcome. In addition to the superior difficulty which must attend transferring an ancient into a modern language, it is to be remembered, that of all ancients the most abounding in things difficult of translation, is, without exception, Aristophanes. Wit and humour clothed in the most unrivalled richness of elegant language, are the staples of

his poetry. The most sly, minute, local, and personal allusions—perpetual double-entendres and puns—endless parodies—these are the things which rendered him the delight of the vivacious audience for which he wrote, and these are things of which it is well-nigh impossible that even the most learned of his modern readers should understand more than a small part. Above all other species of his wit, that which is embodied in parody, has suffered from the lapse of time. Of the works which he has ridiculed, by far the greater part have perished; and even when the very passage which he has parodied survives, to enjoy the parody, as an Athenian enjoyed it, requires that the passage should be as familiar to us as it was to the Athenian. The caricature gives us comparatively little delight, when we are compelled to gather our knowledge of the original from the microscopic pica of a Scholiast, or the leaden italicicks of a German annotator.

In the specimen which follows, the translator has attacked the utmost of the difficulties with which he had to contend, and we think our learned readers will agree with us in thinking, he has triumphantly overcome them. The *Frogs*, perhaps the most phantastick and original of all Aristophanes' surviving comedies, presents us throughout with a bold mixture of the affairs of the upper world and the lower. This grotesque mixture is finely exemplified in the specimen. From some admirable strophes and antistrophes of the Chorus, in which the political abuses of the poet's time are handled with a dry asperity of sarcasm, whereof none besides Swift and Aristophanes ever was master—we are at once transported into the midst of the infernals, and find two of the most distinguished of his literary contemporaries contending for precedence at the court of Pluto. These are the old, rough, venerable father of Greek tragedy, Æschylus, and the most polished of his successors, Euripides. The former is, upon the whole, treated with respect, although nothing can be more exquisitely happy than the ridicule of his knotty and pompous phraseology. The latter is, upon all occasions, the most favourite butt of Aristophanes. His Plebeian origin, his affected sentimentality, his immorality, his scepticism, his sophistry, and the comparative want of vigour in his conceptions and style—every thing about the son of the old cabbage-woman, is claimed by this relentless persecutor, as the property and food of his intolerable satire. The scene in which these two great poets abuse and vilify each other's writings, as every word in it is at once a parody and a personal sarcasm, is, *primâ facie*, the most untranslatable passage in the most untranslatable of books.

This scene forms part of the specimen below. Those who can read Greek, will turn to verse 686 of the *Βατραχίου*, and enjoy the comparison of the version with its original. But even the mere English reader will feel like one who contemplates, at the present day, a portrait by Titian or Holbein, that *this must be a likeness.*]

R A N Æ.

CHORUS.

Muse attend our solemn summons,
And survey the assembled commons
Congregated as they sit,
An enormous mass of wit,
—Full of genius, taste, and fire,
Jealous pride, and critic ire—
Cleophon among the rest,
(Like the swallow from her nest
A familiar foreign bird,)
Chatters loud and will be heard,
(With the accent and the grace
Which he brought with him from Thrace)
But we fear the tuneful strain,
Must be turn'd to grief and pain;
He must sing a dirge perforce
When his trial takes its course;
We shall hear him moan and wail,
Like the plaintive nightingale.

It behoves the sacred Chorus, | and of right to them belongs,
 To suggest sagacious councils | in their verses and their songs.
 In performance of our office, | we present with all humility
 A proposal for removing | groundless fears and disability,
 First that all that were inveigled | into Phrynichus's treason.
 Should be suffer'd and receiv'd | by rules of evidence and reason.
 To clear their conduct—Secondly, | that none of the Athenian race,
 Should live suspected and subjected, | to loss of franchise and disgrace,
 Feeling it a grievous scandal | when a single naval fight,
 Renders foreigners and slaves | partakers of the City's right :
 —Not that we condemn the measure ; | we conceiv'd it wisely done,
 Much the wisest of your measures | and the first and only one :
 —But your kinsmen and your comrades, | those with whom you fought and bore
 Danger, hardship, and fatigue, | or with their fathers long before
 In so many naval actions | labouring with the spear and oar.
 —These we think as they profess | repentance for their past behaviour,
 Might by your exalted wisdoms, | be receiv'd to grace and favour.
 Better it would be, believe us, | casting off revenge and pride,
 To receive as friends and kinsmen, | all that combat on our side
 Into full and equal franchise : | on the other hand we fear
 If your hearts are filled with fancies, | proud and captious and severe ;
 While the shock of instant danger | threatens shipwreck to the state,
 Such resolves will be lamented | and repented of too late.

If the Muse foresees at all,
 What in future will befall
 Dirty Cleigenes the small—
 He the scoundrel at the bath—
 Will not long escape from scath :
 But must perish by and by,
 With his potash and his lye ;
 And his soap, and scouring ball,
 And his washes, one or all ;
 Therefore, he can never cease
 To declaim against a peace.

Often times have we reflected | on a similar abuse
 In the choice of men for office, | and of coins for common use ;
 For your old and standard pieces, | valued, and approved, and tried,
 Here among the Grecian nations, | and in all the world beside ;
 Recognis'd in every realm, | for lawful stamp and pure assay,
 Are rejected and abandon'd | for the coin of yesterday ;
 For a vile adulterate issue, | clipt, and counterfeit, and base,
 Which the traffic of the city | passes current in their place !
 And the men who stand for office, | noted for acknowledg'd worth,
 And for manly deeds of honour, | and for honourable birth ;
 Train'd in exercise and art, | in sacred dances and in song,
 Are rejected and supplanted | by a base ignoble throng ;
 Foreign stamp and vulgar mettle, | raise them to command and place ;
 Brazen counterfeit pretenders, | scoundrels of a scoundrel race ;
 Whom the state, in former ages, | scarce would have allow'd to stand
 At the sacrifice of outcasts, | as the scape-goats of the land.
 —Time it is—and long has been, | forsaking all your follies past,
 To recur to sterling merit, | and instrinsic worth, at last.
 —If we rise, we rise with honour ; | if we fall, it must be so :
 —But there was an ancient saying, | which we all have heard and know :
 That the wise, in dangerous cases, | have esteem'd it safe and good,
 To receive a slight chastisement | from a *Wand of noble wood*.

Scene XANTHIAS and ÆACUS.

Æac. By Jupiter ! but he's a gentleman.
That master of yours.

X. A gentleman ! To be sure he is ;
Why, he does nothing else but wench and drink.

Æac. His never striking you when you took his name,—
Outfacing him, and contradicting him— !

X. It might have been worse for him if he had.

Æac. Well, that's well spoken, like a true-bred slave.
It's just the sort of language I delight in.

X. You love excuses ?

Æac. Yes, but I prefer
Cursing my master quietly in private.

X. Mischief, you're fond of ?

Æac. Very fond, indeed.

X. What think ye of muttering as you leave the room
After a beating ?

Æac. Why, that's pleasant too.

X. By Jove is it ! But listening at the door
To hear their secrets ?

Æac. Oh, there's nothing like it.

X. And then the reporting them in the neighbourhood.

Æac. That's beyond every thing,—that's quite extatic.

X. Well, give me your hand. And, there, take mine—
and buss me.

And there again—and tell me, for Jupiter's sake—
For he's the patron of our kicks and beatings—
What's all that noise, and bustle, and abuse,
Within there ?—

Æac. Æschylus and Euripides, only.

X. Hah ?—

Æac. Why, there's a desperate business has broke out
Among these here dead people ;—quite a tumult.

X. As how ?

Æac. Why, there's a custom we have established
In favour of professors of the arts.
When any one, the first man in his line,
Comes down amongst us here, he stands entitled
To privilege and precedence, with a seat
At Pluto's royal board.

X. I understand you.

Æac. So he maintains it till there comes a better,
Of the same sort, and then resigns it up.

X. But why should Æschylus be disturb'd at this ?

Æac. He held the seat for tragedy, as being master
In that profession.

X. Well, and who's there now ?

Æac. He kept it till Euripides appear'd ;
But he collected audiences about him,
And flourished, and exhibited, and harangued
Before the thieves, and housebreakers, and rogues,
Cut-purses, cheats, and vagabonds, and villains,
That make the mass of population here ;
And they—being quite transported, and delighted
With all his subtleties, and niceties,
Equivocations, quibbles, and so forth,
Evasions, and objections, and replies—
In short—they rais'd an uproar and declar'd him
Archpoet, by a general acclamation.

And he with this grew proud and confident,
And laid a claim to the seat where Æschylus sat.

X. And did not he get pelted for his pains?

Æac. Why, no.—The mob call'd out, and it was carried,
To have a public trial of skill between them.

X. You mean the mob of scoundrels that you mentioned.

Æac. Scoundrels, indeed? Aye,—scoundrels without number.

X. But Æschylus must have had good friends and hearty.

Æac. Yes; but good men are scarce both here and elsewhere.

X. Well, what has Pluto settled to be done?

Æac. To have a trial and examination
In public.

X. But how comes it, Sophocles?

Why does not he put in his claim amongst them?

Æac. No, no, not he—the moment he came down here
He went up and saluted Æschylus,
And kist his cheek, and took his hand quite kindly;
And Æschylus edged a little from his chair
To give him room, so now the story goes
(At least I had it from Cleidemides);
He means to attend there as a stander-by,
Professing to take up the conqueror;
If Æschylus gets the better—well and good,
He gives up his pretensions,—but, if not,
He'll stand a trial, he says, against Euripides.

X. There'll be strange doings.

Æac. That there will—and shortly
—Here—in this place—strange things I promise you;
A kind of thing that no man could have thought of.
Why, you'll see poetry weighed out and measur'd.

X. What, will they bring their tragedies to the steel-yards?

Æac. Yes will they—with their rules and compasses
They'll measure, and examine, and compare,
And bring their plummets, and their lines and levels,
And take the bearings,—for Euripides
Says that he'll make the survey word by word.

X. Æschylus takes the thing to heart I doubt.

Æac. He bent his brows, and por'd upon the ground;
I saw him.

X. Well, but who decides the business?

Æac. Why, there the difficulty lies—for judges,
True learned judges, are grown scarce, and Æschylus
Objected to the Athenians absolutely.

X. Considering them as rogues and villains mostly.

Æac. As being ignorant and empty generally,
And in their judgment of the stage particularly.
In fine, they've fixt upon that master of yours
As having had some practice in the business.
But we must wait within—for when our masters
Are warm and eager—stripes and blows ensue.

CHORUS.

The full-mouth'd master of the tragic quire,
We shall behold him foam with rage and ire;
—Confronting in the list
His eager, shrewd, sharp-tooth'd antagonist.
Then will his visual orbs be wildly whirl'd
And huge invectives will be hurl'd.
Superb and supercilious,
Atrocious, atrabilious,
With furious gesture, and with lips of foam,

And lion crest unconscious of the comb ;
Erect with rage,—his brow's impending gloom,
O'ershadowing his dark eyes' terrific blaze.

The opponent, dexterous and wary,
Will fend and parry ;
While masses of conglomerated phrase,
Enormous, ponderous, and pedantic,
With indignation frantic,
And strength and force gigantic,
Are desperately sped
At his devoted head.—

Then, in different style,
The touchstone and the file,
And subtleties of art
In turn will play their part ;
Analysis and rule,
And every modern tool ;
With critic, scratch, and scribble,
And nice invidious nibble ;
—Contending for the important choice,
A vast expenditure of human voice !

Scene EURIPIDES, BACCHUS, ÆSCHYLUS.

Eu. Don't give me your advice ; I claim the seat,
As being a better and superior artist.

B. What, Æschylus, don't you speak ? You hear his language.

E. He's mustering up a grand commanding visage—
A silent attitude—the common trick
That he begins with in his tragedies.

B. Come, have a care, my friend ; you'll say too much.

E. I know the man of old—I've scrutinized
And shewn him long ago for what he is,
A rude unbridled tongue, a haughty spirit ;
Proud, arrogant, and insolently pompous ;
Rough, clownish, boisterous, and overbearing.

Æ. Say'st thou me so ? Thou Bastard of the earth,
With thy patch'd robes and rags of sentiment,
Rak'd from the streets, and stitch'd and tack'd together !
Thou mumping, whining, beggarly hypocrite !
But you shall pay for it.

B. There now, Æschylus,
You grow too warm.—Restrain your ireful mood.

Æ. Yes ; but I'll seize that sturdy beggar first,
And search and strip him bare of his pretensions.

B. Quick ! Quick ! A sacrifice to the winds—Make ready ;
I see the storm there gathering. Bring a victim.

Æ. —A wretch that has corrupted every thing ;
Our music with his melodies from Crete ;
Our morals with incestuous tragedies.

B. Dear, worthy Æschylus, contain yourself ;
And as for you, Euripides, move off
This instant, if you're wise ; I give you warning ;
Or else, with one of his big thumping phrases,
You'll get your brains dash'd out, and all your notions,
And sentiments, and matter, mash'd to pieces.
—And thee, most noble Æschylus, I beseech,
With mild demeanour, calm and affable,
To hear and answer. For it ill beseems
Illustrious bards to scold like market-women.
But you roar out and bellow like a furnace.

E. I'm up to it.—I'm resolved, and here I stand

Ready and steady—take what course you will ;
 Let him be first to speak, or else let me.
 I'll match my plots and characters against him ;
 My sentiments and language, and what not ;
 Ay, and my music too ; and Meleager,
 My Æolus, and my Telephus, and all.

B. Well, Æschylus, determine. What say you ?

Æ. I wish the place of trial had been elsewhere :
 I stand at disadvantage here.

B. As how ?

Æ. Because my poems live on earth above,
 And his died with him, and descended here,
 And are at hand as ready witnesses.
 But you decide the matter, I submit.

B. Come—let them bring me fire and frankincense,
 That I may offer vows and make oblations
 For an ingenious critical conclusion
 To this same elegant and clever trial.

[*To the Chorus.*] And you too, sing me a hymn there—To the Muses.

CHORUS.

To the heavenly Nine we petition,
 Ye, that on earth or in air | are for ever kindly protecting
 The vagaries of learned ambition,
 And at your ease from above, | our sense and folly directing,
 (Or poetical contests inspecting,
 Deign to behold for a while—as a source of amusing attention,
 All the struggles of style and invention)
 Aid, and assist, and attend, | and afford to the furious authors
 Your refin'd and enlighten'd suggestions ;
 Grant them ability—force, | and agility, quick recollections,
 And address in their answers and questions,
 Pithy replies, with a word to the wise, and pulling and hawling,
 With inordinate uproar and bawling ;
 Driving and drawing, like carpenters sawing their dramas asunder,
 With suspended sense and wonder.
 All are waiting and attending
 On the conflict now depending.

B. Come, say your prayers, you two, before the trial. [*Æschylus offers incense.*]

Æ. O Ceres, nourisher of my soul, maintain me,
 A true partaker of thy mysteries.

B. [*To Euripides.*] There, you there, make your offering.

E. Well, I will ;

But I direct myself to other deities.

B. Heh, what ? Your own ? Some new ones ?

E. Most assuredly.

B. Well, pray away then—to your own new deities. [*Euripides offers incense.*]

E. Thou foodful Air, the nurse of all my notions,
 And ye, the organic powers of sense and speech,
 And keen refin'd olfactory discernment,
 Assist my present search for faults and errors.

CHORUS.

Here beside you, here are we,
 Eager all to hear and see
 This abstruse and curious battle,
 Of profound and learned prattle.

—But, as it appears to me,
Thus the course of it will be :
That the junior and appellant
Will advance as the assailant,
Aiming shrewd satiric darts
At his rival's noble parts,
And with sallies sharp and keen,
Try to wound him in the spleen ;
While the veteran rends and raises
Rifted, rough, uprooted phrases,
Wields them like a thrashing-staff,
And dispells the dust and chaff.

B. Come now, begin, and speak away ; | but first I give you warning,
That all your language and discourse | must be genteel and clever,
Without abusive similes, | or common vulgar joking.

E. At the first outset, I forbear | to state my own pretensions ;
Hereafter I shall mention them | when his have been refuted ;
And after I have prov'd and shewn, | how he abus'd and cheated
The rustic audience that he found, | which Phrynichus bequeath'd him.
He planted first upon the stage | a figure veil'd and muffled,
An Achilles or a Niobe, | that never shew'd their faces,
But kept a tragic attitude, | without a word to utter.

B. No more they did : it's very true.—

E. In the meanwhile, the Chorus
Strung on ten strophes right-an-end, | but They remained in silence.

B. I lik'd that silence well enough ; | as well, perhaps, or better
Than those new talking characters.—

E. That's from your want of judgment,
Believe me.

B. Why, perhaps it is ;—but what was his intention ?

E. Why, mere conceit and insolence ;—to keep the people waiting
Till Niobe should deign to speak,—to drive his drama forward.

B. O what a rascal !—Now I see | the tricks he us'd to play me.
[*To Æschylus, who is shewing signs of indignation by various contortions.*]
—What makes you writhe and wince about ?—

E. Because he feels my censures.
Then having dragg'd and drawl'd along, | half-way to the conclusion,
He foisted in a dozen words | of noisy boisterous accent,
With “ nodding plumes and shaggy brows,” | mere bugbears of the language,
That no man ever heard before.—

Æ. Alas ! alas !

B. [*To Æschylus.*] Have done there !

E. His words were never clear or plain.

B. [*To Æschylus.*] Don't grind your teeth so strangely.

E. —But Bulwarks, and Scamanders, | and Hippogriffs, and Gorgons,
“ Embost on brazen bucklers,” | and grim remorseless phrases,
Which nobody could understand.

B. Well, I confess, for my part,
I us'd to keep awake at night, | conjecturing and guessing,
To think what kind of foreign bird | he meant by Griffin-horses.

Æ. A figure on the heads of ships, | you goose, you must have seen them.

B. I took it for Philoxenus, | for my part, from the likeness.

E. So ! figures from the heads of ships | are fit for tragic diction.

Æ. Well, then—thou paltry wretch, explain—What were your own devices ?

E. Not stories about flying stags, | like yours, and griffin-horses ;
Nor terms nor images deriv'd from tap'stry Persian hangings.
When I receiv'd the Muse from you, | I found her puff'd and pamper'd,
With pompous sentences and terms, | a cumbrous huge virago.
My first attention was applied | to make her look genteelly,
And bring her to a moderate bulk | by dint of lighter diet.

I fed her with plain household phrase, | and cool familiar salad,
 With water-gruel episode, | with sentimental jelly,
 With moral mince-meat ; till at length | I brought her within compass :
 Cephisophon, who was my cook, | contriv'd to make them relish.
 I kept my plots distinct and clear ;—and to prevent confusion,
 My leading characters rehears'd | their pedigrees for prologues.

Æ. 'Twas well at least that you forbore | to quote your extraction.

E. From the first opening of the scene, | all persons were in action :
 The master spoke, the slave replied ;—the women, old and young ones,
 All had their equal share of talk.—

Æ. Come then, stand forth, and tell us,
 What forfeit less than death is due | for such an innovation ?

E. I did it upon principle, | from democratic motives.

B. Take care, my friend—upon that ground | your footing is but ticklish.

E. I taught these youths to speechify.

Æ. I say so too.—Moreover,

I say—that for the public good,—you ought to have been hang'd first.

E. The rules and forms of rhetoric,—the laws of composition ;
 To prate, to state, and in debate | to meet a question fairly ;
 At a dead lift, to turn and shift,—to make a nice distinction.

Æ. I grant it all—I make it all—my ground of accusation.

E. The whole in cases and concerns | occurring and recurring,
 At every turn and every day, | domestic and familiar ;
 So that the audience, one and all, | from personal experience,
 Were competent to judge the piece, | and form a fair opinion,
 Whether my scenes and sentiments | agreed with truth and nature.
 I never took them by surprise, | to storm their understandings
 With Memnons and Tydides's, | and idle rattle-trappings
 Of battle-steeds and clattering shields, | to scare them from their senses.
 But for a test (perhaps the best) our pupils and adherents
 May be distinguish'd instantly | by person and behaviour :
 His are Phormisius the rough, | Meganetes the gloomy,
 Hobgoblin-headed, trumpet-mouth'd, | grim-visag'd, ugly-bearded ;
 But mine are Cleitophon the smooth, | Theramenes the gentle.

B. Theramenes !—a clever hand, | a universal genius ;
 I never found him at a loss, | in all the turns of party,
 To change his watch-word at a word, | or at a moment's warning.

E. Thus it was that I began
 With a nicer, neater plan ;
 Teaching men to look about,
 Both within doors and without ;
 To direct their own affairs,
 And their house and household wares ;
 Marking every thing amiss—
 “ Where is that ? and—What is this ?
 ‘ This is broken—That is gone ; ’—
 ‘ Tis the system, and the tone.

B. Yes, by Jove—and now we see
 Citizens of each degree,
 That the moment they come in,
 Raise an uproar and a din,
 Rating all the servants round :
 ‘ If it's lost, it must be found.
 Why was all the garlic wasted ?
 There, that honey had been tasted,
 And these olives pilfer'd here.
 Where's the pot we bought last year ?
 What's become of all the fish ?
 Which of you has broke the dish ? ”
 Thus it is ; but heretofore
 They sat them down to doze and snore.

DR STERNSTARE'S LETTERS.

No II.

Acknowledgment of Aberdeenshire Heads—
Nature of Religious Feeling among Covenanters—Self-love of Lowland Scots—
Aspects it assumes—Young Frenchman's
Application—Melaege and Antinous—
Imperfections of Portraits.

I HAVE received the three specimens of Aberdeenshire heads. That they must have been as remarkable for the *savoir faire*, as you say they were, is evident from their structure. One of them now stands on a shelf, with his cheek close to the "Ready Reckoner." You urge me strongly to pronounce, in the meantime, some rough estimate of the Scottish character; but cautious induction is ever the mark of the true philosopher, and in no science is it so necessary as in that which treats of human faculties and propensities. It is evident that the other head which you sent cannot be that of a Covenanter; at least of a truly zealous and obdurate one, willing to go all lengths. It is too little developed in the organs of self-love and of firmness. Devotion assumes different aspects, according to the different natural dispositions which it finds in the individuals whom it animates. In the Covenanters, religious feeling did not meet with many of the bland, benign, forgiving, and beautiful dispositions, which have their seat in the region above the forehead. It was rather connected with conscientiousness and severe justice, which, in the first place, gave no quarter to themselves, and which also engendered, by internal reaction, something like a feeling of unrelenting bitterness towards others. It was also strongly connected with will or determination, and, through it, with self-love. The Covenanters were also addicted to doctrinal discussions which exercised their dialectical understanding, and which often ended in exciting more activity of opinionative self-love, than of devotional sentiment, and in drawing down their thoughts into the sphere of the human passions. If their religiousness had been of a nobler quality than it was, we should have heard less of them in history. Upon the whole, I am inclined to suspect the Lowland Scots of a meagreness in the enthusiastic and disinterested elements

of human nature. They have always been remarkable for a certain cold and unadmiring shrewdness, of which self-love is the true foundation. Sawney feels no love of great and beautiful objects for their own sakes, but stands aloof, and measures them with a sceptical eye. The Lowland dialect is replete with certain vernacular phrases, which betray his inclination to view all persons and things through a diminishing glass; and, for instances of this, I refer to the national novels of Waverley, Guy Mannering, &c. No passion for the arts touches his soul; no longings after the great ideal. The more homely and limited the objects which are presented to him, the more comfort he draws from them; and this is an infallible symptom of the predominance of self-love over the generous and aspiring affections. Even the metaphysics of this singular race, are the metaphysics of littleness, and have never led into the love of beauty, as with most other nations.—The Lowland peasant, however, with all his self-love, never betrays a Gasconading spirit. The caution and coldness of his character will not allow him to hazard any thing of that sort. Neither does his pride assume a sturdy, manly, and combative attitude, as it does with the English; but he wraps himself prudently in his blanket, and, eyeing the world askance over one shoulder, employs the keenness of a northern sagacity to supply himself mentally with reasons of disparagement against every sort of pretensions. Even religion is made by him subservient to the gratification of his human passions; for, as it inculcates the vanity of all worldly objects, and the insignificance of all human merits and distinctions, it so far utters to him a soothing voice; and he finds a consolation in thinking, that those who enjoy better fare than oatmeal, or wear any thing finer than a blue bonnet, are so much the more likely to go to a bad place in the end. None of the divine or good feelings have any exclusive tendency, except against qualities that are destructive to themselves. You will perhaps think some of the foregoing strictures too severe, and perhaps they are; but I have no patience with the love of littleness, which, whoever indulges in, as a great poet observes, "wars against his own soul."

You ask if any thing remarkable has occurred in the course of my studies. Yesterday a gay young Frenchman called here for advice. He said he wished to adopt the English mode of behaviour in society, but found his personal feelings were too elastic and springy to allow him to keep that even tenor and squareness of manners, which had struck his fancy, and that the liveliness of his impressions, and his desire to shine, were continually throwing him off his centre. I told him that the difficulties he experienced arose partly from his temperament and mode of sensation, and partly from the proportions in which his cerebral organs were developed. He was laterally large in the upper back part of the head, but not much developed in the summit. The lower middle part of his forehead was prominent, and his nose pointed and cartilaginous. He asked if the Englishmen reflected much, and if that was the cause of their staid and grave demeanour. I answered, that not all of them were thoughtful, but that they were persons of stubborn and manly temperaments, and scorned to be moved, either to pleasure or pain, by every trivial circumstance. I recommended to him not to set his mind on imitating the English, but to give way to his internal propensities with as good a grace as he could; for his composition did not appear to contain the sources of many low or disagreeable manifestations.

To the question, whether the Meleager or Antinous is the finer head, I can only reply by making the following observations: The first thing that strikes us in comparing these heads, is the different arrangement of the hair. In the Meleager, it assumes the simple and natural form which we would expect in an active and careless young hunter of the olden time, who allowed it to grow in its own way. The short locks of which it is composed spread, in successive circles, from the top of the head, overlapping each other, and presenting a close and almost matted appearance, which does not at all disguise the shape of the head. The hair of the Antinous is better adapted to please the eye by the luxuriant beauty of its clusters, and by the elegance of their arrangement; which, although unaffected, at the same time suggests the idea of art.

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We are reminded that it belongs, not to the primitive age, "*incomptis capillis*," but to the days of Adrian, at whose court he probably spent an effeminate and degraded life. This exuberance of hair also disguises, in some measure, the shape of the head.

Antinous was a native of Bythinia, in Asia Minor. Meleager, on the other hand, to use the words of Thomson,

"Shews what ideas smiled of old in Greece."

In the head of Meleager, which is represented as very young, we see the characteristics of impetuosity and magnanimity, and of a most uncontrollable will, united with the utmost sweetness and serenity in the expression of the countenance. The greatest development is at the top of the head, in the organ of volition, and in all those organs which surround it, including pride and the love of applause behind, and enthusiasm before. All those organs in the lower part of the forehead, which connect us with the external world, are large and very prominent. Imagination and reflection, which turn the eyes inwards, and have so much tendency to generate internal sources of activity, seem proportionably less developed in the head of Meleager. A certain dignified childishness pervades the features. We see a being who scarcely remembers of the existence of his own faculties and feelings, so long as they are lying asleep within him, but the movements of whose feelings, when they are excited by external events, have an overbearing force, proportioned to the time during which they generally remain inactive. In his beautiful countenance we see an unemotional serenity, resulting from the quiescence of an organization strong and healthful, but unaccustomed to be excited by any other causes than the few and broad objects of heroical and semi-barbarous existence. The lips and cheeks seem scarcely habituated to bend or undulate under the influence of emotion. They have the same firmness and solidity as his shoulder, or any other part of his body. It may, perhaps, be said, that the sculptor has represented them so for the sake of form; but this is not the case, for, although the presence of violent emotion is hostile to perfect form, the susceptibility of emotion may be indicated in the turn of the features, without

destroying the regularity of their contours. Ancient existence required no internal activity, except what was ultimately to issue forth and be applied to practical purposes. Their notions of the human destiny did not induce men to explore their own feelings in relation to morality. Hence there was no activity of sentiment except what resulted from events; and as for intellectual activity, in the earlier ages, it was never dreamt of.

In the Antinous we perceive a being of inferior mould, and approaching much nearer the level of ordinary nature. The top of the head presents no longer the same lofty convexity as in the Meleager. The lower parts of the brain are more developed in proportion. The features have not the same childish aspect; but they are more effeminate and voluptuous in their expression, and we see throughout a being fitted to live contented in a much lower sphere of existence. The part of the forehead above the nose and eyes is well developed, and of an elegant and regular structure. It is the development of this region which confers a talent for the fine arts (at least in so far as they depend on perception, and not on internal idealism); and it is extremely probable, that the favourite companion of Adrian would be a person well able to sympathise in his passion for sculpture, architecture, painting, and other similar studies. In the head of Antinous the organ of tune also spreads out the sides of the forehead considerably.

Sculpture is the only mode of representation which can exhibit the structure of the human head in a satisfactory manner. Not a day passes but I am fretted by the imperfection of the ideas conveyed by paintings and engravings which present only one aspect, and can only express forms by the ambiguous means of light and shadow. Yet busts are sometimes to be met with, which have probably been copied merely from portraits after the death of the original; so that the form given to the head depended in a great measure upon the fancy of the artist, or upon imperfect recollections. The bust of every remarkable person should be taken from the life as a memorial of his organization, and a bequest of knowledge to mankind.

Before concluding, let me mention

one thing. I wish you could find some person who would make a table of the different races of mankind who have settled in the Island of Britain, and whose progeny now form its chequered population; together with the districts they took possession of, or where they amalgamated themselves with former inhabitants. Yours, &c.

SCHEFFER'S ESSAY ON ENGLISH
POLITICS.*

THIS little pamphlet deserves notice, not on account of any intrinsic merit which it possesses, but on account of its being written by a man of some celebrity as a political writer. Mr Scheffer, as our readers are probably aware, is a German who has long been settled in France, and who, since the downfall of Napoleon, has more than once attracted to himself the attention of the French government by the extraordinary freedom of his pen. His Essay on the Political State of his own Country, although disfigured both by some looseness of premises, and some extravagance of conclusion, was, nevertheless, in the main, an interesting and even intelligent book; and, in truth, the worst of its errors were easily pardoned, because the general justice of its complaints was indisputable, and because English readers found no great difficulty in excusing the born subject of an arbitrary government for writing in a vague and visionary manner concerning freedom.

We suspect that the present publication will very much lower the reputation of its author, and consequently, perhaps, that of his former productions. Mr. Scheffer has now come upon ground with which we are better acquainted. He has ventured to write concerning the state of our own country; nay, he has even been so bold as to undertake a description of our own feelings; and finding him, as we doubt not our readers will do, to be utterly ignorant of both, it is scarcely to be expected that we should not reason from certain and egregious blunders here to others less certain,

* (Essai sur la politique de la nation Anglaise et du gouvernement Britannique.)

but, it may be, no less egregious elsewhere. In short, we are afraid that this essay has given the *coup-de-grace* to Mr. Scheffer's authority, and that henceforth, in spite of his German name, and his little tincture of *idealism*, he will come to be generally looked upon as no better than another inmate of Charenton—*au fond*, a mere Frenchman, as ignorant, and as insolent in his ignorance, as most of the political writers of that lively people are found to be; more especially when they presume to give any opinion concerning the affairs of another people, with whom, unhappily for themselves, they have not as yet much in common. Mr. Scheffer has lived long enough in Paris to write very good French. Another effect of the same education has been an almost total oblivion of many of the best parts of the German character,—a lamentable descent from the purity and dignity of feeling which, in the midst of their greatest errors, seldom abandon the good writers of his country,—a too effectual infusion of the envy, and baseness, and uncharitableness which England and Europe have found to be the invariable, and which they may therefore be pardoned for suspecting to be the inseparable companions of Jacobinism.

The book, however, is deserving of some little notice on another account. It is in effect the first regular translation, into the language of foreigners, of the odious trash which is commonly presented to us in a less attractive form by the orators of the common-council room and Spa-fields,—by Mr. Bristol Hunt, and Mr. Examiner Hunt, and the rest of that family, who would so fain have the liberty of England to resemble that of Corcyra.† When the Orator rode into the scene of his seditious tumult to the music of the *Marseilloise*, preceded by the *bonnet rouge* and the *Tricolor*, he favoured us with at least a candid confession of the intentions of his party here. Mr. Scheffer, by stating it as the result of his patient study of the history of England, that there is no hope of safety for us, unless our sovereign forthwith sends the seals of office to Sir Francis Burdett and a cabinet of his kidney,

has done us a favour of the same species. Were it not for some little traits of sincerity, not to be mistaken, both in his life and his writings, we should almost be inclined to suspect Mein Herr of having meditated a German joke upon his readers, and aimed at nothing more than a ponderous *reductio ad absurdum* of the arguments in use among the reformers on both sides of the water. But we shall not enlarge upon this idea, lest we should incur the suspicion of equal ambition, and perhaps come off with our joke as badly as the German has done with his.

Mr. Scheffer begins his pamphlet, as all French pamphlets, speeches, and addresses are begun, with a few epigrammatic enunciations, from which it is no doubt expected, that the uninitiated should suppose the sequel of the book to depend, in the same manner as the propositions in Euclid are consequences of his axioms and postulates. “Le but evident de toute société humaine,” says our author, “est la sûreté, la tranquillité, en un mot le bonheur de tous les individus qui composent la société.” This maxim, continues he, has been admitted by all reasoners, but in general it has been misinterpreted and misapplied. From it the friends of despotism justify their odious doctrines, and superstition comes in to assist them with her terrors, *atris caput circumdata nubis*. From it the enlightened (*les vraiment éclairés*) deduce the luminous clue which enables them to thread their path through all the labyrinths of custom and prejudice, and to arrive at last at the *intima penetralia* of the temple of political wisdom;—the holy region which neither kings, nor nobles, nor those who approve of either, can approach “*sans perdre leur état*,”—without becoming *citoyens*. The true meaning of the maxim has always, nevertheless, according to Scheffer, been felt and understood by the great majority of the nations of Europe. A few of these have already, by means of extraordinary advantages and accidents, enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing the maxim in some measure applied to the purposes of their own comfort. The English, for example, about two centuries ago, approached very nearly to the condition of a free people. That happiness has indeed, in the course of events, become vastly im-

† Ελευθερία Κερκυρα : χεῖρ ὅπου θάλειαι.
Libera est Corcyra : ubi vis, caca.

paired, and we are now possessed of a very trifling portion of our birthright. The United States of America have succeeded to us, and they are now the true country of liberality and wisdom. Even the second place is refused to us, because, says Mr. Scheffer, a nation filled with a strong unsatisfied desire of freedom is in a far better state than one which, having once been free, has now reverted many steps towards the abyss of slavery. Nothing, he continues, can be more striking than the alteration which has occurred during the last thirty years in the opinion entertained by the rest of the world respecting England. Before that time the enlightened men of every country vied with each other in their eulogies of our laws, constitution, and national character. At present we form the object of unmingled execration and disgust among all the politicians of Mr. Scheffer's acquaintance. Our name is a bye-word for every thing that is base, selfish, false, and domineering; and the friends of freedom in Paris have some thoughts of setting a-foot a Jacobinical crusade against us. Still, however, we are not without our friends,—and more wonderful still, one of these friends is Mr. Scheffer.

The ground on which this great man dissents from those who would recommend our extinction, is, it would appear, his fervent conviction, that we are still, in spite of all appearances, quite of the same way of thinking with himself and his friends. The German takes a distinction. To execrate Lord Castlereagh, and the Prince Regent, who chose to give his confidence to that unhappy creature, is quite right; it is also quite right to execrate Lord Wellesley and Lord Grenville, and others who oppose now and then the measures of Castlereagh and his master, only for the purpose of being permitted to devise and execute as bad measures themselves. It is laudable to execrate the superstition of England, because that superstition opposes the Catholic claims, and the emancipation of Ireland. It is laudable to execrate the parliament of England, because the system of representation is become quite rotten, and the appearance of a House of Commons is only useful as a cloak to cover the daggers of Castlereagh and his brother Catalines.—All this is most proper, and most praiseworthy; but wise men should beware of pushing

their conclusions farther than the premises authorise. The nation is still what it ought to be. The Regent, and Lord Castlereagh, and Wellesley, and Grenville, and the Church, and the Parliament, cannot be more sincerely detested by the enlightened of Paris and Berlin, than they are by those of London. In regard to these, only one opinion is entertained by "*tout le monde*." The abominable external policy of England, is only one lamentable effect of her internal degradation. We are not tyrants; we are only unwilling instruments in the hands of tyrants. We are slaves at home, and what should we be but scourges abroad? Europe should respect the unhappy people doomed to be for ever her enemies with their hands, and in their hearts her friends. She should reverence the land which lately boasted a Cobbet, and which still boasts a Hunt and a Burdett.—She should listen to the voice of England, not in the treaties of her ministers, nor in the speeches of her parliament, but in the petitions and the harangues which the perfidious Sidmouth refused to convey to the ears of the slumbering Regent. These are the true representatives of the British people. To hate or execrate them would be alike unjust and impolitic. The true wisdom of the illuminati throughout the world is to declare their affection for us in the same breath with their horror for our rulers. They should beat our worthless army, but they should recollect, at the same time, that it is detested and dreaded by us, because it is formed entirely of the outcasts of the earth; and that its victories have always been regarded by us as "*des titres de honte plutot que de gloire*."* They should overturn our government, but they should remember that in so doing, they have all our wishes and prayers upon their side. They should never forget the motto of Mr Scheffer, "*La nation Anglaise doit se ranger, par la force des choses, dans l'union des peuples!*"

Mr Scheffer gives himself the trou-

* "On sait comment les armées Anglaises, sont composées. Un homme condamné à la déportation pour crime de vol ou de brigandage a le choix d'entrer dans un régiment, ou de subir sa peine. En Angleterre il n'y a guère que les mauvais sujets qui s'enrolent volontairement." P. 40.

ble to justify this decision, so consolation for us, but so terrible to Lord Castlereagh, by a detail of our history for the last two centuries—more particularly for the last thirty years—executed in the true *style tranchant coupé*, so agreeable to the impatient vivacity of the reading public of Paris. At all times, says he, the kings of England were the enemies of her freedom and happiness; that is a necessary consequence of their existence. The sagacious Henry VIII. tyrannized by means of a corrupted parliament. The less sagacious Stuarts strove to tyrannize without a parliament at all, and they failed. The Georges succeeded. These princes brought from their province of Germany the most fixed love of despotism, and they found in England the necessity to yield something to the forms of a free constitution. Happily, Walpole was a genius of the same stamp with Henry VIII., and the house of Hanover have tyrannized like him, by means of corrupted parliaments. The progress of that national degradation which these princes have been so unceasingly anxious to promote, was, however, more slow than might have been expected. It was not till the epoch of the French Revolution that we began to stand on the very brink of our ruin.

At present, so far as our neighbours are directly concerned, the thing is accomplished. Throughout every stage of the French Revolution, the government of England has opposed it, from the fear that revolutionized and enlightened France might lend both light and aid to oppressed and impatient England. Every other country of Europe which makes any struggle for liberty, must expect to be met in that struggle by the same fervent opposition from the government of England. In the mean time, we, the people of England, are bowed down beneath the golden yoke of this same corrupting and corrupted government; so that, till that government be overthrown, there is no hope of freedom or of happiness either for us or for any other nation.

The enormities of which our government has been guilty in the course of this dark period have, indeed, been such as might well deserve all the reproaches of Meinherr Scheffer: Nor, after all, is this to be wondered at, considering the principle upon which, ac-

cording to that philosopher, every movement of our government proceeds. “On pourrait,” says he, “*désenfer ce système de la manière suivante; Commettre les crimes et les injustices politiques les plus atroces, afin d’associer la nation Anglaise dans la même haine, dans le même mépris avec son gouvernement: de la forcer ainsi à faire cause commune avec lui, et de la tenir dans un état d’hostilité permanente avec les autres peuples, état le plus favorable à l’établissement du despotisme!*” By means of keeping closely in recollection this concise and convincing definition, an impartial student of history, says our German, will find it an easy matter to understand the secret of the English atrocities. The freedom of Holland, imperfect as it was, was always an object of hatred to the English rulers, because they were always, and that justly, afraid lest it should excite their own subjects to entertain anti-despotic ideas. Superficial persons might, perhaps, object to this, that the original freedom of Holland was in a good measure owing to the friendship of Elizabeth; that the Hollanders themselves have been very proud to confess as much in almost all their treaties; and that Elizabeth and her ministers have at least as much right to be taken as specimens of an English government, as Charles II. and his. All this, however, will fall to the ground, when we reflect, that the present abject and enslaved condition of Holland is entirely owing to the English Georges, who beat her fleets and took her colonies, merely for the purpose above-mentioned, of removing from the sight of the English *le spectacle séduisant d’un état libre*.

In explaining, by his maxim, the conduct of our government towards America, M. Scheffer falls, we are afraid, into a slight inconsistency; but this is a trifle in so great a work. The exertions made by England to retain possession of her colonies may, indeed, be accounted for by some persons on the ground of its being a natural thing to dislike losing one's property: But this, says he, is quite out of the question in regard to the government of England; *à la tête duquel il se trouve presque toujours des hommes habiles*. The clever and philosophical ministers of St James's cannot be supposed to have been so ignorant of political economy as not to have known that Ame-

rica would thrive much more in a state of independence than as an appendage to Britain; that the trade of thriving America would fall almost entirely to the share of the old country; and that, therefore, England would be a mighty gainer by the loss of America. The ministers, says he, foresaw all this very well; but their object is not to make the English rich and prosperous, but to make them slaves; and, therefore, they opposed the American Revolution, solely that they might prevent their people from having before their eyes *le spectacle seduisant d'un état libre*.

The conduct of our government towards revolutionary France is a still more striking illustration of the theory of Mr Scheffer. We opposed the revolution from its commencement, not because it was conducted by miscreants, and accompanied with the declaration of sentiments incompatible with the repose of the rest of the world, but simply because its object was to establish a free state, separated only by St George's Channel, from the envying eyes of the unhappy slaves of England. In order to put down the revolutionary party of France, the English ministry endeavoured to bring their character as much as possible into disrepute; by neglecting to send an embassy to Paris to intercede for the life of Louis XVI. they 'allowed' the French to put their king to death in their own way,—so that their conduct, in fact, *peut être regardée comme la cause de cette funeste catastrophe*. Let us not be astonished, adds our philosopher, at this policy of the English ministry. "*Il était dans son intérêt!*"

In like manner, the English government continued to make war against France, not because Bonaparte was a tyrant and a conqueror, but because, in spite of all his tyrannies and all his conquests, he was still, *au fond*, the type and symbol of revolutionary freedom. The very shadow of liberty,—(and a pretty faint shadow he must be allowed to have been)—was hateful in the eyes of Pitt, and his successors at last succeeded in overthrowing this ethereal shadow, by arming a coalition of despots against the name of liberty. To their horror, however, the downfall of Napoleon was not followed, as they had expected, by the creation of a legitimate despotism, but by something like a constitutional gov-

ernment. This was not to be endured. The successors of the atrocious Pitt were in agonies lest France should at last begin to furnish their slaves with somewhat of the *spectacle seduisant*, so, to put an end to the incipient freedom, they let loose once more the "type of liberal ideas."—"Mais, Bonaparte quitte l'île d'Elbe, pendant que l'officier Anglais qui le surveillait s'amusait à Livourne." This gave the ministry another war, and another victory, of which their people were "ashamed," and another opportunity of replacing Louis XVIII., whom they had just assisted in dethroning, because his government was too constitutional. We confess that the German philosopher's reasoning here for once baffles us. We cannot, for our lives, understand his drift, and should be extremely happy if our correspondent, Dr Ulrick Sternstare, would oblige us by an early scrutiny of his countryman's "upper region."

The only warlike expedition in which we have lately been engaged is that of Algiers; and the account given of this by Scheffer is in the same satisfactory style as the foregoing. "*La brillante expedition du Lord Exmouth paraît navoir été fait que dans le dessein de prevenir les autres nations maritimes, et de les empêcher de chatier tout de bon les Algeriens*." The ministry were no doubt afraid lest some other fleet should utterly extirpate the Dey and his myrmidons, and found, in their stead, a government according to liberal ideas. They took the affair therefore into their own hands, upon the old principle of preventing the *spectacle seduisant d'un état libre!*"

"Les faits parlent:" concludes epigrammatic Meinherr, "ils accusent hautement le ministère Anglais d'être l'ennemi de la liberté, de l'indépendance des nations, de leur prospérité et de leur bien être."

"Aussi la haine qui anime toutes les nations contre le gouvernement Anglais, est fondée.—Mais distinguons toujours le peuple Anglais de son ministère; c'est la le plus formidable moyen pour le renverser; pour détruire sa fatale influence."

In good truth, we do hope that a broad and visible line of distinction will always continue to separate from what Mr Scheffer considers as *the English people*, both the English government and the true people of Eng-

land. We hope also, that neither our character, nor that of our rulers, may ever be attacked by any more formidable foes than this new ally of the Hunts, this mongrel philosopher, whose character seems to present a happy mixture of the lead of a Saxon Ludi-magister, and the tinsel of a politician *aux mille colonnes*.

NOTICE OF ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,
AUTHOR OF THE VOYAGE ROUND
THE WORLD.

OUR readers cannot have forgotten the name of Archibald Campbell, the poor Scottish seaman, whose account of his voyage round the world was, three or four years ago, noticed at considerable length in the *Quarterly Review*.^{*} This unhappy adventurer's narrative was, in every way, well deserving of the interest which it created at the time of its publication. It was modest and unassuming in its manner, and in its matter, free to a great extent, from the many species of blunders and inaccuracies which are commonly so abundant in the productions of persons in the humble situation of life of Archibald Campbell. At that time, however, its merits could not be quite so fully appreciated as now. Although the apparent candour of the mariner was well qualified to lend credit to all his statements, yet even his benevolent editor abstained from expressing himself in any very decided manner respecting their authority, and the same diffidence was, of course, shared by his reviewer. But in the years which have now intervened, the narratives of succeeding voyagers have given perfect confirmation to all the assertions of Campbell, and his story may, therefore, be considered as forming an authentic link in the history of the Sandwich Islands, with regard to which, for several years previous to his arrival there, we had received no certain or direct intelligence.

We refer to Campbell's book itself, and the review of it already mentioned, for any information which our readers may require in order to restore them to a perfect acquaintance with the early and important incidents in his various life. At the time when his book was published, it will be recollected,

the sores upon his legs were still in a very distressing condition, owing to the unskilful manner in which they had been amputated, below the ankle, by the Russian surgeon, into whose hands he fell immediately after they were frostbit. The period of tranquil existence which he had spent in the Sandwich Islands, the voyage homewards, and a residence of many months in his native country, had all been found insufficient to remove the irritation of his wounds, and he was still not only a cripple, but an acute sufferer, when he attracted the attention of Mr Smith, in the Clyde Steam Boat. The kindness of that excellent person soon enabled him to lay the story of his afflictions before the public, and the success of the book was such, as to furnish a sum far beyond any expectations of Archibald Campbell. Had he remained in this country during the time when the public impression was strongly in his favour, there is reason to believe, that something might probably have been done to provide the means of comfortable retirement to one whose errors, in themselves venial, had been so severely punished in the person of the offender, and had furnished a lesson so capable of doing good to others. Neither Campbell nor his friends, however, entertained, at the moment, any expectations of such a nature, and the poor man, whose patience was quite exhausted, resolved, as soon as he got a little money into his hands, to seek in it the means of being once more transported to the friendly territories of king Tamahmaah, and his own comfortable farm on the banks of the Wymannoo. In the midst of all his distresses, he found leisure for courtship, so he set sail with his wife in the autumn of 1816, for New York, in the hope of finding a passage to Owyhee, on board of some of the American ships, which have, of late years, been almost the only visitors of these Islands. On the 23d of December following, he writes as follows, to a medical gentleman in Glasgow, (who had shewn him much kindness while in that city,) "I am very sorry to inform you that we shall have no opportunity of going to the Sandwich Islands this season, the vessels having all left Boston for the north-west coast before our arrival, and it is very likely that there will be no more ships going that

* See No XXXI. Oct. 1816.

way until they return again, which will not be these two years; therefore I am at a loss what to do. There is nothing at all doing here in my line,* and times are much worse here than at home, and a great many of the passengers that came out with us have gone home again, not being able to find work of any kind." He then states his intention to procure, if possible, a passage to the Brazils, where he had been led to believe he might have better success. In the meantime, however, it was announced that some person was about to publish an American edition of his book, which unhandsome procedure, Archibald forthwith took the most effectual method of preventing, by publishing an American edition of it himself. Of this edition he sold 700 copies in a month, and cleared about 200 dollars on the speculation.

His legs continued all this time to be as troublesome as ever, and Campbell determined to give himself a chance of being a sound cripple by having them amputated over again above the ankle. This resolution he carried into effect last winter with the most perfect fortitude. His right leg was amputated on the 20th of November 1817, and the bursting of an artery a few hours after the operation, threw him into a brain fever, from which he escaped with difficulty. "My whole leg," says he, "began from the end of the stump to be inflamed with erysipelas, combined with phlegmatic inflammation, which, luckily for me, turned into a suppuration. I am happy to inform you, that ever since I have been mending so fast, that I was able to go home all last week, and it is only yesterday (January 13, 1818), that I returned to have the other leg cut; and the surgeon says I shall have a better chance of recovery, as my habit is not so full." The second operation was accordingly performed in a few days after this, and his recovery was even more easy than he had been led to expect. "As soon as I got out of the hospital," says he, "I made myself a pair of artificial legs, with which I already begin to walk pretty tolerably, and am going to Albany, Baltimore, &c. to get subscriptions for the second edition of my book." (May 18, 1818.)

But during his stay in New York, Campbell has not been an author, publisher, and patient only. He has also been carrying on various little species of traffic, in globe glass-mirrors, plaster of Paris casts, Scots Almanacks, &c. &c., with various, but, on the whole, not very flattering success. As soon as he shall have sufficiently supplied the Transatlantic reading public, with his voyage round the world, Archy, who is a Jack of many trades, purposes to turn another of his talents to a little advantage, and to make a voyage to the Clyde "to see his friends, in the capacity of cook to a merchantman. He still, however, has a hankering after his "steading" in Owyhee; and it is probable that ere long we shall have it in our power to inform our readers that he has come to "*his ain again*."

We might quote some farther passages from his letters to his friend in Glasgow, but although they are all highly interesting to those who have seen any thing of the man, we are apprehensive of trespassing too far on the patience of the general reader. The letters are written in a clear distinct style, and in a very good penmanship; and his account of the state of things in America, so far as it goes, shews that Alexander has been in his youth no unattentive or unworthy member of some of the "*literary and commercial*" clubs so common among the weavers of the west of Scotland. His notice of Mr Cobbet is laconic enough. "You mention that you could wish to hear about Mr Cobbet; but I can hear little about him, as there is few people that I have spoken to that likes him, and they say that he cannot be believed: he has his office at No 19, Wall Street, and lives at Brookland, a small town in Long Island, forenent New York." The letters are all concluded in a very polite manner, as thus: "Be pleased, sir, to give our best respects to your father and sisters, and our compliments to your servant-maids; meantime, we remain, sir, your most obedient and very humble servants,

ARCHD. & ISABELLA CAMPBELL.

We trust our readers will pardon us for detaining them so long with the history of this poor countryman of ours. Those of them who have read his book will, we are quite sure, be

* Campbell was bred a weaver.

happy in this renewal of their acquaintance with him; for our own parts, we hope he will, on his arrival forthwith, publish a full account of all his adventures during this last voyage. He must now be pretty well initiated into the ways of the book-sellers, and we do not see why Mr Campbell should not succeed as well in his transactions with that slippery generation, as many other authors of greater pretension.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOLS OF DUBLIN
AND EDINBURGH.*

WE wish the young writer of this pamphlet had been content to give us a fair statement of the advantages Dublin affords for the study of medicine: these are known to be very great, and, for the benefit of the art, as well as for the credit of this rising school, they deserve to be made more generally known. He might then modestly have left it to his readers to form any and what comparison they chose, between the Irish and other universities. He was willing, however, to lend his assistance, and has favoured us himself with a "Comparative View" of the two schools, which happens to be merely a laboured recommendation of his native city, and a very petulant illiberal depreciation of Old Reekie. The annual accouchement of this venerable mother of so many physicians, was last August so happy and prolific, that some jealousy and displeasure seems to have been excited in the sister kingdom. It is true that, with the assistance and close attendance of six professors, she produced one hundred and three tolerably fine doctors! Immediately a young Irishman, running to his desk, sits down to shew the age and infirmities of this old creature, and remarks, with some patriotism, on the superior attractions of a rare young beauty, who challenges admiration from her repose beneath the Wicklow mountains. In the second page of his preface, occurs a first misrepresentation, and that a very gross one: "For some years back," be it known,

"the reputation of Edinburgh, as a medical school, has been losing ground, in proportion as that of Dublin rose (has risen); so that, at the present day, its diploma scarcely holds the same rank which a Dublin one formerly possessed." The *truth* is, that, on the Continent, a Dublin diploma is not perhaps sufficiently valued, for there as yet it is scarcely known, whilst that of Edinburgh has lost none of its reputation. Cabanis speaks of this school as "justement renommée pour la reunion singulière, et la succession non interrompue de professeurs distingués dans plusieurs genres différens." In London, Dublin is deservedly esteemed as a medical school, owing chiefly to the high character of its present Anatomical Professor, who lectured some years on comparative anatomy at Guy's Hospital; but elsewhere in England, we know the general opinion to be as yet decidedly in favour of an Edinburgh diploma. We offer some remarks on the two schools, in the order observed by this young writer.

Anatomy. This chair in Dublin is most ably filled by Dr Macartney. His knowledge of comparative anatomy renders his lectures more than commonly useful; he has added to the museum some rare and valuable preparations, and has had the merit, with the late Dr Gordon, of making known the doctrines and writings of Bichat, the young Parisian Haller, and one of the most philosophic of medical observers. Dublin offers a fine school of practical anatomy. The graves in this city are so frequently made to render up their dead for the dissecting rooms, that subjects are plentiful, and comparatively cheap. In Edinburgh, they are generally procured from London. The Scotch, quiet and regular during life, are singularly averse to any disturbance after death; and the firing which is kept up against the atmosphere during night in those churchyards, most rich in dead, keeps at a distance all friends to a premature resurrection. Anatomy being best learned by dissection, we confess that Edinburgh must allow the superior advantages of Dublin. Yet, besides the Professor's class, that of Dr Barclay, with his fine museum, the demonstrations of Mr Fyfe, with those of some other private teachers, leave no want of the best anatomical

* A Comparative View of the Schools of
Physic of Dublin and Edinburgh.

lectures in this school. We thought they would have been noticed in this impartial view, but Dr Barclay and Mr Fyfe are both forgotten.

Chemistry.—Edinburgh is fortunate in her chemical professor. No where, we believe, are the experiments conducted more successfully, or with so splendid an apparatus; and from no chair, we are sure, can chemical doctrines be more clearly explained. Dublin is happy in having this department well conducted; but with regard to the privilege of making experiments in the Professor's laboratory, this can never be allowed when the class is numerous. We fancied the name of Dr Murray, and the chemical discoveries of Mr Leslie, would have been remembered with respect in this "Comparative View." They are not mentioned!

Botany.—There are two botanic gardens in Dublin. One of them, belonging to the Dublin Society, is large and very beautiful. Some eighteen months back, the Society were at pains to render it entirely useless to students, except as a delightful place for promenading. It was not allowed to any one but the Society and their friends to step from the gravel-walks, and tread on the turf, to walk to the flower-beds, so that stamina and pistils were to be counted through an opera-glass. A gardener, passionately devoted to whiskey and authority, whose face no eastern blast ever made pale, strictly enforced this dandy mode of studying botany. We hope this good man has been gathered to his fathers, and the Dublin Society become more hospitable to the feet of students. The other and only efficient garden is that belonging to the college. This is a very good one, though we think not so well furnished as the one at Edinburgh. Its gardener gives a very cheap and useful course of botanical demonstrations, and the Professor sets a good example to the Scotch school, in teaching after the method of Jussieu, whose natural system renders botany most interesting, and something better than a dry nomenclature of the vegetable kingdom.

Materia Medica.—This chair cannot be better filled in either school; but in both, a laboratory, with an operative *pharmacien*, seems requisite to render the lectures practically useful. At Edinburgh, it is much to be

lamented, that not even specimens of the raw drugs are handed round, nor are they kept in a museum, as at the Ecole de Medicine at Paris, where the students may see and study them at leisure. From this want the professors' lectures lose half their value, and it seems a miserable misplaced economy, which will not second his endeavours to render this course, as much as possible, interesting and useful.

Practice of Physic.—On no medical brow are gray hairs so finely contrasted with the evergreen of a laurel chaplet, and on none are the wrinkles so completely hidden by its leaves as that of Dr Gregory. Few professors possess so perfectly the affection of their pupils; yet we continually pray in private that he would not divide his course, and be less diffuse on intermittent fevers.

Hospitals.—In these galleries of the sick the medical artist must study the features and appearance of disease; it is here that he applies in practice the rules he has learnt in lecture rooms, and learns, by a skilful combination and prescription of his drugs, to produce "pictures of health." The hospitals in Dublin are numerous, well-conducted, and easy of access. The lying-in one, in particular, is unique as a practical school of midwifery. We recommend to a student of the obstetric art to attend the lectures of Professor Hamilton in Edinburgh, the best course given on this subject in any school, and afterwards to attend for six months the Dublin lying-in hospital.

We regret that, from the circumstance of the clinical professor and surgeons making their visit at the same hour of twelve, the only time in the day not occupied by college lectures, the physicians' pupils in the Edinburgh Infirmary are deprived of the benefit they might receive from its surgical wards. As a remedy for this evil, we venture to mention the example set by the *chirurgien en chef*, at the Hotel Dieu in Paris, who pays his visit exactly at six o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, and afterwards lectures on the cases. The chief physician at this hospital is there at nine o'clock, so that active pupils may attend both visits, without losing the lectures of their class at college. We know of no better plan than this early hour of visitation, to keep both

surgeons and their pupils in an enviable state of perfect health; and we are sure an Edinburgh surgeon would disregard his bed and its comforts, on the coldest morning, for the advancement of his art, and the reputation of his native city. No medical school can afford better opportunities of surgical instruction than in the clinical lectures of Mr Russel, those of Professor Thomson, and Mr Allan; yet this maker of comparisons mentions none of them!

Libraries and Societies.—We wish that when Mr Brougham has done with public charities, he would sift the abuses which disgrace the management of college libraries. The one at Dublin is kept in a laudable state of cleanliness; the book-cases are bright with varnish, and the books are arranged therein with all imaginable neatness. Yet if it were burnt to the ground to-day, to-morrow not ten students would feel the loss of it. The college library at Edinburgh is infinitely less clean, and rather more useful, still it is chiefly a professors' library. No student loves frequently to wait an hour before he can procure a book from one of the sad-looking beings who attend to receive demands;—two melancholy men, who seem bewildered and lost in their literary catacombs. No folios, nor books of plates, nor music books, are allowed to be given out; why then is not comfortable accommodation provided, that the students may read and study in the room, as in the advocate's library, or in that of the writers to the signet?

The medical society will be startled to hear of their own importance, and of the weight borne by themselves and their libraries. We are told, that "their books, and the bringing students together, prop up the school!" Scarcely one fifth of the medical students in this city, belonging to the medical society, were ever propped up by its books, or know or care any thing about its proceedings.

Examinations.—Under this head, we have some very puerile observations, on the practice which prevails amongst the medical students here, of submitting to private examinations by a graduate of the university, before their trials in presence of the professors; this has got the name

of "grinding." Every college has its grinders; at Gottingen, Blumenbach himself was grinder-general; at Dublin, the students examine, or grind, each other, and, when their number is sufficiently great to induce the attention, and employ the time of regular tutors, this useful system will be as quietly established, and as much encouraged there, as it has been in Edinburgh. No young man of sense would omit such a preparation, which gives him confidence to speak Latin, and collects his scattered knowledge into a manageable form.

The medical schools in Europe, which are at present rising in reputation, are those of Dublin, Paris, Vienna, and, we may add, Pavia, where resides the celebrated Scarpa. Edinburgh derives not perhaps its present character so much from the name of this or that professor, as from its being known as a place of education admirably fitted to form a young mind to habits of literary study and application. It is of some consequence that a young man should commence his college education, where opportunities of corruption are comparatively few, where the society of his fellows shall excite his emulation, and where he may, without a blush, be at once moral and laborious. In this city, the general literary classes are open to every student, without any university forms, except the necessary one of paying the professor's fee. A love of labour is so general, and some sort of useful occupation so common, that one is ashamed not to be industrious like other people; and none but the privileged worthless idolaters of stays and stiff neckcloths, are idle and contemptible.

The medical student who desires to excel in his profession will wish to study exclusively, neither at Edinburgh nor Dublin; he will, if possible, visit other cities, and gain information from the most celebrated of other schools. It is of little consequence to his future fame and honour at which of them he graduates. A diploma is but a written dismission from the professor's leading strings. The firm step of matured knowledge must be gained by long labours, and practice in after years, and his growth in skill and experience should end but with life.

OF AN INSTRUMENT TO HEAR BY THE EYE AND TO SEE BY THE EAR.

MR EDITOR,

THE translator of that very agreeable volume, "The Lives of Haydn and Mozart," who is himself a professor, has risked a fanciful speculation in his note on the Oratorio of "The Creation," wherein he would prove "the power of musical sounds to express visible objects." To exemplify his theory, he describes the opening of "The Creation," which hitherto sublime, would, according to the whimsical description he gives, be as ludicrous to *hear* as it is to *read*. The subject has been discussed in a very lively manner in the Quarterly Review, No XXXV., and has occasioned some profound reflections in your twentieth Number, in which the distinct qualities of sound and colour are skilfully discriminated.

The extravagant inventions of men of genius are always amusing, often useful; and it is for this reason they well deserve their chronicle; there is so much wisdom in their folly. Anciently, he who could not *multiply*, as the art of making gold was termed, often found, in the eternal search, something equivalent in value. When the Reviewer says, "This power of expressing *colour* by *sound* is, we believe, a new discovery;" and when your correspondent in shewing, amidst their analogies, what must ever remain incompatible in their powers and their natures, neither of them appears to have recollected the history and the fate of Pere Castel, a genius of the most fertile imagination, who was carried away by the same fancy as the author of "Sacred Melodies," but went a little deeper. He passed his life in one dream, among some others, on the music of colours and the colours in music, and in constructing a piece of mechanism, or chromatic harpsichord, which ruined him as fast as it amused him. By the contrivance of this *ocular harpsichord*, to be played to the eyes, he proposed that the *deaf* might feel and judge of the beauty of music by his *eyes*, as well as the *blind* might judge by his *ears* of the beauty of colours; for Pere Castel applied the reciprocal powers—he offered a silent music, or harpsichord of moveable colours, to the deaf, and a concert of colours, by

blending musical tones, to represent prismatic harmonies to the blind.

But the truth is, he was the inventor of an invention which never was invented, to adapt our style to our subject; it was rather a thing in theory, than a theoretical thing, for he himself appeared never to have been able to play his music one way or the other,—but this new and old machinery, perpetually altering and repairing, and to which he devoted an apartment, appeared like a heap of sketches which were not yet made into a whole piece; the colours, varied to infinity, were combined scientifically, and, catching the reflections from mirrors lighted up by wax lights, made so extraordinary a spectacle, that a deaf man, if he could not imagine he *saw a concert*, might feel as distracted as if he had been lost in a prismatic world composed of rainbows.

In all this, there was not so much folly as there appeared. Pere Castel was an admirable geometrician, and had he only given the first design, and explained the principle, he might have left to some amateur the pleasure it could afford. He had shewn the analogy of sounds and colours, and how well they agreed in their degrees; and in this he was sanctioned by Newton's discovery of the seven primary colours, being proportioned to the seven differences in the musical strings; but he could never contrive to affect the eye by an ocular harpsichord, with the power that an acoustic harpsichord affects the ear. He could not make our feelings experience, by two opposite directions, a sensation equal to one another;—in a word, he could not make us hear by the eye, as well as we could by the ear. However, in pursuing his fanciful theory of colours, he acquired many important discoveries; so that in attempting the impossible, he often produced the useful. Fontenelle said of him, when told that he was mad,—“I know that very well, and it is a pity; but I like him better quite original and a little mad than if he were very sage without originality.”

After all, Pere Castel scarcely deemed himself an inventor, even of his beloved ocular harpsichord. With an honesty few inventors have shewn, he tells us, that the origin of his instrument and his theory, was picked up among

the innumerable curiosities to be found in Kircher—that immense collector of human inventions, in whose volumes half the things that may yet be discovered lie already. I do not care to load your columns with heavy extracts, and I hope you will not differ with me in opinion, that it is better to refer to an author, than to quote him without mercy; but I shall quote PERE CASTEL just enough to shew you the man.

“Kircher calls sound, the ape of light, and boldly advances, that whatever is rendered sensible to the eyes, may be so to the ears; and reciprocally, whatever is the object of hearing, may become the object of sight.”

He then adduces his proofs.

“We have glasses to make distant objects near; and has not Kircher taught us to make instruments for distant hearing—I mean speaking trumpets, now called English trumpets, invented by Sir Samuel Moreland, who invented them thirty years after Kircher had? We have microscopes to distinguish the minutest objects; and do you not know that we have microscopes for the ear, to distinguish the smallest and inarticulate sounds? And has not Kircher taught us to make ear-trumpets, by which the deaf collect the weaker sounds? And the speaking apartments (like the whispering gallery of St Paul’s) which the same author describes, are these not *auricular microscopes*, by which we can distinguish sounds far too distant for us otherwise to catch? Why, therefore, I thought, in pursuing the thread of this analogy, why should we not make *ocular harpsichords*, as we make *auricular* ones? It is also to Kircher that I owe the birth of this delightful notion; I read his ‘*Misurgia*’ about two years ago, and I found there, that if, during a fine concert, we could see the air agitated by the various impulses excited by the voices and the instruments, we should be all astonished to see it sparkle with the most lively colours, and the best assorted; this is one of those ideas which I call the seeds of discovery. Judge if I did not seize on it rapidly, with the taste which I have for every thing which advances the arts and sciences; and if I did not hasten to expand and ripen it,—but this at leisure. For we must not think that a perfect discovery is struck off at once, and by a sort of chance, as a volatile wit said the other day, who assuredly never made one, except it occurred by chance.”

Enough now of this scientific, fanciful, and original genius, for such was PERE CASTEL; a great admirer of Newton, and a Fellow of our Royal Society. I recommend to the curious his Dissertation, entitled “*Clavessin pour les yeux*.”

X.

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN LONDON.

No. VII.

It is unnecessary to explain the circumstances which prevented us from resuming this article at the commencement of the season. The best apology we can make for this apparent remissness will be to do our best to make up for it now, and endeavour to avoid it in future.

We would willingly have proceeded, without further preface, to speak of the novelties (so called) which are occurring; and then, if space had been left us, have recurred to what has passed during our absence. But we are half disposed to make these Notices a little more serious than they have hitherto been; and, little as lamentations are to our taste, we cannot do this without uttering a short one over the fallen greatness—the apparently irrecoverable degradation, of that once noblest portion of our national literature, the Acted Drama.

It cannot be denied that England,—this birth-place of the genius of the modern drama, and once the favourite of her dwellings,—where the most beautiful of all her temples had been erected, and from whence she was wont to shed the light of her countenance over the whole civilized earth,—has at last been quite deserted by her; and has become a stagnant fen from which nothing now arises but blinding mists, noxious exhalations, and meteors that do not even dazzle, but only lead astray. Those temples have been worse than closed or destroyed: they have been converted into dens for wild-beasts, and marts for money-changers. The altars have been thrown down—the incense scattered—the shrines polluted and profaned—and the *golden images broken in pieces, to be mixed up with earth and dross, and then cast again in the moulds of the self-love, or what is worse, the self-interest, of a set of paltry pretenders, who have neither talent to invent, judgment to borrow, or skill to com-

* A living critic has somewhere said of the Lake school, “they break in pieces the golden images of Poetry to cast them again in the moulds of their self-love:” In admiring this fine image it is needless to add that we totally dissent from the opinion it inculcates.

bine. Whose wit is an effort of memory;—their sentiment a disease caught from Kotzebue;—their plots “the current coin of the realm” of novel writers—the “circulating medium” of the Minerva Library;—and their language the bastard offspring of an illicit intercourse between the two *slangs* of St James’s and St Giles’s: And (what is of very little consequence, though it is a little provoking) these people have received the rewards that were rarely bestowed on those whose places they have usurped; and some of them actually now sit, with all the self-complacency in the world, under the shade of the artificial laurels cut for them by their friends, or perhaps themselves, out of scraps of old newspapers.

It is the more extraordinary that this complaint should have been called forth now, because, with the single exception of the era of Elizabeth, there never was a period at which this or any other country could boast so rich and brilliant a fund of poetical genius as Great Britain possesses at the present time. Genius, too, in many instances, precisely adapted to excel in this department of poetry. What a rare combination of this kind of talent exists in the author of those prose tales which have of late years so delighted the world: especially on the supposition that he is also the great national poet of Scotland! What an exquisite and apparently intuitive knowledge of the human heart, as it acts and is acted upon by habits and manners! What a subtle and penetrating insight into the springs of human thought, as they operate under the united dominion of the past the present and the future! What an active and vivid and realizing imagination—by which he at once identifies himself with the character he would represent—sees with its eyes, hears with its ears, speaks with its tongue—feels, understands, and thinks with it! And lastly, what a fund of various and free and forcible and appropriate language!—What fine dramatic powers are possessed by Joanna Baillie! It is true they have been strangely warped and shackled by a system; but they still exist in all the strength and freshness of their youth—and are capable of noble achievements. Let her boldly and at once throw aside the trammels by which she has hitherto been confined, and appear as what she is. We will not

counsel her to *think* less reverently than she does of the old dramatists: they deserve all the love and admiration she can give them. But let her forget them when she is writing. Let her feel, think, act and speak for herself. Then, and then only, will she feel, think, act, and speak in a manner worthy of herself.—Then, if he chose to turn the powers of his mind in that direction, what might we not hope and expect, both in tragedy and comedy, (though chiefly in the last)—from the Poet who has lately so nobly repaired the mischievous trifling of his youth, and so triumphantly vindicated the genius of his native land! He has exhibited talents of a kind that were not suspected in him even by his warmest admirers. In the *Veiled Prophet*, and still more in the *Fire-worshippers*, there are numerous and unequivocal evidences of a deep and searching glance into the motives of human action, and the springs of passion—an imagination capable of reaching the loftiest flights and of sustaining itself there—a tenderness and pathos in the highest degree pure, natural, and affecting—an invention active in the production of incidents and a taste and skill ever ready in the arrangement of them—a pomp, splendour, yet simplicity of language that has rarely been equalled: the whole collected, held in fellowship together, and actuated by a free, unaffected, and liberal philanthropy.—These are noble qualifications for a writer of the serious Drama: But if this poet would turn his thoughts to comedy we should be still more sanguine in our anticipations of his success. He possesses exquisite natural talents for it, and rare accidental advantages. To the most elegant and various acquirements, and the most intimate knowledge of life and manners, he adds a wit quite unrivalled in the age in which he lives—a fancy playful, sparkling, and brilliant even to a fault—a taste cultivated to the highest pitch of refinement—and an inexhaustible fund of gay good-humour. We should scarcely despair of his restoring the good old times of Congreve and Farquhar if we had any Milla-mants or Mirabels left. But, alas! now-a-days our fashionable drawing-rooms are peopled with ladies who “stoop to conquer,” and “men in buckram!”

It would not be difficult to point out several other distinguished wri-

ters of the present day, who might contribute to restore the brightness, the power, and the purity of the British drama: and how can their talents be directed to a nobler purpose? There are some scenes of powerful and highly dramatic painting in Southey's last, and perhaps finest, work—the Don Roderick.—In *Remorse*, the youthful production of Coleridge, there is considerable force and originality of conception, and some fine touches of nature and passion. The four principal characters are sketched with great distinctness and truth. If the tragedy, as a whole, is not a fine one, it at least evinces that there is (or *was*) the power to produce a fine one.—Even Lord Byron, though his genius has hitherto borne the appearance of being essentially *undramatic*, what might not be anticipated from it, if he would concentrate all its splendid powers on a subject fitted to them?—A subject in which there should be only one or two principal characters, and a strict unity and condensation of interest. There are many such to be found among the traditions of the heroic ages: and it would be difficult to offer a loftier or perhaps juster encomium on his magnificent genius, than to say that he need not fear to approach those subjects, even though they have already been treated of by *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*—and some of them,—that of *Electra* for example,—by all the three. Indeed in what other living (and we had almost said dead) writer shall we look for such a combination of the gloomy grandeur of the first of these poets, the lofty and sustained splendour of the second, and the pathos and tenderness of the last? It must be confessed, however, that from the nature of the subjects he must choose, it is probable that in the present day his dramas could not be *acting* ones.

We are perhaps dwelling too long on what *might be*, instead of directing our attention to what *is*. But although “from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step,” it is not a very pleasant step to take. We are almost afraid, too, that this little excursion into our “ideal world” of the drama may have unfitted us to judge quite soberly of the dull realities that await us at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane. This should not generally be the case: it is almost always an evidence

of weakness. But it must be remembered that the ideal world we have been contemplating is one that not only *might be*, but that actually may be, and should be; so that there is no kind necessity to step in, and reconcile us to its opposite. But we are “tied to the stake,” and, “bear-like, must fight the course;” therefore, “though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,”—that is to say, though a whole host, covered and concealed by laurels of their own gathering, are advancing upon us like “a moving grove;” and though they are “backed with those that should be our’s,” namely, nine-tenths of those “vile English” the critics; yet will we “try the last.” It will be our own fault if we do not conquer; for there is no fear of encountering any adversary “not of woman born:” they are all very human, every day people, intent on earning their daily bread. But then these sort of persons are for the most part very ignorant and very vain, and, consequently, very obstinate; so that we have some doubt as to which party may be the first to cry “hold! enough!”—It would not serve our purpose to endeavour to intimidate them by crying “damned be he” who does,—for they are so used to being damned, that they don’t mind it now.

Drury-Lane Theatre.

ON Thursday, December 3d, a new tragedy was produced at this theatre, called *Brutus*; and it met with the most unqualified success. It is written by Mr Howard Payne, a native of America; and as he is said to be young, and this is his first work, we should have been willing to let him enjoy all the pleasure and benefit to be derived from its very favourable reception on the stage: But the officious interference of his half-witted friends (one of whom is more injurious to a man than a score of honourable enemies) compels us to examine a little into the pretensions of a work which they would thrust forward as a literary production of the first order.—What may be considered as the main action of this tragedy, consists in the efforts of the first *Brutus* to achieve the liberty of his country. It takes in a great part of his public life, commencing with his assumed idiotism,

and closing with the expulsion of the Tarquins, and the condemnation of his son—for the author gives him only one.—Not satisfied, however, with this ample scope of subject, Mr Payne has thought proper to falsify history, for the purpose of introducing other scenes and events in no way accessory to the progress of the main action, but which, on the contrary, weaken the interest and distract the attention. Such are the loves of Titus and Tarquinia, and the unnatural remorse and death of Tullia. The whole of the second act, too, is quite superfluous; especially the long and very ill-written scene at the tent of Sextus, where the young princes and Collatinus plan the visit to their wives; and, afterwards, that of the same persons with Lucretia, at the house of Collatinus.—But the chief failure of this tragedy is its total deficiency of character and passion, with the single exception of the part of Brutus. There is no distinguishing any one of the persons from any other, but by their names.—The language, too (still excepting the part of Brutus, of which we shall speak afterwards), is extremely feeble throughout. It exhibits all possible varieties of dramatic common-place; and in some few instances it descends (if it can be called a descent,) into mere vulgarity. As a fair specimen of the former, we give the first passage in the work:

“*Valerius.* Words are too feeble to express the horror
With which my soul revolts against this Tarquin.
By poison he obtained his brother's wife,
Then, by a baser murder, grasped the crown.
These eyes beheld the aged monarch thrown
Down from the senate-house,—his feeble limbs
Bruised by the pavement,—his time-honoured locks,
Which from the very robber would have gained
Respect and veneration,—bathed in blood!
With difficulty raised, and tottering homeward,
The murderers followed—struck him—and he died.”

As examples of the latter, we have Collatinus expressing his conviction of a thing by saying he “*makes no doubt*” of it—and Titus, after he has deserted the cause of freedom, fears that Brutus will “*scorn to father such a son*” as he is.

We now willingly turn from the defects of this work to its beauty—for it has but one. This is to be found in the character of Brutus, which is conceived and sustained throughout with considerable skill and judgment. There is a perfect dramatic unity and keeping in all its parts, and a regular progression to its one grand aim in all the minor details connected with it. There is nothing strained or superfluous, and nothing wanting to make the portrait complete. The sentiments are true to nature and to history; and the language in which they are expressed is free, vigorous, and unaffected. We shall give two or three examples of this.

At the end of a soliloquy, in which he has been uttering the most fervent longings for the time when he may throw off the mask of folly, and revenge the injuries of his family and his country, he exclaims,

“Grant but the moment, Gods! if I am wanting,
May I drag out this idiot-feigned life
To late old age, and may posterity
Ne'er hear of Junius but as Tarquin's fool.”

This is a very fine and characteristic expression of Brutus's bitter sense of the degradation he is compelled to suffer, and of his truly Roman aspirations after immortal renown—which latter feeling, considering the spirit of the times in which he lived, may even be supposed to have mingled with his sense of justice and his love of country, in inducing the condemnation of his own sons.*—During an interview with his son, and at a moment when he has half thrown aside his veil of folly, Titus prays the Gods to restore him to reason,—“Then Titus” he exclaims,

——“then I should be mad with reason,
Had I the sense to know myself a Roman;
This hand should tear this heart from out my ribs
Ere it should own allegiance to a tyrant.
If, therefore, thou dost love me, pray the Gods
To keep me what I am. *Where all are slaves,*
None but the fool is happy.”

In the last scene, after he has determined on the death of his son, Ti-

* See an Essay on the Influence of the Love of Fame on Genius, Vol. III. p. 701. of this Magazine.

tus declares that he can meet death "if the Gods will have it so."—Brutus answers,

—"they will, my Titus:
No: heaven nor earth can have it otherwise.
Thou violated genius of thy country
Rears its sad head, and passes sentence on
thee!

It seems as if thy fate were pre-ordained
To fix the reeling spirit of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome."

These thoughts are extremely appropriate and well-placed, and very poetically expressed.

It will naturally be asked, Whence arises this total want of relative consistency in the different parts of a work professing to be written by one and the same person? We shall let Mr Payne disclose his own secret. In his preface there is this passage:—

"In the present play I have had no hesitation in adopting the conceptions and language of my predecessors wherever they seemed likely to strengthen the plan I had prescribed. This has been so done as to allow of no injury to personal feelings or private property. Such obligations to be culpable must be secret; but it may be observed, that no assistance of other writers can be available, without an effort almost, if not altogether, as laborious as original composition."

In fact, we strongly suspect that the title-page, which calls this work "a Tragedy, in five acts, by John Howard Payne," is neither more nor less than a literary fraud.—As we do not pretend to be very deeply versed in "all such reading as was never read," we shall confess that we do not at present know to whom certain passages of this play do belong; but we are pretty certain it would require very little critical sagacity, to take a pen and mark with inverted commas every line which does not belong to Mr Payne, and that the lines so marked would include every passage of merit in the play. But even supposing our conjecture to be true, if Mr Payne had done this himself no one would have had cause to complain,—especially as the writers to whom we suspect all the passages of any merit to belong are dead, both in law and fact—that is to say, they have, in Mr Payne's language, neither "personal feelings or private property!" But, really, his pillaging people, *because they are dead*, and making the spoils administer to his own "personal feelings and pri-

vate property," is even worse than the daw in the fable,—for *he* had the honest impudence to go strutting about among the *living* peacocks, decked with the produce of his knavery; now, according to Mr Payne, there would have been nothing "culpable" in this "acquiring at all events" (as Spurzheim calls thieving), if the daw had waited till the right owners of the feathers had been dead; because then he would not have violated the aforesaid "personal feelings or private property;" and, moreover, because such ornaments could not "be available without an effort almost, if not altogether; as laborious as original composition;" that is to say, because it must have been as painful and troublesome to him to pull the feathers out of his own tail and stick others in their places, as to endeavour to make a new tail of an "original composition" for himself. But Mr Payne forgets, that if the daw had "cudgelled his brains" till doomsday, he never could have changed the feathers of his tail to any other colour than black: That, in fact, "a silk purse cannot be made" of any other materials than the produce of a silkworm.—In short, the fabulous daw was only vain and foolish; but we are afraid the real one must be considered as combining the principal traits in his predecessor's character with still more "culpable" ones peculiar to himself.

We now take our leave of Mr Payne, for the present, by repeating our confession that we have ventured to accuse him on *presumptive* proofs only. We hope for his sake, the reader's, and our own, that none of his injudicious friends will compel us to seek for the *positive* proofs. If they should, however, and we are not able to produce such proofs, the disgrace will recoil upon our own heads.

But how shall we proceed to speak of Mr Kean's performance of Brutus, in terms that shall, at once, convey our own impressions of it, without shocking those who have not the same feelings, and who would not dare to express them if they had! though we are aware how loose and indefinite,—how very *uncritical*—the epithet, *Beautiful*, will sound, as applied to such a performance, yet it is the only one by which we could express our delight at the time we witnessed it, and we seek in vain for a better by which

to characterise it now. "Beautiful!" was our silent exclamation to ourselves, over and over again, during the course of the performance; and "beautiful!" we repeat now, as we think of it. If, from the nature of the character, Mr Kean's Brutus was without those overwhelming transports of passion—those involuntary plunges into the depths and dungeons of the human heart—which render his Othello the noblest and most affecting dramatic exhibition in the world,—it was the same exquisite genius working with different tools and on different materials, and producing a result not less perfect or less true.—In the two first acts the half silly, half sarcastic part of the character was given with the most entire unconsciousness, and yet with an ineffable expression that produced all the desired effect, without using the slightest apparent effort towards it, and without belying the name and character of *Brutus*. Afterwards, his rooted hatred of the oppression of his country, and his earnest aspirations after her freedom, were expressed with an intense fervour that was worthy of a noble Roman without being unfitted for the severe and still-minded Lucius Junius.—But the finest part of the performance was in the last act, where his parental affection has to struggle with his deep sense of justice, and his pure and ardent love of country. Mr Kean's inimitable powers of silent acting were never before so strongly called forth as in the scene with Valerius, and the last scene at the tribunal. Every part of his bodily frame was made to move in exquisite unison with the internal working of his soul. Every nerve and muscle was played upon by the cunning hand of Fantasy, and made to "discourse most eloquent music." But it was "the still, sad music of humanity."—Indeed the whole of this part of the character was considered and given in the truest spirit of lofty tragedy. The pity excited by the agonizing woe of the father was always kept subservient to a fine moral purpose. To our imaginations, DUTY, with her severe and awful brow, sat throned above all. But smiles were round her lips, and the light from her eyes seemed to beautify the parental tears of her worship-

per, and make them glitter as they fell.

The rest of the performers of this tragedy must excuse us if we do not say any thing about them. Indeed, if they know or care any thing for our opinion they will not desire to hear it immediately after we have been thinking of the noblest ornament their profession perhaps ever had. The eye that turns to other objects immediately after looking at the sun will have little chance of appreciating their forms and colours justly. We must even defer our remarks on Mrs W. West till a more favourable moment—for we would willingly think and say the best we can of her. Her fair face has ingratiated her with us—for though far from being what is called well or regularly formed, it is beautified by a striking resemblance to some of the Magdalenes of Guido.

The Dandy Club.

THE Christmas pantomime, produced on Saturday the 26th of December, at this theatre was, not to exaggerate, the very worst of its kind we ever saw; and the managers were compelled to withdraw it after three or four nights, and to promise another in its place. It was called the DANDY CLUB, or 1818. As it is probable that persons at a distance from the metropolis may not yet have heard any particulars respecting the new race of animals called Dandies, from which this pantomime derived its name, and which have lately appeared in considerable numbers in various parts of our island, we shall endeavour to collect for the information of our readers all that has hitherto been observed of the habits, character, &c. of these singular creatures. We understand that some naturalists are disposed to rank Dandies as a new and distinct species of the genus Man—the *homo* of Linnæus, and belonging to the *mammalia* class of animals. But it must be observed that that so justly celebrated writer allows of but *one* species in the genus *homo*, which he designates by way of eminence, *Sapiens*. This, as will be seen hereafter, at once excludes the newly discovered animal from the species in question. It is not impossible, however, that the Dandy may belong to a doubtful species that in some early

editions of the *Systema Naturæ* were added to the genus *homo*, under the denomination of *Troglodytes*. This species have, in later editions, been very properly deposed from their rank of *Primates*, and arranged under the genus *Simia*,—for a description of which see *Sys. Nat.* From our own personal observations, however, we are enabled to state that if the Dandy belongs to any *variety* of the genus man, it must be to Falstaff's *imaginary* "men in buckram." The truth is, it is very difficult, at present, to determine the species of this animal at all; as the most experienced naturalists have not yet had an opportunity of properly examining one. This has, no doubt, arisen from the singular circumstance of the Dandy never having been observed *to die*. Hence it is conjectured, and with great shew of probability, that at a certain age they undergo a change similar, or rather opposite, to that which takes place in butterflies—passing *into* the state of a grub instead of *out of it*. This, however, is the only particular in which they resemble that gay and happy creature; for they have no grace or lightness in their movements; they appear to care nothing at all about the sunshine—and so far from having a passion for flowers, it may be safely affirmed that they do not know a lily of the valley from a stinging-nettle. It is very remarkable, too, that there is not known to exist a *female* of the species. This favours another conjecture which we shall venture to hazard, viz. that they do not only pass *into* another state instead of dying, but *from* another state into their present, instead of being born. In fact we ourselves have observed them in both the intermediate conditions; and the reader who has never seen one may gain a very lively idea of a *half-formed* Dandy, by examining any dirty shallow pond on a common, during the autumn of the year; when he will not fail to discover certain living and moving substances, which on further examination he will find to be half-frog, half tad-pole, without being either one or the other; not having had time or strength to complete their transformation. It may be remarked, too, as a further point of resemblance, that the creature in this intermediate state is not considered as fit company for either the complete frog or the complete tad-

pole, but is equally shunned by both. The Dandy is a gregarious animal. The particular spots in which they herd together in this city are, for the most part, in the neighbourhood of Bond-street, where they walk backwards and forwards, two or three linked together, on that part of the pavement which is appropriated to foot passengers, to the great annoyance of the industrious part of the community who are obliged to pass that way in the prosecution of their ordinary business. The Dandy is supposed to be endowed with speech, and to have a language which is intelligible to its kind. Indeed by a diligent attention to the sound which it utters, words may frequently be detected which are familiar to us in our own language; but no connexion can be made out between them. The words which most frequently occur are *damn*, *damned*, and *damnation*. Indeed it may be observed that these words alone make up nearly nine-tenths of all that the Dandy utters. The method employed to take this animal alive is very singular; and seems to have originated in an old tradition of the nursery, with respect to birds; viz. that they will let you catch them if you can get near enough to them to be able to throw some salt on their tails. A very similar method is employed with success in taking Dandies. You are sure to catch them if you can get near enough to throw salt on their tails, supposing them to *have* tails. But on account of the artificial covering with which they envelope themselves, it has not yet been ascertained whether they are supplied with this appendage. So that the method usually adopted is this: A person employed for the purpose, and who is accustomed to the business, fixes on the one he chooses to take, and approaches it very cautiously, till he gets near enough to place his right hand upon that part of the creature's body which in Man answers to the *left shoulder*. If he succeeds in this, the animal quietly yields itself up his prisoner. But like the silly hare, the Dandy is very cunning when it has reason to suspect an intention of this kind. In fact it seems generally to be supplied with a kind of instinct by which it can judge from the *appearance* of the person approaching it, whether he has a design of this nature; and it shuns him accordingly. It has been noticed that the persons who em-

ploy others to take the Dandy in this way are usually tailors, or boot-makers. We are not able to say what use they put them to. With respect to the intellectual qualities of these animals, it is pretty certain that they are not endowed with any moral feelings at all; and it has even been doubted by some whether they have any physical ones; for the experiment is said to have been tried of running pins into various parts of their bodies, such as the legs, shoulders, breast, &c. without their discovering any signs of pain or uneasiness. From this circumstance there are not wanting persons bold enough to assert that the thing is not an animal at all, but neither more nor less than a *suit of clothes*, endowed by some unknown species of magic or mechanism, with habits and faculties analagous, in appearance, to some of those which belong to animal life. These, they say, are chiefly confined to a locomotive power, a kind of mock instinct by which it distinguishes and congregates with its kind, and a faculty of uttering articulate though unmeaning sounds. For our own parts, we are not at present disposed to admit this hypothesis. Meagre and inconclusive as the foregoing account must be considered, in default of further information on the subject we are compelled to close it here.

Marmion, or Flodden Field.

FROM all the accounts that we hear, the affairs of poor old Drury are getting worse and worse every day; and yet she is always bringing forward novelties—just as the poorest soils always produce the finest crops of weeds. *Marmion, or Flodden Field*, was played for the first time on Thursday Dec. 31st. It is the chief incidents of Walter Scott's poem, dramatised by Mr S. Kemble. There is little to be said about such pieces as these. The stirring and romantic tale of the original is broken into dull and disjointed scenes—the animated and picturesque language is diluted into maukish dialogue,—and the haughty and reckless *Marmion* is enacted by Mr H. Kemble—a gentleman who will perhaps think it no disparagement to his person and talents, when we say that he is not at all like one's ideal of the "Falcon knight—*Marmion of Fontenay*." But though Mr Kemble

did not play the first part of *Marmion* as we could have wished, it must be confessed that he threw a good deal of *vigour* into his death scene. If he was rather dead when he should have been alive, he made up for it by being very lively when he might have been dead. The piece is interspersed with songs, dances, processions, &c. and was received with very general applause; but it cannot long continue to be attractive.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

A Word to the Ladies.

A COMEDY with the above title was produced at this theatre on Thursday Dec. 17th. It is attributed to Mr Kenny—a gentleman who appears to possess considerable talents for comic writing, if he chose to employ them properly: but he has not hitherto done so—He fritters away the strength and value of his powers, by making them turn aside to administer to the vain and selfish views of particular actors, instead of letting them take their own straight-forward course along the high road of a fair and honourable fame. So far from writing for the next age, he does not even write for the next year—but only for to-day: and accordingly none of his productions retain possession of the stage, except one or two very droll farces. In the comedy before us, Mr Kenny has acted like an unskilful general who enlists more soldiers than he can find either pay or employment for, so that they stand in each other's way, and every one encumbers the movements of all the rest. In some cases half is more than the whole. There would be more characters in this play if there were not half so many characters. The following is the official circular of the plot:—

"The chief interest of the piece turns upon the distress of *Young Winterland*, who, having incurred the displeasure of an uncle on whom his fortunes depended, is disinherited, and hides from his creditors in a fisherman's cottage. His sister, who shares his misfortunes, is attached to *Young Dorrington*, his sworn friend, to whom he has formerly made great sacrifices, and who has been to the West Indies to take possession, as he believes, of a rich inheritance. On his return, the *Winterlands* depend on his fulfilling their hopes—both of marrying *Clara*, and relieving her brother. His conduct, however, becomes mysterious and

equivocal; and the most affecting of the situations arise from *Winterland's* resentment of his conduct, the disappointed passion of *Clara*, and the severe reproach of her feelings, which she incurs from the high spirit and wounded pride of her brother. (Circumstances render *Dorrington* the bearer of an offer of marriage to *Clara* from *Young Bowerscourt*, who had suffered overtures to be made in *Clara's* prosperity, and which his father holds him more than ever bound to follow up; and an explanation ensues between *Dorrington* and *Clara*, when he declares himself disappointed also of his inheritance, and urges the suit of *Young Bowerscourt*, in order to save *Winterland* from despair and ruin. *Bowerscourt's* heart has, however, in spite of his better reason, been ensnared by *Miss Adamant*, a gay woman of fashion, of a generous disposition, but flighty manners, which revolt him. The difficulties of these parties are finally removed by a seasonable discovery—*Mr Hastings*, the uncle of *Winterland*, had left the property to an unknown stranger, who had saved his life from robbers on the coast of Cornwall, on his identifying himself; if not, it passes to a *Mr Silvertongue*, a more distant relation. *Silvertongue*, by a cowardly caution to avert the supposed indignation of *Dorrington*, calls on him to explain his conduct, and unfolds particulars which prove *Dorrington* himself to be the fugitive incognito, in the last hour allowed him to set up his title. He arrives, however, at *Old Bowerscourt's*, the trustee, just in time, and the possession of the property enables him to do justice to *Winterland*, and to confirm his engagements with *Clara*. *Young Bowerscourt* is thus released of his obligation—both he and his father become reconciled to *Miss Adamant*, who remains the mistress of his heart. *Mr Larum* is a natural agent in the plot, and some amusing situations arise out of his having abandoned his wife, from a hasty and erroneous conviction of her infidelity: and being afterwards employed by *Old Bowerscourt* to promote a match with her for the old gentleman, she being then unknown to him under the name of *Singleton*. This leads to a satisfactory explanation, by which they are also reconciled. The impertinent gallantries of *Mr Curotte*, which have a great tendency to create the jealous fancies of *Young Bowerscourt*, form also a considerable share of the earlier acts of the comedy.”

The writer of this account of the plot has hit upon a lucky expression. He says that “the chief interest of the piece turns upon the distress of *Young Winterland*, &c.” and it does “turn” round and round, as a blind horse in a mill does, innocently fancying, all the while, that it is going straight forward. And then how odd, for the chief interest of a comedy to turn upon the “distress” of a gallant

and high-minded young officer!—We are induced to say less both of the merits and defects of this comedy than we should otherwise have done, from its appearing to have been already (a week after its first performance) withdrawn from the stage. If it is not to be brought forward again it has been much shorter lived than we anticipated, and than many others containing much less merit and amusement. There was a scene in the last act, between *Miss Adamant* and *Old Bowerscourt*, very charmingly written, and in the true spirit of comedy. Indeed the whole of the latter character was good—and it was exquisitely performed by *Mr W. Farren*. We shall take an early occasion to speak of this gentleman, who is a very great acquisition to the London stage.

The Pantomime.

THE Christmas pantomime at this house is nearly as good as usual. It is the story of the famous *Baron Munchausen dramatised*. No expense seems to have been spared in getting it up, and accordingly, the scenery is just what the scenery of a pantomime should be—very gorgeous and agreeable—very active, changeable, and obedient. There are some excellent transformations, a good deal of drolery, a clever Pantaloon, an admirable Harlequin and a great Fool. But we were not quite satisfied with the poetical justice of changing the lying, blustering traveller into that exquisite compound of mirth, magic, and humanity, HARLEQUIN. If the feeling of envy could at all be admitted during the witnessing of a pantomime, we should sometimes be half disposed to indulge in it when we see any one transformed into Harlequin. He is “full of most blest condition.” All people think (or protest they think—which is the same thing) that they would rather be themselves than any body else—so that, not to be singular, we shall not absolutely wish to change our state. But certainly the next best thing to being one's self must be to be Harlequin! What a shape and make he has! what grace and lightness and agility! what a dress and address! Then what a temper! His honest black face is always laughing. Like most heroes, his possessions are confined to his sword. But then what

a sword ! It includes nothing less than the qualities of Fortunatus's cap, Aladdin's lamp, the Philosopher's stone, and the Elixir of life. Then what a traveller he is ! The clouds are his chariot and the winds his horses—and he never stops to change or pay turnpikes, but goes all round the globe in a single night—calling at the moon in his way. And what a delicious *compagnon de voyage* he has ! The first pretty girl he meets after he is created (for he hasn't the trouble of being born) falls in love with him, and follows him all the world over. Then he always has the start of a train of stupid pursuers who have only just wit enough to keep him on the *qui vive* ! without which perhaps even *his* spirits might sometimes flag—at least if he happened to visit England in December. He doesn't keep house neither—which is another immense advantage ; but can make himself at home anywhere, without carrying letters of introduction : for every body loves him—which is much ; and he does not hate any body—which is more. Then he is never without attendants, though he has not the plague of keeping servants—for the elements obey him better than they did the philosopher in *Rasselas*. He can make Old Time go forwards or backwards or stand still—can change dreams into realities and realities into dreams, just as he likes—and night into day or day into night—which is a very pleasant thing sometimes. His whole life is one long twelfth night—if a twelfth night can be long. Then what company he keeps ! He is on visiting terms with the man in the moon—is hand and glove with Puck and Titania—plays at hide and seek with the stars—and is not afraid to join in a game at snap-dragon or blind-man's-buff with the devil. To be sure he does love a bit of mischief to his heart—but then he never indulges the propensity at the expense of any but knaves and fools. Then he is an accomplished fellow withal. He knows all languages, without the trouble of studying their grammars, and understands most arts and sciences—except botany and metaphysics. These he has no fancy for. He is a better architect than Mr Soane—we have seen statues of his raising nearly as good as Mr Bacon's—and he can hit off a whole length likeness with a stroke of his wand.—As to

dancing, he has a perfect passion for it—and knows all the new steps without being obliged to take “private lessons.”—He is a poet, too,—as good as most—though he never learned to write. Which is perhaps an advantage to him—for he has no chance of being put into the *Edinburgh Review*. Certainly if we were to “change our humanity” with any thing it should be with Harlequin—for he never grows older than twenty, and “Love's young dream” lasts all his life. At least as far as we are informed : for when he comes to be “a married man,” we lose sight of him, and neither know or desire to know any more about him.

RELIGIOUS INTERLUDE PERFORMED
AT THE CARNIVAL IN ROME.

MR EDITOR,

A GERMAN traveller, who, among other things, gives a very full and amusing account of the Roman Carnival, observes, that of all the popular amusements common elsewhere at festivals of a similar sort, the only one of which there is little or nothing in the imperial city, is *ballad-singing*. The only instance of any thing like the ballads usual in the Catholic cities of his own country, or of Spain, was a little song sung by a blind boy from Naples—of Sicilian, and therefore probably of Norman origin. This circumstance is deserving of notice ; because, says my author, the true ballad-horrors of ghosts, and witches, and devils, are in general quite foreign to the ideas of the Italians. Every Christian, according to the belief of these people, who takes the two sacraments on his deathbed, is sure of being saved at last. Purgatory is the worst he has to fear ; and purgatory, however strange it may be thought, is not in general regarded with much horror. At all events, this cuts off all the most dark and terrible ideas, on which the interest of the profoundest Northern ballads is founded. The little Neapolitan's ballad, however, is in a taste sufficiently shocking. The scene is the place of public execution. An old witch is watching by the body of a malefactor who has just been broken on the wheel. A man comes up to her for the purpose of abstracting some parts of the corpse. He addresses the

witch with a sort of magical greeting ;
and the objects he has in view will
put our readers in mind of some ter-
rible lines in Tam o' Shanter. This
is the first verse. The visitor com-
mences the dialogue, and the witch
answers in the second line.

Gurugium a tè ! Gurugiu !

Che ne vuoi della vecchia tu ?

Io voglio questi piedi

E que diavolo che ne vuoi far ?

Per far piedi ai candelieri

Cadavere ! Malattia !

Aggi Pazienza vecchia mia.

Io voglio questi gambe

Per far piedi alle Banche.

Io voglio le ginocchia

Per far rotole alla cocochia.

Io voglio questo petto

Per far tavole per il letto.

Io voglio questa pancia

Un tamburro per il Re di Francia

Io voglio questa schiena

Una sedia per la Regina.

The favourite substitute, for ballads
of the terribly superstitious kind, is
in Rome more veneration from the
Bible, in the dialogue fashion above
exemplified. One of the most com-
mon is an interlude, made out of the
conversation between our Saviour and
the Samaritan woman. This is pos-
sessed of no inconsiderable gracefulness,
both in the words and the music.
The scene is laid, as our readers
will suppose, by a well in the neigh-
bourhood of the town of Samaria.
Our Saviour appears first, and explains,
in the fashion of the *προλογισμός*, his
own situation, and all that he expects
to occur.

Christ.

Sono giunto stanco e lasso

Dal mio lungo camminar.

Ecco il pozzo, e questo e il sasso

Per potermi riposar

Qui mi fermo, quivi a petto,

Una Donna ha da venir

O bel fonte, o fonte eletto

Alma infida a convertir.

Pecorella già smarrita

Dal ovile cercando va.

Ma ben presto convertita

Al pastor reternerà.

(The Samaritan Woman appears in the distance.)

Ecco appunto la meschina

Che sen vien sola da se.

Vieni, Vieni, O poverina,

Vien t'aspetto, vien da me.

Samaritan Woman (still at a distance).

Questo appunto ci mancava ;

Qui e colui, che siede là ?

Io di già me l'aspettava,

Di trovar qualcuno da.

E un Guideo se ben ravviso,

Lo conosco in fin di qui ;

Alle chiome, al mento, al viso

Egli e d'esso, egli è sì sì.

Questa gente non è amica,

Della patria mia, lo so.

Vi è una ruggine alta e antica,

Che levare non si può.

(Approaching the well.)

Baderò alli fatti miei,

Io al pozzo voglio andar ;

Se dirà, Donna chi sei ?

Gli dirò, son chi mi par.

Christ (with a benevolent smile).

Buona donna, i ciel vi guardi !

Sam. (surprised by the manner of his address).

O buon Uomo, a voi ancor !

Christ.

Siete giunta troppo tardi.

Samar.

Non potevo più a buon or.

Christ.

O figliola, che gran sete !

Un po d'acqua in carità.

Deh ristoro a me porgete,

Un po d'acqua per pietà.

Samar.

Voi à me Samaritana

Domanda vi dia da ber ;

A un Guideo, è cosa strana

Chi l'avesse da veder.

Queste due nazioni fra loro

Non si posson compatir.

Se vedesse un di coloro,

Cosa avrebbe mai a dir.

Christ.

Se sapeste, se sapeste

Chi a voi chiede a ber,

Certo a lui richiedereste

Acqua viva per aver.

Samar.

Voi Burlate, e dov è il secchio ?

Dove l'acqua, o buon signor ?

Di Giacobbe il nostro vecchio

Siete voi forse maggior ?

Che sia pur benedetto

Questo pozzo a noi lascio ;

I suoi figli, il suo diletto,

Gregge in questo abbevero.

Christ.

O figliola, chi l'acqua mia

Aqua viva beverà.

Già sia pur chiunque Sia

Mai in eterno sete avrà.

Samar.

O Signor non si potrebbe

Di questa acqua un po gustar ?

La fatica leverebbe

Di venirla qui a cavar.

Christ.

A chiamar vostro marito

Gite, l'acqua vi darò.

Ne temete sia partito,

Perchè vi aspetterò

Samar.

Io Marito ! guardi il cielo,

Sono libera di me.

Christ.

Che direte s'io vi svelo

Che n'avete più di tre

Cinque già ne avete avute,

Se vostr' è quel ch'avete or.

Samar.

O che santo, il ciel m'ajuti !
Dite vero o mio signor !
Certo que siete profeta
Ben sapete indovinar.
Io per dirla cheta, cheta,
Me ne voglio un poco andar.

Christ.

No, No, non gite via
Che è venuto il tempo già
D'adorare il gran Messia,
In spirito e verità

Samar.

Che il Messia abbia a venir
Io non nego, o questo no ;
Mase voi avessi a dire
Se è venuto non lo so.

Christ.

O figliola egli è venuto
Il Messia, credete a me,
Se puoi essere creduto
Chi vi parla quel Egli è.

Samar.

Io vi credo, o buon Signor
E vi adoro, or voglio gir,
In Samaria un tal stupore,
Voglio a tutti referir.

Christ.

Gite pur ! sià vostra gloria,
Se vi crede la città.
Per sì nobile vittoria,
Tutto il ciel triompherà]

Samar.

O Divina sì grand opera
Convertir si infido cuor !

Christ.

Il poter tutto si adopra
Del gran Dio tutto l'amor.

SCENE SECOND.

Samaritan Woman.

Ecco quì quella meschina,
Che ritorna onde parti
O amabile divina
Maestà, Ecomè quì !
L'alma mia in questo pozzo,
La vostra acqua si gustò ;
Che ogni fonte dopo sozzo
Qual pontan gli risembrò.
Mille grazie, o grand' iddio,
A voi rendo, e sommo onor,
Che mutò questo cor mio,
Dal profano al santo amor.

Christ.

O mia figlia, tale adesso
Più che mai vi vo chiamar,
La mia grazia quanto spesso,
Sì bell'opra ella sa far.
Sono Dio, di Sià 'l sapete
Emio braccio tutto può,
Io per voi, se fede avrete,
Quanto più per voi farò.

Samar. (with hesitation.)

Siete Dio onnipotente,
E veduto l'ho pur or !
Di Sammaria la gran gente
Convertita è a voi, Signor.

Christ.

Ab eterno già sapea
E pero vi mandai là ;
Fin dall' ora vi sceglia
A bandir la verità.

Samar.

O Signor, io mi arrossisco
Di vedermi in tanto onor ;
Piu ci penso e men capisco
Come à me tanto favor.

Christ.

Questo e già costume mio
Qual io sono a dimostrar
Per oprar cosa da Dio
Mezzi deboli' adottar.
D'Oloferne il disumano
Dite su chi trionfò ?
Donna frai di propria mano
Nel suo letto lo svenò
Il gigante fier Golia
Come mai Come morì ?
Dùn sassetto della via,
Che scagliato lo colpì.

Tutto il mondo già creato
Opra fu della mia man
Ed il tutto fu cavato,
Dal suo niente in tutto van.
Perchè vuo la gloria mia
Come e debito per me
L'util poi voglio che sia
Sol di quel che opra con se.

Samar.

Che più potrete darmi ?
Mi scoprete il gran vangel.
E di quel volete farmi
Una apostola fedel.
Quanto mai vi devo, quanto
Cortesissimo Gesù !
A voi m'offro e dono intanto
Nè sarò d'altro mai più.

Christ.

Vi gradisco, sì, vi accetto,
Sì, già accetto il vostro amor,
E gradito e sol diletto
Essere vuo dal vostro cuor.

Samar.

Si sarete sposo mio,
Christ.
Sposo voi sarete a me.

Samar.

Io in voi,
Christ.
Ed in voi Io,

Both.

Serbaremo eterna fede.

And so ends this interlude. When it is performed on the Corso, every woman present joins her voice to that of the representative of the Samaritan. The melody is equally agreeable to the worldly, as to the religious fair, and each finds something in the words which renders her willing to dwell upon them. "Such interludes," observes my author, "cannot be without their effect in rendering religion a popular thing." I cannot say that the species

of religion likely to be rendered popular by such means is exactly such as I approve of; but, perhaps, your untravelled readers may be amused by seeing a specimen of a kind of poetry so unlike any thing they are used to in their own country. After all, I am inclined to think better of it, than of the half-unintelligible, half-blaspheinous stuff which one sometimes hears in a Methodist chapel at home. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

P. C. K.

A CHURCH-YARD DREAM.

1.

METHOUGHT that in a Burial-ground
One still, sad vernal day,
Upon a little daisied mound
I in a slumber lay;
While faintly through my dream I heard
The hymning of that holy Bird,
Who with more gushing sweetness sings
The higher up in Heaven float his unwearied wings!

2.

In that my mournful reverie,
Such song of heavenly birth
The voice seemed of a Soul set free
From this imprisoning Earth;
Higher and higher still it soared,
A thrilling rapture that adored,
Till vanished song and singer blest
In the blue depths of everlasting rest.

3.

Just then, a Child, in sportive glee,
Came gliding o'er the graves,
Like a lone bird that on the sea
Floats dallying with the waves;
Upon the lovely flowers awhile
She poured the beauty of her smile,
Then laid her bright cheek on the sod,
And, overpowered with joy, slept in the eye of God.

4.

The flowers that shine all round her head
May well be breathing sweet,
For flowers are they that Spring hath shed
To deck her winding-sheet;
And well the tenderest gleams may fall
Of sunshine on that hillock small
On which she sleeps, for they have smiled
O'er the predestined grave of that unconscious Child.

5.

In bridal garments, white as snow,
A solitary Maid
Doth meekly bring a sunny glow
Into that solemn shade.
A Church-yard seems a joyful place
In the visit of so sweet a face,—
A soul is in that deep blue eye
Too good to live on earth—too beautiful to die.

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6.

But Death behind a marble Tomb
Looks out upon his prey,
And smiles to know that heavenly bloom
Is yet of earthly clay,
Far off I hear a wailing wide,
And, while I gaze upon that Bride,
A silent Wraith before me stands,
And points unto a grave with cold, pale,
clashed hands.

7.

A Matron beautiful and bright,
As is the silver Moon,
Whose lustre tames the sparkling light
Of the starry eyes of June,
Is shining o'er the Church-yard lone,—
While circling her as in a zone,
Delighted dance five Cherubs fair,
And round their native urn shake wide
their golden hair.

8.

O Children they are holy things,
In sight of Earth and Heaven!
An Angel shields with guardian wings,
The home where they are given.
Strong power there is in children's tears,
And stronger in their lisped prayers—
But the vulture stoops down from above,
And, mid her orphan brood, bears off the
Parent Dove.

9.

The young—the youthful—the mature,
Have smiled and all past by,
As if nought lovely could endure
Beneath the envious sky;
While bowed with age and age's woes,
Still near—yet still far off the close
Of weary life, yon aged Crone
Can scarce with blind eyes find her Husband's funeral stone.

10.

All dead the joyous, bright, and free,
To whom this life was dear!—
The green leaves shivered from the tree
And dangling left the sere!
O dim wild world!—but from the sky
Down came the glad Lark waveringly,
And, startled by his liquid mirth,
I rose to walk in Faith the darkling paths
of Earth. EREMUS.
Marischal College, Aberdeen.

SONNET.

BLACK is the Lake, and blacker still the Sky,
And Lake and Sky with hollow murmur
moan;
Scarce shakes a little star its locks on high;
And Fear's fantastic images alone
Crowd on the expectant spirit. O'er the hill,
That lifts above the wave its shaggy brow,
Rises a solemn radiance:—lovelier still,
And, varying like enchantment, lovelier now
It stands with burning glory, bright and deep,
As that which compasseth the eternal throne
Mid black-pavilioned clouds! So to the sleep

3 M

Of Patriarch old, while pillowed on a stone,
Was seen in vision, mid thick darkness given,
God's fiery-winged troop and God in Heaven!
Ambleside. C. L.

SONNET.

WILD is the Lake, dark in autumnal gloom,
And white its surf rolls in the silvery gleam;
Swift lights that fleet like phantoms in a
dream,

The shades of autumn fitfully illume,
Like white-robed spirits hovering o'er a
Tomb.

The plaintive winds now swelling in a stream
Of deep-toned music, now subsiding, seem
To form a dirge for Nature's faded bloom.
The yellow leaf whirls frequent through the
air;—

From the full floating cloud capricious
showers,

As, with an infant's playfulness, repair
To variegate the visionary hours:
The elements at work exhaust their powers
To alienate the Poet's heart from care.

Ambleside. C. L.

LINES

*Written in consequence of hearing of a
Young Man that had voluntarily starved
himself to Death on Skiddaw; and who
was found, after his Decease, in a Grave
of Turf piled with his own Hands.*

WHAT didst thou feel, thou poor unhappy
Youth,

Ere on that sod thou laid'st thee down to rest?
—Ah! little know the children of the world
What some are born to suffer! Did some
dread

And perilous recollection blast thy mind?
Did fierce remorse assail thee? Wert thou
torn

With fatal incommunicable thoughts?
I pity thee, poor stranger! in a world
Fearful, a world of nameless phantoms framed
Was thy abode: thou sawest not with eyes;
Thou hearest not with ears; nor felt'st
with touch

Of eyes, or ears, or touch of other men.
Thine was a cruel insulation; thine
A malady beyond the reach of love—
Beyond the reach of melting sympathy.
Oh! when Heaven wills that the external
world

And the internal world should be at war;
When Heaven suffers that sensation's chords
Shall all be out of tune; when every sense
At variance with the other, like a wrenched
And shattered instrument of music, yields
A harsh report of discontinuous pangs
(As infinite in number as in fear),
To the universal influence of life—

What does not man endure? Yet Man,
even then,

Perchance, has somewhat of the flush of
health,
Has strength of muscle and the swelling
limb—

So man is pitied not; though if he smile,
His smile, like wandering spectre of the night
Apparent in some beautiful Maiden's shape,
Fills with more deadly chill because it wears
Enchantment's form in circumstance of woe;
Though, if he speak, th' incongruous attempt
Betrays the treachery "of his voiceless
thought."

His words are like the sound of crazy bells
Swinging in open air, no longer pealed
By hands accordant; but the tempest wakes
Or sullen breeze, when nightly visitant,
Strange discord from their "hoarse and
iron tongues."

His accents, unaccountably impelled,
Or rush with fearful spontaneity,
Or languidly eke out their dying tones;
And sentences half-finished, broken words,
Abrupt transitions, discontinuous thought,
Of intellectual alienation tell.

Say, fared it so with Thee?—Then be at
peace!

And may the God the fortitude who gave
To bear the final voluntary pangs,
Receive Thee in the arms of pitying love.

Ambleside. C. L.

ST HELENA.

April 1818.

YE cliffs dark and dreary that frown o'er
the main,

Like dross from a furnace confusedly
hurl'd;

That, pent in your iron-bound limit, restrain
The scourge of our versatile world:

Oh whether midst Nature's convulsions and
throes,

When Fire with the Ocean contended for
power,

Your rocks from a submarine crater arose,
And fell in a chaotic shower.

Or if ye once fenced that magnificent isle,
Whose beauty the pages of Plato disclose,
Where Happiness shed its retributive smile
On bowers of eternal repose.

Oh! whether a remnant of Eden or Hell,
Look well, ye rude cliffs, to your perilous
trust;

Remember there now is confined in your dell
The fiend of war, famine, and lust.

And in the deep dell tho' a paradise bloom,
Though Nature in fulness of beauty be there;
To him bloom and beauty are horror and
gloom,

And peace but remorse and despair.

For fires more intense than the flames of
your birth

In his bosom of baffled malignity rage;
And, to satiate his rancour, the desolate earth
Were now too contracted a stage!

Though guarded by dragons, your apples
of gold,*

Were once by the craft of a pirate pur-
loined,

And poets have chanted, and chroniclers told
Of the woes which they wrought to man-
kind.

The woes which they wrought were but
showers of the spring

To the wild wintry tempest of vengeance and
blood,

Which, if the foul Vulture recover his wing,
Will follow his flight o'er the flood.

Then look, ye dark cliffs, to your ominous
trust;

For if he escape ye, by force or by guile,
The tempest he wings, in its very first burst,
Will wither thy desolate isle.

Deserted and loathed by the rest of the earth,
Foul creatures of carnage shall herd o'er

your dell,
And the curse of mankind will attribute

your birth
To a penal eruption of Hell.

H. G.

THE KING'S CRUTCHES, AND THE ROYAL VISION.

[Of the two following pasquinades on the late French Ministry, the first was published in the New Times, so long ago as February 1818; and we are chiefly induced to reprint it on account of the sagacity with which it foretold, that "the Duke of Richelieu would be dismissed as soon as the army of occupation was removed;" that "M. Laine was too honest to remain long in such an administration of affairs;" and that Mole, at that time the creature of De Caze, would soon "set up for himself." All this has come to pass, and M. de Caze has found a new ministry of more devoted and more contemptible creatures even than the former. He has "found in the lowest depth a lower still."]

The King's Crutches.

"UNEASY, alas! lies the head which is crown'd!"
So Shakspeare once sang, and so Louis has found;
The sceptre fatigues him—the diadem's pain,
And he sighs for the quiet of *Hartwell* again.

But how shall he get there? In vain would he ask
The *Royalist* band to assist in the task;
They're men, who unbiassed by danger or pelf,
Would save the old Bourbon in spite of himself.

'The *Jacobin* tribe half his wishes would meet,
He has their consent to descend from his seat;
But instead of a passport for "merry *Englande*,"
Might get, like St Dennis, his head in his hand.

What then could his much-puzzled Majesty do,
But take for his CRUTCHES the *Liberal* crew?
By safe middle measures, ah! they are the men
To lead him to quiet and *Hartwell* again.

Richelieu's† just awaked from his Tartary trance,
A stranger to Paris, a stranger to France;
But no man in Europe knows equal to him
The port of *Odessa*, or province of *Crim*.

* It is hoped that it is not too great a poetic license, to place the fabulous garden of the Hesperides in St Helena. All writers admit that it was in an island of the Atlantic.

† M. de Richelieu left France a boy, and returned an old woman. All the prime of his life he spent as Governor of Odessa, in Crim-Tartary, and he came to Paris with the rest of the Cossacks. We presume that he will be removed with the Russian army of observation, of which he is an essential part.

Though a lawyer, Lainé* is a good sort of man,
And, of course, they'll dismiss him as soon as they can ;
 What charge against him can his colleagues invent ?
 A grave one !—like *Feltre*, he travelled to Ghent.

Poor Gouvion St Cyr† is the next—I'd as soon
 Have a Minister made of his Marshal's baton ;
 He affects to have quarrel'd with Boney—no doubt—
 But Boney for blunders had *first* turned him out.

To Molé‡ is given the care of the *sea*,
 Which is not more *deep* nor more *faithless* than he ;
 With new-fangled notions of justice it tallies,
 To give him the *fleet* who deserved but the *gallics*.

Corvetto,§ the raven who feeds on finance,
 The cipher who *ten folds* the burthens of France ;
 Of him what can Satire say worse, than to state
 That he's "*le digne rival du Duc de Gaete*."

De Caze,|| Page and Clerk to old Dame Bonaparte,
 Has found the *backstairs* to his Majesty's heart ;
 He swore to defend poor old Louis's crown—
 Boney comes, and the *Gascon*—sneaks off "*out of Town*."

Pasquier,¶ who was in the first Act of the Piece,
 A little Commis in Napoleon's Police,

* M. Laine, a lawyer of Bordeaux.—As President of the Deputies he opposed Bonaparte before his first fall ; and on the King's first fall followed him to Ghent : these two brilliant actions he has contrived to obscure by a crowd of little weaknesses, meannesses, and vanities, which have procured him the situation he fills in the Government, and lost him that which he held in the world.

† Marshal Gouvion St Cyr, like most dull men, has a kind of reputation, because nobody envies him. Admitting that St Cyr means well, his advancement to the ministry is the strongest proof of the contempt of his colleagues for his understanding. An able man who meant well would ruin them all.

‡ Matthew Molé.—This man is at present a creature of De Caze's, but *by-and-by* will set up for himself. He is chiefly remarkable for having been Bonaparte's Grand Judge and Minister of Justice, and for prostituting in 1810 that character to destroy what little remained of freedom in the French Legislative Body, and to defeat the election, as President, of his present colleague, M. Lainé. Is it not a monstrous, and almost incredible scandal, to see Bonaparte's slavish Grand Judge become Louis's liberal Minister of Marine ? A lawyer turned sailor is not a stranger metamorphose, than the tool of a despot who affects liberality of principle.

§ Corvetto (a little raven), one of Bonaparte's Council of State, and now the King's Minister of Finance—a mere man of straw—and therefore placed at the head of that empty system, called French Finance. His worthy rival, the Duke of Gaete, was Bonaparte's last Minister of Finance, and will probably be the King's next.

|| De Caze, a Gascon lawyer, who was private Secretary to old Mrs Bonaparte. "The lame and impotent conclusion" of this stanza, is closely borrowed from the account which all the journals in Paris were forced to publish the other day of De Caze's heroic opposition to Bonaparte ; and which, after all, consisted simply in his "going to his country-house." De Caze is the King's favourite ; or, as it was formerly called, the King's *minion*, and deserves to be so. In his elevation, however, he does not belie his early education ; in public affairs he is still a clerk, and in private society has all the little merits of a page.

¶ Pasquier was the Prefect of Police to Bonaparte, and would have hanged any one who had behaved to Napoleon as he himself did to Louis—but Louis is forgiving as well as discerning : and as he made the Imperial Grand Judge, Royal Minister of Marine—so he has made the Imperial Police Magistrate, the Royal Grand Judge. It is by these men, and these measures, that France, we are told, is to be saved !

Now keeps the King's conscience, and, wonderful fate!
Dispenses that justice he dreaded so late.

And so Louis plays, by this Junto's advice,
The new Russian game of the Mountain of Ice;
He is fast sliding down to the bottom—and then,
Will steal (*if he can*) back to Hartwell again.

N. R.

The Royal Vision.

I.

ON the well-cushion'd throne, where the curious still see
The **ill-erased* traces of Bonaparte's bee,
King Louis was sleeping his dinner away;
But the *sleep of the just* was not tranquil that day,
A smart indigestion disturbed his repose,
And ominous dreams on his fancy arose.

II.

All clotted with blood, and all dripping with tears,
The HEAD of his *Brother* before him appears,
And seems to address him—"Oh feeble and blind!
Untaught by the fate of your country and kind!
Experience to you can no wisdom supply!
You eat, drink, and sleep, and to-morrow you die!"

III.

Remember the arts by which I was undone!
My friends from my side were removed one by one;
Ev'ry prop of the throne, all the honest and brave
Were mark'd with the nick-names of bigot and slave;
Traduc'd and disgrac'd, if they dar'd but repine;
They fell; and their fall was the prelude of mine.

IV.

"*The lights of the age,*" and "*the tone of the times,*"
Were then, just as now, the mere watchwords of crimes;
"Constitution," and "Freedom," the war-whoop of those
Who of both were the deep, the implacable foes;
And we heard the same cant (even *you* must allow,)
From the *Girondins* then, and the †*Girondins* now.

V.

When Treason's black caldron boils furious and high,
The scum of the land to the surface will fly;
And Jacobin upstarts who rose by our broils,
Made bold by our folly, made rich by our spoils,
Dar'd then (as their successors *now* do,) advance
That they, *they alone*, were the talents of France.

* Bonaparte's furniture was all embroidered with bees; on the King's return the bees were picked out, and fleur-de-lis substituted.

† Messrs De Caze and Laine are from the department of the Gironde.

VI.

Is this then the proof of the "*March of the mind*;"
 Are these the *pure lights* that have dawning on mankind,
 The fruits that the trees of French liberty bear.
 That the land of Turenne, D'Agnesseau and Colbert,
 Can only produce in war, morals, or laws,
 La Fayette and Davoust, and Pasquier and De Caze.

VII.

Oh wretched the country betrayed to such hands!
 Oh wretched the King, who such subjects commands!
Commands did I say? O my brother, excuse
 The appearance of *sneer*, which I meant not to use;
 Oh wretched the King, (thus my words should have run,)
 By such a vile junto enslaved and undone!

VIII.

But adieu! ever since that sad day when you gave
 My murderer Fouché your hand, from my grave,
 At midnight I'm doom'd by superior controul,
 In vengeance to rise on his horror-struck soul.
 Adieu then, my brother! and, ere tis too late,
 Be taught by my faults, or beware of my fate.

AN HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL
 ESSAY ON THE TRADE AND COMMUNICATIONS OF THE ARABIANS
 AND PERSIANS WITH RUSSIA AND
 SCANDINAVIA, DURING THE MID-
 DLE AGES.

(Continued from page 300.)

THAT which Abdallah Yacuti adduces, in his geographical dictionary, respecting the Russians, is worthy of attention; as it thence appears, that they must have had a religion, manners, and condition, not unlike those of our northern progenitors. "The Russians are a people whose country borders upon that of the Slavi and the Turks. Their religion, manners, and laws are different from those of other nations. Almocaddin says that they live upon an island (or peninsula) which is unhealthy and pestilential, and is surrounded by a sea, which is a protection to them against those who would assail them. This island undoubtedly contains 100,000 inhabitants, who do not cultivate the ground or have any pasturage. The Slavi have a hatred of them, and deprive them of their riches (property). When a man has a son born, he throws to him a sword, saying, 'thou hast no-

thing else but that which thou canst gain with this sword.' When the King passes judgment between two men in a public meeting, and they are not contented with the decision, he says to them, 'decide the matter by the sword, and he that overcomes the other has gained the cause.' These are they who made themselves masters of, and oppressed Bordaah in the year —, until God destroyed them.

"I have read a letter of Ahmud Ibn Fodhelan ben Abbas, ben Rashid, ben Hamad, the enfranchised slave of Mohammed, the son of Soliman, the ambassador of Almocadr to the King of the Slavi, in which he relates what he had seen on his journey from and to Bagdad. I shall here adduce what he has said, in his own language, from astonishment at it. He says: I saw the Russians come with their articles of trade, and embark upon the river Atel. They clothe themselves in vests, not in caftans; but the men dress themselves in a cloak, which covers one side, while one hand remains uncovered. Every one carries with him an axe, a knife, and a sword, which never forsake them. Their swords are thin plates marked with furrows, and are Frankish (European); from the end of the hilt each

person bears, as high as the neck, thin pieces of wood, images, and such like things. The women cover their breasts with a case made of iron, copper, silver, or gold, according to the means of their husbands. On each of these cases there is a ring, in which there is a knife, which is likewise fastened to the breast. Round their necks they wear silver and gold chains; for when the husband possesses 10,000 dirhems, he gets a chain made for his wife; and if 20,000, two; and, in like manner, for every 10,000 dirhems the wife gets a new chain, so that some of them occasionally have a great number. The necklaces, or ornaments of the women, are made of the greenest shells (*conchæ*), which are upon the shore. They have a great value for them, and pay a dirhem for each of them, and thus they compose their necklaces. The Russians are the dirtiest creatures God has created; they never wash the filth from their heads,

* * * * *

They live from their lands, and moor their ships in the river *Atel*, which is a large river; on the banks of which they build large wooden houses. They meet frequently in one house, to the number of ten or twelve, more or less; have each of them a couch to sit upon, and beside each there are girls that are beautiful, for sale (so beautiful that they might be sold).

Sometimes a great number of them collect together,

* * * * *

Every morning they regularly wash their faces and heads in the dirtiest and filthiest water that can be found. A girl comes every morning early with a large cask of water, which she carries to her master. He washes therein his face, hands, and hair, and then combs himself; blows his nose and spits into it; in short, performs in it every possible sort of uncleanness. When he has finished, the girl carries the cask to the person who is nearest to him, and he does the same. She carries it, in like manner, from one to the other, until she has brought it to all in the

house. At the time when their ships arrive in their haven, every one goes out, and takes bread, flesh, leaves, and palm wine (grape wine) with him; and they proceed until they come to a long piece of a tree raised upright, which has a face resembling that of a human being. Around this there are small images, and behind these long trees (pieces of wood) raised in the ground. When one comes to the large image, he falls down before it and says, 'O Lord, I am come from a far distant land, and bring girls that are so and so in the head, and martens that are so and so in the skin.' He thus reckons up all his articles of trade, and then says: 'Now I come to thee with this present (he then lays it down), between the hands of (near to) the piece of wood. I wish that thou wouldst provide me a merchant who has plenty of dinars (money in gold); who will buy from me according to my terms, and will say nothing against any thing that I say.' He then goes away; but in case his trade does not succeed favourably, and the time appears too tedious, he returns with a second and third present. If his affairs should not yet succeed to his wishes, he carries a present to one of the small images, and entreats them for their intercession, saying, 'are not these our Lord's sons and daughters?' He continues in this manner, submissively and constantly, to call upon and implore one image after the other, until it once appears that he can dispose of his goods to advantage. He then says: 'Now has my Lord fulfilled my wishes; I cannot therefore do better than reward him for it.' He then takes a number of cows and sheep, kills them, and gives away a part of the flesh in alms. He lays down the remainder near the great piece of wood, and the smaller ones surrounding it, and hangs the heads of the cattle and sheep upon the tree which is raised in the ground. Next night the dogs come and eat the flesh; but the person who had laid it there, says: 'My lord loves me, for he has eaten my gift.'

"When one of them falls sick, they erect a tent for him, lay him in it, and give him some bread and water; but they never approach him themselves, excepting once a-day, especially if he is a poor wretch, or a slave. If the sick person recovers, he returns

home; but if he dies, they burn him, unless it be a slave, for such they leave, without any ceremony, to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey.

“When they catch a thief or a robber, they lead him to a large thick tree, bind a strong rope round his neck, and strangle him by this cord, which at last falls to pieces by the rain and the wind.

“I have said that they shewed great regard for their chiefs after their death, of which the least instance was, that they burned them: I wished to learn something more accurately on this subject, and at last I was informed that a mighty man had just died, whom they laid in his grave; and built a roof over for ten days, until they had finished cutting and sewing his clothes. If a poor man dies, they make for him a small ship, place him in it, and set it on fire. But the rich man's property they collected together, and divided into three portions, of which his family received the third; his clothes, which they cut, formed a third part; and for the remaining third they bought palm wine, which they drank on the day when his girl killed herself, and was burnt along with her master. They are extremely addicted to wine, which they drink day and night; and it may easily happen that one of them may die with the glass in his hand. When one of their chiefs dies, the family asks his girls and favourites, whether any of them will die with him? if one of them answers yes, it is necessary to do so, for it is no matter of indifference to them to mourn for ever. But if one of them will mourn for ever, she may do so; and the greatest number that do this are girls. When, therefore, so eminent a personage died, they asked his girls which of them would die with him. One answered that she would. Her they committed to the care of two girls, who watched her, and attended her wherever she went, and sometimes washed her feet with their hands. The men now began to cut her clothes, and set in order whatever was necessary; and the girl, in the meantime, lived every day in great joy, and delighted by drinking and singing. When the day arrived, on which he and the girl were to be burnt, she went down to the river where the ship was. When it was drawn out of the river, they placed about it (that it might stand

fast) four supporters, of the chaling and other trees, and around these again, wooden images of men and giants. They then drew it so far, so as to place it upon this wood (the four supporters). They walked up and down, came and talked together in a language I did not understand. The dead person was in the back part of his grave, from which they did not take him out, until an old woman came, whom they called Death's angel, and placed herself upon the before-

mentioned couch (سورير). She understood the sewing of the clothes that were to be put upon the deceased chief, and the preparations that should be made. It was her business also to kill the girl. She had the appearance of a thick, yellow, wrinkled witch. When the men came to the grave, which was near the pieces of wood, they took the body out and wrapped

it in the shirt (الازار) in which he had died. I saw him; he was black on account of the cold of the country. They had placed by him in the grave, palm wine, fruits, and a musical instrument; now all this was taken out. As the body had not been in the least changed except in colour, they put upon it breeches, boots, a vest (waistcoat), and a warrior's cloak of embroidered work, with clasps of gold; they farther placed upon his head, and dressed him in embroidered work with martens' skin, and carried him away in order to place him in the tent, which was on the ship, in which they placed him on the matress, and drew him up upon the cushions. They now brought forward the palm wine, fruits, and the fragrant herbs, which they placed beside him, and brought bread, flesh, and leaves, and placed them beside him; they then brought a dog, which they cut in two pieces, and threw into the ship; they brought afterwards all his weapons, which they laid by his side. They now took two beasts of burden, which they caused to run until they were covered with perspiration; they then killed them with a sword, and cast the flesh into the ship. The girl who was to be killed came and went, and at last entered one of their tents, where her comrade (friend, lover) laid himself beside her, saying to her, 'say to thy master, I have done this most assuredly for love to thee.' When

Friday afternoon arrived, they brought the girl to a thing which they concealed in the earth, resembling in the mouth a milk pail. She placed her feet upon men's saddles, looked down upon the milk pail, and spoke to them. They made her go down, then turned her face a second time, and she did as the first time. The same took place with her the third time. They then gave her a hen, the head of which she cut off and cast away, but they took the body and laid it in the ship. I asked the interpreter what she did? He answered, 'The first time she said, lo! I shall see my father and mother; the second time, lo! I shall see all my deceased relations; the third time, I shall see my master sitting in paradise, and paradise is beautifully green, and with him are men and young swains. He calls me; go with me to him! They went with her to the ship. She took the two bracelets which she had on her arms and gave them to the woman who was called Death's angel, and was the person appointed to kill her; in like manner, she took off her garters, and gave them to the two girls who had watched her, and were the daughters of her who was called Death's angel. They then made her ascend the ship, but did not make her go into the tent. The men came with shields and pieces of wood. They gave her a large cup full of palm wine. She sang over it, and drank it. The interpreter told me, that she thereby took leave of her comrades (female friends). Another cup was then presented to her, which she took, and sang a long time over. The old woman encouraged her to drink it off, and go in to the tent, where her master was. I saw her; she appeared to be out of her senses from fright and agitation. In the moment when she wished to go into the tent, she placed her head between the tent and the ship. The old woman laid hold of it, and dragged her into the tent. One of the men went in with her, while they beat their shields with the pieces of wood, that the sound of her cries might not be heard, and lest other girls should be dispirited and frightened, and refuse to die with their masters. Six men then entered the tent, shewed great kindness to the girl, laid her close to the side of her master, and held fast both her hands and her feet, whilst the woman, called Death's angel, fixed about her neck a twisted

rope, which she gave two men to pull. She then brought a large dagger (knife), having a broad point, which she thrust in between her ribs, and then drew out. The two men surrounded her with the rope (drew it on each side) until she was dead. The nearest of the men then approached the dead bodies, took a piece of wood and set fire to it; then went backwards to the ship with the firebrand in one hand, whilst the other lay upon his back. He was naked whilst he set fire to the wood, which was far under the ship. The other men who were present came immediately with wood and firebrands. Each had a piece of wood, the end of which he lighted and then threw it among the other wood. The wood immediately caught fire, then the ship, the tent, the man, girl, and every thing in it. A most vehement wind then blew, so that the fire flamed violently, and a large flame set the whole in a blaze. A Russian was standing by me, whom I heard conversing with the interpreter, who stood by him. I asked the interpreter what the other said? He answered, that he had said, 'the associates of the Arabians are certainly great fools, for you give yourselves a great deal of trouble, that man should love and honour you, and you throw him into the earth, where worms and vermin devour him; but we burn him in a moment, and he goes into paradise instantaneously, and at once.' He then laughed very heartily, and said, 'from love for him, his lord sends him a wind, which may take him away speedily;' and indeed, scarcely an hour had passed, before the ship, the wood, the girl, and the dead prince, were reduced to ashes. They afterwards built over the place, where the ship (which they had taken out of the river), lay, something resembling a round hill, erected in the middle of it a large piece of a tree, wrote upon it the name of the man and that of the Russian king, and went away."

He says, likewise, "that it is a rule among the Russian kings, for each of them to have with them 400 of his bravest chiefs, in war and peace, men whom he can depend upon. They die with his death (with him), and fall next him. Each of them has with him a girl, that washes his head, and prepares every thing he eats and drinks; they have another to sleep

with. These 400 men sit under his throne (couch), which is large and ornamented with pearls. Beside him sit on the throne forty girls, whom he lies with, and he sometimes amuses himself with one of them, in presence of the companions just mentioned. He does not come down from his throne, and when he wishes to yield to the necessities of nature, he does it in a cask; when he wishes to ride, they bring his beast (horse) to the throne, from which he mounts him, and when he wishes to dismount, he approaches so close to the throne, that he can dismount upon it. He has a vice roy (successor), who leads his armies, fights his enemies, and is destined to succeed him in the government."

"I have copied all this from Ibn Fodhelan's letter, with some few alterations and abbreviations. He must be responsible for the truth of what he has related. God knows if it be true. —Now it is known that the Russians are Christians."

We shall here refrain from making any observations upon this relation; leaving it to the antiquarians of the north; we shall only deduce from it the following results: the Russians, or perhaps the principal people only among them, must have had, under the Varigians, no small resemblance to our forefathers in religion and customs; the Arabians must have visited Russia, in such a degree, as to have gained a considerable acquaintance with the nation, and to have been accustomed to see them; the Russians received commodities from the south of Asia, traded upon the Volga (if the Baltic or White Sea be not here meant), and sold girls, martens, &c. to the southern nations.

To the west and south-west the Russians were surrounded by the Slavi, whose country was three months' journey in extent. They inhabited, according to the Arabian geographers, the present Poland, Prussia, the north eastern part of Germany, as far as the Baltic, which countries were, by the ancients, called Sarmatia, a name which does not occur in history after the year 471; and the inhabitants were afterwards called by the general name of Sclavi or Slavi. The country of the Slavi, on the north, did not reach the ocean, but to a large bay of it (the Baltic), for "the ocean," says

the author of the geographical dictionary, "extends from Andalusia and Tangier to the north, until opposite the country of the Slavi, and to the north of this country there issues from it a large bay." But towards the south reached to the Caspian sea, as Cazwini expressly says. "The country of the Slavi," says the same author, "is large and widely extended in the northern regions, having towns, villages, and arable land. It has a sea of fresh water, flowing from west to east (the Baltic); another river flows on the side of Bulgaria. They have no salt sea, for their country is far removed from the sun. Upon this sea are towns, provinces, and fortified places."

Thus unsatisfactory are the accounts the Arabian geographers can give us respecting that immense extent of country, comprehended under the name of the country of the Slavi. Even Sherif Edrisi, although he knew more of the north than any other Arabian geographer, does not give us, on the whole, a much better account. In general, the farther we proceed to the north, the knowledge of the Arabians becomes more indeterminate and unintelligible, particularly as most of the names of the countries are either at present changed, or from the dissimilarity of the languages, and different pronunciation, cannot be recognised, so that we wander, as it were, in the dark, whilst we search for similar names in the farthest north, and frequently have a difficulty of knowing in what country we are. Nevertheless, however obscure the accounts may be, which the Oriental geographers can give us of the north, it cannot be uninteresting to be acquainted with them. Cazwini, Edrisi, and Abdarrahan Yacuti (according to De Guignie), shall be our guides in this intricate path. We shall commence, from the east, with that wonderful people Yajouge and Majouge, whom the Arabs have placed in northern Siberia. Since Cazwini is, at all times, extremely inclined to enlarge upon all kinds of fabulous narrations, it is not to be wondered at, that he avails himself of this opportunity of exalting the credibility of the Koran. We shall here adduce the most important of his accounts: "the mountain that surrounds Yajouge and Majouge, and is called Carnana, has its sides so steep

and precipitous, that no one can ascend it. Deep and thick snow, which never diminishes, lies upon its summit, on which grow plants that never fail. It extends itself from the sea of darkness to the remotest inhabited land; but no one is able to ascend it. Behind this mountain, dwell an innumerable multitude, Yajouge and Majouge. Upon the mountain there are very large serpents and lizards. Sometimes fire ascends from this mountain. He who will see what lies beyond it, neither comes to it, nor can return, but perishes. Sometimes out of a thousand one returns, who tells, that he saw, on the other side of the mountain, a large fire. It is said, that Yajouge and Majouge were full brothers, who made marauding expeditions to plunder their neighbours before the arrival of Alexander. They plundered many countries, and destroyed many men, who were not on their guard. Yet there was a portion of them, who refrained from what was forbidden, and were displeased with the conduct of the others. When the two-horned (Alexander) came to them with his army, those who had refrained from acting unjustly complained of Yajouge and Majouge, and of the injury they had done to the countries and their neighbours, and said, that they were opposed to their party, and wished to be delivered from their injustice. Many tribes, likewise, gave testimony in favour of them. Alexander heard their prayer, caused them to remove out of the mountain, and pointed out to them a land to dwell in. These people were, Alcharchalih, Allanisih, Charchirih, Alboghazghih, Alkaimakih, Algaidgianih, Alatcos, Atlurcos, Alhakshah, Alshalick, Alghuz, Albulgar, and many others, too numerous to be here described. He then raised a wall, (obex) to repress the disorderly. These people were very small; none of them was higher than three spans. Their face was very large in circumference; their hair resembled the down that grows about the mouth (lanugo); their ears were round, and so long, that they fell down upon their shoulders. Their colours are white and red; their voice is weak, and the mouth amazingly large and wide. Their country abounds in trees, water, fruits, the necessities of life, and four footed beasts, excepting those

districts where there is constant snow and rain."

"It is reported, that the interpreter (dragoman), Salam, who understood more than forty languages, travelled so far, that he saw the wall. The prince of the faithful, Al-Vattekbillah, chalif of the race of the Abbessidæ, sent a message to him, desiring him to travel thither to see the wall, and accurately to inform him in what manner it was built. He travelled, and returned after an absence of two years and four months, and reported that he and his companions travelled until they came to the lord of the throne (Sarir) with the letter from the prince of the faithful. He received it very graciously, and gave them a guide. They went on, until they came to the borders of the country of Sahrat (the country of the fasciators), and thence to a very extensive country, where there was an abominable smell. They passed over this in the space of ten days. They carried with them something to smell, in order to prevent the bad consequences of the smell of the country, which attacked the heart. They hastened therefore from this country, and came to the land of Charab (Destruction), where no sound was heard, or any human being seen for a month's journey. They thence went to the fortifications near the barrier mountain (obex). The inhabitants of these castles spoke Arabic and Persian; and there was a large town, whose king's name was Chakan Atakosh. These people asked how we did. We mentioned to them, that the prince of the faithful, the chalif, had sent us in order to examine the wall, and bring him back a description of it. The king, and they who were with him, were astonished, when they heard us speak of the prince of the faithful and the chalif, of whom they knew nothing. The wall was two parasangs distant from this town. We and some others, whom they had given us as companions, travelled thither, until we came to a pass between two large mountains, which was 150 ells in breadth, in which was a gate of iron 150 ells long, provided with two pillars, each 25 ells broad and 150 long. On these rested a cross-bar of iron, 150 ells long. Over this cross-bar were two battlements (pinnæ) of iron, and on each side of these two

horns of iron, which were connected with the other battlement, so that the one was fastened to the other. The gate was built of iron-bricks, fastened together with melted copper. Each of the two folding doors was from 50 to 54 ells broad. On the gate was a lock of iron 7 ells long, in height from the ground 40 ells. Five ells above the lock was a bar, 5 ells longer than the lock. Over the lock was also a key to lock it, an ell and a half in length, which had twelve handles of iron, and was suspended by an iron chain. The threshold of the gate was 10 ells high, 100 long, although the sides were concealed under the pillars. These measures were taken by the ell measured from the wrist to the elbow.

The superintendent of these fortifications mounts on horseback every Friday with ten knights, each of whom carries a hammer weighing five minæ. With these clubs they beat three times every day upon the lock, to hear if any of the Yajouge and Majouge are behind the gate, and that they may know that there is a guard. After they have struck the door, they apply their ears to it, and then they hear a tremendous noise, like that of thunder, from those who are behind. Near this there is a castle 10 ells in length; and close to the gate itself, there are two fortresses, each 100 ells in extent; between them is a well of fresh water; and in one of them there are the remains of the instruments of building, such as iron-pots and ladles. The pots stand upon elevations, on each of which there are four, which are larger than soap-boilers. There are likewise seen the remains of iron-bricks, which adhere to one another from rust. Each of these is an ell and a half long, an ell broad, and two fourths high. But neither the gate, nor the cross-bar placed over it, nor the lock, nor any thing else, is rusted; for they were anointed with wisdom's oil, which preserves from rust and splinter. Salam, the interpreter, related also, that they inquired if any one had seen any of Yajouge and Majouge. They answered, that they had seen many of them upon the battlements of the building, and that a strong wind blew upon them and threw down three hundred of them, of whom each was less in size than three spans. They had crooked claws instead of nails—eyes and jawteeth

like wild beasts. When they eat, a violent motion was heard. They have two large ears, &c. The author of this book of wonder says, that there is in the interior of the county of Yajouge and Majouge, a river called Almosatin, whose mouth is unknown, &c.

Thus much of certainty at least may be deduced from this account, that Yajouge and Majouge must have been the name of a people or horde, probably of Finnish origin, which wandered about in North Siberia, and very early made themselves terrible by their attacks upon the neighbouring tribes, on which account these separated themselves from them. This simple historical truth became by degrees, according to the imaginations and wonderful ideas that prevailed in the east respecting the north, embellished, and finally, as it were, reduced to a system, which immediately discovers its Oriental origin, from the circumstance of their being subdued by Alexander, the ideal of bravery in the east. The story was thence introduced into the Koran, and thereby it was a duty imposed upon every true believer to believe every jot and tittle of it, as well as every other word which descended to the prophet. That Cazwini, however, did not in reality consider this story as any thing else than a mere fable, which he only as a Mohammedan was obliged to relate, is pretty evident from his introduction, where he says, "Yajouge and Majouge dwell in the region of the north, after one is come to the country that lies between Caimakia and Slavia. God knows their power better. Their country is so mountainous that beasts of burden cannot, but men only can, ascend their mountains. No one has given us a better account of them than Abu Ishak, lord of Chorasán, who informs us, that their articles of trade are carried on the backs of men and goats, and that a week or ten days is required to go up and come down one of these mountains."

Sherif Edrisi still remains, of whom we have already observed, that, as he wrote in Sicily in the midst of Normans, he was enabled to obtain far more accurate information, respecting Europe and its northern part, than the other Arabian geographers who wrote in Asia, and were obliged to obtain theirs by way of the Caspian Sea, Bal-

garia, and Russia. We can only lament, that even in him the names of places are so transformed, that we cannot discover their meaning.

After having begun the seventh climate, by saying, that the whole of its first part comprehends the sea of darkness (the western ocean), and its second part the islands England, Scotland, and Ireland; he says, at the end of this part, from the coast of England to the island Danis is a day's sail; from the coast of North Scotland to the island Raslandah is a distance of three days' sail, &c. The third part begins thus: In the third part of the seventh climate is comprehended the coast of Poland, Zuada, Fimare, and the islands (peninsulas) Darmushah and Berkaghah. After having mentioned the places Vizreh (Weser) and Broberg, with the river Elbe, he says that Darmushah is of a round figure, sandy, and contains four principal towns, many smaller ones, and many celebrated and well inhabited sea-ports, among which is Vendeboskade. Between Darmushah and Berkaghah is half a day's sail; and from the town Landschaden, on the first mentioned island, to the north of the river Kotely, at which lies the town of Sikhthun, is a distance of 190 miles. The fourth part of the seventh climate comprehends the greater part of Russia, Fimare, (Finland) the country Thest, Laslandeh (Iceland), and Magus, or the land of the Normans. These countries are, for the most part, deserts, with a few inhabited towns, everlasting snow, and few tracts of any service. But Fimare has many towns, much cultivated land, and many living creatures.

From these accounts, although they are to us rather obscure and unintelligible, we may with certainty conclude, that the Arabians had no despicable knowledge of Scandinavia; and how are they, Edrisi excepted, to have obtained this knowledge unless by means of trade, not immediately with Scandinavia itself, but through the medium of commerce with Russia and Balaria? That the Arabians and the Southern Asiatics in general, came, traded, and resided in these two countries, especially in the first, I trust has been so incontrovertibly proved from the preceding pages, that it will not be necessary to dwell longer upon the subject. That, on the other hand,

Scandinavia, through the whole of the middle ages, stood in the most intimate commercial relation with Archangel, (Biarmeland), and the countries lying upon the Gulph of Finland, (Garderieke), every page of our Sagas and Chronicles informs us, so that we need not here examine that question; we shall, however, here adduce some facts, which prove that it was least of all or by no means Russian productions, for the Scandinavians had then as good among themselves, but pearls, silk, splendid cloths, weapons, and many other South Asiatic commodities, which they brought from thence; so that it appears, at the same time, that silk was in ancient times of much more frequent occurrence than in the southern countries of Europe.

In Alfs Saga, mention is made of Hiorlef, the king of Hordiland, and of an expedition which he made to Biarmeland, in order to gain riches. We are informed in the Heimskringla, that the Danes plundered, in the sixth century, towards the east, by which is generally understood Esthonia and Russia. Saxo Gramaticus speaks of Danish merchants, who traded with and went to Russia in the time of Halfdan, father of king Harold Kilditand, which shows that all our forefathers' expeditions were not of a predatory kind: the same mentions Simmond, a warrior of Sigtuna, who was accustomed to buy and sell, and was, consequently, a merchant, and probably not the only one in that city, which lay conveniently for commerce, and was the residence of the Swedish kings. The Swedish king's son, says a Saga, made a mercantile voyage for his father, with two ships, to the eastward, or to Russia, whither the commerce of our forefathers in early times appears principally to have been directed. Russia is frequently in our ancient volumes called Greece, because the Christian religion was introduced there, towards the end of the tenth century, by the Greeks; from which period there has always been a close connexion between the two people. The reason why our ancestors went so frequently to Russia was, because the Russian kings, and the most eminent of the people, were of Varegian (i. e.) of Scandinavian blood; whence we find that both royal families united themselves with one another by marriage, and that exiled northern princes took refuge in Russia.

Torſœus relates, that Harold Haarfager ſent his truſty Hauk Habrok with a ſhip to Ruſſia, to fetch certain commodities. Hauk arrived juſt at the time when the market was held, to which a vaſt concourſe of people, from different countries, had come; and he bought, for money, a valuable upper garment, adorned with gold, the like of which had not hitherto been ſeen in Norway. In the Saga of Thordi Hredli, mention is made of an Icelander who lived in the tenth century, called Skinnabiörn, becauſe he was accuſtomed to ſail to the eaſtward. We are informed in the Hirmskringla of a rich man (who lived in the tenth century) called Lodin, who often ſailed to Eſthonia for trade, and had his ſhip always laden with goods for that country, which he probably exchanged for others.

Upon the univerſal introduction of Chriſtianity into the north, about the eleventh century, commerce was very much improved, for hereditary piracy was gradually aboliſhed, ſo that the inhabitants could devote themſelves to the arts of peace. The ſoil was in conſequence better cultivated. Towns were here and there erected, and arts and ſciences were, in proceſs of time, introduced by foreigners. Denmark and Norway then likewiſe received their firſt coinage; at leaſt this is true reſpecting Denmark. The town of Slesvig was the richeſt in Denmark; it carried on a great commerce with Ruſſia. Bornholm was, as Adam of Bremen teſtifies, a place of rendezvous and haven for all the ſhips that went thither. Under Svend Eſtritzen, Roeskilde had an extenſive trade; among other proofs of this, there lay then many ſhips that were bound to the eaſtern countries, (Eſthonia, Ruſſia, and Livonia). The Danes likewiſe traded with Ruſſia, for Adam aſſerts that king Svend, by means of many preſents, induced a merchant to build a church there. In the Hirmskringla, there is mentioned, under the reign of St Olaf, a merchant, who ſailed to and traded with Ruſſia, and purchased there for the king, coſtly garments and a ſplendid tablecloth. Galland was a rendezvous for the Ruſſian traders; which circumſtance probably gave the firſt occaſion to the foundation of the powerful city Viſby, which, however, did not reach its higheſt proſperity,

until in the twelfth century, when Sleswig had loſt all its trade in Svend Gathe's time, and the town of Sigatuna was entirely deſtroyed. Nor did the Norwegians neglect to trade with Biarmiland (Archangel), as may be ſeen from the voyage made by Thorſer Hund and his companions thither. After the murder of St Olaf, Svend, the ſon of Canute the Great, became king of Norway. In his reign king Jarisleif of Ruſſia forbade all commerce between his kingdom and Norway, becauſe the Norwegians had murdered their king, with whom he was on terms of friendſhip. The circumſtance that king Olaf's coffin was covered with embroidered work, ſhews that there was foreign commerce. In the battle with the Vandals, king Magnus, the ſon of Olaf, was dreſſed in a red ſilk robe, over which was a coat of mail. In Adam of Bremen's deſcription of Norway, it is ſaid, that there are found in it, bears, wild oxen, and elks, as likewiſe in Sweden; but wild oxen are found only in Slavonia and Ruſſia; whereas Norway alone has black foxes, white hares, martens, and bears, which live under water. It was principally under the government of Olaf Kyrre, where the country enjoyed peace and was proſperous, that foreign fine cloths, eſpecially ſilk ones, trimmed with gold, came into uſe; and the Hirmskringla under the reign of Magnus Barſod, ſon of Olaf, mentions many Ruſſian dreſſes that had been brought from Aſia, and partly alſo from Greece, where the manufactures of ſilk had been eſtabliſhed as early as the reign of the Emperor Juſtinian.

It is therefore undeniable, that the Scandinavians carried on a very conſiderable trade with Ruſſia during the middle ages. It now only remains for us to ſhow what commodities they conveyed thither, and with what they paid in return for thoſe they purchased; for trade was tranſacted on their part moſt frequently by barter, becauſe it was not till long after the introduction of Chriſtianity that coined money came into uſe in the North. From the above it appears, that what they imported from Ruſſia were almoſt entirely luxurious, which were not of Ruſſian, but of Aſiatic growth, namely, coſtly linen, and eſpecially ſilk dreſſes, frequently adorned with

gold and silver, ornaments of pearls, and the precious metals; valuable weapons, furniture, and such like.

With regard to the commodities imported into Russia, although they are nowhere expressly mentioned, one can have little difficulty in determining them, when he considers the nature of the productions of the north, and the wants of the Asiatics. Three articles then occur to us, that are all found prevalent in the north, furs, fish, and amber. That furs were very abundant, and of excellent quality, in Scandinavia, cannot be doubted. Norway and Sweden produce, at present, bears, wolves, squirrels, ermines, hares, foxes, beavers, and similar animals, in greater or less abundance, according as the districts are more or less inhabited and cultivated. Only a few such animals are now found in Denmark; which is occasioned by the increased number of the inhabitants, the universal cultivation of the ground, and the decrease of woods. There was throughout all Scandinavia, in former times, when the lands were only thinly peopled, a much greater number of all such animals. If we also remember what we have before remarked, what an unbounded desire the people in the east had, and still have, for beautiful furs, we shall form an idea of the extent to which our ancestors, who were born huntsmen, carried this trade.

The second considerable article of commerce, which can here be considered, was that of salt-water fish, of which the seas of Scandinavia, especially along the Norwegian coasts, produce a greater number of kinds, in greater abundance and of better quality than any other sea in the world. It is well known with what eagerness the Norwegian stockfish (fish of Bergen) are sought everywhere along the coast of the Mediterranean, so that there is no doubt, but that a considerable quantity was imported into Russia (although its large seas and rivers, especially in the Ukraine, possess great abundance of fresh-water fish of inferior quality), especially as they were not difficult to transport. The sale of amber was likewise an important object of trade. It is well known, that this is found upon the shores of the Baltic, especially in Prussia, and was well known and sought after from the earliest times. The Arabians were all acquainted with amber, but did not

know whence it was brought; for Cazwini says, "amber is a yellow stone, inclining to red. It is said, that it is the gum of certain nuts. It delivers the person that bears it from jaundice, palpitation of the heart, swelling, and hemorrhage, and prevents vomiting, and, when suspended upon a woman with child, it preserves the child."

It may be seen, from this short description of the articles of commerce, that, as the greatest number of commodities imported were articles of luxury, the Scandinavians, so long as they maintained the simple mode of living used by their ancestors, must necessarily have gained by their trade with Asia, through the medium of Russia; and that the Russians, in order to preserve the balance, must have been obliged to expend money, in order to pay for the quantity of northern wares they received, which was greater than that of those they disposed of. Scandinavia, therefore, and the northern coast of Germany, were in those times an abyss, in which the money received for all those commodities was swallowed up; and as neither the Russians, nor the Bulgarians, nor any other people or horde upon the Volga had any coinage of their own, but made use of the Arabic (for along the banks of the Volga, at Cadova and Rival, Arabic coins are found in great quantities), which they gained by the overbalance of their trade; it follows, that these same Arabic coins must have likewise found their way to Scandinavia, and the northern coast of Germany, in payment for the wares exported from those countries. In fine, it is very evident that, as trade was carried on first with the different Arabian and Persian dynasties, settled near the Caspian sea, all payments must have, in the first instance, been made in their money, which afterwards would come into circulation in the northern countries.

This balance in their favour, however, ceased, in proportion as the Scandinavians acquired a taste for Asiatic and Byzantian luxury; and it became necessary to the higher and lower ranks to possess fine clothes, weapons, furniture, and other such things from those countries. After piracy was abolished, the consequences of it were more sensibly felt, inasmuch as people could acquire those

articles which they had themselves made necessary, only by money, or the value of money, i. e. for other articles; but these were no longer in sufficient supply. This was the case in Scandinavia, in the eleventh century, when the ancient simple manners were daily growing more into disuse. Luxury and the increased consumption of the above-mentioned Asiatic commodities, became more and more prevalent after the time of Magnus the Good; the consequence of which was, that the exportation of furs, which were the principle article that should have preserved the balance of trade, decreased considerably on account of the improved cultivation of the soil, and the increase of population, especially in Denmark and the north of Germany. Lastly, the irruption of Thorgills into the modern Russia took place at the same time.

We must not, then, expect to find after this period (the beginning of the eleventh century), Arabic coins in the North.

Experience fully confirms what has been here said. An incredible number of Arabic silver coins, with Cufic inscriptions, none of which is posterior to the year 1010, have been dug up in Jutland, in Sweden (especially Gulland), Norway, Mecklenburg, Pomerania, and Prussia, although in other places there are found coins of a date as modern as the thirteenth century. Besides, silver coins (dirhems) only are found, and no gold (denarii) or copper coins; for these last were neither of very easy conveyance, nor of any value in the North, which abounds in copper. It was likewise the custom to measure their value by that of silver. Gold coins are altogether deficient, because the Bulgarians and Russians probably had themselves kept the gold, and given the Scandinavians silver, or, as is still more probable, because gold, in the northern countries, on account of its scarcity, had no determinate value, as measured by that of silver, which, in general, was at that time difficult to determine. When coins were weighed, it would therefore be most convenient to adopt some one current metal, which could be weighed without requiring any cal-

culatation. In order, however, to obtain small money to make up the deficiency of weight, they usually broke in two pieces the oldest and most used coins, particularly those of the first califs; and on many of them are still to be seen incisions, which were made for the purpose of more easily breaking them when occasion required. That this method of settling money-matters by breaking silver coins, was in use in the large trading town of Samarcand, is expressly testified by John Haucal.

All the coins hitherto found were struck by, or in the reign of the califs at Bagdad, down to the year 1010, in Irak, Chorasán, the countries on the other side of the Jihson; in the towns of Alhash, Bagdad, Bitch, Basora, Bochara, Enderabe, Ferabar, Cufa, Samarcand, &c. Not one is from Palestine, Egypt, or North Africa, whence they might have been brought by the crusades; and none from Spain, although that country lies much farther north. Whereas most of the coins that have been found, were struck in the countries lying immediately around the Caspian Sea; a great number, particularly of the coins of the Samanide, have been discovered; for that powerful dynasty, which ruled over Persia, and the countries on the other side of the river, from the year 874 to 999, encouraged and protected trade, and caused money to be coined, both in large quantities and of excellent quality; and the coins have found their way to the north in so great numbers, that they can scarcely be found any where else. The cabinets of the north almost alone can show them; they are neither found in the south of Europe, nor even in the country, whence they originally came, as Niebuh informs us. On the contrary, these Cufic coins, from the countries mentioned, are found in the north in incredible numbers. When we consider only the immense number that has become known, and how many more the ignorant and avaricious discoverers have kept concealed or melted, it appears as if almost all the Cufic coins, from the regions of the Caspian, had been destined to be deposited in Russia and Scandinavia.

THREE ORIGINAL SONNETS OF WORDSWORTH; SUGGESTED BY WESTALL'S VIEWS OF THE CAVES IN YORKSHIRE.

Mr William Westall has lately published some most striking and impressive "Views of the Caves near Ingleton, Gordale Scar, and Malham Cove, in Yorkshire. These caves, at once the most singular and sublime of any scenes of the kind in England, were visited by the poet Gray, and have been described generally by him, with those powerful and characteristic touches which render his prose as truly poetical as his verse. They were afterwards subjected to a visit from a Mr Hutton, a Westmoreland Rector, we believe, or Church-dignitary of some sort or other, whose long and laboured account of them may be found in the appendix to "West's Guide to the Lakes." Mr Hutton having read Virgil at Cambridge, more especially the sixth book of the *Æneis*, seems to have been perpetually haunted by the image of the infernal regions; and the moment he found himself in a cave, he imagined himself metamorphosed into *Æneas*. This fancy pervades his journal of his descent into the caves of Yorkshire; and after having identified the great Trojan prince with the parish minister of Burton, he found no difficulty in transforming the old hostler of the inn at Ingleton into the Sybil. Accordingly, Virgil becomes a Yorkshireman—and he, the old hostler and *Æneas* Hutton, on their reuscent from the "*inania regna*," seek out the "Eagle and Child," and get rather more than social over a can of stingo.

Mr Westall, however, is a person of a very different character—an excellent artist and an intelligent man. He has described the various caves, very shortly and simply, in the letter-press that accompanies the "Views;" while we do not recollect ever to have seen the wild and fantastic wonders of Nature delineated by the pencil with more vivid and intense truth. An honour has been conferred upon these "Views," of which the greatest artist in England might well be proud. They have received the praise of Wordsworth, who has expressed the delight with which their poetical character inspired him, in three Sonnets, which we are now permitted, by their illustrious author, to make public.

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We have to add, that Yorkshire abounds also with ruins of the finest specimens of Gothic and Norman architecture in the kingdom; and that Mr William Westall and Mr M^r Kenzie are at present employed in producing a series of views of these venerable remains, from which a work will be published in the course of the spring.

I.

PURE Element of Waters, wheresoe'er
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants,
Start into life, and in thy train appear;
And, through the sunny portion of the year,
Swift Insects shine thy hovering pursuivants,
And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants,
And Hart, and Hind, and Hunter with his spear,
Languish and droop together! Nor unfelt
In Man's perturbed soul thy sway benign;
And haply far within the marble belt
Of central earth, where tortured spirits pine
For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt
Their anguish, and they blend sweet songs
with thine!

II.—Malham Cove.

WAS the aim frustrated by force or guile,
When Giants scoop'd from out the rocky ground
Tier under tier this semicircle profound.
Giants—the same who built in Erin's Isle
That Causeway with incomparable toil!
Oh! had the Crescent stretched its horns,
and wound,
With finished sweep, into a perfect round,
No mightier Work had gained the plausive smile
Of all-beholding Phœbus! but, alas!
Vain earth! false world! Foundations must
be laid
In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of IS and WAS,
Things incomplete, and purposes betrayed,
Make sadder transits o'er Truth's mystic glass,
Than noblest objects utterly decayed!

III.—Gordale.

AT early dawn, or when the warmer air
Glimmers with fading light, and Shadowy Eye
Is busiest to confer and to bereave,
At either moment let thy feet repair
To Gordale chasm, terrific as the lair
Where the young Lions' couch; for then,
by leave
Of the propitious hour, thou may'st perceive
The local Deity, with oozy hair
And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn
Recumbent!—Him thou may'st behold,
who hides
His lineaments from day, and there presides
Teaching the docile Waters how to turn;
Or if need be, impediment to spurn,
And force their passage tow'rd the salt sea
tides.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR THE YEAR 1818.

MR EDITOR,

I BEG leave to present your readers with an abstract of another year's meteorological observations, and to offer a few remarks on some of the most interesting facts which it contains.

At the commencement of last year, I began, and continued regularly, to make the following observations, in addition to those that I had been in the habit of making for some years before. 1st, The daily range of the thermometer, or the number of degrees betwixt the highest point to which it rose, and the lowest point to which it sunk, during the 24 hours. 2d, The daily range of the barometer, or the spaces between the points at which the mercury was observed to stand at 10 o'clock morning and evening of the same day, and at 10 on the morning of the following day. The sum of these was entered in a column as the daily range, or the whole space through which the mercury moved every 24 hours. The amount of course can only be an approximation to the truth, as the mercurial column might have risen higher, or sunk lower, during the interval, than it was at the time of observation. 3d, The temperature of water issuing from a pipe, after passing through a distance of several hundred yards, at the depth of about 3 feet below the surface. In one of the monthly reports, the depth was stated at $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet; but I have since ascertained, that the average is considerably less, hardly amounting perhaps to 3 feet. The temperature is taken three times every month, viz. about the 5th, 15th, and 25th. The first two of the above particulars, viz. the ranges of the thermometer and the barometer, can hardly be called additional observations, as they are merely the results arising from subtracting the lowest observation from the highest. They serve, however, to shew more readily, as well as more distinctly, the extent of the changes that take place in the state of the atmosphere, and are therefore, I apprehend, not the least valuable part of the abstract. With regard to the 3d, the temperature of spring

water, it is, I conceive, the simplest, as well as the most accurate, method of finding the temperature of the ground at that depth below the surface. Thermometers, of sufficient length to reach the required depth, have been recommended, and, in one instance at least, have been actually employed for this purpose; but besides the difficulty of constructing such instruments, the method appears to me to be liable to the objection of inaccuracy. If the thermometer be sunk into a sandy soil, heavy rains passing through the cold surface in winter, and the heated sand in summer, will reach the instrument more rapidly, and of course produce greater fluctuations, than would take place in a loamy soil; and, on the other hand, if it be fixed in clay, it will be less readily affected than it would be in soils of a different description. The method adopted in the following observations, is, I think, not liable to this objection. The water, before being collected in the first or highest cistern, is brought in different directions, and from a considerable distance, in covered ditches, cut for the purpose of draining a large field. After issuing from that cistern, it is conveyed through the distance mentioned above, before it flows from the stopcock where the temperature is taken; and at every observation it is allowed to run five minutes. By this means, the water, besides embracing a great extent, passes through a considerable variety of soil, and gives the mean temperature, not of any particular spot, but of the general average of the ground in the neighbourhood. Of the advantages to be derived from a series of such observations, I shall make some remarks afterwards. The other columns of the subjoined table contain the same particulars as those of the abstract for 1817, inserted in your tenth Number—the observations being made with the same instruments, on the same spot, and precisely at the same hours. I need hardly remind your readers, that these hours are 10 o'clock morning and evening, and that the day is supposed to begin at that hour in the morning, and to terminate at the same hour next morning—thus embracing an entire day and night.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR 1818.

Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

1818.	THERMOMETER.										BAROMETER.					HYGROMETER.								
MONTHS.	Mean of greatest heat.	Mean of greatest cold.	Mean Temp. 10 M.	Mean Temp. 10 E.	Mean of Extremes.	Mean of 10 & 10.	Mean Daily Range.	Mean 10 M.		Mean 10 E.		Mean Daily Range.	Amount of Rain.	Amount of Evap.	Leslie.			Anderson.						
								Ten.	Press.	Ten.	Press.				10 M.	10 E.	Mean.	10 M.	10 E.	Mean.				
Jan.	42.1	32.1	37.8	35.4	37.1	36.6	9.9	37.7	40	29.372	40	29.369	.400	2.854	1.031	7.4	6.0	6.7	33.0	31.0	32.0			
Feb.	40.1	30.8	35.8	34.4	35.4	35.1	9.3	38.0	39	29.401	39	29.365	.275	1.219	.650	7.9	6.1	7.0	30.1	29.8	29.9			
March	43.1	31.8	38.5	36.0	37.4	37.1	11.3	38.5	41	29.215	42	29.232	.363	2.199	1.310	12.8	8.5	10.6	29.1	29.9	29.5			
April	46.6	34.0	42.6	38.0	40.3	40.3	12.6	41.0	47	29.666	48	29.674	.203	2.462	2.280	20.0	12.1	16.0	28.7	29.2	28.9			
May	58.0	43.9	52.4	47.2	50.9	49.8	14.1	46.5	54	29.807	54	29.812	.117	2.786	1.850	17.1	10.2	13.6	45.5	42.4	43.9			
June	67.2	50.2	62.0	55.0	58.7	58.5	17.0	55.5	63	29.830	63	29.835	.192	1.725	3.170	54.5	18.6	26.5	50.3	47.4	48.9			
July	68.5	52.1	63.0	56.5	60.2	59.7	16.2	56.5	64	29.867	64	29.894	.175	3.983	2.610	25.4	13.1	19.3	54.5	51.5	53.0			
Aug.	64.3	49.1	59.6	53.5	56.7	56.4	15.2	57.3	61	29.901	61	29.914	.135	.690	2.305	27.7	15.3	25.1	49.3	46.8	48.0			
Sept.	59.1	46.5	55.5	50.3	52.8	52.9	12.5	54.2	58	29.581	59	29.595	.221	2.660	1.800	20.4	11.4	15.9	46.7	45.1	45.9			
Oct.	56.6	46.9	52.8	50.1	51.7	51.4	9.7	51.9	57	29.680	57	29.681	.186	1.957	1.330	12.1	8.0	10.0	47.8	46.5	47.1			
Nov.	50.5	42.9	47.2	46.6	46.7	46.9	7.6	48.6	52	29.638	52	29.634	.191	3.054	.950	7.8	7.5	7.7	43.3	42.7	43.0			
Dec.	43.1	33.8	39.0	38.2	38.5	38.6	9.3	43.7	45	29.867	45	29.859	.224	1.804	.790	6.0	7.3	6.7	35.2	33.4	34.3			
Aver.	55.2	41.2	48.8	45.1	47.2	46.9	12.1	47.4	52	29.652	52	29.655	.223	27.397	20.056	16.6	10.3	13.4	41.1	39.7	40.4			

Before proceeding to offer any remarks on the above table, I shall state, as on a former occasion, the extreme points to which all the instruments were observed to rise and fall, during each month, as well as their greatest and least range on any one day; the thermometer of course being the only instrument whose *real* extremes have been ascertained.

1818.	Thermometer.								Barometer.								Hr. (Les.)		
Mths.	Highest.	Lowest.	10 M.		10 E.		Range 24 hrs.		10 M.		10 E.		Range 24 hrs.		10 M.	10 E.	Lowest.		
			Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.	Greatest.	Least.	Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.	Greatest.	Least.	Highest.	Lowest.			
Jan.	52.0	22.0	52.0	27.5	46.5	22.5	20.0	4.5	30.135	28.688	30.090	28.824	.975	.030	15.0	16.0	1		
Feb.	50.0	16.5	46.0	21.0	44.0	18.0	16.0	5.5	30.050	28.632	29.962	28.640	.750	.055	22.0	20.0	2		
Mrh.	51.5	25.0	47.5	32.5	46.5	29.5	18.5	6.0	30.342	28.029	30.340	28.328	.804	.017	27.2	15.2	0		
Apl.	58.0	26.0	55.0	34.0	48.0	31.5	26.0	4.5	30.493	28.957	30.535	29.045	.539	.037	36.1	22.1	0		
May	71.0	38.5	63.0	42.0	59.0	42.0	23.0	2.5	30.350	29.282	30.345	29.290	.273	.005	50.1	40.0	0		
June	79.5	45.0	74.0	51.0	66.0	49.0	25.0	11.0	30.408	29.300	30.355	29.190	.510	.014	78.9	43.4	0		
July	80.5	38.5	77.0	50.5	67.0	48.0	27.5	5.0	30.200	29.595	30.230	29.620	.423	.010	50.2	32.2	0		
Aug.	75.0	43.0	69.5	54.0	64.0	49.0	22.5	7.5	30.200	29.292	30.200	29.400	.463	.010	47.7	25.2	0		
Sept.	68.5	36.0	61.0	49.0	59.0	41.0	20.5	3.5	30.125	29.285	30.100	29.100	.500	.020	45.1	24.2	0		
Oct.	62.5	36.5	58.0	46.0	58.0	40.0	17.0	2.5	30.200	29.040	30.185	28.930	.660	.033	26.3	18.0	0		
Nov.	56.5	33.0	53.5	36.5	53.0	37.0	16.5	1.0	30.070	29.015	30.020	29.045	.647	.000	20.0	19.1	0		
Dec.	50.0	24.0	47.5	26.5	48.0	28.0	18.0	3.0	30.523	29.175	30.495	29.120	.540	.020	23.0	22.0	0		

On comparing the first of the above tables with the corresponding one for last year, it will be observed that the mean temperature of 1818, exceeds that of 1817 only by about *one degree and a half*, and that the quantity of rain in the former is only *one inch and one tenth* less than in the latter. These results very different, I dare say, from what many would have expected; but they are easily accounted for, from the character of the first four months of the year, which were exceedingly cold and wet. The unusually high temperature of the summer months naturally led us to look for a much higher average; but it is to be remembered, that it would require a very great increase indeed in the mean temperature of a few months, to make any material change in the mean of the whole year.

The results of the last three columns in the first table, afford another very satisfactory proof of the accuracy of the principles so clearly laid down, and so ably investigated, by Mr Anderson, in his profound treatise on Hygrometry. It is a well known fact, that the atmosphere, whatever be its state with regard to moisture, provided it be not absolutely dry, which is perhaps impossible, may be cooled down till it becomes incapable of holding, in a state of solution, the water which it contained at a higher temperature, and will therefore begin to deposit a portion of its moisture. This reduced temperature Mr Anderson calls the point of deposition; and he has found that, on an average, it is between 6 and 7 degrees below the mean temperature, or coincides nearly with the mean minimum tempera-

ture of the place. In the above table, Mr Anderson's theory is again completely verified—the result of his formula, at 10 o'clock in the morning, being only *one tenth* of a degree, and for both morning and evening *eight tenths* of a degree different from the mean minimum. The greatest difference, as usual, is during the spring months, which, however, may be accounted for, from the prevalence of dry north and north-east winds. In assigning this as the cause of a similar difference last year, I expressed myself, I believe, somewhat inaccurately, when I stated, that the hygrometer indicated a greater degree of dryness than actually existed. This, strictly speaking, is impossible; for Mr Leslie has satisfactorily shewn, that though wind may *quicken*, it cannot possibly *augment*, the depression of temperature of the moistened bulb of the hygrometer. Still, however, the prevalence of north and north-east winds may sufficiently explain the anomalies in the above table, inasmuch as a *continued succession*, for days together, of dry cold air from the northern regions, must augment the dryness of the atmosphere beyond what is natural to this climate, a new wave, as it were, flowing in before the preceding one can receive any sensible augmentation of moisture.

At the risk of being thought a little *hobby horsical*, I must beg leave again to draw the attention of your readers to a fact which I have on former occasions laboured to establish, and which is amply confirmed by the preceding table. In my observations on the abstract for 1817, I stated, that on an average of fifty-two months, the mean, of the daily extreme temperatures, differed, from the mean of 10 o'clock morning and evening, little more than *three tenths* of a degree. The difference of the same two means, for the whole of 1818, is exactly *three tenths*—a quantity so very inconsiderable, especially when the nature of the subject is taken into the account, that I may now, I think, venture to recommend, with still more confidence than formerly, these hours (10 in the morning and 10 in the evening) for the observations of temperature, as the hours that will certainly give the average of the whole year correct to a small fraction. Other hours, indeed, have sometimes been recommended,

some for theoretical reasons sufficiently plausible, and some for no reasons at all; but if a copious induction of facts be of any value in physical science, the periods that I am now recommending are surely entitled to the consideration of meteorologists.

The coincidence between the mean temperature of spring water and the mean temperature of the atmosphere, is very remarkable, the difference being only about *two-tenths* of a degree. During the years 1814 and 1815, I kept a similar register of the temperature of pump-water, raised from a depth of 25 feet, and found the mean to coincide very nearly with the annual mean of the open air; but where the depth is so small as three feet, and the fluctuations, of course, greater, I was not prepared to expect such a coincidence as that which the table exhibits. I am aware, that one year's observations do not afford sufficient data for the establishment of any theory, and shall not therefore venture to speculate much on the subject. I may be allowed to remark, however, that a series of observations on the temperature of water near the surface of the ground, may in time furnish results of considerable importance to agriculture, not only in giving the average heat of the ground for the whole year, but in marking more distinctly, as well as more correctly, the gradual progress of the seasons. The farmer, it is true, can neither hasten nor retard these; but the observation of years might enable him to ascertain more correctly than he can at present do, how far any season is really forward or otherwise, and teach him so to regulate his operations, as to take advantage of favourable, and prevent in some degree the consequences of unfavourable circumstances.

In the averages of the barometer and hygrometer, there is nothing deserving of particular notice. The mean height of the former during the year is one hundredth of an inch higher than that of 1817; the average of the latter is nearly the same for both years. In a former communication to your Magazine, I proposed and explained at some length a contrivance for constructing Leslie's hygrometer so as to register the extreme points to which it rises or falls in the absence of the observer. Of the practicability of the contrivance I have no doubts, and with

regard to its value, it must obviously be to the hygrometer in its original form, what a self-registering thermometer is to one of the common kind. As it has been satisfactorily shown, however, by Mr Anderson, that any observation of the hygrometer, unaccompanied by a contemporaneous observation of the thermometer, is in reality useless; and as the self-registering hygrometer which I formerly proposed does not afford the means of ascertaining the temperature at the moment the hygrometer reaches its extreme points, I have been led to abandon my purpose of constructing the instrument in that form, for a contrivance which I apprehend will be more useful. I propose to employ two self-registering thermometers, graduated so as to coincide as exactly as possible with the two that I presently make use of for ascertaining the extreme temperatures, and to cover the bulbs of both with wet silk. The whole four being adjusted, the two that are dry will stand higher than the others, in proportion to the dryness of the air, and at the next period of adjustment the difference between the maximum thermometers, reduced from Fahrenheit to the millesimal scale, will shew the state of the hygrometer at, or at least very near, the moment of the maximum temperature, and the difference between the minimum ones will shew the state of the hygrometer at or near the moment of the minimum temperature. It may happen that the results thus obtained will not indicate the state of the hygrometer, at the *precise* moment of the extreme heat and cold, but they must in general be so very near it, I conceive, that there will be no sensible error in supposing them to be contemporaneous with these temperatures. I hope to be able, at no very distant period, to carry my plan into effect. Meantime I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

January, 13th, 1819.

R. G.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.*

A PERNICIOUS system of opinions concerning man and his moral government,

* The Revolt of Islam; a poem, in twelve cantos. By Percy Bysshe Shelly. London, C. and J. Ollier. 1818.

a superficial audacity of unbelief, an overflowing abundance of uncharitableness towards almost the whole of his race, and a disagreeable measure of assurance and self-conceit—each of these things is bad, and the combination of the whole of them in the character of any one person might, at first sight, be considered as more than sufficient to render that one person utterly and entirely contemptible. Nor has the fact, in general, been otherwise. In every age, the sure ultimate reward of the sophistical and phantastical enemies of religion and good order among mankind, has been found in the contempt and disgust of those against whose true interests their weapons had been employed. From this doom the most exquisite elegance of wit, and of words, the most perfect keenness of intellect, the most flattering despotism over contemporary opinion—all have not been able to preserve the inimitable Voltaire. In this doom, those wretched sophists of the present day, who would fain attempt to lift the load of oppressing infamy from off the memory of Voltaire, find their own living beings already entangled, “fold above fold, inextricable coil.” Well may they despair:—we can almost pardon the bitterness of their disappointed malice. Their sentence was pronounced without hesitation, almost without pity—for there was nothing in them to redeem their evil. They derived no benefit from that natural, universal, and proper feeling, which influences men to be slow in harshly, or suddenly, or irrevocably condemning intellects that bear upon them the stamp of power,—they had no part in that just spirit of respectfulness which makes men to contemplate, with an unwilling and unsteady eye, the aberrations of genius. The brand of inexpiable execration was ready in a moment to scar their fronts, and they have long wandered neglected about the earth—perhaps saved from extinction, like the fratricide, by the very mark of their ignominy.

Mr Shelly is devoting his mind to the same pernicious purposes which have recoiled in vengeance upon so many of his contemporaries; but he possesses the qualities of a powerful and vigorous intellect, and therefore his fate cannot be sealed so speedily as theirs. He also is of the “COCKNEY SCHOOL,” so far as his opinions are

concerned; but the base opinions of the sect have not as yet been able entirely to obscure in him the character, or take away from him the privileges of the genius born within him. Hunt and Keats, and some others of the School, are indeed men of considerable cleverness, but as poets, they are worthy of sheer and instant contempt, and therefore their opinions are in little danger of being widely or deeply circulated by their means. But the system, which found better champions than it deserved even in them, has now, it would appear, been taken up by one, of whom it is far more seriously, and deeply, and lamentably unworthy; and the poem before us bears unfortunately the clearest marks of its author's execrable system, but it is impressed every where with the more noble and majestic footsteps of his genius. It is to the operation of the painful feeling above alluded to, which attends the contemplation of perverted power—that we chiefly ascribe the silence observed by our professional critics, in regard to the *Revolt of Islam*. Some have held back in the fear that, by giving to his genius its due praise, they might only be lending the means of currency to the opinions in whose service he has unwisely enlisted its energies; while others, less able to appreciate his genius, and less likely to be anxious about suppressing his opinions, have been silent, by reason of their selfish fears—dreading, it may be, that by praising the *Revolt of Islam*, they might draw down upon their own heads some additional marks of that public disgust which followed their praises of Rimini.

Another cause which may be assigned for the silence of the critics should perhaps have operated more effectually upon ourselves; and this is, that the *Revolt of Islam*, although a fine, is, without all doubt, an obscure poem. Not that the main drift of the narrative is obscure, or even that there is any great difficulty in understanding the tendency of the under-current of its allegory—but the author has composed his poem in much haste, and he has inadvertently left many detached parts, both of his story and his allusion, to be made out as the reader best can, from very inadequate data. The swing of his inspiration may be allowed to have hurried his own eye, *pro tempore*, over many chasms; but

Mr Shelly has no excuse for printing a very unfinished piece—an error which he does not confess,—or indeed for many minor errors which he does confess in his very arrogant preface. The unskilful manner in which the allegory is brought out, and the doubt in which the reader is every now and then left, whether or no there be any allegory at all in the case; these alone are sufficient to render the perusal of this poem painful to persons of an active and ardent turn of mind; and, great as we conceive the merits of Mr Shelly's poetry to be, these alone, we venture to prophecy, will be found sufficient to prevent the *Revolt of Islam* from ever becoming any thing like a favourite with the multitude.

At present, having entered our general protest against the creed of the author, and sufficiently indicated to our readers of what species its errors are,—we are very willing to save ourselves the unwelcome task of dwelling at any greater length upon these disagreeable parts of our subject. We are very willing to pass in silence the many faults of Mr Shelly's opinions, and to attend to nothing but the vehicle in which these opinions are conveyed. As a philosopher, our author is weak and worthless;—our business is with him as a poet, and, as such, he is strong, nervous, original; well entitled to take his place near to the great creative masters, whose works have shed its truest glory around the age wherein we live. As a political and infidel treatise, the *Revolt of Islam* is contemptible;—happily a great part of it has no necessary connexion either with politics or with infidelity. The native splendour of Mr Shelly's faculties has been his safeguard from universal degradation, and a part, at least, of his genius, has been consecrated to themes worthy of it and of him. In truth, what he probably conceives to be the most exquisite ornaments of his poetry, appear, in our eyes, the chief deformities upon its texture; and had the whole been framed like the passages which we shall quote,—as the *Revolt of Islam* would have been a purer, so we have no doubt, would it have been a nobler, a loftier, a more majestic, and a more beautiful poem.

We shall pass over, then, without comment, the opening part of this work, and the confused unsatisfactory

allegories with which it is chiefly filled. It is sufficient to mention, that, at the close of the first canto, the poet supposes himself to be placed for a time in the regions of eternal repose, where the good and great of mankind are represented as detailing, before the throne of the Spirit of Good, those earthly sufferings and labours which had prepared them for the possession and enjoyment of so blissful an abode. Among these are two, a man and a woman of Argolis, who, after rescuing their country for a brief space from the tyranny of the house of Othman, and accomplishing this great revolution by the force of persuasive eloquence and the sympathies of human love alone, without violence, bloodshed, or revenge,—had seen the fruit of all their toils blasted by foreign invasion, and the dethroned but not insulted tyrant replaced upon his seat; and who, finally, amidst all the darkness of their country's horizon, had died, without fear, the death of heroic martyrdom, gathering consolation, in the last pangs of their expiring nature, from the hope and the confidence that their faith and example might yet raise up successors to their labours, and that they had neither lived nor died in vain.

In the persons of these martyrs, the poet has striven to embody his ideas of the power and loveliness of human affections; and, in their history, he has set forth a series of splendid pictures, illustrating the efficacy of these affections in overcoming the evils of private and of public life. It is in the pouring of that passionate love, which had been woven from infancy in the hearts of Laon and Cythna, and which, binding together all their impulses in one hope and one struggle, had rendered them through life no more than two different tenements for the inhabitation of the same enthusiastic spirit;—it is in the pouring of this intense, overmastering, unfearing, unfading love, that Mr Shelly has proved himself to be a genuine poet. Around his lovers, moreover, in the midst of all their fervours, he has shed an air of calm gracefulness, a certain majestic monumental stillness, which bleeds them harmoniously with the scene of their earthly existence, and realizes in them our ideas of Greeks struggling for freedom in the best spirit of their fathers.—We speak of the

general effect;—there are unhappily not a few passages in which the poet quits his vantage-ground, and mars the beauty of his personifications by an intermixture of thoughts, feelings, and passions, with which, of right, they have nothing to do.

It is thus that Laon narrates the beginning of his love for Cythna,—if, indeed, his love can be said to have had any beginning, separate from that of his own intellectual and passionate life.

An orphan with my parents lived, whose eyes
Were loadstars of delight, which drew me home
When I might wander forth; nor did I prize
Aught human thing beneath Heaven's
mighty dome

Beyond this child: so when sad hours were
come,

And baffled hope like ice still clung to me,
Since kin were cold, and friends had now
become

Heartless and false, I turned from all, to be,
Cythna, the only source of tears and smiles
to thee.

What wert thou then? A child most infantine,
Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age
In all but its sweet looks and mien divine;
Even then, methought, with the world's tyr-
rant rage

A patient warfare thy young heart did wage,
When those soft eyes of scarcely conscious
thought,

Some tale, or thine own fancies would engage
To overflow with tears; or converse, fraught
With passion o'er their depths its fleeting
light had wrought.

She moved upon this earth a shape of bright-
ness,

A power, that from its objects scarcely drew
One impulse of her being—in her lightness
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,
Which wanders thro' the waste air's pathless
blue,

To nourish some far desert: she did seem
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream
Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the
wave of life's dark stream.

Once she was dear, now she was all I had
To love in human life—this playmate sweet,
This child of twelve years old—so she was made
My sole associate, and her willing feet
Wandered with mine where earth and ocean
meet,

Beyond the ærial mountains whose vast cells
The unrepining billows ever beat,
Thro' forests wide and old, and lawny dells,
Where boughs of incense droop over the
emerald wells.

And warm and light I felt her clasping hand
When twined in mine: she followed where
I went,

Thro' the lone paths of our immortal land.
It had no waste, but some memorial lent
Which strung me to my toil—some monument

Vital with mind : then, Cythna by my side,
Until the bright and beaming day were spent,
Would rest, with looks entreating to abide,
Too earnest and too sweet ever to be denied.

And soon I could not have refused her—thus
For ever, day and night, we two were ne'er
Parted, but when brief sleep divided us :
And when the pauses of the lulling air
Of noon beside the sea, had made a lair
For her soothed senses, in my arms she slept,
And I kept watch over her slumbers there,
While, as the shifting visions o'er her swept,
Amid her innocent rest by turns she smil'd
and wept.

And, in the murmur of her dreams was heard
Sometimes the name of Laon :—suddenly
She would arise, and like the secret bird
Whom sunset wakens, fill the shore and sky
With her sweet accents—a wild melody !
Hymns which my soul had woven to Freedom, strong
Thesource of passion whence they rose, to be ;
Triumphant strains, which, like a spirit's
tongue,
To the enchanted waves that child of glory
sung.

While the life of this happy pair is
gliding away in day-dreams and night-
dreams of delight, the arm of oppression
is suddenly stretched forth against
them. Their innocent repose is dissolved
by the rude touch of savages, who come
to bear the beautiful Cythna to the Haraam
of the tyrant, Othman,—as food

To the hyena lust, who, among graves,
Over his loathed meal, laughing in agony,
raves,—

Laon, in his phrenzy, slays three of
the ravishers, and is forthwith dragged
by the rest of them to await the punishment
of his violence in a strange prison.

And one (says he) did strip me stark ; and
one did fill

A vessel from the putrid pool ; one bare
A lighted torch, and four with friendless care
Guided my steps the cavern-paths along,
Then up a steep and dark and narrow stair
We wound, until the torches' fiery tongue
Amid the gushing day beamless and pallid
hung.

They raised me to the platform of the pile,
That column's dizzy height :—the grate of
brass

Thro' which they thrust me, open stood the
while,

As to its ponderous and suspended mass,
With chains which eat into the flesh, alas !

With brazen links, my naked limbs they
bound :

The grate, as they departed to repass,
With horrid clangour fell, and the far sound
Of their retiring steps in the dense gloom
was drowned.

The noon was calm and bright :—around
that column

The overhanging sky and circling sea
Spread forth in silentness profound and solemn
The darkness of brief frenzy cast on me,
So that I knew not my own misery :
The islands and the mountains in the day
Like clouds reposed afar ; and I could see
The town among the woods below that lay,
And the dark rocks which bound the bright
and glassy bay.

It was so calm, that scarce the feathery weed
Sown by some eagle on the topmost stone
Swayed in the air :—so bright, that noon
did breed

No shadow in the sky beside mine own—
Mine, and the shadow of my chain alone.
Below the smoke of roofs involved in flame
Rested like night, all else was clearly shewn
In that broad glare, yet sound to me none
came,

But of the living blood that ran within my
frame.

But the "peace of madness is" of
so long endurance, and Laon, waken-
ing from thirst and hunger to a sense
of his own condition, forgets that a-
gain in the remembrance of Cythna.
A white sail is set on the bay far be-
low him, and he feels that the vessel
is destined to bear the maiden from
the shore. The thought of this turns
the stream of his mind to a darker
channel, and the agonies of fierce
madness succeed to the lethargy out
of which he had arisen. The fourth
day finds him raving on the summit
of his pillar, when there arrives at the
foot of it a venerable hermit, who had
heard of the cause of his affliction—of
his generous nature and lofty aspira-
tions. This visitor sets him free from
his chain, and conveys him to a small
bark below, while entirely insensible
to what is passing around him ; but
he learns long afterwards, that the
old man's eloquence had subdued his
keepers, and that they had consented,
at their own peril, to his escape. He
is conveyed across the sea to a lone-
ly island, where for seven years he is
tended by his aged benefactor, whose
kind and compassionate wisdom, and
that long space, are not more than
sufficient to win back the mind of
Laon to entire self-possession.

In the first moments of the patient's perfect recovery, he is informed by the old man, that during the years of his illness the cause of liberty had been slowly gaining ground in the "Golden city"—that he himself would fain assist in the Revolution which had now actually commenced there, but that he felt himself too old and too subdued in his spirit and language to be an effectual leader,—

"While Laon's name to the tumultuous throng

Were like the star whose beams the waves compel,

And tempests; and his soul-subduing tongue
Were as a lance to quell the mailed crest of wrong."

Laon accepts with eagerness the proposal of the old man, and they depart in their bark for the Revolutionized city.

On their arrival they find the work already apparently well-nigh completed. An immense multitude of the people—of men weary of political, and women sick of domestic slavery—are assembled in the fields without the walls. Laon and his friend walk into the encampment, and are received as friends. The host already acknowledges a leader and a presiding spirit in the person of a female, whom they reverence under the name of LAON. Laon and this heroine are attracted to each other by some unknown sympathy; the tones of her voice stir up all the depths of his spirit; but her countenance is veiled, and scarcely dares he wish to have the covering removed. The palace of the tyrant Othman, is, mean time, surrounded by the multitude; and Laon entering it, finds him sitting alone in his hall, deserted by all but one little child, whose affection had been won to him by previous commendations and caresses. Nothing can be more touching than the picture of this innocent. Thus speaks Laon:

She fled to him, and wildly clasped his feet
When human steps were heard:—he moved
nor spoke,

Nor changed his hue, nor raised his looks to meet

The gaze of strangers—our loud entrance woke

The echoes of the hall, which circling broke
The calm of its recesses,—like a tomb

Its sculptured walls vacantly to the stroke
Of footfalls answered, and the twilight's gloom,

Lay like a charnel's mist within the radiant dome.

The little child stood up when we came nigh;
Her lips and cheeks seemed very pale and wan,

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But on her forehead, and within her eye
Lay beauty, which makes hearts that feed
thereon

Sick with excess of sweetness; on the throne
She leaned:—the King with gathered brow,
and lips

Wreathed by long scorn, did inly sneer and frown

With hue like that when some great painter dips

His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

She stood beside him like a rainbow braided
Within some storm, when scarce its shadows
vast

From the blue paths of the swift sun have faded;

A sweet and solemn smile, like Cythna's, cast
One moment's light, which made my heart
beat fast,

O'er that child's parted lips—a gleam of bliss,
A shade of vanished days—as the tears part
Which wrapt, even as with a father's kiss
I pressed those softest eyes in trembling tenderness.

The monarch is quietly removed from his palace, none following him but this child; and on this consummation of their triumph, the multitude join in holding a high festival, of which Laon is the priestess. Laon sits near her in her pyramid; but he is withheld, by a strange impulse, from speaking to her, and he retires to pass the night in repose at a distance from where she sleeps.

At break of day, Laon is awakened by sounds of tumults; the multitude, lately so firm and collected, are seen flying in every direction; and he learns that the cause of their disarray is the arrival of a foreign army, sent by some of his brother princes to the relief of Othman. Laon, and a few of the more heroic spirits, withdraw to the side of a hill, where, ill-armed and outnumbered, they are slaughtered till the evening by their enemies. The carnage, and the confidence of the sufferers, are painted with a power and energy altogether admirable; but we have room to quote only the deliverance of Laon.

Of those brave bands
I soon survived alone—and now I lay
Vanquished and faint, the grasp of bloody
hands

I felt, and saw on high the glare of falling
brands:

When on my foes a sudden terror came,
And they fled, scattering—lo! with relentless
speed

A black Tartarian horse of giant frame
Came trampling o'er the dead, the living
bleed

Beneath the hoofs of that tremendous steed,

On which, like to an Angel, robed in white,
Sate one waving a sword ;—the hosts recede
And fly, as thro' their ranks with awful might,
Sweeps in the shadow of eve that Phantom
swift and bright ;

And its path made a solitude.—I rose
And marked its coming : it relaxed its course
As it approached me, and the wind that flows
Thro' night, bore accents to mine ear whose
force

Might create smiles in death—the Tartar
horse

Paused, and I saw the shape its might which
swayed,

And heard her musical pants, like the sweet
source

Of waters in the desert, as she said,

“ Mount with me Laon, now ”—I rapidly
obeyed.

Then : “ Away ! away ! ” she cried, and
stretched her sword

As 'twere a scourge over the courser's head,
And lightly shook the reins :—We spake no
word

But like the vapour of the tempest fled
Over the plain ; her dark hair was dispread
Like the pine's locks upon the lingering blast ;
Over mine eyes its shadowy strings it spread
Fitfully, and the hills and streams fled fast,
As o'er their glimmering forms the steed's
broad shadow past.

And his hoofs ground the rocks to fire and dust,
His strong sides made the torrents rise in spray,
And turbulence, as of a whirlwind's gust,
Surrounded us ;—and still away ! away !

They take up their abode in a lonely
ruin, and many hours are wasted in
the transports of a recognition—which,
even in such circumstances, to them is
joyful.

The night grew damp and dim, and thro' a
rent

Of the ruin where we sate, from the morass,
A wandering Meteor by some wild wind sent,
Hung high in the green dome, to which it lent
A faint and pallid lustre ; while the song
Of blasts, in which its blue hair quivering bent,
Strewed strangest sounds the moving leaves
among ;

A wondrous light, the sound as of a spirit's
tongue.

The Meteor shewed the leaves on which we
sate,

And Cythna's glowing arms, and the thick ties
Of her soft hair, which bent with gathered
weight

My neck near hers, her dark and deepening
eyes,

Which, as twin phantoms of one star that lies
O'er a dim well, move, though the star re-
poses,

Swam in our mute and liquid ecstasies,
Her marble brow, and eager lips, like roses,
With their own fragrance pale, which spring
but half uncloses.

The meteor to its far morass returned :
The beating of our veins one interval
Made still ; and then I felt the blood that
burned

Within her frame, mingle with mine, and
fall

Around my heart like fire ; and over all
A mist was spread, the sickness of a deep
And speechless swoon of joy, as might befall
Two disunited spirits when they leap
In union from this earth's obscure and fad-
ing sleep.

Was it one moment that confounded thus
All thought, all sense, all feeling, into one
Unutterable power, which shielded us
Even from our own cold looks, when we had
gone

Into a wide and wild oblivion
Of tumult and of tenderness ? or now
Had ages, such as make the moon and sun,
The seasons, and mankind their changes
know,

Left fear and time unfelt by us alone below ?

I know not. What are kisses whose fire
clasps

The failing heart in languishment, or limb
Twined within limb ? or the quick dying
gasp

Of the life meeting, when the faint eyes swim
Thro' tears of a wide mist boundless and dim,
In one caress ? What is the strong controul
Which leads the heart that dizzy steep to
climb,

Where far over the world those vapours roll,
Which blend two restless frames in one re-
posing soul ?

They remain for some time in this re-
treat, communicating to each other the
long histories of their suffering.—
Cythna, according to her own wild
tale, being carried away from Laon at
the moment when he slew three of the
slaves that surrounded her, had been
conveyed to the tyrant's palace, and
had suffered all the insults, and almost
all the injuries to which its inmates
were exposed. Her high spirit had,
however, offended at last her oppres-
sor, and she was sent to a Submarine
cavern, near the Symplegades, to which
strange dungeon she was borne through
the waves by a slave, “ made dumb by
poison,”

“ A Diver lean and strong, of Oman's coral
sea.”

Here she was supplied with a daily pit-
tance of food by an eagle, trained to
hover over the only crevice through
which the air had access to the captive.
She sank into a melancholy phrenzy,
and was aroused to consciousness by
strange feelings which taught her to
expect that she was about to be a mo-
ther. It is so, and for a while all the
sorrows of her prison are soothed by
the caresses of her child ; but the
child disappears suddenly, and the be-
wildered mother half suspects that its
existence has been but a dream of her
madness. At last an earthquake changes
the position of the cavern, and Cythna

is released by some passing mariners, who convey her to the city of Othman, and are prepared by her discourses during the voyage to take a part in the insurrection, which Cythna arrives in time to lead. But to come to the main story—it is the custom of Laon to ride forth every night on the Tartar horse to procure food for Cythna. By this means their retreat is at last discovered, Laon is seized, led before the tyrant, and sentenced to be burned alive before his eyes, on the very scene of his treason. The guards, the priests, and the slaves, are gathered around the throne of Othman.

A Shape of light is sitting by his side,
A child most beautiful. In the midst appears
Laon,—exempt alone from mortal hopes and fears.

His head and feet are bare, his hands are bound

Behind with heavy chains, yet none do wreak
Their scoffs on him, though myriads throng
around ;

There are no sneers upon his lip which speak
That scorn or hate has made him bold ; his
cheek

Resolve has not turned pale,—his eyes are mild

And calm, and like the morn about to break,
Smile on mankind—his heart seems reconciled

To all things and itself, like a reposing child.

Tumult was in the soul of all beside,
Ill joy, or doubt, or fear ; but those who saw
Their tranquil victim pass, felt wonder glide
Into their brain, and became calm with awe.—

See, the slow pageant near the pile doth draw.
A thousand torches in the spacious square,
Borne by the ready slaves of ruthless law,
Await the signal round ; the morning fair
Is changed to a dim night by that unnatural
glare.

And see ! beneath a sun-bright canopy,
Upon a platform level with the pile,
The anxious Tyrant sit, enthroned on high,
Girt by the chieftains of the host ; all smile
In expectation, but one child : the while
I, Laon, led by mutes, ascend my bier
Of fire, and look around ; each distant isle
Is dark in the bright dawn ; towers far and
near,

Pierce like reposing flames the tremulous
atmosphere.

There was such silence through the host, as
when

An earthquake trampling on some populous
town,

Has crushed ten thousand with one tread,
and men

Expect the second ; all were mute but one,
That fairest child, who, bold with love, alone
Stood up before the King, without avail,
Pleading for Laon's life—her stifled groan
Was heard—she trembled like one aspin pale
Among the gloomy pines of a Norwegian
vale.

What were his thoughts linked in the morn-
ing sun,

Among those reptiles, stingless with delay,
Even like a tyrant's wrath ?—the signal gun
Roared—hark, again ! in that dread pause
he lay

As in a quiet dream—the slaves obey—
A thousand torches drop,—and, hark, the
last

Bursts on that awful silence ; far away
Millions, with hearts that beat both loud
and fast,

Watch for the springing flame expectant and
aghast.

They fly—the torches fall—a cry of fear
Has startled the triumphant !—they recede !
For ere the cannon's roar has died, they hear
The tramp of hoofs like earthquake, and a
steed

Dark and gigantic, with the tempest's speed,
Bursts through their ranks : a woman sits
thereon,

Fairer it seems than aught that earth can
breed,

Calm, radiant, like the phantom of the dawn,
A spirit from the caves of day-light wander-
ing gone.

This is Cythna come to partake the
fate of her lord.

The warm tears burst in spite of faith and fear,
From many a tremulous eye, but like soft
dews

Which feed spring's earliest buds, hung ga-
thered there,

Frozen by doubt,—alas, they could not chuse,
But weep ; for when her faint limbs did re-
fuse

To climb the pyre, upon the mutes she
smiled ;

And with her eloquent gestures, and the hues
Of her quick lips, even as a weary child
Wins sleep from some fond nurse with its
caresses mild,

She won them, tho' unwilling, her to bind
Near me, among the snakes. When these
had fled,

One soft reproach that was most thrilling kind,
She smil'd on me, and nothing then we said,
But each upon the other's countenance fed
Looks of insatiate love ; the mighty veil
Which doth divide the living and the dead
Was almost rent, the world grew dim and
pale,—

All light in Heaven or Earth beside our
love did fall.—

Yet,—yet—one brief relapse, like the last
beam

Of dying flames, the stainless air around
Hung silent and serene—a blood-red gleam
Burst upwards, hurling fiercely from the
ground

The globed smoke,—I heard the mighty
sound

Of its uprise, like a tempestuous ocean ;
And, thro' its chasms I saw, as in a swoond,
The tyrant's child fall without life or motion,
Before his throne, subdued by some uns-
emotional.

And is this death ? the pyre has disappeared,
The Pestilence, the Tyrant, and the throng ;
The flames grow silent—slowly there is heard
The music of a breath-suspending song,
Which, like the kiss of love when life is
young,

Steeps the faint eyes in darkness sweet and
deep ;

With ever changing notes it floats along,
Till on my passive soul there seemed to creep
A melody, like waves on wrinkled sands
that leap.

The warm touch of a soft and tremulous hand
Wakened me then ; lo, Cythna sate reclined
Beside me, on the waved and golden sand
Of a clear pool, upon a bank o'ertwined
With strange and star-bright flowers, which
to the wind

Breathed divine odour ; high above, was
spread

The emerald heaven of trees of unknown
kind,

Whose moonlike blooms and bright fruit
overhead

A shadow, which was light, upon the wa-
ters shed.

And round about sloped many a lawn-y
mountain

With incense-bearing forests, and vast caves
Of marble radiance to that mighty fountain ;
And where the flood its own bright margin
laves,

Their echoes talk with its eternal waves,
Which, from the depths whose jagged cav-
erns breed

Their unrepining strife, it lifts and heaves,
Till thro' a chasm of hills they roll, and feed
A river deep, which flies with smooth but
arrowy speed.

As we sate gazing in a trance of wonder,
A boat approached, borne by the musical air
Along the waves which sung and sparkled
under

Its rapid keel—a winged shape sate there,
A child with silver-shining wings, so fair,
That as her bark did thro' the waters glide,
The shadow of the lingering waves did wear
Light, as from starry beams ; from side to
side,

While veering to the wind her plumes the
bark did guide.

The boat was one curved shell of hollow pearl,
Almost translucent with the light divine
Of her within ; the prow and stern did curl
Horned on high, like the young moon supine,
When o'er dim twilight mountains dark
with pine,

It floats upon the sunset's sea of beams,
Whose golden waves in many a purple line
Fade fast, till borne on sunlight's ebbing
streams,

Dilating, on earth's verge the sunken me-
teor gleams.

Its keel has struck the sands beside our feet ;
Then Cythna turned to me, and from her
eyes

Which swam with unshed tears, a look more
sweet

Than happy love, a wild and glad surprise,
Glanced as she spake ; "*Aye, this is Para-*
dise

And not a dream, and we are all united !

Lo, that is mine own child, who in the
guise

Of madness came, like day to one benighted
In lonesome woods : my heart is now too
well requited !

We forbear from making any comments on this strange narrative ; because we could not do so without entering upon other points which we have already professed our intention of waving for the present. It will easily be seen, indeed, that neither the main interest nor the main merit of the poet at all consists in the conception of his plot or in the arrangement of his incidents. His praise is, in our judgment, that of having poured over his narrative a very rare strength and abundance of poetic imagery and feeling—of having steeped every word in the essence of his inspiration. The Revolt of Islam contains no detached passages at all comparable with some which our readers recollect in the works of the great poets our contemporaries ; but neither does it contain any such intermixture of prosaic materials as disfigure even the greatest of them. Mr Shelly has displayed his possession of a mind intensely poetical, and of an exuberance of poetic language, perpetually strong and perpetually varied. In spite, moreover, of a certain perversion in all his modes of thinking, which, unless he gets rid of it, will ever prevent him from being acceptable to any considerable or respectable body of readers, he has displayed many glimpses of right understanding and generous feeling, which must save him from the unmingled condemnation even of the most rigorous judges. His destiny is entirely in his own hands ; if he acts wisely, it cannot fail to be a glorious one ; if he continues to pervert his talents, by making them the instruments of a base sophistry, their splendour will only contribute to render his disgrace the more conspicuous. Mr Shelly, whatever his errors may have been, is a scholar, a gentleman, and a poet ; and he must therefore despise from his soul the only eulogies to which he has hitherto been accustomed—paragraphs from the Examiner, and sonnets from Johnny Keats. He has it in his power to select better companions ; and if he does so, he may very securely promise himself abundance of better praise.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Edinburgh College Museum.—The internal arrangements of this museum are rapidly advancing, and promise, when completed, to rival in beauty and classic taste the most admired works of this description in Europe. We hear that the splendid galleries of the great rooms are to be appropriated for the reception of a magnificent collection of foreign birds, at present in the possession of an eminent naturalist in Paris, and which the Principal and Professors intend purchasing.

Colonel Imrie lately presented to the museum of the university of this city his collection of *Grecian minerals*, an example which we trusted would be followed by all who feel an interest in the *national museum* now forming in this metropolis. Since that time many donations have been received, and we have now the satisfaction of announcing, that Colonel Imrie has presented to the university the whole of his valuable collection of *Greenland minerals*. This patriotic conduct, which is deserving of the highest praise, eminently distinguishes Colonel Imrie amongst the promoters of natural science in this country.

Natural History Society of Glasgow.—We are happy to learn that a Natural History Society has just been established in Glasgow.—The zeal and intelligence of its members, and the ample funds they already possess, promise the most valuable results for this country in particular, and natural history in general.

Substitute for Limestone in the Art of Printing from Stone.—We are informed that in France, a mixture of plaster-of-Paris and alum, allowed to harden in a smooth metallic mould, is found to answer fully as well as limestone in stone-engraving. A German in London has just published a series of well-executed views in Italy from stone.

Black Lead Mines.—The famous black lead mine in Cumberland, which has for so many years supplied the market with the best and most esteemed varieties of graptite, is understood at present to be so very unproductive that the public look with anxiety for supplies from other quarters. In this island, the black lead or graphite of Ayrshire has been long known, but the mine has never been fully worked. The black lead of Glen Strath Larrard, mentioned in a former number of this magazine, has but lately excited the attention of the public. We expect that the present state of the market will have the effect of inducing the proprietors of our Scottish black lead mines to open them up in a manner so as to supply the present demands of the market.

Volcanic Mountains of Cantal.—We understand that all the volcanic districts in the south-west of France have been lately examined by a pupil of Professor Jameson's. The results he has obtained are highly interesting, and go to support both the vol-

canic and neptunian views of the formation of these districts. The details of this interesting investigation will, it is reported, appear in the first number of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*.

Letters have been received from M. Belzoni, dated Thebes, November 14, that completely remove the apprehensions which obtained respecting his death.

THE COD-BANK OF SHETLAND.

Discovery.—This bank was, we believe, first discovered upon by the vessels of Mr Ross of Weesdale, in Shetland, in the autumn of 1816.

Situation and Extent.—The bank commences about twelve to twenty miles north by west from Papa Westray, one of the Orkney Islands. It is prolonged to the westward of the coast of the Shetland Islands, and has been entered upon to the north, by steering west-north-west; as well as north by west, from the island of Foula. But its terminations has not been reached, and it is imagined to extend much farther north. The colour of the fish is described to be similar to what has been observed in the cod caught off the coast of the Faro Islands, thus appearing to identify this much more northerly bank with that of Shetland. The fish is said to be gray backed, spotted with black, and tinged with a ring of a colour from brown to gray. The length that has been already traced of the bank is about 140 miles.

Breadth.—The breadth of the bank is from 18 to 25 miles.

Depth.—Is from 28 to 47 fathoms.

Productiveness.—Thirteen vessels employed in this fishery are computed to have made this year about £3000. These vessels do not exceed 35 tons, and on account of the bounty, are not less than six tons. They carry from six to eight hands. The vessels this year on the bank are said to have fished about 12 tons of fish, in the dried state, on an average. Some vessels procured from 18 to 19 tons each. The abundance of the fish is so great, that one vessel in a tide or day caught 1200 fish.

The Shetland Islands, in this fishery, will possess an advantage over their Orkney neighbours, from the superiority of their drying beaches. These being composed of rounded pebbles, ejected by the sea, are more or less abundant, or are better in quality, according to the nature of the rocks of which each of the groups of islands is composed. This superiority of beach is of such consequence to the drying of the fish, as to give the ling and cod of Shetland a decided advantage in the market over every other like article of fish to which it is opposed. The greatest inconvenience is felt from the want of bait, which being obtained from the bays of Shetland, prove a great loss of time to the fishers, who are often obliged

precipitously to leave the bank for the want of it. Any account of the manner in which this inconvenience is remedied in other places, either by the preservation of bait, collected previously to the fishing season, or by any mode of fishing for the bait, which consists of shell-fish, on the bank itself, will be most acceptable information to the vessels employed in the pursuit.

DOCTOR Spicker of Berlin, who last year performed what our neighbours call a "*Voyage litteraire*" to England, Scotland and Wales, has just published the first volume of his journey. We shall gladly receive an account of ourselves, after so many which we have had lately of other people; but we hope the doctor has not changed his horses too quickly—three kingdoms in three months! may spread an alarm through them all, how they are to appear in the post-chaise observations of a summer philosopher.

We feel a real pleasure in recording one of those events in the history of men of genius, which is so honourable to a nation. It is a tribute now offering by the inhabitants of Cambray, and all France, to the memory of Fenelon. Fenelon lived twenty years at Cambray—It was there he composed his *Telemachus*; and it is there his bones rest. The municipality of Cambray, who declare themselves to be only the interpreters of the wishes of the inhabitants of that city, have opened a subscription to raise a monument to his virtues and his genius. The spot chosen for this monument is that where the voice of the archbishop was often heard with all its eloquence and piety, before the altar, and underneath which his remains are laid. The subscription is to close in April; and it is proposed, that the list of the subscribers shall be published, and afterwards deposited in the monument.

THE EDINBURGH HORTICULTURAL AND BOTANICAL INSTITUTION.

The want of an extensive garden, in which the study of Botany, as applicable to the purposes of rural economy, might be prosecuted by those who cannot attend the lectures of the Professor in the University, has long been felt. But now, when vegetable physiology, and its application to horticulture, and to the treatment of woods and plantations, has rapidly advanced, it has become of importance that this society should take the lead in forming an institution, without which its efforts for improving that art, the name of which it bears, certainly cannot have their full effect. Although, therefore, the property of the *Caledonian Horticultural Society* patronizing and sharing in the proposed establishment cannot be questioned, yet it appears most advisable that, as a body, it should be connected with it, only as holding shares in an heritable property, sufficient to entitle it to have a certain proportion of the garden allotted for experiments most immediately connected with its proper objects; and leaving it in the power of the society, as well as of individual proprietors, to sell or transfer their shares at pleasure.

I.—*Objects of the Institution.*—1. The collection of curious and rare exotic plants, such as are not commonly met with in the greenhouses of nurserymen.

2. The collection of ornamental and rare plants, natives of Britain.

3. The collection of ornamental, rare, and useful exotic plants that have been naturalized in Britain, or which may be naturalized in this country.

Such plants to be propagated as extensively as possible, and their seeds to be preserved, for the purpose of being distributed among the subscribers, according to such rules as may be afterwards agreed upon.

4. Two acres to be set apart for the purpose of experiments in horticulture and vegetable physiology, and for attempts to naturalize exotics; to which none but subscribers (accompanied by the chief gardener) can be admitted.

5. The rest of the garden to be devoted to the culture of such new or foreign sorts of culinary vegetables, fruit, and forest trees, as may be recommended for trial; seeds, grafts, or plants of which, if found worthy of cultivation, to be distributed among the subscribers.

In this part of the garden, experiments will be made with the view of raising varieties from seed, in order to procure fruits that may be better adapted for the climate of Scotland.

II.—*Property.* The property of the garden to be held in shares of £20 each; and it is proposed that the society shall immediately subscribe for twenty-five shares; exclusive of the subscriptions of individual members.

The number of shares to be limited to 500; and no individual to be allowed to hold a greater number than two, on the first subscription, although, afterwards, shares may be purchased or acquired to any amount.

As soon as 250 shares, exclusive of those taken by the society, are subscribed for, application to be made for a royal charter; and, as soon as that is obtained, measures to be taken for the purchase of ground.

Subscribers to be furnished with tickets, which will admit them, and friends accompanying them; and with transferable tickets for the use of their families.

An interim committee to be appointed to collect subscriptions, and to prepare a set of regulations, to be submitted to a meeting to be called as soon as 250 subscriptions shall have been obtained, preparatory to the application for a charter.

As every plant in the garden, of every description, will have its name attached to it, and its time of flowering and ripening its seed or fruit in the garden, together with its various properties and qualities, carefully recorded, this establishment will form the means both of instruction and recreation, while it will largely contribute to improve the art of horticulture in all its branches.

It is proposed to have a complete range of houses, viz. stoves, green-house, vinery,

peach-house, and a house for experiments. Also a sufficient number of hot-bed frames, and hand-glasses; together with every article necessary for carrying on the establishment in a style creditable to the capital of Scotland.

If it shall afterwards be deemed advisable to increase the number of shares, the addition will, in the first place, be put in the power of subscribers who may wish to take them.

The superfluous produce of the garden, in fruit-trees, grafts, flowers, &c. to be sold, in order to assist in defraying the annual expenses.

The garden to be within two miles of Edinburgh, or as near as possible, without the risk of being injured by smoke.

Deaths in Paris during 1817.—The following tables are so curious and so instructive, that I have copied them from the annual report published in the *Journal de Pharmacie*.

Deaths in 1817.....	21,386
————— 1816.....	19,805

Excess in 1817.....1,581

These deaths consist of 13,555 who died in their own houses. viz.:

Males.....	6,599	} 13,555
Females.....	6,956	

The remainder consist of 276 dead bodies deposited in the *Morgue*, and 7,827 who died in the hospitals, viz.

Males.....	3,898	} 7,827
Females.....	3,929	

The number of persons who died of the small-pox in 1817 was 486, viz.

Males.....	250	} 486
Females.....	236	

The number in 1816 was.....150

Excess in 1817.....336

The 276 dead bodies deposited at the *Morgue* in 1817 consisted of

Males.....	205	} 276
Females.....	71	

The number of drowned in

1816 was.....278

And that of suicides.....188

Suicides in 1817.....197

If we admit that at least one half of the drowned persons underwent a voluntary death, the number of suicides in 1817 will amount to 335, or to more than six every week.

In 1808, 1809, 1810, the annual number of suicides was from 50 to 55. This number has increased progressively since 1812.

Purification of Platinum.—The Marquis of Ridolfi has proposed a method of purifying platinum, which seems worth the attention of those who have occasion for platinum vessels for the purposes of manufacture, as it would materially diminish the price of that expensive metal. It is obvious that the platinum will not be obtained quite free from lead; but it is not probable that the small portion of that metal still left in it would render it injurious to the sulphuric

acid makers, who are the manufacturers that chiefly employ platinum upon a great scale.

Ridolfi separates mechanically such foreign bodies as can be detected by the eye in crude platinum. He then washes it in dilute muriatic acid. The next step of the process is to fuse the crude metal with four times its weight of lead, and to throw the melted alloy into cold water. It is then pulverized, mixed with its own weight of sulphur, and thrown into a hessian crucible previously heated to whiteness. A cover is placed on the crucible, and it is kept at a red heat for 10 minutes. When allowed to cool, a brilliant metallic button is found under the scoriae, composed of platinum, lead, and sulphur. A little more lead is added, and the alloy is fused a second time. The sulphur separates with the new scoriae, and there remains an alloy of platinum and lead. This alloy is heated to whiteness, and while in this state, hammered upon an anvil with a hot hammer. The lead is squeezed out, and the platinum remains.

Platinum obtained in this way is as malleable and ductile as the finest platinum. Its specific gravity is said to be 22.630. If so, it must be alloyed with lead; for pure platinum is not so heavy.

Perchloric Acid.—Sir Humphry Davy has verified the curious discovery made some years ago, by Count von Stadion, of a combination of chlorine and oxygen, containing more oxygen than chloric acid, and which, therefore, may be distinguished by the name of perchloric acid. A particular account of the experiments of Count von Stadion will be found in the *Annals of Philosophy*, ix. 22.

Sea Snake of America.—Extracted from a letter from T. Say, Esq. of Philadelphia, to Dr Leach:

“ I have to regret that many of the scientific journals of Europe have taken serious notice of the absurd story which has originated to the eastward about the sea serpent; a story attributed here to a defective observation, connected with an extraordinary degree of fear. You have probably been informed that Capt. Rich has explained the whole business; he fitted out an expedition purposely to take this leviathan; he was successful in fastening his harpoon in what was acknowledged by all his crew to be the veritable sea serpent (and which several of them had previously seen and made oath to); but when drawn from the water, and full within the sphere of their vision, it proved to their perfect conviction, that the sea serpent which fear had loomed to the gigantic length of 100 feet, was no other than a harmless Tunny (Schomber Thynnus) nine or ten feet long. Thus natural history is probably indebted to Capt. Rich for keeping from its pages an account of a second Kraken; and a memorable instance is added to the catalogue of credulity already pregnant with warning to naturalists.”

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The title of Mr Rogers' poem is *Human Life*—it is completely ready for publication.

John Nichols, Esq. is preparing for the press, *An Account of the Guildhall of the City of London*, including a description of the Monuments and Pictures contained therein.

Mr Rose's *Letters from the North of Italy*, will appear in the first week of February.

Views of the Architectural Antiquities of Sicily, in a Series of finished Etchings by Pinelli of Rome, with a Descriptive Account, from drawings by John Goldicutt, architect, member of the Academy of St Luke, Rome, to consist of 30 plates, folio.

A new edition of Dr King's *Anecdotes of his own Times*, is on the point of publication.

Mr Montgomery is preparing a new volume for the press, under the title of *Greenland and other Poems*.

Ἱστοί, ἢ τὰ νῦν Ἑλληνικά. A Periodical Work, written in ancient or modern Greek only, and by Natives of Greece; the principal object of which is to make the Friends of the Greek Nation acquainted with the present state of Knowledge amongst them, and with their endeavours for their regeneration. The Publication of the Work will be by Subscription. A number a Month, of Four Sheets in quarto, will be published. Three Shillings and Sixpence will be the Price of each Number. Subscribers' Names will be received by Mr MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

A work of Biblical Criticism on the Books of the Old Testament, and translations of sacred songs, with notes critical and explanatory; by Samuel Horsley, L.L.D. F.R.S. F.A.S. late Bishop of St Asaph, is in the press.

Lord John Russell has nearly completed a Biographical Account of his Illustrious Ancestor.

The First Part of Mr Crabbe's new poem, will be published in February; it is entitled, *Forty Days*, a Series of Tales related at Binning-Hall.

The Miss Berrys, the friends of the late Lord Orford, are preparing an Account of their Travels and Residence in Italy.

The Rev. M. D. Duffield has for some time been making collections for a History of the Town and County of Cambridge, and intends shortly to prepare them for the press.

Mr Boileau is preparing for publication, *An Essay on the Nature and Genius of the German Language*: also, *The Art of French Conversation*, exemplified on a new plan,

The Rev. James Townley is preparing for publication, *Illustrations of Biblical Literature*, exhibiting the History and Fate of the Sacred Writings from the earliest time, including Biographical notices of eminent Translators of the Bible, and other Biblical scholars.

The *Entomologist's Pocket Compendium*: containing, an Introduction to the Knowledge of British Insects; the Apparatus used, and the best means of obtaining and preserving them; the Genera of Linnè; together with the modern Method of arranging the Classes Crustacea, Myriapoda, Spiders, Mites, and Insects, according to their Affinities and Structure, after the System of Dr Leach. Also, an Explanation of the Terms used in Entomology: a Kalendar of the Time and Situation where usually found, of nearly 3000 Species; and Instructions for collecting and fitting up Objects for the Microscope. Illustrated with Twelve Plates; by George Samouelle, Associate of the Linnæan Society of London.

Early in the Spring, Miss Smith will publish her work on the Costumes of various Nations.

C. F. Wiele, Esq. has in the press *Lamioli*, a novel, in three volumes.

A New Monthly Dramatic Journal called the *Inspector*, will appear in a few days.

Mr Rennel, Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, and Vicar of Kensington, has in the press, *Remarks on Scepticism*, especially as it is connected with the Subject of Organization and Life, being an answer to some recent works both of French and English Physiologists.

A volume of Familiar Dissertations on Theological and Moral Subjects; by the Rev. Dr William Barrow, Prebendary of Southwell, will shortly be published.

Mr Hazlitt's Lectures on the Comic Genius and Writers of Great Britain, now delivering at the Surrey Institution, will be published in a few days.

The Poetical Remains, accompanied by Memoirs, of the late John Leyden, M.D. author of "*Historical Account of Discoveries in Africa*," will appear this month.

The continuation of Sir Richard Hoare's History of Ancient Wiltshire will be published in the spring; the plates will be very numerous, and their execution surpasses those already given.

Dr Edward Percival is preparing for publication a series of Practical Observations on the Pathology, Treatment, and prevention of Typhus Fever.

The Rev. P. Bliss will complete the old work of the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, by the publication of a fourth volume, which is very nearly ready; he will then proceed upon the continuation.

The first number of a General History of the County of York, by Thomas Durham Whittaker, L.L.D. F.S.A. illustrated by engravings, from drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A., and M. Buckler, will appear in a few days.

The fourth volume is nearly ready for publication of the Personal Narratives of M. D. Humboldt's Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the years 1799 and 1804: translated by Miss Williams, at Paris.

A new novel, by the author of the Physiognomist and the Bachelor and Married Man, will appear shortly, entitled, "Hesitation, or To Marry or not to Marry."

A novel will appear in a few days, entitled, *Mondouro*; by a lady of high rank.

The Authoress, a tale, by the author of "Rachel," will be published this month.

A novel will appear in a few days, entitled *Oakwood Hall*, by Miss Hutton, of Birmingham, authoress of "the Miser Married," &c.

A new novel is preparing for the press by the author of "Correction."

Another novel is announced, called, the *Intriguing Beauty*, and the *Beauty without Intrigues*.

An interesting work is preparing for the press, and in great forwardness, entitled, a *Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland*; to comprise succinct and impartial sketches of the lives and characters of eminent natives of Ireland, of every rank and station, at any time celebrated, in their own or other countries, for their genius, talents, or public virtues, in the various departments of arms, politics, literature, sciences, and arts.

Mr Martin of Liverpool has in the press, a Discourse, read in the Literary and Philosophical Society of that town, entitled, *ZETHMATA ΔΙΑΝΟΗΤΙΚΑ*, or a View of the Intellectual Powers of Man, with observations on their cultivation.

Shakh-Mansur will soon publish, in octavo, a History of Seyd Said, Sultan of Muscat, with an account of the countries and people on the shores of the Persian gulf, particularly of the Wahabees.

Mr Teissier has in the press, a Narrative of the Operations of the Royalist Armies in the Interior of France, in 1815; translated from the "Panache d'Henri IV. ou les Phalanges Royales," a work prohibited by the French police.

The following will appear this winter:—The Black Robber, a romance, 3 vol.—Emily, or the Wife's First Error, by Elizabeth Bennett, 4 vol.—The Express, a novel, by Frances D'Aubigne, 3 vol.

A new Part of Lackington & Co.'s Catalogue will be published in a few days, containing a very large collection of Grammars, Dictionaries, and Lexicons—Critical and Bibliographical works—Greek and Latin Classics—their Translations and Books in the French, Italian, Spanish, and other Foreign Languages.

Mr Wilkinson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is about to publish a work on the Locked Jaw and Tetanus in Horses, and likewise on the epidemical disease or catarrhal affection that sometimes prevails amongst those animals.

The Annals of Coinage of the United Kingdom, from the earliest record to the present time, by the Rev. Roger Ruding, has been delayed, in consequence of the accession of much additional and valuable information: it will however be published in the month of February, and be comprised in five octavo volumes, and a quarto of plates, bringing the engraved series down to the recent issue of sovereigns and crown pieces.

EDINBURGH.

We have much pleasure in announcing to our readers, that on the first of April will appear, the first number of The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal; or, Quarterly Register of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural History, Practical Mechanics, and the Fine and Useful Arts.

The Life of the late Right Honourable John Philpot Curran, Master of the Rolls in Ireland; by his son, William Henry Curran, Esq. Barrister-at-law, 2 vols 8vo. with Portraits and Fac-similes.

An Account of the Arctic Regions, including the Natural History of Spitzbergen and the adjacent Islands; the Polar Ice; and the Greenland Seas; with a History and Description of the Northern Whale Fisheries, illustrated with many Anecdotes of the Dangers of that Occupation. Chiefly derived from Researches made during Seventeen Voyages to the Polar Seas; by William Scoresby, jun. Member of the Wernerian Society, 2 vols 8vo, with numerous Engravings.

Speedily will be published, *First Latin Lessons*, selected from the Classics, (with the authorities subjoined,) arranged under the respective rules of Syntax, beginning with exercises on the first declension, and advanced by gentle gradations; to which will be added, English Exercises under each rule, with notes, and a complete vocabulary; by Thomas Macgowan, one of the masters of the academy, 25, Sect Street, Liverpool, 18mo.

Illustrations of the Power of Compression and Percussion in the Cure of Rheumatism, Gout, and Debility of the Extremities; and in Promoting General Health and Longevity; by William Balfour, M.D. author of a Treatise on Emetic Tartar, &c.

Illustrations of the Power of Emetic Tartar in the Cure of Fever, Inflammation, and Asthma; and in Preventing Phthisis and Apoplexy; by William Balfour, M.D. author of a Treatise on Rheumatism, &c.

The Autumnal Excursion, or Sketches in Tiviotdale, with other Poems; by Thomas Pringle.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

BIOGRAPHY.

Queen, the Life of Her Most Excellent Majesty; by Dr Watkins, Part I. 8vo. 6s.

Memoirs of John Evelyn, Esq. author of the Sylva, &c.; second edition, 2 vols 4to. £5 : 15 : 6.

CLASSICS.

Sophoclis quæ exstant omnia, cum Veterum Grammaticorum Scholiis, Supersites Tragædias VII. ad optimorum exemplarium fidem recensuit, Versione et Notis illustravit, Deperditarum Fragmenta, collegit R. F. B. Brunck. Accedunt Excerpta ex Varietate Lectionum, quam continet Editio C. G. A. Erfurdt, Demetrii Triclinii Scholia Metrica, & Notæ ineditæ C. Burnei, 3 vols 8vo. £1, 16s.

HISTORY.

Horæ Britannicæ; or Studies in Ancient British History; by John Hughes, 2 vols 8vo. 18s.

* * The second volume comprises the History of the British Churches.

An Account of the Kingdom of Caubul, and its Dependencies in Persia, Tartary, and India; comprising a View of the Afghaan Nation, and a History of the Doo-raunee Monarchy; by the Hon. Mount-stuart Elphinstone, 2 vols 8vo. £2, 2s.

Burnett's History of his Own Times; a new edition; 4 vols 8vo. £2, 2s.

A Genealogical History of the English Sovereigns, from William I. to George III. by W. Toplis, 4to. 16s.

Historical, Military, and Picturesque Observations on Portugal; illustrated by numerous Views, and Plans of Sieges and Battles fought during the War in the Peninsula, 2 vols, imperial 4to. £15, 15s.

MATHEMATICS.

The First Principles of Algebra, designed for the Use of Students; by T. W. C. Edwards, M.A. 8vo. 6s.

A Key to the latest edition of Dr Hutton's Course of Mathematics; by Daniel Dowling, of the Mansion-house, Highgate, 3 vols 8vo. 24s.

MEDICINE.

Transactions of the Association of Fellows and Licentiates of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland. 17s. 4d. in one thick vol. 8vo.

MISCELLANIES.

The Quarterly Review, No XXXVIII. 6s.

The Official Navy List, for January 1819, 2s.

Remarks on the Liberty of the Press in Great Britain; together with Observations on the late Trials of Watson, Hone, &c. translated from the German of the celebrated F. Gentz, Aulic Counsellor to the Emperor of Germany, and Author of the Balance of Power in Europe, &c. &c.

A Grammar of the English Language; by W. Cobbett, 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Letters on the Importance, Duty, and Advantages of Early Rising; addressed to Heads of Families, the Man of Business, the Lover of Nature, the Student, and the Christian; foolscap 8vo. 6s.

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The New Cyclopædia; or, Universal Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Literature; by Abraham Rees, D.D. F.R.S. &c. Vol. 49. Part I.

Nautical Almanack for the year 1819.

The Fourth Part of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana: or Universal Dictionary of Knowledge; on an original plan. £1, 1s.

The Progress of Human Life, or Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man; illustrated by Extracts in Prose and Poetry, for schools and families; by John Evans, A.M. 6s.

The Literary Gazette, or Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Politics, &c. for the year 1818, 4to. £2, 2s.

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Four numbers have appeared of a new cheap periodical work, entitled the British Magazine; chiefly devoted to the interests of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline—the Society for the Promo-

tion of Permanent and Universal Peace—
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Paykull, Monographia histteroidum, 8vo. *Upsaliæ.* 12s.

Agardh, Synopsis Algaeum Scandinaviæ, 8vo. *Lundæ.* 6s.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

A VERY sensible change took place in the temperature of the air, at the beginning of December. The average of the first day was about 8 degrees lower than that of the last of November, and it continued to decline till about the 10th, when a keen frost set in, which lasted for several days. On the 19th, the Thermometer stood higher than on any former day, though the nights still continued cold. On the 27th and 28th, the frost was very keen, followed by warm days, and, till the end of the month, the Thermometer always sunk, at one time or other of the night, to 32. The Barometer has been, upon the whole, steady, and during the frost, very high. In the state of the Hygrometer there is nothing deserving particular notice. We are under the necessity of suspending our observations of Wilson's Hygrometer, in consequence of the instrument having given way, an event which we long ago contemplated. It is not our intention to substitute another in its place, for we have found, in the course of twelve months' experience, that its indications are not to be relied on. It is not to be supposed, indeed, that any animal or vegetable substance, whose texture is liable to continual changes, and, at last, to inevitable destruction, can ever be employed for accurately measuring minute alterations in the state of the atmosphere. We hope, however, with the new year, to present our readers with another addition to our Meteorological Report, on a principle far more accurate and philosophical, and one which we believe has never yet been used but by the author of the discovery. We shall explain it fully in next Report.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks
the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude $56^{\circ} 25'$, Elevation 185 feet

DECEMBER 1818.

Means.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	43.1
..... cold,	33.8
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	39.0
..... 10 P. M.	38.2
..... of daily extremes,	38.5
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.	38.6
..... of daily observations,	38.5
Whole range of thermometer,	289.0
Mean daily ditto,	9.3
..... temperature of spring water,	43.7

BAROMETER.

	Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 45)	29.867
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 45)	29.859
..... of both, (temp. of mer. 45)	29.863
Whole range of barometer,	6.964
Mean daily ditto,	.224

HYGROMETER (LESLIE'S).

	Degrees.
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.	6.0
..... 10 P. M.	7.3
..... of both,	6.7
..... point of deposition, 10 A. M.	35.2
..... 10 P. M.	33.4
..... of both,	34.3
Rain in inches,	1.804
Evaporation in ditto,	.790
Mean daily Evaporation,	.026

Extremes.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Maximum, 19th day,	50.0
Minimum, 27th,	24.0
Lowest maximum, 12th,	51.0
Highest minimum, 24th,	44.6
Highest, 10 A. M. 25th,	47.5
Lowest ditto, 12th,	30.0
Highest, 10 P. M. 19th,	48.0
Lowest ditto, 12th,	28.0
Greatest range in 24 hours, 27th,	20.0
Least ditto, 24th,	3.0

BAROMETER.

	Inches.
Highest, 10 A. M. 28th,	30.523
Lowest ditto, 7th,	29.175
Highest, 10 P. M. 28th,	30.495
Lowest ditto, 12th,	29.120
Greatest range in 24 hours, 2d,	.540
Least ditto, 13th,	.020

HYGROMETER.

	Degrees.
Highest, 10 A. M. 11th,	23.0
Lowest ditto, 30th,	0.0
Highest, 10 P. M. 10th,	32.0
Lowest ditto, 20th,	0.0
Highest P. of D. 10 A. M. 25th,	44.6
Lowest ditto, 11th,	21.0
Highest P. of D. 10 P. M. 6th,	42.4
Lowest ditto, 10th,	22.6

Fair days 22; rainy days 9. Wind west of meridian 25; East of meridian 6.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Dec. 1	M. 57 A. 44	29.453 .720	M. 52 A. 47	Calm.	Rain.	Dec. 17	M. 57 A. 53	29.542 .542	M. 44 A. 41	W.	Cloudy, mild.
2	M. 57 A. 54	.621 .290	M. 42 A. 43	W.	Clear.	18	M. 57 A. 37	.445 .736	M. 42 A. 39	W.	Clear, cold.
3	M. 57 A. 34	28.992 29.142	M. 43 A. 42	W.	Ditto.	19	M. 57 A. 32	.599 .408	M. 41 A. 39	Cble.	Clear.
4	M. 57 A. 33	.191 .145	M. 41 A. 41	Cble.	Rain.	20	M. 57 A. 42	.332 .286	M. 45 A. 44	W.	Rain, snow night.
5	M. 57 A. 33	.145 .142	M. 42 A. 42	S.	Cloudy, some rain.	21	M. 57 A. 29	.812 .982	M. 42 A. 40	W.	Frost & snow morn. clear.
6	M. 57 A. 33	.108 28.982	M. 43 A. 43	S. W.	Cloudy.	22	M. 57 A. 29	30.154 .228	M. 40 A. 41	S. W.	Clear.
7	M. 57 A. 33	.975 .209	M. 43 A. 43	S.	Ditto.	23	M. 57 A. 29	29.996 .854	M. 41 A. 41	S. W.	Ditto.
8	M. 57 A. 33	.581 .168	M. 41 A. 41	S.	Rain fore. fair after.	24	M. 57 A. 29	.779 .757	M. 43 A. 44	S. W.	Ditto, mild.
9	M. 57 A. 33	.845 .845	M. 42 A. 40	S.	Cloudy.	25	M. 57 A. 41	.476 .461	M. 45 A. 44	S. W.	Ditto.
10	M. 57 A. 32	29.947 .984	M. 40 A. 40	N.	Frost fore. cloudy.	26	M. 57 A. 38	.370 .526	M. 45 A. 44	Cble.	Ditto, cold.
11	M. 57 A. 33	.990 30.184	M. 40 A. 40	N. E.	Clear, mild.	27	M. 57 A. 36	.870 30.361	M. 45 A. 44	N. E.	Showery.
12	M. 57 A. 29	.184 29.993	M. 36 A. 37	W.	Cloudy.	28	M. 57 A. 34	.508 .574	M. 35 A. 36	N. E.	Hard frost.
13	M. 57 A. 29	.994 .994	M. 37 A. 36	W.	Ditto.	29	M. 57 A. 29	.553 .261	M. 36 A. 38	N. W.	Clear, cold.
14	M. 57 A. 26	.971 .986	M. 36 A. 34	Cble.	Clear, hard frost.	30	M. 57 A. 29	.176 29.971	M. 37 A. 37	N. W.	Ditto, frost.
15	M. 57 A. 26	.831 .643	M. 35 A. 38	S.	Cloudy, mild.	31	M. 57 A. 36	30.104 .209	M. 40 A. 41	N. W.	Ditto, mild.
16	M. 57 A. 33	.709 .709	M. 38 A. 39	W.	Clear, mild.	Average of rain 2.5 inches.					

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—12th January 1819.

Sugar. The demand for Sugar has continued steady, and prices have been in general maintained—in some instances advanced. The market has every appearance of improving, and the stocks every where greatly reduced, particularly in London, where the quantity on hand is considerably less than at the same period last year. The demand at present is principally for good and strong qualities of Muscovadoes. The purchases for the spring exportations are now commencing in refined goods. The holders are not anxious to press sales, as they expect higher prices as the season advances. No business has of late been done in Foreign Sugars. The stock of Sugar on hand must be greatly reduced before any fresh supplies of importance can reach the market.—**Coffee.** The demand for Coffee in every market may be considered as steady in some instances; the business done has been extensive. Some public sales went off at great briskness, and those by private contract maintain the late advance. As the navigation becomes open in the North of Europe, it is probable that Coffee may come still more into demand, and bring higher prices.—**Cotton.** The low price of this article is now rendering it an object for great capitalists to look after. In consequence of which, there has been more business done of late, and prices may be stated a shade higher. The consumpt during last year has increased, but not in proportion to the quantity brought to market. The bad accounts of the state of the markets in this country for Cotton, are now beginning to reach the countries where it is produced, and must create a very considerable fall in the price, of which speculators will no doubt eagerly avail themselves. The imports from all quarters during last year have greatly increased, particularly from the East Indies, the United States of America, and the Brazils. From the great quantity, however, in the market, and the very large supplies on the way from different ports, it is by no means probable that any great improvement in price can take place for some time. The Cotton from the East Indies is daily gaining ground amongst the spinners and manufacturers.—**Corn.** As the ports still continue open for the importation of Foreign Grain, the market may in general be stated as dull and heavy for Grain from foreign ports. In English Wheat, the demand is more lively, and prices rather on the advance. It is not probable, however, from the general state of the market, that any considerable advance can take place, or be permanent.—**Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.** The Rum market continues very dull and depressed. The quotations can hardly be obtained, and good purchasers may buy at prices be-

low these quoted. Brandy and Geneva are heavy, the sales consisting chiefly of parcels for the immediate use of the trade.—*Tobacco.* There has been very little business done in this article.—*Fruit.* The demand for Fruit continues considerable.—*Irish Provisions.* The demand for these continues limited.—In *Hemp* and *Flax* there is little doing, and the price of *Tallow* continues to decline. The demand for *Greenland Oil* continues limited, and the market heavy. *Spermaceti* has also given way. In the other kinds there is little variation. Little business has been done in *Tar.* Mediterranean Produce continues very uninteresting. Very little business is doing in *Dye-woods.* The quotations of *Rice* have for some time past been merely nominal, and some partial sales have been made at reduced prices. The prices of every kind of Wines continue steady; and for Port and Sherry, and almost all French Wines, still higher prices are looked for. In other articles of commerce, no alteration has occurred worth noticing.

In fixing our attention upon the occurrences of the year that is past, we have every reason to rejoice at the prospect of national prosperity which it presents to the view. The agricultural interests of this country are recovered from their severe depression, and hold out, for the future, the strongest prospect of permanent prosperity. Some time, however, must yet elapse before that interest can completely overcome the enormous difficulties with which it had to contend, and under which it laboured. All our manufactures are in full activity, and that prodigious branch of them, the cotton manufactures, give full employment to all concerned in it. The wages, for some particular branches of it, are rather low, but their work is abundant, and the workmen have their choice of it, which is an object of the greatest importance to them. The shipping interest of this country is greatly revived, and daily reviving. The extension of our trade, from the additional and increasing arrivals and departures from every port, is truly great and cheering. The demand for ships is very great, and, we have reason to know, has not been so extensive for a great number of years. In the ports of the Clyde, there are more new ships at present building, than has been known since 1792; and we believe we may say, that it is the same in many other ports. Our trade is increasing to every quarter of the world, and, though shackled in some places from revolutionary warfare, presents, upon the whole, an aspect of the most encouraging description, when considered as a whole, which it ought to be, to appreciate it correctly. The revenue of the country continues to flourish and increase. The actual increase of the year 1818, is very near £3,600,000, a vast sum, and which will furnish a powerful item in the ways and means for the present year. Thus, in every thing that concerns our national greatness, credit, security, and prosperity, the event and the fact completely belies those gloomy prognostications and evil forebodings of opposition orators and writers, those bitterest foes of their country's peace, prosperity, and glory.

Our trade to our East India possessions continues to increase. Our commercial relations with our valuable North American possessions are daily becoming greater and more important. The trade for timber to these places is immense, and increasing with rapid strides. Above thirty fine ships are now exclusively employed in that trade, from the small port of Port Glasgow alone. An association is forming, or formed, at Liverpool, to place vessels in that trade, to go at regular periods, in all seasons. The timber, stones, and provisions, of these our American colonies, find an advantageous and extensive market in our valuable West India possessions; and which trade, the wisdom and vigour of our rulers have secured to ourselves, and taken out of the hands of our great commercial rivals, and which is the severest blow ever inflicted on the United States of America.

The consequences of the measures mentioned, as so beneficial to our interests, and injurious to theirs, though only commenced a few months ago (from the 1st October last), are developing themselves in every State of the Union, with a great and fatal rapidity. While the United States of America carried their timber, and provisions, and stones, to our West India colonies, to supply their extensive wants, they thus carried on a trade with the latter, in articles which no other part of the world required, or would take from them. For these articles, which employed such a vast proportion in the tonnage of their shipping, they received either specie (this chiefly) or good bills on London. With these they were enabled to clear their impenetrable woods, and spread cultivation over their immense wilds. But what is more, with the specie they were enabled to go into the East India market on an advantageous footing, which they will now no longer be able to do. The reduction of the Spanish colonies, whether loyal or revolted, is such, that no supplies of importance in the precious metals can be drawn from them by the United States, in exchange for the articles with which they are allowed to trade to these colonies. Deprived therefore, of the mighty supply formerly received from the British West Indies, specie is now becoming so scarce in the United States, that, according to the latest accounts, it is openly proposed in their Legislature, to enact laws to prevent the exportation of their gold and silver coin. Without the exportation of gold and silver from the United States, it is impossible that the subjects of these States can carry on any trade worth mentioning with the East Indies, the trade to which has, in every age, occasioned a drain of the precious metals to that quarter. The banking system has been tried in America, to give en-

ergy to commerce, and to supply a circulating medium equal to its wants. They want, however, that confidence and stability which old established commercial countries afford, and which can only render banks useful to a country. In America, therefore, the system has been tried, but in so far as it was intended to supply every commercial want, it has completely failed. America has been taught by experience, that she is still too young a country to benefit, to any extent, by banking establishments, and that the different interests which reign in her territories, will, in all probability, prevent her from ever deriving any advantage from pursuing the plan. The consequence of what we have attempted to detail, has occasioned great commercial distress throughout the chief commercial States of the Union. Numerous and extensive failures are daily taking place—confidence is shaken—money is not to be had, and mercantile concerns wear a most unfavourable aspect throughout the Maritime States of America. The best informed consider this distress as not yet at its height. The consequences must in some measure be felt in this country, but not to the degree may at first be supposed, because we receive in cotton, &c. double the value that the United States take from us in goods, and therefore our merchants have always more American property in their hands, than the American merchants has of theirs.

Whilst our former great and lucrative trade with Spanish South America remains subjected to the greatest vexations, vicissitudes, and uncertainty, from the nature of the sanguinary and destructive warfare there carried on, and principally supported by daring adventurers from all parts of the world, a great and increasing trade is carrying on betwixt this country and New Orleans. This city, from its geographical situation, commands, and must ever command, the trade of the largest tract of country, and greatest extent of territory of any place—in America, or perhaps in the world. All the people or tribes of men who at present inhabit, or who may in future inhabit, the mighty and extensive banks of the Mississippi, the Missoure, Ohio, and their tributary streams, can only find an outlet for the produce of their labours, and an inlet for all their more necessary supplies, through the medium of the port of New Orleans. These regions are peopling fast. The facilities which these navigable rivers afford for transporting their produce, will greatly facilitate the spreading of agriculture and commerce on their banks. Steam-boats are already numerous on the Mississippi. There is at present constructing in Glasgow, two engines of forty horse power each, for one steam-boat, of about 700 tons burden, to be employed in carrying goods and passengers from and to New Orleans, on the Mississippi. From the nature of the exports from, and imports to, this place, a great portion of the trade must remain in the hands of British merchants. During last year, there was exported from New Orleans, and chiefly to Great Britain, above 80,000 bales of Cotton, which may serve to give our readers some idea of the trade of this place.

British commerce also is daily extending itself up the Mediterranean, and along its populous shores. The Turkish power is now so much humiliated and broken, that however anxious the followers of Mahomet may be to promote the extension of commercial communications, and, consequently, the introduction of more liberal and enlightened ideas with Europeans, still these are no longer able to oppose any formidable barrier to the extension of trade. Any quarrel with the American powers, must only give the latter a surer footing in the Mediterranean and its interesting shores. The power of Russia, guided by her present enlightened policy, is surrounding the Black Sea, and opening up with the interior of her vast dominions, by this road, a trade once unknown to the west of Europe. Let any one look at Odessa, and see what a few years has accomplished. The trade of Britain, therefore, in every part connected with the Mediterranean, must continue to increase and expand. Her name is too well known, and her capital and influence too widely felt, to dread the power of any rival to supplant her in the greatest share of this trade.

From the banks of the Ganges, a British trade is begun with the Russian possessions in Kamchatka, and the port of Ochotsk. This we hinted at in a former Number, as being only begun, and we are happy to find it continuing to be pressed with vigour, and under every encouragement. This trade opens a wide field indeed for the general advantage and improvement of countries and people, hitherto barely known to civilized Europe.

The British possessions in New Holland and Van Dieman's land, are daily rising in commercial importance and prosperity. The trade to the Cape of Good Hope is also increasing, and affords a prospect of becoming eminently advantageous to this country, and the coast of Africa, along the Gulph of Guinea, and in the territory of Benen (the most advantageous for trade and settlements), are beginning to reap the advantages arising from a peaceful mercantile intercourse with Great Britain; and it is to be hoped that a few years will open the eyes of the Sovereigns of those parts to the use of the advantages they possess, and that their interests are not to sell their subjects as slaves, but to make industrious men of them.

On which ever side we turn our eyes, or to whatever quarter of the globe we extend our researches, there we see British skill, capital, industry, and honour, exerting themselves in a way, which, while it adds to the wealth and security of their country, must also prove eminently beneficial to mankind at large.

We subjoin the following important Tables of the Exports and Imports of Great Britain, during the year 1818, and our readers may rely on their general accuracy.

Cotton imported in 1818.		Cotton exported in 1818.	
	bags & bales.		bags & bales.
At Liverpool, ...	421,265	From Liverpool, ...	9,154
— London, ...	185,620	— London, ...	50,975
— Glasgow, ...	48,753	— Glasgow, ...	473
Total, 655,638 (a)		Total, 60,602	

(a) Of this quantity 213,507 bags were from the United States; 168,498 bags, &c. from the Brazils; 41,919 bales, &c. from the British West Indies; 222,786 bags, &c. from the East Indies; and 8,941 bags, &c. the remainder, from European and Irish ports.

Sugar imported, 1818.

	hhd.s.	tierces.	cases, bags, &c.
Into London, ...	167,760	15,553	101,802
— Liverpool, ...	36,996	6,815	18,033
— Bristol, ...	20,586	2,412	775
— Lancaster and Whitehaven, ...	3,043	1,216	—
— Clyde and Leith, ...	23,094	1,826	11,184
(a) Total, 251,479		27,822	131,794

(a) Of this quantity, 117 tierces and 3552 cases were from the Brazils and South America; 184 cases and 105,642 bags from the East Indies; the remainder from our West India colonies.

Sugar exported in 1818 from all ports—24,025 tons, about 30,000 hhd.s.

Sugar paid Duties on 1818.

	Cwts. B. Plantation.	Cwts. Foreign.
At London, ...	2,354,685	19,341
— Liverpool, ...	369,760	1,120
— Glasgow, ...	234,469	—
— Leith, ...	7,906	—
— Bristol, &c.	390,000 (a)	—
Total, 3,354,820		20,461

(a) This quantity is uncertain—it is supposed to be equal to the quantity imported, as very little is exported from these ports to foreign countries.

Rum imported, 1818.			Rum paid Duties on 1816.	
	Puns.	hhd.s.		Gallons.
At London, ...	35,687	440	At London, ...	1,269,421
— Liverpool, ...	5,018	167	— Liverpool, ...	415,501
— Bristol, ...	2,067	65	— Glasgow, ...	172,097
— Lancaster, &c.	912	144	— Leith, ...	30,620
— Clyde and Leith, }	4,622	155	— Bristol, &c. say, ...	200,000 (a)
	48,306	971	Total, 2,087,639	

(a) We have not the accurate returns for these ports, but it cannot be less, as the report presently to be mentioned will shew.

Rum exported to all parts, 1818—27,501 puns. of 110 galls. each.

Molasses imported, 1818.			Molasses exported, 1818.
	Puns	hhd.s.	
At London, ...	671	16	179½ tons.
— Liverpool, ...	1798	389	
— Glasgow & Leith, ..	384	—	
— Bristol, ...	27	10	
	2,880	415	

COCOA.

Imported.			Paid Duties.	Exported.
	hhds. & tierces.	bls. & bags.		
At London, ...	412	2,591	1205½ cwt.	5,560 cwt.
— Liverpool, ...	140	6,944		
— Glasgow, &c.	21	374		
— Bristol, ...	—	82		
	573	9,981		

Coffee imported (a).

	hhds. & tierces.	brls. & bags.
At London, ...	35,006	65,554
— Liverpool, ...	7,867	26,440
— Bristol, ...	1,844	142
— Lancaster, &c.	97	—
— Clyde and Leith, ...	4,631	11,322
	48,445	103,458

(a) Of this quantity, 267 hhds. and 13,181 barrels and bags, were from the Brazils and South America; 16,522 barrels and bags from the East Indies, and the remainder from our West India colonies.

Coffee paid Duties on 1818.			Coffee exported, 1818.
	Cwts. B. plantation.	Cwts. Foreign.	To all parts.
At London, ...	38,704	4,539	23,973½ tons.
— Liverpool, ...	16,583	—	
— Glasgow, ...	2,839	—	
— Leith, ...	1,355	—	
Total, 59,481	4,539		

N. B. We are without the returns for Bristol.

TOBACCO.

Imported.	Exported.	Paid duties on.
hhds.	hhds.	
At London, ...	From London, ...	At London, ... 4,543 hhds.
— Liverpool, ...	— Liverpool, ...	— Liverpool, .. 4,164 do.
— Glasgow, ...	— Glasgow, no re- turn.	— Glasgow, ...
32,479	5,334	— Leith, ...

Grain imported, 1818.

Liverpool.		London.	Other ports.	Total.
Foreign.	Total.	Foreign.	Foreign.	
Wheat, ...	324,902 qrs.	725,353	333,758	1,383,013
Oats, ...	496,640 —	582,333	225,508	1,304,481
Barley, ...	81,567 —	277,421	273,326	632,314
Rye, ...	6,758 —	10,808	49,731	67,297
Beans, ...	29,132 —	73,758	24,701	127,591
Pease, ...	10,812 —	31,450	23,786	66,048
Malt, ...	52,568 —	—	—	52,568
For. 291,995	1,002,379	1,701,123	930,810	3,633,312
Flour, ...	12,467 sacks.	12,164 barrs.	30,145 barrs.	
Oatmeal, ...	351,086 barrs.			
	46,640 loads.			

DYEWOODS.

Imported, 1818.	Exported, 1818.
Fustic, ...	1,165 tons.
Logwood, ...	4,998 —
Necaraguawood, ...	412 —
Barwood, ...	157 —
Camwood, ...	9 —
Total, 19,961 tons.	Total, 6,741 tons.

TO ALL PARTS, 1818.

Imported.		Exported.	
Ashes,.....	40,726 barrs.	16,070 cwt.	
Barilla,.....	6,614 tons.	283 tons.	
Brimstone,.....	6,022 tons.	990½ tons.	
Currants,.....	5,201 butts, &c.	5,022 cwt.	
Figs,.....	953 tons.	2,435 cwt.	
Flax,.....	16,986 tons.	176 tons.	
Flax Seed,.....	185,526 quarters.	9,479 quarters.	
Ginger,.....	104,701 packages.	14,688 cwt.	
Hemp,.....	23,215 tons.	2,156 tons.	
Hides,.....	903,844 number.	141,371 number.	
Indigo,.....	19,863 seroons and chests.	27,793 cwt.	
Lime and Lemon Juice,...	1,171 casks.	6,226 galls.	
Madder,.....	7,342 casks.	2,907 cwt.	
Madder Roots,.....	26,920 bales and bags.	216 cwt.	
Olive Oil,.....	6,524 casks.	80,914 galls.	
Palm Oil,.....	2,939 casks.	183 galls.	
Pimento,.....	15,655 barrs. and bags.	12,034 cwt.	
Quercetron Bark,.....	4,595 casks.	2,680 cwt.	
Raisins,.....	5,993 tons.	5,740 cwt.	
Rice,.....	22,499 tons.	7,263½ tons.	
Saltpetre,.....	131,069 bags.	1,494½ tons.	
Shumac,.....	43,622 bags.	2,688 cwt.	
Tallow,.....	24,983 tons.	360 tons.	
Tar,.....	138,176 barrs.	10,445 barrs.	
Turpentine,.....	81,401 casks.	686 cwt.	
Valonia,.....	4,345 tons.	325½ tons.	

Sundries at Liverpool 1818.

Imported.		Exported.	
Beef,.....	7,726 tierces.	Wheat,.....	4,038 qrs.
.....	7,213 barrs.	Oats,.....	1,569 —
Pork,.....	20,251 tierces.	Flour,.....	2,058 tons.
.....	3699 barrs.	Beef,.....	7,020 barrs.
Butter,.....	177,527 firkins.	Pork,.....	15,397 barrs.
.....	18,772 half do.	Butter,.....	4,515 firkins.

Into the Clyde 1818.—Sundries.

	Number.	Total.
Staves,.....	606,127 direct, and 196,524 coastwise.	802,651
Seal skins,.....	15,222 —	
Cod and Seal Oil	1,972 casks.	
Whale Oil,.....	200 ditto.	
Mahogany,.....	2,440 logs.	
Lignumvita,.....	14 tons.	
Wines,.....	689 pipes, and 327 hhds., &c. &c.	

Although, in the previous enumeration, we are without a very great number of articles, to give an accurate idea of the enormous foreign trade of Great Britain, still what we have given, may prove useful, and be deemed curious by our readers, and serve to give them some idea of the trade of their native country.

On the tables here given but few remarks are necessary. The import of Cotton has last year greatly increased, from the East Indies, the Brazils, and the United States of America. The total increase is 178,478 bags; and it appears that the consumpt has increased also.

Upon casting his eye over the tables, the reader will be at no loss to perceive the prodigious weight which our much injured and calumniated West India colonies hold in every thing that concerns the trade and revenues of the country. The value of the Sugar, Rum, Coffee, and Cotton, alone, exclusive of duties, cannot be less than from £16 to £17,000,000 Sterling. The duties paid on the articles, the growth and produce of these colonies, cannot be less than £6,000,000. The Sugar and Rum alone here enumerated, as paid duties upon, would yield £5,350,000; yet these are the possessions which James Stephen, Esq. asserts in his audacious publications to the people of Great Britain, “*sink every century more of our commercial capital than they are worth.*”—(Mr Stephen’s Speech, page 30). Such is the extent, the value, and demand for a trade, which the same gentleman’s equally wise and accurate co-adjustors, the critics in the Edinburgh Review, insist should be greatly lessened, in order to save Great Britain from ruin; for, say they, as the quantity of Sugar paid duties for in Great Britain, in 1775, was 1,533,421 cwt.—(*Edinburgh Review*, vol. 11th, page 160, consequently, the quantity raised in these latter times, is far beyond the demand for it. “We have endeavoured to shew,” said they, “that there was an excess of Sugars, not merely in the British markets, but in the market of the world;

and that America made more Sugar than Europe and America could consume."—(Review, vol. 13th, &c.) Well, the consupt of Great Britain is increased from their standard by which they meant to plant and cultivate, viz. 1,533,421 cwt., as in 1775, to the quantity, as we have shewn, of 3,354,820 cwt. in 1818; and yet these gentlemen, to lessen the ruinous excess of the quantity of Sugar raised beyond the quantity required, saw no other remedy but to set instantly about rooting out the canes, and laying waste the fields, or, to use their own language, "a diminished culture of the Sugar Cane all over the West Indies."—(Review, vol. 13th, page 384, &c.) Their friend, Napoleon, could not have given an advice more conducive to his interests, or injurious to the interests of Great Britain.

PRICES CURRENT.—Nov. 28,—London, Jan. 5, 1819.

SUGAR, Musc.	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.	DUTIES.	
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	76 to —	75 to 79	64 to 76	77 to 80	} £1 10 0	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	80 90	80 89	77 89	81 84		
Fine and very fine,	92 96	90 93	90 95	86 92		
Refined, Doub. Loaves, .	150 160	—	—	145 —		
Powder ditto,	124 126	—	—	114 —	}	
Single ditto,	116 122	119 124	120 124	112 —		
Small Lumps .	112 116	114 116	120 126	110 —		
Large ditto,	108 111	110 112	109 115	106 —		
Crushed Lumps,	62 66	66 67	65 68	—	} 0 7 6½	
MOLASSES, British, . cwt.	40 6 41	40 41	40 —	36.6 37		
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.	152 143	130 141	138 146	144 147		
Ord. good, and fine ord.	144 157	142 155	147 155	148 152		
Mid. good, and fine mid.	120 130	— 110	138 140	128 —	} per lb. 0 0 7½	
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	152 143	130 143	142 148	146 151		
Ord. good, and fine ord.	145 150	144 150	149 155	137 149		
Mid. good, and fine mid.	140 —	138 140	144 148	137 140		
St Domingo,	9½ 10	9 9½	9 —	8½ 9	} 0 0 9½	
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	—	—	—	—		
SPIRITS,	—	—	—	—		
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	5s 10d 4s 0d	5s 8d 3s 10d	5s 8d 4s 0d	4s 4d 4s 6d		
Brandy, ...	6 6 7 6	— —	— —	5 2 5 4	{ B.S. } 0 8 1½	
Geneva, ...	4 0 4 3	— —	— —	3 8 3 9	{ F.S. } 0 17 0½	
Aqua, ...	7 9 8 0	— —	— —	14 6	{ F.S. } 0 17 11½	
WINES,	—	—	—	—	} 143 18 0	
Claret, 1st Growths, bhd.	60 64	— —	— —	£50 55 0		
Portugal Red, . pipe.	48 51	— —	— —	48 55 0		{ B.S. } 148 4 6
Spanish White, . butt.	34 35	— —	— —	26 60 0		{ B.S. } 95 11 0
Teneriffe, ...	30 35	— —	— —	28 31 0	{ F.S. } 98 16 0	
Madeira, ...	60 70	— —	— —	40 45 0	{ B.S. } 96 15 0	
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£10 10	7 10 7 15	8 5 8 10	8 0 8 0	{ F.S. } 99 16 6	
Honduras, ...	10 10	8 10 9 0	8 10 8 15	8 10 8 10	} 0 9 1½	
Campeachy, ...	11 —	9 0 10 0	9 0 9 10	9 0 9 0		
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	11 12	— —	10 15 11 0	10 0 11 0		
Cuba, ...	13 14	— —	12 10 15 5	14 0 15 0		
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	8 6 9 6	— —	9s 0d 11 6	} 1 4 6½	
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 3 2 6	— —	2 5 2 6	— —		
Ditto Oak, ...	4 6 5 0	— —	— —	— —		
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 3 2 4	— —	— —	— —		
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8	0 10 1 8	1 2½ 1 6	1 3 1 6	} 50c.f. 3 16 0	
St Domingo, ditto	— —	1 2 3 0	1 6½ 2 0	1 8 1 9		
TAR, American, . brl.	— —	— —	16 0 16 6	20 21		
Archangel, ...	20 21	— —	19 6 21 0	23 —		{ B.S. } 1 1 4½
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10 —	— —	— —	11 —	{ F.S. } 1 2 11½	
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	87 —	84 86	84 —	79 80	} 1 8 6	
Home Melted, ...	88 —	— —	— —	68 —		
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	54 —	50 52	— —	£50 0 —	{ B.S. } 1 10 1	
Petersburgh Clean, .	48 49	49 50	46 47	46 0 —	{ F.S. } 0 3 2	
FLAX	—	—	—	—	} 0 9 1½	
Riga Thies & Druj Rak.	65 85	— —	— —	84 86		
Dutch, ...	60 140	— —	— —	70 90		
Irish, ...	68 76	— —	— —	— —		
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	95 —	— —	— —	£4 5 4 10	{ B.S. } 0 0 4 ½	
BRISTLES,	—	—	—	—	{ F.S. } 0 0 7½	
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 0 16 0	— —	— —	15 10 —	{ B.S. } 1 3 9	
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	51 52	— —	— —	51 52	{ B.S. } 1 4 11½	
Montreal ditto, ...	60 —	58 60	— 58	62 —	{ F.S. } 0 3 6½	
Pot, ...	54 55	52 53	55 54	53 54	{ B.S. } 0 3 11½	
OIL, Whale, ...	40 41	41 42	40 42	37 38	{ F.S. } 0 4 6½	
Cod, ...	80 p. brl.	40 42	40 42	32 43	{ F.S. } 0 6 4	
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	11 12	11 11½	0 8 0 10	1s 1d 1 2	} 0 1 7	
Middling, ...	10 10½	11 11½	0 6 0 7½	1 0½ 1 1		
Inferior, ...	9 10	10 11	0 5 0 5½	7 8½		
COT PONS, Bowd Georg.	—	1 7 1 8	1 5 1 7½	— —		
Sea Island, fine, ...	—	3 6 3 9	3 1 3 2	— —	} per 100 lbs. 0 8 7	
Upland, ...	—	3 0 3 5	2 10 3 0	1 5 1 8		
New Orleans, ...	—	2 10 3 0	1 8 2 2	1 5 1 9		
Demerara and Berbice,	—	1 8 2 2	1 7 1 10	1 7 1 11		
West India, ...	—	1 6 1 10	1 5 1 7	1 5 1 8	} B.S. 0 17 2	
Pernambuco, ...	—	2 1½ 2 2	1 10½ 1 11	1 11 1 11½		
Maranham, ...	—	1 11½ 2 0	1 7½ 1 9	1 8 1 9½		

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 29th December 1818.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.	29th.
Bank stock, ...	270½	270½ 270	—	267½ 268½	267 268
3 per cent. reduced, ...	78¼ 77¾	78¾ ¾	77¾ ¾	77¼ ¾	77¼ ¾
3 per cent. consols, ...	79 78¾	—	—	—	—
4 per cent. consols, ...	95¼ 96	96¾ ¼	95 94¾	94¾ ¼	94¾ ¼
5 per cent. navy ann.	108¾ ¾	—	—	—	—
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	—	—	—	—	—
India stock, ...	234 233	—	—	—	—
— bonds, ...	82 83 pr.	84 86 pr.	78 79 pr.	78 76 pr.	76 78 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2d. p.d.	18 20 pr.	19 20 pr.	17 12 pr.	9 15 pr.	11 16 pr.
Consols for acc.	79¼ ¾¾¾	79¾	79¼	79¾	78¾
American 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—	—
— new loan, 6p. c.	—	—	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	—	65 fr.

Course of Exchange, January 1.—Amsterdam, 11 : 6 : 2 U. Antwerp, 0 : 0 : 0. Ex. —
Hamburg, 0 : 0 : 2½ U. Frankfort, 139¼ Ex. Paris, 23 : 80 : 2 U. Bourdeaux,
23 : 80. Madrid, 39¾ effect. Cadiz, 40¼ effect. Gibraltar, 34. Leghorn, 51¼. Genoa,
47½. Malta, 50. Naples, 43. Palermo, 130 per oz. Oporto, 58. Rio Janeiro, 65.
Dublin, 9½. Cork, 9½. Agio of the Bank of Holland, 0.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. Foreign gold,
in bars, £0 : 0 : 0. New doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0. New dollars, 0s. 0d. Silver, in bars,
3s. 5½d.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and
31st December 1818, extracted from the London Gazette.

Allen, G. Greenwich, stationer
Anthony, J. Cley next the Sea, Norfolk, grocer
Arney, G. Bury-street, St Mary-Axe, warehouse-
keeper
Burrows, S. Mile's-lane, Canon-street, wine-mer-
chant
Blinks, —. Southampton-street, Bloomsbury,
straw-manufacturer
Bantock, W. J. London-wall, auctioneer
Bateman, J. and W. Culbard, St John's-street,
Smithfield, brass-founders
Broadbent, W. Preston, Lancashire, corn-merchant
Calwood, W. Bold, Lancashire, farmer
Crimes, T. Chester, coal proprietor
Chamberlayne, W. Leicester, hosier
Combes, G. Chichester, maltster
Chambers, R. Market-ruson, currier
Crowne, T. Durham, Park-farm, South Mains, and
J. Bradford, Milford Wharf, Strand, coal-mer-
chant
Collins, R. Maidstone, hop-merchant, dealer, and
chapman
Curgemian, T. Truro, Cornwall, linen-draper
Dawes, T. Yoxhall, Staffordshire, tape-manufac-
turer
Dickens, T. Litchfield, cotton-spinner
Day, J. King-street, Holborn, jeweller
Dalgairns, C. Liverpool, merchant
Dennet, H. Wilson-street, Gray's-inn-lane, cow-
keeper
Dean, W. Threadneedle-street, wine-merchant
Emery, C. Broomley, Woodend, Staffordshire,
dealer
Enock, J. Birmingham, brush-maker
Emmerson, A. Torley-street, provision-merchant
Groves, W. and J. Dicks, Bath, grocers
Godfrey, B. Southwark, merchant
George, G. and C. B., Bedford-street, Strand, tin-
plate-workers
Goodlake, J. and H., Upper Thames-street, wine-
merchants
Guardner, J. Mapleborough-green, Warwickshire,
dealer
Gorton, T. Aldermanbury, Postern, London, mer-
cer
Hart, J. Southampton, grocer
Horton, S. Bolton, Lancashire, manufacturer
Hewitt, P. Bold, Lancashire, farmer
Hort, A. Dean-street, Finsbury-square, merchant
Holman, W. Totnes, ironmonger
Heine, M. and W. Kewley, Manchester, appraisers
Hopkins, W. jun. Aston, Warwickshire, victualler
Harvey, T. Great Yarmouth, inn-keeper
Jackson, D. Castle-cour, Birch-lane, merchant
Jarvis, H. Tottenham-court-road, cabinet-maker
James, J. Newgate-street, lace and worsted manu-
facturer
Jenkins, T. Whitechurch, Glamorganshire, tim-
ber-merchant
Jackson, G. Mile-town, Isle of Sheppey, baker
Jones, J. and T. Leominster, linen-draper
Kirkman, J. City-road, brewer
Kirk, R. Leicester, liquor-merchant
Lew, L. Newton-moor, Cheshire, cotton-spinner
Lax, J., T. Lax, and W. Lax, Liverpool, soap-
boilers
Longstaff, C. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant
Levien, S. Kensington, Surry, Exchange-broker
Marshall, T. Tong, Yorkshire, corn-dealer
Moore, J. Woolwich, cordwainer
Moxon, R. W. G. Moxon, and J. Moxon, King-
ston-upon-Hull, merchants
More, J. Manchester, flour-dealer
M'Kay, R. Knutsford, linen-draper
Mill, C. Lower East Smithfield, provision-dealer
M'Donnel, M. and J., and J. Bushell, Broad-street,
merchants
North, G. Sheffield, butcher
Norton, R. Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place, pa-
per-hanger
Parcell, J. George-street, Upper-marsh, St Mary
Lambeth, victualler
Pest, W. Basinghall-street, merchant
Prosser, W. Hereford, grocer
Pearson, J. Stayley-bridge, Lancashire, corn-factor
Rhind, A. Lime-street, merchant
Robotham, T. Derby, merchant
Ridley, T. Seaton-sluiice, Northumberland, brewer
Scoles, C. Bensington, Oxfordshire, baker
Symmons, T. Strand, brass-founder
Stanbury, J. Gloucester-terrace, Whitechapel-road,
grocer, dealer, and chapman
Symonds, W. Lowestoft, Suffolk, merchant
Salt, M. Lane-end, Stafford, flour-merchant
Savage, J. Handsworth, Warwickshire, rope-maker
Shakleton, S. Leeds, shopkeeper
Sculthorpe, H. Nottingham, linen-draper
Surr, J. Aldersgate-street, surgeon
St Barbe, J. Austin-friars, ship-owner
Tippet, R. Totness, Devonshire, baker
Tompkin, W. Nottingham, hosier
Twyford, J. Portwood, Chester, cotton-spinner

Thwaites, W. G. Great James-street, Bedford-row, dealer
 Townsend, R. jun., Aldermanbury, merchant
 Timothy, W. Leigh, Worcestershire, farmer
 Tuck, W. Elling, Norfolk, miller
 Taylor, T. Burgley-bridge, Lancashire, butcher
 Toger, R. Plymouth-dock, store-merchant
 Thomas, J. Tabernacle-walk, slate-merchant

Taylor, T. Oxford, grocer
 Taylor, J. East Smithfield, tobacconist
 Wright, W. and J. Aldermanbury, merchants
 Watson, W. and W. Elgie, Love-lane, Eastcheap, ale and porter merchants
 Wabey, J. Welwyn, Herts, mealman
 Whitford, J. Black-horse-yard, High Holborn, coach-smith

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 31st December 1818, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Bryan, John, vintner and inn-keeper, Kilmarnock
 Cochran Davidson and Co. merchants, Glasgow, and Cochran Davidson, merchant there, the individual partner of that company
 Esdom, W. hardware-merchant, Johnston
 Livingstone, A. and Co. merchants, Glasgow, and Angus Livingstone and Wm Armstrong, partners thereof
 Milne, Margaret, haberdasher and merchant, Stonehaven
 M'Kay, James, innkeeper, Jedburgh
 M'Lean, Malcolm, surgeon, druggist, and vender of medicines, Gorbals, Glasgow
 Ross, Alex. clothier, Glasgow
 Robertson, John, merchant, Glasgow
 Spalding, Robert, spirit-dealer, Glasgow
 Sutherland, Alex. merchant and grocer, Edinburgh
 Sym, John, grain and spirit-dealer, Glasgow

DIVIDENDS.

Arrol, Walter, late merchant, Glasgow; by James M'Ewan, merchant there
 Birrel, Robert, merchant, Kirkcaldy; by George Drysdale, merchant there

Cooper, David, haberdasher, Glasgow; by James M'Ewan, merchant there
 Ford, James, of Finhaven, merchant, Montrose; by A. Thomson, conjunct town-clerk, Montrose
 Hamilton, Godwin, and Co. who carried on business in Glasgow, and in Virginia, North America, who became insolvent in 1775; by James Kerr, accountant, Glasgow, 22d January
 M'Clure, William, draper and merchant, Kirkcudbright; by W. A. Roddan, accountant there, 16th January
 M'Millans, Wm and Thos, merchants, Castle-Douglas, and Wm M'Millan and Thos M'Millan, individual partners thereof; by James Liddell, writer there, 20th January
 Oughterson, Arthur, and Co. merchants, Greenock, and James Oughterson, John Robertson, and John Robertson, jun., surviving individual partners thereof; by Wm Leitch, merchant, Greenock
 Robertson, John, mason and wright, Pollockshaws, Glasgow; by David Kay, accountant there
 Stewart, P. and J. spirit-dealers, Glasgow; by Mr Harvie, Dunlop-street, there

London, Corn Exchange, Jan. 4.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, Red	54	62	White Pease	49	57
Fine	64	70	Boilers	60	63
Superfine	70	74	Small Beans	60	62
Foreign	56	80	Fine	64	66
English Wheat	56	64	Tick	58	60
Fine	66	72	Fine	60	62
Superfine	74	80	Feed Oats	25	29
New	—	—	Fine	30	35
Rye	50	54	Poland do	30	30
Fine	54	56	Fine	35	37
Barley	42	50	Potato do.	32	37
Fine	56	62	Fine	37	39
Superfine	63	65	Fine Flour	65	70
Malt	64	78	Seconds	56	60
Fine	85	87	North Country	52	58
Hog Pease	60	66	Bran, per q.	12	15
Maple	67	69	Fine Pollard	20	28

Seeds, &c.—Dec. 29.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Must. Brown	15	22	Hempseed	70	—
—White	15	20	Linseed, crush.	60	70
Tares	12	16	New, for Seed	80	84
Turnips	12	20	Ryegrass	10	50
—Red	—	—	Clover, Red	35	120
—Yellow, new	—	—	— White	50	120
Carraway	65	70	Coriander	18	25
Canary	100	140	New Trefoil	14	62
New Rapeseed, £40 to £44.					

Liverpool, Jan. 1.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.	11	0	12	5	Rice, p. cwt.	0	0	0	0
English	10	6	11	3	Flour, English,	—	—	—	—
Scotch	10	6	11	3	p. 280lb. fine	59	0	60	0
Welsh	11	0	11	5	—Seconds	52	0	54	0
Irish, old	—	—	—	—	Irish p. 240lb.	49	0	50	0
New	11	0	11	6	Amerl. p. bl.	44	0	47	0
Dantia	11	6	12	9	—Sour do.	34	0	37	0
Wismar	11	6	12	2	Clover-seed, p. bush.	—	—	—	—
American	9	0	10	0	— White	—	—	—	—
Quebec	9	0	10	6	— Red	—	—	—	—
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	—	—	—	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—	—	—	—
English, grind.	6	6	6	9	English	40	0	43	0
Malting	8	6	9	6	Scotch	35	0	35	0
Irish	6	0	6	6	Irish	36	0	40	0
Scotch	7	6	9	0	Butter, Beef, &c.				
Foreign	0	0	0	0	Butter, per cwt.	—	—	—	—
Malt p. 9gls.	11	6	12	9	Belfast	117	to	0	0
Rye, for.	42	0	44	0	Newry	116	to	0	0
Oats, per 45 lb.	—	—	—	—	Drogheda	112	to	0	0
Eng. new	4	6	4	10	Cork, 3d	106	to	0	0
Scotch pota.	4	7	4	10	—new, 2d	118	to	0	0
Foreign	4	0	4	6	Beef, p. tierce	85	to	100	—
Welsh	4	5	4	9	— p. barrel	60	to	65	—
Beans, pr qr.	—	—	—	—	Pork, p. bri.	100	to	105	—
English	—	—	—	—	Hams, dry	0	to	0	—
Irish	—	—	—	—	Bacon	—	—	—	—
Pease, per quar.	—	—	—	—	Short middles	75	to	74	—
— Boiling	66	0	68	0	Long	70	to	70	—
Foreign	66	0	68	0	Rapeseed, per last, £0 to £0.				

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 12th December 1818.

Wheat, 70s. 0d.—Rye, 51s. 3d.—Barley, 49s. 7d.—Oats, 30s. 6d.—Beans, 52s. 6d.—Pease, 52s. 5d.—Oatmeal, 25s. 0d.—Beer or Big, 45s. 7d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th December 1818.

Wheat, 81s. 3d.—Rye, 61s. 4d.—Barley, 65s. 4d.—Oats, 36s. 3d.—Beans, 74s. 9d.—Pease, 72s. 10d.—Oatmeal, 58s. 7d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.

EDINBURGH.—JANUARY 6.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....41s. 6d.	1st,.....41s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 0d.	1st,.....31s. 0d.
2d,.....37s. 6d.	2d,.....—s. 0d.	2d,.....—s. 0d.	2d,.....—s. 0d.
3d,.....33s. 0d.	3d,.....35s. 0d.	3d,.....21s. 0d.	3d,.....21s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 18 : 6.

Tuesday, January 5.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	Os. 5d. to Os. 8d.	Quartern Loaf	Os. 11d. to Os. 0d.
Mutton	Os. 6d. to Os. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	Os. 10d. to Os. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.	Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d. to Os. 0d.
Veal	Os. 8d. to 1s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone	23s. 0d. to Os. 0d.
Pork	Os. 6d. to Os. 8d.	Ditto per lb.	1s. 6d. to Os. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	14s. 0d. to 15s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	1s. 0d. to Os. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—JANUARY 1.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....39s. 0d.	1st,.....41s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 0d.	1st,.....24s. 6d.	1st,.....25s. 0d.
2d,.....37s. 0d.	2d,.....37s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.
3d,.....35s. 0d.	3d,.....33s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 17 : 0 : 2-12ths.

Note.—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. ECCLESIASTICAL.

On Thursday, the 16th of December, the Rev. James Kirkwood of Kilmarnock, was ordained assistant and successor to the Rev. Thomas Thomson, minister of the Relief Congregation, James' Place, Edinburgh.

II. MILITARY.

[2 Life G. Cornet and Sub-Lieut. A. M'Innes to be Lieut. 24 Nov. 1818
F. Chatfield to be Cornet and Sub-Lt. vice M'Innes do.
2 Dr. Capt. G. James to be Major by purch. vice Elphinstone 3 Dec.
Lieut. C. James to be Capt. by purch. vice James do.
Cornet T. Walker to be Lieut. by purch. vice James do.
G. H. Lindsey to be Cornet by purch. vice Walker do.
1 Lieut. F. D. Daly to be Adjutant, vice Chantry res. Adj. only 19 Nov.
11 Capt. W. Blundell, from 22 Dr. to be Capt. vice Schreiber, ret. on h. p. 22 Dr. 26 do.
Cornet W. Clarke to be Lieut. by purch. vice James, ret. 9 do.
Lieut. Charles Wetherall, from 22 Dr. to be Lieut. 14 do.
— F. Blundell, from 22 Dr. to be Lieut. vice Schreiber, ret. on h. p. 22 Dr. 25 do.
— G. Williamson, from h. p. 12 Dr. to be Lieut. 26 do.
— C. J. J. Arbuthnot, from 1 F. G. to be Lieut. 3 Dec.
Hon. H. D. Shore to be Cornet by purch. vice Edgell, ret. 10 do.
1 Lt. Lt. Col. S. Boyse to be Lt. Col. vice Colonel Doherty, ret. 8 do.
Capt. J. Doherty to be Major, vice Boyse do.
Lieut. C. R. Bowers to be Capt. vice Doherty do.
— T. B. Tristram, from 22 Dr. to be Lieut. 26 Nov.
Cornet W. A. Brown to be Lieut. by purch. vice Nisbett 9 Dec.

13 Cornet W. T. Cockburne to be Lieut. by purch. vice Bowers 10 Nov.
18 Lieut. R. Cootte to be Capt. by purch. vice Lloyd, ret. 26 Nov.
Cornet F. Nisbett to be Lieut. by purch. vice Cootte do.
— T. Hunter to be Lieut. by purch. vice Cruickshanks, ret. 27 do.
G. H. Earl of Belfast to be Cornet by purch. vice Nisbett do.
20 Lieut. R. Nisbett, from 13 Dr. to be Capt. by purch. vice Synge, 25 Dr. 19 do.
— T. Irwin to be Capt. by purch. vice Joerres, ret. 3 Dec.
Cornet R. Douglass to be Lieut. by purch. vice Irwin do.
Gent. Cadet Charles Wilson to be Cor. by purch. vice Dudley, 11 Dr. 19 Nov.
1 F. G. G. W. Eyres to be Ensign and Lieut. vice Cradock 3 Dec.
4 F. Capt. G. Ramsay, from W. I. Rang. to be Capt. vice Kirwan, h. p. W. I. Rang. 26 Nov.
Lieut. W. H. Dutton, from 85 F. to be Lieut. vice Richardson, ret. on h. p. 85 F. 19 do.
5 Ensign F. A. Robinson, from 4 W. I. R. to be Ensign, vice Making, ret. on h. p. 4 W. I. R. 3 Dec.
2d Lieut. A. J. Pictet, from Rifle Brig. to be Ensign, vice Pickering, ret. on h. p. Rifle Brig. 2 do.
9 Lieut. G. Stirling to be Capt. by purch. vice Light, ret. 3 do.
Ensign T. Scott to be Lieut. by purch. vice Stirling do.
— C. H. Mills, from York Rang. to be Ensign, vice Elves, ret. on h. p. York Rang. 10 do.
11 Lt. Col. J. P. Hunt, from h. p. 60. F. to be Lt. Col. vice Cayler, dead. 19 Nov.
12 Lieut. J. Jones, from 51 F. to be Lt. vice Walsh, ret. on h. p. 51 F. 26 do.
20 Capt. R. Power, from 58 F. to be Capt. vice Lewis, ret. on h. p. 58 F. 27 do.
21 — C. Campbell, from 60 F. to be Capt. vice Bt. Major M'Haffie, ret. on h. p. 60 F. 26 do.

- 25 Capt. W. Brownson, from 74 F. to be Capt. vice Tripp, h. p. 74 F. 25 do.
 — C. Chambers, from 1 F. G. to be Capt. vice Bt. Major Billie, dism. 26 do.
 Lieut. G. F. Paschal, from 61 F. to be Lieut. vice Hamilton, h. p. 61 F. 25 do.
- 41 — W. Watson to be Capt. by purchase Bt. Major Muir, ret. 26 Nov.
 Ensign R. Butterfield to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Watson do.
 Bt. Major P. O. Shaughnessy, from 25 F. to be Capt. vice Hardwick, ret. on h. p. 2 F. do.
- 45 Capt. J. Bishop, from 95 F. to be Bt. Lt. Col. vice Gordon, ret. on h. p. 95 F. do.
 Lieut. J. Nunn, from 58 F. to be Lt. vice Heatley, ret. on h. p. 58 F. 3 Dec.
- 64 — J. Pillion, from h. p. to be Paymaster, vice Irwin, ret. on h. p. 26 Nov.
 — R. Myddleton, from 90 F. to be Capt. by purchase, vice Warren, ret. 19 do.
- 66 Paym. J. Kerr, from h. p. 3 Ceylon Reg. to be Paym. vice Lediard, res. 3 Dec.
- 75 Ensign J. Townsend, from 96 F. to be Ens. vice Wright, ret. on h. p. 96 F. 26 Nov.
- 82 Lieut. R. Elliott to be Adjutant, vice Holdsworth, res. Adj. only 19 do.
 Richard Collis to be Ensign, vice MacMahon, dead 26 do.
- 85 Gent. Cadet W. Kerr to be Ensign by purchase, vice Fox, W. I. Rang. 19 do.
- 92 Lieut. N. Wilson, from 58 F. to be Lieut. vice M'Donnell, ret. on h. p. 58 F. 10 Dec.
 H. W. S. Stewart to be Ensign by purchase, vice Macpherson, prom 22 Oct.
- 94 Lieut. P. Pratt to be Capt. by purchase, vice Kingdom, ret. 26 Nov.
 Ensign T. R. Timbrell to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Pratt do.
 J. A. Kingdom to be Ensign by purchase, vice Timbrell do.
- 96 Lieut. S. Biddulph to be Capt. by purchase, vice Nash, ret. 3 Dec.
 Ensign A. S. H. Mountain to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Biddulph do.
 J. Riddell to be Ensign by purchase, vice Mountain do.
- 99 Capt. E. T. Poe, from Rifle Brig. to be Major by purchase, vice Martin, ret. 1 Nov.
- Rifle Brig. Lieut. A. Stewart to be Capt. by purchase, vice Poe 3 Dec.
- 1 W. I. R. Capt. C. L. Appellius, from 4 W. I. R. to be Capt. vice Thornhill, ret. on h. p. 4 W. I. R. 19 Nov.
- 2 — A. Grant, from African Corps, to be Capt. vice Lt. Col. Evans, ret. on h. p. African Corps do.
 Gent. Cadet W. Spence to be Ensign, vice Robinson, res. 10 Dec.
- 3 W. Frederick to be Ensign by purchase, vice Marshall, ret. do.
- Brev. Major Morris, from 55 F. with Capt. Herbert, h. p. 25 F.
 Capt. Broughton, from 9 F. with Capt. St Clair, h. p.
 — Bateman, from 5 F. with Capt. Bent, h. p. 1
 — Spearman, from 5 F. with Capt. Johnson, h. p.
 — Macdonald, from 92 F. with Capt. Donaldson, h. p. 44 F.
 — White, from 2 Ceylon Reg. with Brev. Maj. Bayley, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.
 — Burn, from 5 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Goff, h. p.
 — Brookes, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Williams, h. p. 100 F.
 Lieut. Bulloch, from 13 Dr. with Lieut. Chambre, h. p. 25 Dr.
 — Watkins, from 9 F. with Lieut. M'Dermott, h. p.
 — Mackay, from 21 F. with Lieut. Spottiswood, h. p.
 — Brooke, from 4 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Cartan, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
 — Hilliard, from 5 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Armstrong, h. p.
 — Bennett, from 5 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Pollock, h. p. 43 F.
 — Allan, from 21 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. George, h. p. 7 F.
 — Webb, from 35 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Tompkins, h. p.
 — Mason, from 82 F. with Lt. Harman, h. p.
 — Bowlby, from 4 F. with Lieut. Clarke, h. p.
 — Haggup, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Stuart, h. p.
 — Rawlins, from 13 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Meredith, h. p.
 — Toovey, from 20 F. with Lt. Oakley, h. p.
 — Knight, from 44 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Short, h. p. 28 F.
 Cornet Lord G. Bentinck, from 10 Dr. with Lieut. Lord J. Bentinck, 1 F. G.
 — Schneider, from 6 Dr. with Ensign Pickford, 92 F.
 Ensign Meyrick, from 4 F. with Ensign Shipton, h. p.
 Surgeon Job, from 5 Dr. Gds. with Surgeon Logan, 13 Dr.
 — Burton, from 4 F. with Surgeon M'Dermott, h. p. 60 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

- Major Muir, 41 F.
 — Martin, 99 F.
 Capt. Lloyd, 18 Dr.
 — Joerres, 20 Dr.
 — Light, 9 F.
 — Warren, 56 F.
 — Kingdom, 94 F.
 Lieut. James, 11 Dr.
 — Cruickshanks, 18 Dr.
 Cornet Edgell, 11 Dr.
 Ensign Robinson, 2 W. I. R.
 — Marshall, 3 do.

Appointments Cancelled.

- Lieut. Edgell, 11 Dr.
 Assistant Surgeon M'Grigor, 13 Dr.
 — Hart, h. p. 22 Dr.

Dismissed.

- Dep. Commissioner Gen. Rawlins.

Reinstated.

- Quarter-Master Howsman, 60 F.

Deaths.

- Colonel Braddyll, 3 Lancaster Mil.
 Lieut. Col. Duke, 3 Gar. Bn. Dep. Adjut. Gen. Nova Scotia 4 Dec. 1818
 Major Caulfield, h. p. 32 F. 26 April 1818
 Capt. Kearney, 22 Dr. 19 Aug.
 — Watson, 22 F. 6 Dec. 1818
 Lieut. Robinson, 43 F. 15 do.
 — Powell, h. p. 90 F.
 Ensign M'Mahon, 82 F.
 — Jenks, 1 W. I. R. 3 Nov.
 Quar. Mast. Helm, h. p. Roxburgh F. 5 do.
 Staff—G. Young, Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. at Nova Scotia.

Medical Staff.

- Bt. Dep. Inspec. A. L. Emerson, M. D. from h. p. to be Physician to the Forces
 Dep. Purveyor J. Croft, from h. p. to be Dep. Purveyor to the Forces 25 Oct.
 Dep. Inspec. J. Robb, M. D. to be Insp. of Hosp. by Brevet, to the Forces 26 Nov.
 Physician T. Gordon, to be Dep. Insp. of Hosp. by Brevet, to the Forces do.
 Staff Surg. T. Inglis to be Dep. Insp. of Hosp. by Brevet, to the Fore. do.

Exchanges.

- Brev. Lt. Col. Macdonald, from 92 F. with Brev. Lt. Col. Blainey, h. p. Malta Regt.
 — Proctor, from 82 F. with Major Robertson, h. p. 6 F.

III. NAVAL.

Promotions.

Names.	Names.	Names.
<i>Captains.</i>		
W. B. Dashwood	Rob. Bruce	H. V. Huntley
Martin White	Alex. Borthwick	John Carnac
John Cookesley	Wm Richardson	Leon. C. Rooke
James Murray	Wm Grint	Hon. Charles Legge
Chas. G. R. Phillott	Wm Jardine Puch as	Marcus Worsley
George N. Jones	Robert Boyle	Frank Ramsden
Wm Wolrige	Michael Staekpoole	Edward H. Thorpe
James K. White	Francis Brace	John L. Clayton
John Ross	Hon. Geo. Barrington	W. B. Greene
James Stirling		Geo. Young
Amos F. Westropp	<i>Superannuated Commanders.</i>	Samuel Kneeshaw
George Brine	Charles Woodger	John M. Laws
Right Hon. Lord John Hay	Harry Dawe	John Watt
Const. R. Moorsom	Wm Mules	Henry H. Johnstone
Hon. Geo. John Perceval	Owen Williams	Right Hon. George Viscount Mandeville
<i>Commanders.</i>	<i>Lieutenants.</i>	
Wm D. Evance	Thomas Boteler	<i>Surgeons.</i>
Sam. Sparshott	James L. Parkin	John Runciman
Rich. Grant	Francis Witham	Wm Anderson
	Chas. Fleetwood	

Appointments.

Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas F. Freemantle, to be Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean. Flag-Lieut. John Branford.

Rear-Admiral Edward Griffith, to be Commander-in-Chief at Halifax.—Flag-Lieut. Ed. A. Houghton.

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
<i>Captains.</i>			
W. B. Dashwood	Amphion	Wm Oldrey	Pioneer
Chas. Simeon	Arab	N. G. Corbett	Raleigh
Wm Popham	Beaver	Joseph Soady	Revolutionnaire
W. J. Mingay	Camelion	John F. Dawson	Rochfort
W. N. Glascock	Carnation	Geo. C. Oliver	Ditto
Hon. V. Gardner	Dauntless	Francis Blair	Salisbury
C. E. Strong	Morgiana	John Forster	Sapphire
Arthur Fanshawe	Newcastle	G. V. Jackson	Serapis
B. M. Kelly	Pheasant	Richard Barton	Severn
A. P. Hollis	Ramillies	H. C. Collins	Supern. ditto
W. D. Evance	Redpole	E. R. P. Mainwaring	Ditto ditto
Sir C. Rowley	Spencer	B. Andrews	Ditto ditto
Hon. Fred. Noel	Spey	John Read	Ditto ditto
Sir T. M. Hardy, Bt.	Superb	James Masier	Spencer
Hon. J. Gordon	Tamar	Henry Sheridan	Ditto
F. L. Maitland	Vengeur	John Reeve	Starling
Thos. W. Carter	Wasp	Wm Chasman	Superb
Thos. G. Caulfeild	Windsor Castle	H. C. Goldsmith	Ditto
Barnard Yeoman	Wolfe	Henry S. Wilson	Surly
Geo. W. Willes	Wye	Jod. Leigh	Sybilie
		Edw. Colman	Ditto
		Richard Saumarez	Ditto
		Charles Gordon	Tagus
<i>Lieutenants.</i>		Henry Sankey	Vengeur
R. Weatherley	Abundance	John Lapslie	Ditto
R. S. Gibson	Alban	Samuel Drewry	Ditto
Hon. F. Spencer	Albion	Henry M'Clintoch	Ditto
John Carnac	Ditto	G. W. St. J. Mildmay	Wasp
R. J. Nash	Alert	Henry Pryce	Ditto
Thos Boteler	Antelope	R. M. Teed	Windsor Castle
Chr. Wyvill	Arab	George Pierce	Ditto
Fred. Chamier	Ditto	Joseph Pearse	Ditto
Leo. C. Rooke	Bacchus	James Bulkeley	Ditto
Henry King	Beaver	David Harrop	Wolf
Wm Hicks	Camelion	John Bendyshe	Ditto
Chas Witham	Ditto	Andrew Drew	Wye
Chas Fleetwood	Conqueror	Thomas Townsend	Ditto
Thos J. J. W. Davis	Cyrus	Francis Little	Fancy, rev. cut.
S. Jervois	Dauntless		Rutland, ditto
R. H. Cockerell	Ditto	<i>Royal Marines.</i>	
Geo. Baker	Ditto	Capt. Gilbert Elliot	Glasgow
Nich. Chapman	Dwarf	Capt. Thos H. Morice	Liffey
God. Brereton	Eurydice	Capt. J. Bartleman	Newcastle
Francis Witham	Ditto	Capt. Wm Rowe	Rochfort
Geo. Vevers	Favourite	Capt. Wm Ramsay	Severn
H. V. Huntley	Fort	Capt. Geo. Gray	Vengeur
Robt Tait	Glasgow	1st Lt. Dun. Campbell	Forth
Geo. H. Jenkin	Grasshopper	1st Lt. D. Marley	Newcastle
J. S. Williams	Larne	1st Lt. J. P. Pleydell	Spartan
Rt. Hon. G. Viscount Man- deville	Ditto	1st Lt. Wm Lawrie	Sybilie
J. W. G. Ricketts	Leander	1st Lt. Thos Appleton	Vengeur
Thos Penberthy	Lee	1st Lt. Thos Wearing	Wye
Wm Mudge	Leven	2d Lt. James Clarke	Conqueror
Geo. F. Ryves	Morgiana	2d Lt. Wm White	Impregnable
Hugh S. Head	Ditto	2d Lt. J. F. Elliot	Spencer
John P. Baker	Newcastle		
Henry Walker	Ditto	Wm Millar	Abundance
John S. Brisbane	Ditto	Rich. Johns	Alban
John A. Mouat	Ditto	F. P. Bentley	Camelion
Ed. A. Houghton, F. L.	Ditto	Geo. Millard	Conqueror
Jos. C. Cory	Ditto	Thos Read	Cyrene
Thos Marriot	Northumberland	Jas Allap	Cyrus
Ed. H. Jacob	Orlando	F. P. Lychen	Dauntle
	Pheasant	R. Holmes	Driver

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
John Bolton	Dwarf	Pat. Boyle	Dwarf
Geo. Dujardine	Fly	Jos. Steret	Eurydice
John Andrews	Hyena	Evan Davies	Larne
Jos. Higgs	Leven	George Webster	Leander
Geo. F. Morice	Liffey	Peter Fisher	Leven
J. B. North	Morgiana	John Morgan	Mermaid
Jas Napier	Newcastle	Neal Robinson	Morgiana
R. Anderson	Ontario	George Roberts	Newcastle
Rob. Power	Pheasant	Andrew Small	Ditto
J. Trivick	Pike	M. M'Enally	Parthian
Edward Hankin	Pioneer	Tim. Keltly	Pheasant
J. J. H. Lingard	Raleigh	Wm Aikin	Pioneer
Dan. Lye	Rochfort	Alex. Reid	Podargus
D. Beynon	Sapphire	Wm Clarke	Redpole
C. W. M'Lean	Slaney	James Veitch	Redwing
J. Woodthorpe	Sophie	Thos A. Miller	Rochfort
Rob. Yule	Spencer	Wm Strang	Ditto
Wm Petre	Superb	Thos Davies	Serapis
Jas Welch	Swinger	Allen M'Laren	
P. Parker	Vengeur	Isaac Dias	
J. Botham	Wasp	Jos. M'Gowan	
Wm Purdo	Windsor Castle	Wm Dickson	
Thos Collins	Wolf	Alex. Wood	
<i>Surgeons.</i>		Wm Cannon	
Robert M'Dowell	Arab	John Buist	Supernumeraries
J. Loudon	Camelion	Wm Lane	Severn
N. Churchill	Cyrus	Philip O'Reilly	
Alex. Ni-bet	Dauntless	Jos. Kert	
Nich. Roche	Ferret	Jer. Riordan	
Pat. M'Fornan	Grasshopper	Mat. Little	
Chas Carpue	Morgiana	Pat. Clarke	Spencer
Jos. M'Carogher	Newcastle	J. R. Rees	Superb
Alex. Dumbat	Pheasant	H. B. White	Tribune
Elias Ryall	Raleigh	George M'Millan	Vengeur
Isaac Noot	Revolutionnaire	James Rae	Ditto
Rowland Griffith	Rochfort	John Campbell	Wasp
John Laird	Serapis	Joseph Bassan	Windsor Castle
John Williams	Severn	Peter Boyd	Wye
Jos. Dallaway	Supern. ditto	<i>Parsers.</i>	
Chas Miller	Ditto ditto	John Jermaine	Abundance
Henry Carter	Shearwater	R. Kippen	Arab
Mich. Goodsir	Sophie	Thos Allan	Camelion
Mark Thompson	Spencer	Jos. Marshall	Dauntless
Caryer Vickery	Superb	Thos Fitzgerald	Impregnable
Thos Dunlop	Tribune	Alex. Riach	Morgiana
William C. Ivin	Vengeur	John Fillis	Newcastle
John Lawson	Wasp	Geo. Wallis	Pheasant
Robt Kirkwood	Windsor Castle	John Curtis	Serapis
David Patton	Wolf	Thos F. Jessop	Superb
Geo. Brown	Wye	Allan Field	Vengeur
<i>Assistant Surgeons.</i>		Chas Grills	Wasp
John Gilchrist	Abundance	John Cole	Windsor Castle
J. M. Madden	Aid	Wm Davies	Wolf
John Knox	Alban	Wm Soady	Wye
David Nimmo	Albion	<i>Chaplains.</i>	
Wm Clarke	Ditto	Wm Evans	Bulwark
Thos Thompson	Amphion	Edward Brice	Hyperion
Wm Cannon	Argonaut	Geo. Cuthbert	Queen Charlotte
Peter Lothian	Ditto	David Lloyd	Ramilies
John Thomson	Conqueror	Jas W. Maguire	Salisbury
Rob. Wylie	Cyrus	Jas Dunne	Vengeur
James Low	Dauntless	John Kirby	Wye

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 8. At Quebec, the lady of William Scott, Esq. younger of Wooll, a son.

13. In France, the lady of David S. Ronaldson Dickson, Esq. of Blairhall, a son.

19. At Warriston Crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs Robert Cairns, S. S. C. a son.

21. At Freeland House, the Honourable Mrs Hore, a daughter.

28. In Parliament-street, London, Mrs Mundell, a son.

Dec. 1. Mrs William Burn, George-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

2. At Knowie Farm, in the county of Sussex, the lady of Major-General Beaton, a daughter.

3. Mrs Couper, Hart-street, Edinburgh, a son.
— At Mormond House, Mrs Gordon of Cairnbulg, a son.

4. At Largs, the lady of David Montgomery Craig, Esq. a son.

5. The lady of Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart. a son.

7. In Frederick-street, Edinburgh, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Wauchope, a son.

— At No 35, Albany-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Dr Brunton, a still-born son.

8. At No 27, St Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, the lady of Thomas Boswall, Esq. of Blackadder, a daughter.

9. At Marionville, Mrs Dudgeon, a son.

12. At Minto, Lady Minto, a son.

15. At Castle-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Alexander, a son.

— At Nottingham Place, London, the lady of Hugh Rose, Esq. a son.

— At his Grace's seat, Belvoir Castle, the Duchess of Rutland, a son.

14. At Argyll House, the Right Honourable the Countess of Aberdeen, a daughter.

— At Dutton, the lady of Major Colin C. Mackay, a son.

— In James's-square, London, her Grace the Duchess of St Albans, a son.

15. Mrs Duff of Muirtown, a daughter.

21. At Touch House, the lady of Ranald Macdonald, Esq. of Staffa, a son.

— At Lennoxlove, the Right Honourable Lady Blantyre, a son.

22. At his house, Woodlee, Dumfriesshire, the lady of G. S. Elliot, Esq. of Larristoun, a son and heir.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Lockhart of Castlehill, a son.

26. At General Stirling's, Musselburgh, Mrs Home, a son.

Lately—The lady of Luke Bray, Esq. of Ballycarane, county of Tipperary, of twins—a son and a daughter. It is remarkable, that about a year back this lady had the same good fortune.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 17. At Barnuckity, near Elgin, Patrick Sellar, Esq. of Westfield, to Ann, second daughter of Thomas Craig, Esq.

26. At Brussels, at the hotel of his Excellency the British Ambassador, Ann Blayney, daughter of the Right Honourable Lord Blayney, to Captain Charles Gordon, R. N.

— At Inverness, John Jameson, Esq. agent for the British Linen Company, to Mary, second daughter of the late Rev. David Denoon, minister of Kilmearn, Ross-shire.

27. George Reid, senior, Esq. farmer, Bonnyrigg, to Christian, second daughter of the late Andrew Cowper, Esq. engineer, of that place.

Dec. 4. At Edinburgh, the Rev. John Glen, minister of the Chapel of Ease, Portobello, to Sarah Isabella Whyt, daughter of the late John Whyt, Esq. of Kingston, Jamaica.

— At Catherington, Hampshire, Steuart Boone Inglis, Esq. formerly of the King's late German Legion, to Sholto Charlotte, widow of Major-Gen. James Pringle, East India Company's Service, daughter of the late Sir John Halkett of Pitfirrane, Bart.

7. At Kelso, Alexander Macdougall, Esq. Stranraer, to Margaret, eldest daughter of William Gillespie, Esq. collector of excise.

— At Montrose, by the Rev. John Dodgson, James Leighton, Esq. town-clerk of Montrose, to Isabella, second daughter of Colin Alison, Esq. writer there.

8. At Cheltenham, George Barclay, Esq. son of Colonel Barclay, his Majesty's Commissioner for the American boundary, to Matilda, only daughter of Anthony Aufreze, Esq. of Hoveton Hall, Norfolk, and grand-daughter of the late General Count Lockhart of Lee and Carnwath.

9. At Bonnington-place, Edinburgh, William Craig, Esq. writer to the signet, to Margaret Ann, youngest daughter of the deceased Gillian M'Laine, Esq. of Sealsdale, Mull.

10. At House of Hill, Mr Alexander Binnie, Drylaw, to Jessie, eldest daughter of Mr Archibald Wilson, House of Hill.

11. At her father's house, Nicolson's-square, Edinburgh, Mr John Mann, jeweller, to Miss Elizabeth, second daughter of Dr John Borthwick Gillespie.

— At Collington, Mr William Young, to Miss Mar on Waugh, the only surviving daughter of the late Mr James Waugh, victual dealer, Collington.

— At Rossie, George Ballingall, Esq. of Bainskirke, to Grace, second daughter of Mr David Dun, Rossie.

14. At Braidwood, Henry P. Palmer, Esq. of Granada, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, to Mary, fourth daughter of George Ferrie, Esq. Braidwood.

— At Crail, Matthew Forster Conolly, town-clerk, Anstruther, to Catharine, second daughter of Robert Murray, Esq. Crail.

15. At Dumfries, Walter Ferrier, Esq. writer to the signet, to Miss Henrietta Gordon, only daughter of the late Thomas Gordon, Esq. wine merchant.

16. At Edinburgh, Henry Meredith Jervis White Jervis, Esq. eldest son of Sir John Jervis White Jervis, of Bally Ellis, county of Wexford, Bart., to Marion, third daughter of the late William Campbell, Esq. of Fairfield, Ayrshire.

17. At Edinburgh, Mr George Elliot, Jedburgh, to Miss Jean, daughter of William Bell, Esq. of Melrose Lanton.

18. At Edinburgh, John Jameson, writer in Edinburgh, to Cecilia, daughter of the late John Bett, Esq. of Denhead, merchant, Cupar Angus.

22. At Harrow, near London, Lachlan Mackinnon, Esq. younger of Letterfern, to Catharine, daughter of the late Duncan Macdougall, Esq. of Ardtrurie.

21. At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Welsh, second son of William Welsh, Esq. of Mossfennan, to Mary, eldest daughter now in life of Mr Alexander Tweedie, late in Dreva.

Lately—At the palace of Corfu, Lieut.-Colonel Hankey, private secretary to his Excellency Sir T. Maitland, to Mrs Caterina Vaslamo, of the island of Corfu.

DEATHS.

April 6. At Bombay, Lieut. George Strachan of the rifle corps, son of the Rev. William Strachan of Coulter.

May 18. Killed in action, at the siege of Malegaum, in Kandeish, Lieutenant Thomas Davies, late commanding engineer of the army of the Deccan, to the inexpressible regret of his family and friends.

June 2. At Cannanore, Captain John Scott, Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Madras army, and son of the late Francis Scott, Esq.

4. At Salem, Madras Presidency, after a short illness, Charles Carpenter, Esq. commercial resident there. Mr Carpenter exercised his important office for many years, with the greatest advantage to the Company; and died universally regretted, as a man of the highest honour and integrity.

Sept. 26. At sea, on his passage from Savannah, where he had caught a fever, Mr James Forbes, merchant in New York. On the 8th Oct. his son, William; and, on the 10th October, another son, John; both having taken the infection, by dutiful attendance upon their father, who was the youngest son of the late Dr James Forbes, physician in Aberdeen.

Oct. 11. At Urafirth, Shetland, Margaret Bruce Watson, third daughter of the Rev. William Watson, minister of Northmavine.

Nov. 5. At Zurich, aged 92, the widow of the celebrated Solomon Gessner.

14. At Aberdeen, Miss Elizabeth Ramsay, daughter of the late John Ramsay, Esq. of Barra, aged 26 years.

16. At his house, near Kirkwall, Malcolm Laing, Esq. of Strynie.

21. At Edinburgh, Captain and Adjutant George Hume, 1st Mid Lothian local militia.

22. At Perth, after a short illness, Mr Thomas Whitson, writer there.

23. At Brooklyn, after a short illness of typhus fever, Mr John Williams, long better known, both in England and Ireland, by the name of Anthony Pasquin.

— At Leith, James Dennison, Esq. St Giles'-street, aged 85 years.

— At Hatfield, James Penrose, Esq. M. D. surgeon extraordinary to the King, and surgeon to his Majesty's household.

— At Errol Manse, the Rev. David Dow, minister of Errol.

24. Mrs Jane Heriot, wife of Mr John Young, grocer, Candlemaker-row, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Dow, surveyor of taxes.

25. Georgiana Susan, daughter of Sir James Graham of Netherby, Bart.

— At Allan, Ross-shire, Charles Monro, Esq. of Allan.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Anne Cleghorn, wife of Mr James Muirhead, printer.

— At Elgin, the Honourable George Duff of Milton, third son of William, Earl of Fife, in the 53d year of his age.

26. At Shavington, Viscountess Killmore, of Shavington Hall, in the county of Salop, and eldest sister of Lord Combermere of Combermere Abbey, in the county of Chester.

— At his house in Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, Alexander Anderson, Esq. of Fingask.

— At Rosshill, near Queensferry, Mrs Ross of Rosshill.

— At Tours, in France, after a very long and painful illness, Elizabeth, the wife of G. Vanbrugh Brown, Esq. of Knockmarloch, and daughter of the late Robert Reid Cunningham, Esq. of Auchinhavie, Ayrshire.

28. At Holme-street, Kilmarnock, Mrs Bruce, who bore a long indisposition with cheerful and Christian patience, from the 16th Oct. 1816, to the day of her death. She was tapped 42 times, and 500 Scots pints of water drawn off, a quantity al-

most incredible, in the short space of 25 months, amounting in weight to 2000 lbs.; nevertheless, she was able to attend divine service until a few days of her death.

— At her daughter's, at Collins's Cottage, Harrowgate, Mrs Ann Dawson, aged 101. This aged matron served the army in the time of the Rebellion, with butter, eggs, and cream, when encamped near Preston.

— At his house, No 46, Hanover-street, Edinburgh, Dr William Brown, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. His respectability as a professional character, and a member of society is well known.

29. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Hutton, late of the island of Nevis.

— At Kincardine, Mrs Ann Duncan, wife of Mr John Wilson, officer of excise, Crieff, aged 23.

30. At Kirkcaldy, Miss Catharine Landale.

— Suddenly, in the prime of life, Mr Francis Davie, schoolmaster of Kinneff.

— Within a few days of his lady, Robert, Lord Viscount Kilmore, aged 72.

Dec. 1. At Leven Lodge, Edinburgh, Patrick Hadaway, Esq. late brewer in Leith.

— At Musselburgh, Miss H. Nelson.

3. At Marseilles, in the twenty-second year of his age, Thomas Buchan, Esq. younger of Auchmacoy.

4. At his house in Bedford-square, London, John Lumsden, Esq. a member of the Honourable the Court of Directors for the affairs of the Hon. East India Company.

— At Perth, in the 84th year of his age, Mr David Foggo, who was schoolmaster in the parish of Tibbenuir upwards of 60 years.

— At her father's house at Newington, Jamima, youngest daughter of Robert Gordon, Esq.

— At Lumphinnens, Fifeshire, Mr James Hogg, senior, at a very advanced period of life.

5. In the 74th year of his age, Mr Hargrove, the well-known historian of Knaresborough, Harrowgate, and the surrounding country; author of "The Yorkshire Gazetteer," "Anecdotes of Archery," and other literary productions; also, compiler of 16 folio and quarto volumes of manuscripts, chiefly relative to the history of Yorkshire.

— In Grenville-street, Brunswick-square, London, Mrs M^cNab, widow of Captain A. M^cNab, of the *Henry Dundas* East Indian.

— At the Manse of Crossmichael, Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Johnstone, minister of that parish, in the 22d year of her age.

6. At Castlewigg, Wigtownshire, John Hathorn, Esq. of Castlewigg.

— At Elswick Bank, Orkney, Mrs Mary Balfour, relict of George Craigie, Esq. of Saviskail.

— At Edinburgh, after a short illness, Janet Wright, only daughter of the late John Wright, Esq. of Easter Glins, writer in Edinburgh.

7. At Cockermouth, in her 74th year, Jane, the wife of James Clarke Satterthwaite, Esq.

— Mrs W. J. Dawson, spouse of Mr Giles, upholsterer, Edinburgh.

8. In Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry Cockburn, Esq. advocate.

9. At Edinburgh, John Hill, Esq. late accountant in Edinburgh.

— At Boulogne, Frances, eldest daughter of Dr Grant, inspector-general of hospitals.

10. At Glasgow, Arch. Young, Esq. surgeon.

12. At Inverary, Miss Alexa Campbell, youngest daughter of Captain Archibald Campbell, chamberlain of Argyll.

15. At London, Mr Alexander Christie, late publisher of the "Literary Journal."

— At Gilead House, Liverpool, aged 38, Mrs Solomon, wife of Dr Solomon of that place.

— Mrs Janet Forbes, daughter of the Rev. Wm Forbes, late episcopal minister in Musselburgh, and wife of James Skinner, writer in Edinburgh.

15. At Eton, aged 72, Mr Rich. Atkins, printer, who, for 55 years, had been employed as a compositor of the Greek and Latin books for the use of Eton school; during which time, he has never been known to spend an idle day, or even an idle hour.

— At Edinburgh, Captain John Cowe, R. N.

— At Musselburgh, Helen, daughter of Henry Jardine, Esq.

16. In a fit of apoplexy, Captain William Rawlins, R. N.

18. At Stirling, Elizabeth Maitland Girvan, eldest daughter of the late Mr Girvan, minister of Langtoun.

— At Edinburgh, Lady Hay, widow of Sir Alexander Hay.

— At his father's house, Charles, eldest son of Mr James Teoch, merchant, Leith, aged 17 years.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Avery, wife of Mr Thomas Duncan, Prince's-street, aged 41 years, possessed of many amiable qualities.

19. At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Balfour, spouse of the Rev. Dr Brunton.

— At Edinburgh, Janet Elizabeth, daughter of George Lyon, Esq. W. S. aged 16 months.

— At his house in Tobago-street, Edinburgh, Mr James Marshall, builder, and tacksman of Red-hall Quarry.

— At her house, Mrs Jane Davie, wife of Andrew Morris, Esq. and fourth daughter of the late John Davie, Esq. of Gaveside.

22. At Gayfield-square, Edinburgh, Mr John Demaria, a native of Italy, aged 85.

— At his house in Gayfield-square, Edinburgh, Mr David Skae, builder in Edinburgh.

25. At Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, James Syme, Esq.

Lately—in Galway, Ireland, Miss Elizabeth O'Flaherty, proprietress of "The Connaught Journal" newspaper.

At Blairston, Mr Adam M^cIntosh, at the advanced age of 102.

At Kelso, Mrs Grieve, wife of Mr Hugh Grieve, late of the Exchequer.

Mrs Jane Hardie, relict of Mr Wm Dalrymple, merchant, Edinburgh.

In Wickham-street, Portsea, in the 115th year of his age, Thomas Bolwell, a native of that town. He formerly, during many years, sold water about the streets, and afterwards, when the infirmities of age had incapacitated him for that employ, he kept a small shop for the sale of wood and coals. His memory was good up to his last moments; he would frequently recur to the total eclipse of the sun, on the 22d of April 1715, of which event he ever retained a perfect recollection. He was married to one wife 80 years, who died in the 101st year of her age.

At Everton, Liverpool, Alexander Taylor, M.D. formerly of Paisley.

At Brompton, London, Francis Clason, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, barrister at law.

At Worcester, aged 91, Mr Jasper Debrissay, formerly an officer in the 4th dragoons. He carried the colours at the battle of Culloden in 1745.

Lieutenant-colonel Charles Duke, Deputy-adjutant-general to the forces serving under the Earl of Dalhousie, Nova Scotia.

At Dungannon Park, Ireland, in the 99th year of his age, Lord Viscount Northland, a governor and custos rotulorum of the county of Tyrone, and a representative peer for Ireland. He succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, the Hon. Thomas Knox, member in a former parliament for Tyrone.

In the island of Trinidad, Frederick T. Lynch, Esq. M.D. a native of Limerick, but many years settled on that island, where his great professional abilities and accomplished manners procured him the esteem and respect of the entire settlement. And in September last, his widow, an amiable and interesting lady, also died, leaving two orphan daughters to the sole care of the Doctor's brother, Jeffrey Lynch, Esq. of the same island, who, we lament, also died on the 12th October last.

At Paris, Lady John Campbell, in a few days' illness, by a defluxion of the chest; she was sister-in-law of the Duke of Argyll, and eldest daughter of William Campbell, Esq. of Fairfield.

At Bishopswearemouth, George Wilson Meddley, Esq. well known as the biographer of Dr Paley, and the author of "Memoirs of Algernon Sidney."

On board the British vessel *Angelica*, which lately foundered while on her passage from the Cape of Good Hope to the Isle of France, John James Armstrong, Esq. late American consul at Teneriffe, and his family, consisting of Mrs Armstrong, seven children, two nephews, and servants.

At London, the lady of General Sir C. Grant.

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VOL. IV.

REMARKS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF CIVILIZATION IN GREECE.

[We have been so fortunate as to procure the following essay from a distinguished native of Greece. He has been induced to give it to our pages, in order that it may act as a harbinger in preparing the curiosity of our readers for the *ἑστὴ ἢ τὰ νῦν Ἑλληνικὰ*, a periodical work which we have already announced to be upon the eve of publication; and in which not only every subject touched upon in the present sketch, but every thing connected with the state of Modern Greece, is about, as we are assured, to be ably and amply illustrated.]

If the state of a nation may at all times be contemplated with utility, it must be so in a more peculiar manner at the epoch when its members begin to degenerate from the virtues of their ancestors, and also at the epoch in which they begin to be regenerated. At these two periods, the observer has the vantage-ground of a point of view which is admirably adapted for giving him lessons useful to humanity, because it lays before his eyes the course and tenor of those causes which mainly injure or mainly favour the civilization of mankind.

These causes must vary in number and in efficacy, according as the people among which such a revolution goes on happens to be more or less distant from other civilized nations, more or less favoured by climate, more or less advanced in the civilization which it is about to lose, or more or less deeply plunged in that barbarism from which it is about to make its escape. To these considerations, which must of course guide the eye of the observer, should be added a particular study of the peculiar *species* of barbarism which forms the object of his observation. The same instruments of improvement do not operate with the same kind of force among a people who are for the first time treading the path of civilization, as among a

people who are in the act of recovering it, after having strayed from it for a season. The steps of the former are timid; they feel the way before them like infants. The progress of the latter, provided they have preserved any monuments of their ancient civilization, and provided their march be not impeded by any causes out of themselves, may be expected to be more decided and more rapid in its character.

It would be an idle and thankless task to set about informing a man of education what Greece once was, or what she has successively become in the course of the revolutions to which she has been exposed. The last of these revolutions had plunged her into a state of lethargy, not unlike that which pervaded western Europe before the revival of letters. From time to time, only, she manifested a few faint symptoms of life; from time to time she produced a few cultivated men in the midst of a barbarous nation—a nation which indeed paid them a tribute of excessive admiration, but which, deaf to their voice, and blind to their example, derived no effectual advantage from their presence.

No one will think it necessary to ask us, of what kind, during this melancholy period, had been the moral and religious ideas of the Greeks. Ignorance, the offspring of tyranny, is

ever attended by superstition ; and the influence of superstition is followed surely, although insensibly, by the corruption of manners.

Nevertheless it is true, that European travellers—some of them, indeed, persons who have never seen Greece, and who think it quite possible to study a nation without leaving one's own cabinet—while professing to give a fair picture of the degeneration of Modern Greece, have in reality produced nothing but a caricature. They have persuaded themselves that there is nothing to be seen among the Greeks but that which may at all times be found among all enslaved peoples, and which indeed may be seen at this very day among many nations governed by no means in so arbitrary a manner as the Greeks. By a calculation, wherein no justice is rendered either to the acuteness of their understanding, or to the rectitude of their hearts, these observers have in fact been heaping upon the heads of the present Greeks the vices and the errors of all the generations which have gone before them since the age in which Greece lost her liberty. They have not seen, or they have not been willing to see, that the Greeks of this day are in truth the victims of crimes which they never committed. The situation of nations arrived at their condition, resembles that of individuals sprung from parents enervated and exhausted by debauch. The only reproach which can with justice be brought against them is, that they have not adopted with sufficient decision the regimen and mode of life most opposite to that in which their parents indulged, and therefore most likely to eradicate the debility entailed upon them. A much greater proportion of guilt is chargeable on those Greeks who first permitted themselves to be seduced by the gold of the Macedonians, who, forgetting the brilliant examples of virtue and patriotism bequeathed to them by their ancestors, and refusing to respect the voices of those whose tombs were yet before their eyes, were mean enough to sell their heritage of liberty—and upon those who were the enemies of the Achaian league—and upon those who, by their wicked dissensions, introduced the arms and the oppression of the Romans—and upon those, finally, who, while yet in possession of at least

a shadow of liberty, tamely submitted to the yoke of a barbarous people ;—upon all those Greeks a much deeper weight of censure should fall, than on these their unhappy descendants, to whom they have left every thing to be repaired, and scarcely one new fault to be committed. Without liberty, without pecuniary resources, without the resources which light and intelligence alone can supply, abandoned by all the world, exciting among a few of the nations which contemplate them some insignificant feeling of interest, or some barren feeling of pity, but regarded by the greater part with the disputing indifference, where was ever people placed in a more helpless situation than the Modern Greeks?

And what, accordingly, was the spectacle presented by unhappy Greece, that native country of arts, sciences, and philosophy? The same that may be found almost every where among slaves. A clergy superstitious and ignorant, influencing as they please a people still more ignorant ;—a gentry of much pretension, nourished by the sweat of the peasantry, but far more contemptible than them, because more exposed to the attacks of the common despotism, and more skilled in the arts of debasing themselves before its ministers ;—fathers of families too much exhausted by vexations, and too much blinded by superstition to think of bestowing a good education on their children ;—a youth, in consequence of all these things, utterly devoid of intelligence. Now and then, indeed, a young man expatriated himself for a time, and came to gather, in Western Europe, information which he could not find at home ; but his whole ambition was confined to the study of medicine ; and Italy, the common scene of his studies, was to the modern Greek what the pillar of Hercules was to the ancient. These young men, moreover, travelled rather that they might learn a trade, than that they might acquire a science (at a time indeed when medicine, even in Europe, was merely a trade), and therefore they carried back into their unhappy country little more than instruments to do mischief, and presumption to prevent them from repairing it. At times, it is true, the study of theology was added to that of medicine ; and persons in possession of this double

accomplishment, composed works of controversy well fitted to keep up the hatred subsisting between the Greek and the Roman churches, but utterly hostile to that spirit of conciliation and forbearance, which is the true character of the religion of the Bible.

The information of the more cultivated was, in general, limited to these studies. The rest were scarcely able to read and write; and this part of the nation, without all doubt the most ignorant, was, nevertheless, by no means, either the most superstitious or the most depraved. This advantage was probably the fruit of their ignorance itself, which, at least, prevented them from reading bad books. They derived all their books from Venice, and, with the exception of these necessary for the performance of religious service, and the few grammars and lexicons used in the seminaries where the ancient Greek language was taught, these books were, in general, the most stupid of all productions, much better fitted to deepen than to dispel the shade of ignorance. It was only to a happy accident that the Greeks owed the possession of a translation of *Telemachus*, and another of *Rollin's Ancient History*, two books, which, as we shall observe in the sequel, have been far from being useless to the Greeks.

The nation continued plunged in this deplorable condition down till after the middle of the last century; but in spite of the thickness of their darkness, the attentive observer could not fail to discern, now and then, passing gleams of light, which indicated the approach of a dawn. On the one hand, the few colleges where the ancient language was taught, in spite of the discouraging imperfection of the methods of instruction—in spite of the ignorance and conceit of the professors—and the consequently small advantage derived by the pupils,—were yet sufficient to keep alive, in the midst of the nation, some knowledge of the language of their ancestors, like a sacred spark one day destined to be blown into a flame. On the other hand, a national vanity, ridiculous enough in itself, but salutary in its effects, rendered the Greeks, in general, as proud of their descent, as if each man could have traced himself, in a right line, to *Miltiades* or

Themistocles. This vanity, joined to the difference of religion and of manners, and to the unworthy and unpolitic treatment which they received from their conquerors, was sufficient to make a great part of the nation look upon themselves as prisoners of war, rather than as slaves; and, on the whole, it was not difficult, as we have already said, to observe, that the concurrence of a few favourable circumstances was all that was necessary to bring about a new order of affairs.

It is sufficiently remarkable that one of these circumstances was precisely the arrival of that ever memorable epoch, when the spirit of the more enlightened part of Europe, weary of systems and that scholastic method of teaching, the sciences, which had not yet been entirely abandoned, began, at last, to feel the necessity of opening to itself a new path, and of following therein no other guide than the faithful and scrupulous examination of facts. That happy discovery soon conducted the Europeans to another no less important,—viz. to that of regarding all departments of human knowledge, not as things isolated from each other, but as different branches of the same tree, different apartments of the same edifice, no one of which, therefore, could be thoroughly understood, unless it was viewed in its connexion with the rest. The light which sprung from this great literary revolution failed not, like physical light, to penetrate and illuminate wherever it was not opposed. That it had many obstacles to encounter in Greece we have already seen, but we have also seen that the effect of these was considerably weakened by the sentiments cherished in secret among a great proportion of the nation. The Greeks, so vain of their origin, instead of shutting their eyes against the light of Europe, were proud to regard these western peoples as creditors about to repay, with large accumulation of interest, a capital borrowed originally from their own ancestors of old.

In the year 1766 there appeared, for the first time in Greece, a system of experimental physics, accompanied with plates, and a logic. These works, written in ancient Greek, and published at *Leipsig* by two respectable Greek ecclesiastics, were as well exe-

cuted as the abilities and learning of their authors might permit. The author of the logic published shortly after a translation of the mathematics of Segnert, and a version in modern Greek of a little book, attributed to Voltaire, and entitled, *Essai historique sur les dissensions des Eglises de Pologne*. This was the same ecclesiastic who gave us afterwards in 1786 and 1791, his translations in Greek verse of the Georgics and the Æneid of Virgil. This last production, the notes to which attest abundantly the industry, zeal, and erudition of the translator, might have had great success as a mere literary work, had it been at all possible to transpose the beauties of one dead language into another; but it, at all events, should be saved from oblivion by the impartial observer, because it forms one of the most characteristic symptoms of the present fermentation in the spirit of Greece, and because it announces, that the happy revolution which is in its progress in that country, has taken such a direction as nothing can any longer impede. And yet, it was only in the year 1788, that is to say exactly two years after the publication of the Georgics, that De Pauw, in his *recherches philosophiques sur les Grecs*, declared, in the face of all Europe, with the tone and confidence of an inspired seer, that ignorance and superstition had infixed themselves so deeply and so firmly in the minds of the Greeks, that no human force or power ever could extirpate them. Had he taken the trouble to inform himself of the actual state of the Greeks, and to reason like a philosopher, (as he had been pleased to promise in the pompous title of his book,) this man would have seen and concluded, that when a translation of Virgil appears among a people almost in a state of barbarism, it is a sure evidence that the spirits of that people are in a state of fermentation.

But let us come back to the epoch when Greece first received treatises on natural philosophy and logic, written after the manner of the enlightened nations of Europe. Here we are presented with such a connected chain of causes and effects, such a concurrence of varied and yet co-operating circumstances, that it is altogether impossible to assign to each its due rank in the order of events, or to appreciate with

exactness the influence which each of them may have had on the moral revolution which is at present going on among the Greeks. Perhaps the attempt to do so would, at the best, be an useless and unphilosophical one, since, among no people of the world, was any revolution, either moral or political, brought about in a regular manner by the operation of insulated causes. It is sufficient, if we indicate in their natural order, the most considerable of those occurrences which we regard as having brought about the present state of things in Greece.

In the colleges of Greece, attached for ages to the philosophy of Aristotle, (or rather, we should say, to the dreams of his commentators) with the same devoted superstition which had changed among them the nature of the most simple of religions,—in these colleges a very great proportion of the professors regarded the appearance of the new books above mentioned as an useless and absurd innovation. The students, on the contrary, considered it as a curious circumstance, concerning which one ought at least to be prepared to say something. This curiosity of the young men, although sufficiently rewarded by the acquisition of the new logic, would perhaps have remained useless to the nation, had the Greeks continued to be still as poor as formerly, and to vegetate in the same discouraging condition which had been the deplorable fruit of their oppression. The first concern of man is, at all times, to make sure of his means of subsistence; and as these means are curtailed in proportion to the political oppression under which we live, to overcome the difficulties of his situation, is, in general, a sufficient occupation of intellect for one existing under a brutal despotism. It is only after having provided for the necessities of nature, by rendering the means of subsistence less precarious, that men begin to cast their eyes about them, and seek to enlarge the sphere of their intelligence. Such, in all ages and countries, has been the march of the human spirit, and such it has been and is among the Greeks. At the epoch of which we speak, the Greeks were not indeed free, nor by any means so rich as the inhabitants of a country so remarkable for the variety and abundance of its productions

should have been. They are far, very far indeed, from being so, even at present; but two remarkable occurrences have contributed to render them less poor than heretofore, and to inspire their minds, so long sunk in consternation, if not with the courage of ease and liberty, at least with that of hope. They have learned, in a word, to perceive both the true cause of their misfortunes, and the possibility of putting an end to their unhappy effects.

In consequence of a new direction given by many concurring circumstances to the channels of commerce, a few Greek houses found themselves almost of a sudden in possession of extraordinary riches; and we heard for the first time the name of a *man of millions* among a people who had been accustomed to consider the few of their number who possessed a capital of a hundred purses,* as the chosen favourites of fortune. These new made rich people, although as yet, unfortunately, riches were their only possession, soon began to feel that if fortune scatters her bounty blindly, one must have eyes, and piercing eyes too, in order to preserve and increase her gifts. Accustomed heretofore to make use of European clerks in the management of their concerns, they began to think that they could do without these, and they have in fact in a great measure replaced them by youths of their own nation, forced and bribed to educate themselves by the temptation of considerable salaries.

The study of the languages of the countries with which they had commercial transactions, gave these persons some tincture of learning and the belles-letters; and without being aware of it, they went through a course of logic in learning arithmetic, and that beautiful art of book-keeping, which furnishes the mind with the means of discovering truth, by enabling it at all times to trace error to its source. But in learning the language of strangers, our young Greeks very soon perceived how much they might facilitate their labour by an accurate study of their own language in the first place, and then by going to learn the foreign dialects in the coun-

tries where they are spoken. The desire of knowledge and of travelling, thus began to occupy the minds of our youth, and their ambition was seconded by the wish, wherewith the possession of great riches naturally filled the possessors, of extending their own commerce by foreign establishments on the one hand, and on the other, of multiplying the means of information, if it were only for the sake of their own Children. In a short time the capitalists have formed new commercial houses on the coasts of Italy, in Holland, and in different parts of Germany. It was thus, that commerce, by diffusing ease of circumstances amongst the nation, rescued a multitude of young Greeks from sloth and indolence, and scattered them over the face of Europe, while at the same time, those who remained at home were furnished with better means of instruction by the multiplication of colleges and schools. The emulation which necessarily sprung out of the new state of things, determined many young men, after completing their course in some Greek college, to go and seek the opportunity of completing their education in the western states of Europe. Not a few, even of those destined originally for commerce, have been known to desert their counters for the purpose of shutting themselves up in some university. Such have been the results of the increase of wealth amongst the Greeks; but nothing contributed at that epoch to excite emulation, to augment the fermentation of spirits, and to inspire with resolution the minds of the Greeks, as one remarkable event of which we are now about to speak.

It was in the year 1769 that Russia declared war against Turkey. This last power, although for a long time much declined from that ferocious energy, which had once rendered her as formidable to the European states, as terrible to her own dependencies, still preserved an appearance of grandeur which caused her to be viewed with respect. By means of a kind of *prestige*, the existence of which it is not easy to reconcile with the progress of intelligence, above all, with the wonderful improvements in the tactics of Europe, the European nations still imagined Turkey to be the same mighty power whose heroes had chased the

* Somewhat about four thousand pounds Sterling.

Venetians from Candia and the Peloponnesus, and penetrating into the heart of Germany, dared to besiege, and almost succeeded in taking, the capital of the Empire. Russia has for ever dissipated this superstition, and demonstrated to all Europe that that immense volume of power which she regarded as the muscular bulk of a vigorous constitution, is, in truth, only an unwieldy dropsy, which must, sooner or later, conduct the Ottoman empire to its destruction. But the effects of this glorious war were by no means confined to undeceiving the European nations. Russia, anxious at that time to gain the favour of a nation which she hoped one day to reckon among her subjects, employed a few Greeks in her war with the Porte, and attached them to herself by honours and rewards of every kind. These new auxiliaries embraced, with a youthful ardour, the cause of the court of St Petersburg, and the success of its armies was indeed, on different grounds, the object of the wishes and prayers of their whole nation. Some thought of nothing but revenging themselves on their oppressors; to others the cause of Russia appeared to be the same with that of religion, and in the Russians they saw with pious satisfaction, the future restorers of their ruined or polluted temples. A third party (and these were those men of true good sense, of whom so few can be found in any country, or indeed in any age) looked upon the Russians in no other light than that of a nation destined to prepare the Greeks for liberty. In the meantime, in consequence of the peace concluded between the belligerent powers, the Greeks were again obliged to submit themselves to their ancient yoke; but they did so with sentiments very different from those which they had entertained before quitting it. Persuaded thenceforth that their oppressors were men who could be beaten, nay, knowing that they themselves had beaten them by the side of the Muscovites, and thinking it by no means impossible that, under the guidance of able commanders, they might beat them alone—they felt within them, for the first time, the sparks of a pride, which has been prevented from some fearful explosion only, by the unexampled moderation with which, from this time, the Turks began to conduct themselves. For the

Turks became humble and discouraged exactly in proportion as the Greeks plucked up spirit, in so much, that they felt themselves absolutely compelled to treat, with an appearance of respect, those whom hitherto they had regarded as mere beasts of burden. Other circumstances combined to sink their spirits. The Russian consuls, under the influence of the most glorious peace which the empress had just concluded with the Porte, exerted a species of dictatorial authority all over the Levant. More than once they rescued Greeks from the vengeance of the government, on pretence that they had become Russian subjects, or had served with the armies of Catharine. On the other hand, the bashaws and governors of provinces, who, under the sway of religious fanaticism, had hitherto been accustomed to receive the edicts of the Porte as so many decrees of Heaven, began to perceive, in consequence of the very war in which they had been engaged, that the statue which they adored rested only upon feet of clay. They now began to receive the orders of their emperor with haughtiness, and with the air of being partners, rather than subjects, of his throne. Not a few of these bashaws even lifted the standard of rebellion, and there are several, at this moment, over whom the Porte retains no more than a shadowy and precarious species of superiority. This disobedience, another result of the same cause which had inspired the Greeks with courage and confidence, has contributed, in a collateral manner, to fortify and perpetuate these sentiments in their bosoms.

The inhabitants of the Archipelago carried on all their commerce, previous to this time, in vessels of very inconsiderable size; chiefly accustomed to the petty traffic between one island and another, the utmost extent of their voyages never went beyond the Black Sea or Egypt. But at this epoch, the new direction of commerce, of which we have already spoken, the new riches diffused among the nation, and not improbably the diminution in the authority of the government, suggested to some persons of superior consequence the idea of building large merchant ships, in imitation of the western Europeans. The first vessels of the new construction produced a striking effect on all eyes, excepting those of

the government. Whether from ignorance, or from disdain, or, in fine, from the necessity and the convenience of seeking, among the Greeks, those sailors for the Turkish ships of war, which it could not find among its own nation, the Porte, although by nature abundantly suspicious, paid no attention whatever to this infant marine of the Greeks. Nay more, it is said that this marine was in some measure favoured by the government at its commencement,—one of those unintelligible blunders which we should never be astonished to meet with in the annals of despotism. Most certainly, had the Turkish rulers been able to foresee that the Greeks would one day come to possess a mercantile fleet of several hundred vessels, the greater part of them furnished with ordnance, they would have stifled this dangerous marine at its birth. At present they are prevented from checking its ultimate progress by the very assistance which they have derived from it in their own fleets; for the ignorance of their nation in regard to all marine affairs, is quite as profound, as if their seat were still in the heart of Asia, many hundred leagues distant from the coast.

It is impossible to calculate all the effects which the establishment of this marine may produce in the sequel, or to foresee what influence it may hereafter exert over the destinies, either of the oppressed or of the oppressing nation. It is more easy to observe what it has already effected. In the first place, by favouring the commerce of the Greeks, and increasing their pecuniary resources, this marine powerfully assisted in the increase of the means of instruction. The islanders, who were formerly, in common, the most ignorant part of the whole nation, begin to feel the necessity and the advantage of education, and rival each other in the devotion of their means for the erection of schools and colleges. On the other hand, by the happy influence which this marine has had on the mind of the government, whose despotism it has in a certain degree mitigated, the islanders have acquired and communicated to the rest of the nation an energy of soul unknown among Greeks since the time when their country lost its freedom. Masters of a great number of excellent vessels, framed by their own hands, in a man-

ner at once solid and elegant, and manned in general by mariners who have among themselves ties of union arising from blood or marriage; these men, upon the slightest suspicion of any extraordinary oppression, can embark the rest of their families, and place themselves under the protection of the first nation wise enough to appreciate their value.

The revolution which is at this moment in the course of its operation among the Greeks, has necessarily produced effects diversified and modified according as it has had to encounter, in particular instances, more or less of barbarism, of resources, or of passions,—in a word, according to the different circumstances in which it has found the different towns or communities of the country. In the more considerable towns, which, even before the revolution, possessed some wealthy individuals, some colleges, and consequently some individuals who could at least read and understand the ancient writers,—the revolution has, as might have been expected, operated the earliest and the most effectually. Already, in some of these towns, the buildings of the colleges begin to be enlarged, and instruction in the modern languages, and even in the sciences taught in Europe, is added to the ancient language of the country. The rich have books printed, translated from the Italian, the French, the German, and the English; they send, at their own expense, young men of superior acquirements and zeal to study in Europe; they give a much better education to their own children, without excepting those of that sex which had been hitherto excluded from all education whatever. They wait only for the return of those many young persons who are at this moment scattered over Germany, France, Italy, and England, in order to establish new colleges wherever local situation and other circumstances may permit. The love of instruction has been propagated and diffused with all the rapid symptoms of a contagion, if we may make use of such an expression; and what affords of all other things the best augury for the future, this infection has reached the Greek clergy. Philosophy has forced the gates of the sanctuary, or rather she has descended thither, and now she comes

forth from thence, accompanied with a pure and enlightened religion, to instruct and purify the nation. A considerable number of the Greek ecclesiastics, far from opposing the instruction of the nation, are only occupied with the desire of instructing themselves. Germany possesses, at this moment, a great number occupied perpetually in translating excellent works into Greek. These respectable ecclesiastics have well perceived that the true piety is enlightened piety, and that true intelligence, far from being the enemy of religion, only prepares for her a better reception in the hearts of men. They have felt, that the gratitude of a nation for services such as they are actually conferring, is a very different thing from the blind incense which of old was lavished upon them by its superstition. We are the more delighted with an opportunity of doing justice to the Greek clergy, because in general they lie under the reproach of having most of all contributed to the degradation of this people. No—that reproach falls no longer with justice on any thing but a very small portion of the clergy, whose leaden weight will not, we hope, continue long to oppress either the sanctuary to which they never did honour, or the nation which is now too wise to honour them.

In short, such is the progress of the moral revolution of Greece, that the Greeks can no longer retrograde: they must go on. We may say more than even this; there exists at this moment in Greece such a number of educated men, that were it possible for western Europe to fall once again into darkness, Greece might once again have the privilege and the honour of restoring her to light. A single glance at the catalogues of the books translated within these few years into modern Greek, is sufficient to convince the impartial observer, that the literary men of Greece, at the present time, are much more numerous, and much more enlightened, than those which she produced in the fifteenth century—those ever-memorable men, who, flying from a country prepared by native despots for a foreign yoke, took refuge in the west of Europe, and repaid the asylum afforded to them, by

communicating the small remains of ancient knowledge which still remained in their possession.

The Greeks are extending their attention to their modern language as well as to their ancient. This idiom, sprung from that used by the great writers of antiquity, in the same manner as the French and Italian are from the Latin, possesses over these last the advantage of being rather less different from its original than they are from theirs. Notwithstanding, however, of this circumstance, the modern Greek is a new language, may be considered at this moment in somewhat the same stage of progress in which the French language was at the time of Montaigne. The men of education, who heretofore entirely neglected and despised this dialect, have of late been obliged to employ it in order to introduce foreign books to the acquaintance of the people, and in doing so they have necessarily been led to study its nature with more accuracy—to examine both what it does possess, and what improvements it is capable of receiving. Already this language, like every thing else in Greece, is in a state of revolution. Cultivated as it is by so many pens at the same moment, it is not easy to foresee where it will stop, or what its fixed and characteristic nature will be. If one may judge from its infancy, it affords the promise of uniting more good qualities than are easily to be found together elsewhere. As among the books translated into it, a large proportion are connected with the exact sciences, it may be presumed that one of these good qualities will be clearness. It still preserves many of the turns and inversions of the ancient language; but these, it is to be hoped, instead of banishing as obstacles of perspicuity, they will endeavour as much as possible to reconcile and combine with that first of all qualities. In short, we would hope, that from this combination of elements, there may result a language wherein the flowers of imagination shall only serve as a graceful ornament to the mature fruits of reason.

Such is the present state of civilization in Greece.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE POETRY OF THE AGRICULTURAL AND THAT OF THE PASTORAL DISTRICTS OF SCOTLAND, ILLUSTRATED BY A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE GENIUS OF BURNS AND THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

SCOTLAND has better reason to be proud of her peasant poets than any other country in the world. She possesses a rich treasure of poetry, expressing the moral character of her population at very remote times; and in her national lyrics alone, so full of tenderness and truth, the heart of a simple, and wise, and thoughtful people is embalmed to us in imperishable beauty. If we knew nothing of the forefathers of our Scottish hamlets, but the pure and affectionate songs and ballads, the wild and pathetic airs of music which they loved, we should know enough to convince us that they were a race of men strong, healthful, happy, and dignified in the genial spirit of nature. The lower orders of the Scotch seem always to have had deeper, calmer, purer, and more reflecting affections than those of any other people,—and at the same time they have possessed, and do still possess, an imagination that broods over these affections with a constant delight, and kindles them into a strength and power, which, when brought into action by domestic or national trouble, have often been in good truth sublime.

Whatever may have been the causes of this fine character in more remote times, it seems certain, that, since the Reformation, it is to be attributed chiefly to the spirit of their Religion. That spirit is pervading and profound: it blends intimately with all the relations of life,—and gives a quiet and settled permanency to feelings, which, among a population uninspired by an habitual reverence for high and holy things, are little better than the uncertain, fluctuating, and transitory impulses of temperament. It is thus that there is something sacred and sublime in the tranquillity of a Scottish cottage. The Sabbath-day seems to extend its influence over all the week. The Bible lies from week's end to week's end visible before the eyes of all the inmates of the house; the language of Scripture is so familiar to the minds of the peasantry, that it is often adopted unconsciously in the conversation of common hours; in short, all the forms, modes, shews

of life are, in a great measure, either moulded or coloured by Religion.

All enlightened foreigners have been impressed with a sense of the grandeur of such a national character, but they have failed in attributing it to the right cause. The blessings of Education have indeed been widely diffused over Scotland, and her Parish-Schools have conferred upon her inestimable benefits. But there is such simplicity and depth of moral feeling and affection in her peasantry,—such power over the more agitating and tumultuous passions, which, without weakening their lawful energies, controls and subdues their rebellious excitement,—there is an imagination so purely and loftily exercised over the objects of their human love,—that we must look for the origin of such a character to a far higher source than the mere culture of the mind by means of a rational and widely-extended system of Education. It is the habitual faith of the peasantry of this happy and beautiful land, “that has made them whole.” The undecaying sanctities of religion have, like unseen household gods, kept watch by their hearth-sides from generation to generation; and their belief in the Bible is connected with all that is holiest and dearest in filial and parental love. A common piece of wood, the meanest article of household furniture, is prized, when it is a relic of one tenderly beloved; but the peasant of Scotland has a relic of departed affection, that lifts his nature up to heaven, when he takes into his reverential hands,

“THE BIG HA’ BIBLE, ANCE HIS FATHER’S PRIDE.”

None who have enjoyed the happiness and the benefit of an intimate knowledge of the peasantry of Scotland will think this picture of their character overdrawn or exaggerated. We are not speaking of ideal beings—but of men marked, even in their best state, with many defects, frailties, errors, and vices. But that the Scotch are a *devout people*, one day wisely passed in Scotland would carry conviction to a stranger’s heart;

and when it is considered how many noble and elevating feelings are included within the virtue of DEVOTION,—unfearing faith, submissive reverence, calm content, and unshaken love,—we acknowledge, that a people who, emphatically speaking, fear God, must possess within themselves the elements of all human virtue, happiness, and wisdom,—however much these may be occasionally weakened or polluted by the mournful necessities of life,—grief, ignorance, hard labour, penury, and disease.

It is the heart of the people, not merely their external character, of which we speak, though that too is beyond all comparison the most interesting and impressive of any nation in the world. It would require a long line of thought to fathom the depth of a gray-haired Scottish peasant's heart, who may have buried in the churchyard of his native village the partner of a long life, and the children she had brought to bless it. Time wears not out from his heart any impression that love has once graven there; it would seem, that the strength of affections relying on heaven when earth has lost all it valued, preserved old age from dotage and decay. If religion is most beautiful and lovely in the young, the happy, and the innocent, we must yet look for the consummation of its sublimity in the old, the repentant, and the resigned, and both may be seen

“ In some small kirk upon its sunny brae,
When Scotland lies asleep on the still
Sabbath-day.”

The Scottish peasantry are poetical, therefore, because they are religious. A heart that habitually cherishes religious feelings, cannot abide the thought of pure affections and pure delights passing utterly away. It would fain give a permanent existence to the fleeting shadows of earthly happiness. Its dreams are of heaven and eternity, and such dreams reflect back a hallowed light on earth and on time. We are ourselves willing, when our hour is come, to perish from the earth; but we wish our thoughts and feelings to live behind us; and we cannot endure the imagined sadness and silence of their extinction. Had a people no strong hope of the future, how could they deeply care for the past? or rather, how could the past awaken any

thoughts but those of despondency and despair? A religious people tread constantly as it were on consecrated ground. It cannot be said, that there is any death among them; for we cannot forget those whom we know we shall meet in heaven. But unless a people carry on their hopes and affections into an eternal future, there must be a deplorable oblivion of objects of affection vanished,—a still-increasing

“ dearth
Of love upon a hopeless earth.”

Religion, then, has made the Scottish people thoughtful and meditative in their intellects—simple and pure in their morals—tender and affectionate in their hearts. But when there is profound thought and awakened sensibility, imagination will not fail to reign; and if this be indeed the general character of a whole people, and should they moreover be blessed with a beautiful country, and a free government, then those higher and purer feelings which, in less happy lands, are possessed only by the higher ranks of society, are brought into free play over all the bosom of society; and it may, without violence, be said, that a spirit of poetry breathes over all its valleys.

Of England, and of the character of her population, high and low, we think with exultation and with pride. Some virtues they perhaps possess in greater perfection than any other people. But we believe, that the most philosophical Englishmen acknowledge that there is a depth of moral and religious feeling in the peasantry of Scotland, not to be found among the best part of their own population. There cannot be said to be any poetry of the peasantry of England. We do not feel any consciousness of national prejudice, when we say, that a great poet could not be born among the English peasantry—bred among them—and restricted in his poetry to subjects belonging to themselves and their life.

There doubtless are among the peasantry of every truly noble nation, much to kindle the imagination and the fancy; but we believe, that in no country but Scotland does there exist a system of social and domestic life among that order of men, which combines within it almost all the finer and higher emotions of cultivated minds,

with a simplicity and artlessness of character peculiar to persons of low estate. The fireside of an English cottager is often a scene of happiness and virtue; but unquestionably, in reading the "Cottar's Saturday Night" of Burns, we feel, that we are reading the records of a purer, simpler, more pious race; and there is in that immortal poem a depth of domestic joy—an intensity of the feeling of home—a presiding spirit of love—and a lofty enthusiasm of religion, which are all peculiarly Scottish, and beyond the pitch of mind of any other people.

It is not our intention at present, to pursue this interesting subject into its inmost recesses; we may have said enough to awaken the meditations of our readers on the poetical character of our peasantry. Yet, it may not be amiss to say a few words on the difference of poetical feeling and genius in an agricultural and pastoral state of life,—exemplified as that difference appears to be in the poetry of Burns, and his only worthy successor, the Eltrick Shepherd.

And, in the *first* place, it is undeniable, that in an agricultural country, the life of a peasant is a life of severe and incessant labour, leaving him apparently few opportunities for the cultivation and enjoyment either of his moral or intellectual nature. Each hour has its task,—and when the body is enslaved, with difficulty may the soul be free.

In the *second* place, the knowledge which men thus situated are likely to wish to attain, is of a narrow and worldly kind, immediately connected with the means of subsistence, and not linked with objects fitted to awaken much enthusiastic or imaginative feelings. The knowledge absolutely essential to a cottar in an agricultural country is small indeed, and small accordingly it will be found to be in almost all cases. Sobriety and prudence are his chief virtues; but his duties and his cares make no demand on qualities or feelings of a higher kind.

Thirdly, the face of an agricultural country cannot be very kindling to the senses or imagination. It is all subordinated to separate and distinct uses; one great end, namely, production, is constantly obtruded on the mind among all the shews of scenery, and that alone must be fatal to all play of imagination.

Fourthly, the constant and close intercourse between the inhabitants, arising from the density of population, gives to the people a tone of thought alien from all enthusiasm, and consequently from all superstition. Any superstitious forms that may rise up among them will be but slight modifications of feelings excited by the objects of reality, and will possess but a feeble power among the depressing and deadening influences of a life on the whole so unimaginative.

And, *lastly*, it may be asserted, that if such be the character of an agricultural life, the religion of the people will rather be of a sedate and rational kind, than characterized by that fervour, and even passion, without which it is apt to degenerate into a cautionary system of morality, instead of being a kindling, supporting, and elevating faith.

On the whole, therefore, it would seem that it is not to an agricultural country that we are to look for a poetical character in its inhabitants, or for the appearance among them of a great and prevailing poet.

In a pastoral state of society, the scene assumes a very different aspect. For, in the first place, shepherds and men, connected with a pastoral life, are not bowed down "by bodily labour constant and severe,"—and both the thoughts and the affections have time for indulgence. They have also a more intimate acquaintance with the great and simple forms of nature, and with them are necessarily associated many of their best daily emotions. They hold converse with nature, and become even in the painful prosecution of their necessary labours, unconsciously familiar with her language. Their own language then becomes poetical, and doubtless influences their characters. Their affections become spiritualized along with their imagination,—and there is a fine and delicate breath and shadow of superstition over all the character of their best emotions. Their very religion partakes somewhat of the wildness of superstitious fear: the lonely edifice built for the service of God in the mountain solitude is surrounded by spots haunted by the beings of a fairy creed.

It is certain that it has been in the pastoral vallies of the south of Scotland that the poetical genius of our

country has been most beautifully displayed; and though the peculiar history of those districts, as well as the circumstances under which their language grew, were especially favourable to the formation and display of poetical feeling, yet we are not to look to such narrow and limited causes as these for the acknowledged superiority of the genius of the shepherds of the south, but rather, as we conceive, to such as have been hinted at above, and are necessarily, in a great degree, common to all pastoral states of society, in all times and in all countries.

When we consider the genius of Burns, we see it manifestly moulded and coloured by his agricultural life. We see in all his earliest poems—and they are by far his finest—a noble soul struggling—labouring with a hard and oppressive fate. He was, from very boy-hood, “a toil-worn cottar,”—and it was the aim of his noble heart to preserve that dignity which nature gave it, unshaken and unhumiliated by the “weary weight” of his lot. His genius was winged by independence—and in the proud disdain with which he spurned at the fortune that in vain strove to enslave him, it seemed as if his soul rose to a nobler pitch of enthusiasm, and that he more passionately enjoyed his freedom when feeling circled, not bound by unavailing chains.

The hardships and privations that Burns early felt himself born to endure,—the constant presence before him of the image of poverty—the conviction of the necessary evils of the poor man’s lot—made his whole heart to leap within him when joy, and pleasure, and happiness, opened their arms to receive him. Bliss bursts upon him like a rush of waters—and his soul is at once swept down the flood. Every one must have felt that there is a melancholy air spread over his poetry—as if his creed truly were “that man was made to mourn;” but sudden flashings and illuminations of delight are for ever breaking out;—and in the vehemence, and energy, and triumphant exultation of his language in those moments of inspiration, we feel how dear a thing free and unmingled happiness is to the children of poverty and sorrow.

It was thus that the calamities of a life of hardship, that bows down or-

dinary spirits to the earth, elevated and sublimed the genius and character of our immortal poet. It was thus that nothing seemed worthy to engross his attention, but the feelings and the passions of the heart of man. He felt within him visitings of thoughts that wafted him into Elysium,—he recognised in those thoughts the awful power of human passion,—and saw that, circumscribed as the sphere was in which he, a poor peasant, was placed, he might yet walk in it with power and glory,—and that he might waken up into strength, freshness, and beauty, those feelings of his lowly brethren that destiny had enfeebled and obscured, and give them an existence in poetry, essentially true to human life, but tinged with that adorning radiance, which emanates only from the poet’s soul in the hour of his inspiration.

It is here that we must seek for the true cause of Burns’ very limited power of description of external Nature. Certainly, of all poets of the first order, he is the one that has left us the fewest fine pictures of landscape. His senses were gratified with the forms, the blooms, and the odours of nature, and often in the fulness of his convivial delight, he pours out vivid expressions of that rapture and enjoyment. But external nature seems never to have elevated his imagination, or for any length of time to have won him from the dominion of the living world. Where his eye reposed, or his ear listened, there too his soul was satisfied. When he has attempted to generalize, to delineate associations by which nature is connected with the universal feelings of our kind, he sinks to the level of an ordinary versifier. All that vivid and burning vigour, with which he describes his own feelings and passions as a human being in union with human beings, is gone at once; and we witness the unavailing labour of a mind endeavouring to describe what it but imperfectly understands, and but feebly enjoys. There is scarcely a line in his poems written in, or of the Highlands, that would startle us with surprise in the verses of the merest poetaster. His mind had never delivered itself up to such trains of thought. In his evening walks, after a day of toil, the murmur of the stream, the whispering of the breeze, or the song of the blackbird, touched his heart with joy,

and beautifully indèed has he blended his sweetest dreams of love and affection with such simple sounds as these ; but generally speaking, Nature had no charms for him, unless when she at once recalled to his memory, the image of some human being whom he loved, and the visions of departed happiness. Then indeed, insensate things became instinct with spirit, and spoke the passion of the poet's soul ; of which there cannot be a finer instance than in the lines to " Mary in Heaven," when the trees, the banks, the streams, the channel of the Ayr, seem all parts of his own being, and the whole of that sylvan scenery is enveloped in an atmosphere of mournful passion.

We have frequently thought that it was fortunate for Burns, that he lived before this age of descriptive poetry. No doubt his original mind would have preserved him from servile imitation ; but his admiration of the genius of his great contemporaries might have seduced the train of his emotions from the fireside to the valley, and he might have wasted on the forms of external nature, much of that fervid passion which he has bestowed on the dearer and nearer objects of human love. Had he done so, he would have offered violence to his own soul ; for it is plain that he never could have been a truly great poet, except as the low-born poet of lowly life, and that had he resigned any part of his empire over the passions of the human breast, he would have been but an inferior prince in the dominions of pure fancy.

He was, in many respects, born at a happy time ; happy for a man of genius like him, but fatal and hopeless to the mere common mind. Much poetry existed in Scotland, but no poet. There was no lavish and prodigal applause of great public favourites, no despotical criticism stretching the leaden sceptre of command over the free thoughts of genius. There were in our popular poetry many exquisite fragments struck off as it were from the great mass of domestic life ; many pictures of unfinished, but touching beauty. There was every thing to stimulate, awaken, and excite, little or nothing to depress or discourage. A whole world of life lay before Burns, whose inmost recesses, and darkest nooks, and sunniest eminence he had familiarly trodden from his childhood. All that world, he felt, could be made

his own. No conqueror had overrun its fertile provinces, and it was for him to be crowned supreme over all the

" Lyrical singers of that high-souled land."

The crown that he has won can never be removed from his head. Much is yet left for other poets, even among that life where the spirit of Burns delighted to work ;—but he has built monuments on all the high places, and they who follow can only hope to leave behind them some far humbler memorials.

We have said that there is necessarily less enthusiasm, and therefore less superstition in an agricultural than a pastoral country. Accordingly, in the poetry of Burns, there is not much of that wild spirit of fear and mystery which is to be found in the traditions of the south of Scotland. The " Hallowe'en" is a poem of infinite spirit and vivacity, that brings vividly before us all the merriment of the scene. But there is little or nothing very poetical in the character of its superstitions,—and the poet himself, whose imagination seems never to have been subjected beneath the sway of any creatures but those of flesh and blood, treats the whole subject with a sarcastic good-humour, and sees in it only the exhibition of mere human feelings, and passions, and characters. Even in " Tam o' Shanter" the principal power lies in the character and situation of that " drowthy" hero ; the Devil himself, playing on his bag-pipes in the window-neuk, is little more than a human piper, rather more burly than common ; and while the witches and warlocks are mere old men and women, who continue to dance after " jigging-time is o'er," the young witch, " with the sark of se'enteen hunder linnen," is a buxom country lass to all intents and purposes, and considered by " Tam" in a very alluring but very simple and human light.

" Weel done, cutty sark !"

The description of the horrors of the scene has always seemed to us overcharged, and caricatured so as to become shocking rather than terrible. One touch of Shakspeare's imagination is worth all that laborious and heavy accumulation of affrightments.

But we are not now seeking to paint a picture of Burns' genius—we aim

only at a general and characteristic sketch. A few words more, then, on the moral and religious spirit of his poetry, and we have done.

Strong charges have been brought against the general character of his writings, and by men who, being ministers of the Christian religion, may be supposed well imbued with its spirit. They have decreed the poetry of Burns to be hostile to morality and religion. Now, if this be indeed the case, it is most unaccountable that such compositions should have become universally popular among a grave, thoughtful, affectionate, and pious peasantry—and that the memory of Burns, faulty and frail as his human character was, should be cherished by them with an enthusiastic fondness and admiration, as if they were all bound to him by ties strong as those of blood itself. The poems of Burns do in fact form a part of the existence of the Scottish peasantry—the purest hearts and the most intelligent minds are the best acquainted with them—and they are universally considered as a subject of rejoicing pride, as a glory belonging to men in low estate, and which the peasant feels to confer on him the privilege of equality with the highest in the land. It would be a gross and irrational libel on the national character of our people to charge Robert Burns with being an immoral and irreligious poet.

It is, however, perfectly true, that Burns was led, by accidental and local circumstances, perhaps too frequently to look, in a ludicrous point of view, on the absurdities, both of doctrines and forms, that degraded the most awful rites of religion—and likewise on the follies and hypocrisies that disgraced the character of some of its most celebrated ministers. His quick and keen sense of the ludicrous could not resist the constant temptations which assailed it in the public exhibitions of these mountebanks; and hence, instead of confining himself to the happier and nobler task of describing religious Observances and Institutions as they might be, he rioted in the luxury of an almost licentious ridicule of the abject, impious, and humiliating fooleries which, in too many cases, characterized them as they were—while his imagination was thus withdrawn from the virtues and piety of the truly enlightened ministers of

Christianity, to the endless and grotesque varieties of professional vice and folly exhibited in the hypocritical pretenders to sanctity, and the strong-lunged bellowers who laid claim to the gifts of grace.

In all this mad and mirthful wit, Burns could hardly fail of sometimes unintentionally hurting the best of the pious, while he was in fact seeking to lash only the worst of the profane; and as it is at all times dangerous to speak lightly about holy things, it is not to be denied, that there are in his poems many most reprehensible passages, and that the ridicule of the human sometimes trespasses with seeming irreverence on the divine. An enemy of Burns might doubtless select from his writings a pretty formidable list of delinquencies of this kind—and by shutting his heart against all the touching and sublime poetry that has made Burns the idol of his countrymen, and brooding with a gloomy malignity on all his infirmities thus brought into one mass, he might enjoy a poor and pitiable triumph over the object of his unchristian scorn. This has been more than once attempted—but without much effect; and nothing can more decidedly prove that the general spirit of Burns' poetry is worthy of the people among whom he was born, than the forgiveness which men of austere principles have been willing to extend to the manifold errors both of his genius and his life.

But, while we hold ourselves justified in thus speaking of some of his stern and rancorous accusers, we must not shut our eyes to the truth—nor deny, that though Burns has left to us much poetry which sinks, with healing and cheering influence, into the poor man's heart—much that breathes a pure spirit of piety and devotion,—he might have done far more good than he has done—had he delighted less in painting the corruptions of religion, than in delineating her native and indestructible beauty. "The Cottar's Saturday Night" shews what he could have done—had he surveyed, with a calm and untroubled eye, all the influences of our religion, carried as they are into the inmost heart of society by our simple and beautiful forms of worship—had marriage—baptism—that other more awful sacrament—death—and funeral—had these and the innumera-

ble themes allied to them, sunk into the depths of his heart, and images of them reascended thence into living and imperishable light.

There is a pathetic moral in the imperfect character of Burns, both as a poet and a man; nor ought they who delight both in him and his works, and rightly hold the anniversary of his birth to be a day sacred in the calendar of genius—to forget, that it was often the consciousness of his own frailties that made him so true a painter of human passions—that he often looked with melancholy eyes to that pure and serene life from which he was, by his own imprudence, debarred—that innocence, purity, and virtue, were to him, in the happiest hours of his inspiration, the fair images of beings whose living presence he had too often shunned—and that the sanctities of religion itself seem still more sanctified, when they rise before us in the poetry of a man who was not always withheld from approaching with levity, if not with irreverence, her most holy and mysterious altars.

We should be afraid of turning from so great a national poet as Burns, to a living genius, also born like him in the lower ranks of life, were we not assured that there is a freshness and originality in the mind of the Ettrick Shepherd, well entitling him to take his place immediately after

“ Him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain
side.”

The truth is, that the respective characters of their poetry are altogether separate and distinct;—and there can be nothing more delightful than to see these two genuine children of Nature following the voice of her inspiration into such different haunts, each happy in his own native dominions, and powerful in his own legitimate rule.

And, in the *first* place, our admirable Shepherd is full of that wild enthusiasm towards external nature, which would seem to have formed so small a part of the poetical character of Burns—and he has been led by that enthusiasm to acquire a far wider and far deeper knowledge of her inexhaustible wonders. He too passed a youth of poverty and hardship—but it was the youth of a lonely shepherd among the most beautiful pastoral vallies in the world, and in that so-

litary life in which seasons of spirit-stirring activity are followed by seasons of contemplative repose, how many years passed over him rich in impressions of sense and in dreams of fancy. His haunts were among scenes

“ The most remote, and inaccessible
By shepherds trod ;”

And living for years in the solitude, he unconsciously formed friendships with the springs—the brooks—the caves—the hills—and with all the more fleeting and faithless pageantry of the sky, that to him came in the place of those human affections from whose indulgence he was debarred by the necessities that kept him aloof from the cottage fire, and up among the mists on the mountain-top. His mind, therefore, is stored with images of nature dear to him for the recollections which they bring—for the restoration of his earlier life. These images he has, at all times, a delight in pouring out—very seldom, it is true, with much selection, or skill in the poet’s art—so that his pictures in landscape are generally somewhat confused—but in them all there are lines of light, or strokes of darkness, that at once take the imagination, and convince us that before a poet’s eye had travelled the sunshine or the shadow. Open a volume of Burns—and then one of the Ettrick Shepherd—and we shall see how seldom the mind of the one was visited by those images of external nature which in that of the other find a constant and chosen dwelling-place.

Secondly, We shall find, that in his delineations of human passions, Burns drew from himself, or immediately from the living beings that were “ toiling and moiling” around him; and hence, their vivid truth and irresistible energy. But the Ettrick Shepherd is, clearly, a man rather of kind and gentle affections than of agitating passions—and his poetry, therefore, when it is a delineation of his own feelings, is remarkable for serenity and repose. When he goes out of himself—and he does so much more than Burns—he does not paint from living agents in the transport of their passions—from the men who walk around him in this our every-day world; but he rather loves to bring before him, as a shepherd still in his solitude, the far-off images of human life, dim and shadowy as dreams—and to lose himself

in a world of his own creation, filled with all the visionary phantoms of poetical tradition.

Accordingly, in his poetry, we have but few complete pictures of which the intensity of mere human passions or feelings constitutes the merit and the charm—as in so many of the compositions of Burns; and, therefore, he never can become so popular a poet, nor does he deserve to be so. The best poetry of Burns goes, sudden as electricity, to the heart. Every nerve in our frame is a conductor to the fluid. The best poetry of the Ettrick Shepherd rather steals into our souls like music; and, as many persons have no ear for music, so have many persons no soul for such kind of poetry. Burns addressed himself almost exclusively to the simplest and most elementary feelings of our nature, as they are exhibited in social and domestic life;—he spoke of things familiar to all, in language familiar to all—and hence his poetry is like “the casing air,” breathed and enjoyed by all. No man dares to be sceptical on the power of his poetry, for passages could be recited against him that would drown the unbeliever’s voice in a tumult of acclamation. But we doubt if, from the whole range of the Ettrick Shepherd’s writings, one such triumphant and irresistible passage could be produced—one strain appealing, without possibility of failure, to the universal feelings of men’s hearts. But it is equally certain that many strains—and those continued and sustained strains too—might be produced from the writings of this extraordinary person, which in the hearts and souls of all men of imagination and fancy—of all men who understand the dim and shadowy associations of recollected feelings—and who can feel the charm of a poetical language, occasionally more delicate and refined, than perhaps was ever before commanded by an uneducated mind—would awaken emotions, if not so strong, certainly finer and more ethereal than any that are inspired by the very happiest compositions of the Bard of Coila.

Indeed we should scarcely hesitate to say that the Ettrick Shepherd had more of pure fancy than Burns. When the latter relinquished his strong grasp of men’s passions—or suffered the vivid images of his own experience of life to fade away, he was any thing

but a great poet—and nothing entirely out of himself had power brightly to kindle his imagination, unless, indeed, it were some mighty national triumph or calamity, events that appealed rather to his patriotism than his poetry. But the Shepherd dreams of the days of old, and of all their dim and wavering traditions. Objects dark in the past distance of time have over him a deeper power than the bright presence of realities—and his genius loves better to lift up the veil which forgetfulness has been slowly drawing over the forms, the scenes, the actions, and the characters of the dead, than to gaze on the motions of the living. Accordingly, there are some images—some strains of feeling in his poetry, more mournful and pathetic—at least, full of a sadness more entrancing to the imagination than any thing we recollect in Burns—but, at the same time, we are aware, that though a few wild airs, from an Eolian harp, perhaps more profoundly affect the soul, at the time when they are swelling, than any other music—yet have they not so permanent a dwelling-place in the memory as the harmonious tunes of some perfect instrument.

But, *thirdly*, we have to remind such of our readers as are well acquainted with the poetry of the Ettrick Shepherd, that to feel the full power of his genius we must go with him

“Beyond this visible diurnal sphere,” and walk through the shadowy world of the imagination. It is here, where Burns was weakest, that he is most strong. The airy beings that to the impassioned soul of Burns seemed cold—bloodless—and unattractive—rise up in irresistible loveliness in their own silent domains, before the dreamy fancy of the gentle-hearted Shepherd. The still green beauty of the pastoral hills and vales where he passed his youth, inspired him with ever-brooding visions of fairy-land—till, as he lay musing in his lonely sheiling, the world of phantasy seemed, in the clear depths of his imagination, a lovelier reflection of that of nature—like the hills and heavens more softly shining in the water of his native lake. Whenever he treats of fairy-land, his language insensibly becomes, as it were, soft, wild, and aerial—we could almost think that we heard the voice of one of the fairy-

folk—still and serene images seem to rise up with the wild music of the versification—and the poet deludes us, for the time, into an unquestioning and satisfied belief in the existence of those “green realms of bliss” of which he himself seems to be a native minstrel.

In this department of pure poetry, the Ettrick Shepherd has, among his own countrymen at least, no competitor. He is the poet laureate of the Court of Faëry—and we have only to hope he will at least sing an annual song as the tenure by which he holds his deserved honours.

The few very general observations which we have now made on the genius of this truly original Poet are intended only as an introduction to our criticisms on his works. It is not uncommon to hear intelligent persons very thoughtlessly and ignorantly say, that the Ettrick Shepherd no doubt writes very good verses—but that Burns has preoccupied the ground, and is our only great poet of the people. We have perhaps said enough to shew that this is far from being the case—that the genius of the two poets is as different as their life—and that they have, generally speaking, delighted in the delineation of very different objects.

If we have rightly distinguished and estimated the peculiar genius of the “author of the Queen’s Wake,” we think that he may benefit by attending to some conclusions which seem to flow from our remarks. He is certainly strongest in description of nature—in the imitation of the ancient ballad—and in that wild poetry which deals with imaginary beings. He has not great knowledge of human nature—nor has he any profound insight into its passions. Neither does he possess much ingenuity in the contrivance of incidents, or much plastic power in the formation of a story emblematic of any portion of human life. He ought, therefore, in our opinion, not to attempt any long poem in which a variety of characters are to be displayed acting on the theatre of the world, and of which the essential merit must lie in the exhibition of those passions that play their parts

there; he ought, rather, to bring before us shadowy beings moving across a shadowy distance, and rising up from that world with whose objects he is so familiar, but of which ordinary minds know only enough to regard, with a delightful feeling of surprise and novelty, every indistinct and fairy image that is brought from its invisible recesses. There indeed seems to be a field spread out for him, that is almost all his own. The pastoral valleys of the south of Scotland look to him as their best-beloved poet;—all their mild and gentle superstitions have blended with his being;—he is familiar too with all the historical traditions that people them with the “living dead;” and surely, with all the inestimable advantages of his early shepherd-life, and with a genius so admirably framed to receive and give out the breath of all its manifold inspirations, he may yet make pastoral poetry something more wild and beautiful than it has ever been—and leave behind him a work in which the feelings and habits—the very heart and soul of a shepherd-life, are given to us all breathed over and coloured by the aerial tints of a fairy fancy.

The love of poetry is never bigotted and exclusive, and we should be strongly inclined to suspect its sincerity, if it did not comprehend within the range of its enthusiasm many of the fine productions of the Ettrick Shepherd. We believe that his countrymen are becoming every day more and more alive to his manifold merits—and it would be indeed strange if they who hold annual or triennial festivals in commemoration of their great dead poet should be cold to the claims of the gifted living. It cannot but be deeply interesting to all lovers of genius—and more especially to all proud lovers of the genius of their own Scotland, to see this true poet assisting at the honours paid to the memory of his illustrious predecessor. He must ever be, on such high occasions, a conspicuous and honoured guest; and we all know, that it is impossible better to prove our admiration and love of the character and genius of Burns, than by the generous exhibition of similar sentiments towards the Ettrick Shepherd.

THE EXMOOR COURTSHIP,

From the best Editions, illustrated and compared, with Notes, critical, historical, philosophical and classical ;

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A PARAPHRASE IN MODERN ENGLISH VERSE.

[THE Exmoor Courtship is a dramatic pastoral, well known in the west of England, and, in all probability, as ancient as the time of Henry VII. War-ton is of opinion that the "origin of the Bucolic might be discovered in the ancient Greek comedy, while the latter was in its most rude and unpolished state." The same may be affirmed of our own pastoral poetry. This union in our rude drama is apparent in Gammer Gurton's Needle, which was probably written towards the conclusion of Queen Mary's reign ; at least, we know that it was exhibited at Oxford, in the year 1661, the third of Queen Elizabeth. It is chiefly composed, like the "Exmoor Courtship," in the west country dialect, which may be styled the English Doric. The characters are almost entirely pastoral, and Hodge, the hero of the drama, is most decidedly a genuine bucolic. In the succeeding reign of Queen Elizabeth, or rather towards its conclusion, this union no longer existed ; and the Pastorals of Spencer, though they exhibit more of character than modern poems of that kind, are totally distinct from the dramas in her days.

This singular composition is invaluable to those whose intimate acquaintance with the provincial dialect in which it is written, renders its meaning easy and familiar. But to most readers of poetry it must be as a sealed fountain ; and it is therefore hoped that the accompanying translation will enable them to penetrate and enjoy the spirit of the original. The Translator has converted the Moor-drivers and milk-maids of the forest into such nymphs and swains as whilom "roamed over Lyæus and Cyllene hoar," and dwelt beside the banks of the "Lilied Ladon." For, so capricious is modern taste, the same person will look with disgust on the representation of a Margery or Thomasin carrying a picher of water on her head from the Mole or the Linn, and with delight on a Galatea, or a Dione, or any of those pastoral nymphs who, in days of old,

" Were wont to bring
The weight of water from Hyperia's spring."

This literary metamorphosis was, however, undertaken chiefly with a view to entertain the classical reader, who will doubtless be no less pleased than surprised at perceiving the great similarity between the inhabitants of the Moor and the Grecian shepherds, as depicted by Theocritus ; and he trusts the conjecture will be readily admitted, that our bard considered him as his model, and copied his beauties in the same manner as Rowley did those of Homer, as appeared to general satisfaction from the parallel passages adduced by some learned and dignified critics to ascertain that extraordinary circumstance.

The language of our bard corresponds with the Doric dialect, in which the Idyllia of Theocritus were principally written ; and which, as his translator justly observes, "was, of all others, best adapted to the subject, the characters, and simplicity of sentiment." "It possesses an inimitable charm that can never be transfused into the most happy translation ; it has a modulated sweetness which melts upon the ear, at the same time that its wildness and rusticity often characterize the personages who use it." TRANSLATOR.]

THE EXMOOR COURTSHIP.

THE ARCADIAN LOVERS,

*A Dramatic Pastoral.**Persons.*

ANDREW MOREMAN, a young Farmer
 MARGERY VAYWELL, his Sweetheart
 OLD NELL, Grandmother to Margery
 THOMASIN, Sister to Margery

Scene—Margery's Home.

To Margery, enter Andrew.

An. How goeth it, cozen Margery?

Mar. Hoh! cozen Andra, how d'ye try?

An. Come, let's shake* hands, thof kissing be scarce.

Mar. Kissing's plenty enow: bet chud
 20 leefe kiss the back o ma hond es e'er a
 man in *Chattacomb*, or yeet in *Paracomb*;
 no† dispreze.

An. Es dont bolieve thate, yeet es believe
 well too.

Mar. Hemph! oh, tha‡ vary vengeance

Dramatis Personæ.

CELADON, Lover of Pastora
 PASTORA, a young Shepherdess
 MELIBÆA, Grandmother to Pastora
 ATHENAIS, Sister to Pastora.

Scene—A Vestibule before an elegant Cottage, with a picturesque View of the Country on each side.

Pastora coming from the Vestibule is met by Celadon.

Cel. How fares the lovely maid, Arcadia's pride,

To Celadon by kindred ties allied?

Pas. My gentle kinsman, hail!

Cel. In friendship's sign
 Will fair Pastora join her hand to mine,
 Though, such the custom now and maiden
 pride,

Its sweeter symbol, lip to lip's denied?

Pas. Ah, Celadon! too oft the guileless
 maid

To such unseemly weakness is betray'd.

But be it never mine in that respect

Of decency the precepts to neglect.

*Sooner than grant to the most lovely swain,
 That roams by Ladon's banks or Tempe's
 plain,*

*Such a salute, to this cold hand of mine,
 In pride I speak not, I'd those lips confine.*

Cel. Fond as I am, and easy to believe,
 Not thus Pastora can her swain deceive.

[*Salutes her.*]

Pas. Forbear, rude swain! ill fortune
 and disgrace

* This has been a symbol of love and friendship from the earliest ages. Thus, a deserted maiden, in Ovid's epistles, exclaims,

"Heus ubi pacta fides commissaque dextera dextrâ."

And thus Æneas receives his companions.

"Amicum

Ilionea petit dextrâ lævaque Segestum."

Achilles, as a mark of friendship, takes the Greek envoys by the right hand.

† This word, differently accented, was in use in Queen Elizabeth's time,

"it was

A handsome pretty-custom'd brandy-shop

As any was in Venice, none *dispraised*." *Volpone, A. 5.*

i. e. No offence intended to the others by an implied degradation. The amiable trait of character in the *no dispreze* is but faintly imitated in the translation. It denotes, that at the same time in which she would be understood as holding the least approach towards indelicacy in abhorrence, which causes her warmth of expression, she would be extremely sorry if it was understood to proceed from any personal dislike to the swains of *Paracomb* or *Chattacomb*. She detracts not from their merits, nor wishes to degrade their characters by elevating her own. Her real aversion to improper liberties is again strongly marked in her following speech, as well as her secret attachment to Andrew, which makes her so soon forget her cause for resentment against him. A striking proof of our bard's intimate acquaintance with the human heart. And it is observable, that the endearments of Andrew are less and less strenuously resisted as the drama proceeds.

‡ A passage similar to this, and the conclusion of Margery's former speech, occurs in the opening of the xx. Idyllium:

out o tha ! Tha hast * creem'd ma earms,
and a most a borst ma neck.—Woll, bet for
all, how dost † try, es zey, cosen Andra ?
es hant a zeed ye a gurt while.

An. Why fath, cosen Margery, ‡ nort
marchartable, e'er zince es scored a § tack
or two wey Rager Vrogwell t'ether day.
Bet, zugs ! es trem'd en, and vagg'd en zo,
that hee'l veel et vor wone white.

Mar. How, cosen Andra ! why es thort
you coudent a vort zo.

An. Why, twos oll about thee, || mun :
vor es chant hire an eel word o tha.

Mar. How ! about me ! Why, why vore
about me, good zweet now ? of a ground
ha can zey no harm by ma.

An. Well, well, no mater. Es coudent
hire tha a run down, and a roilad upon zo,
and zet still like a ¶ mumchance, and net
pritch en vort.

Mar. Why, whot, and be hang'd to en,
cou'd ha zey o me, a gurt ** meazel.

Pursue thy steps ! forbear the rude embrace !
Ah cruel ! thus my tortur'd neck to strain,
Thus grasp my arms, and pierce my breast
with pain !—

Yet tell me, Celadon,—ah me ! with friends
How soon forgiveness on offence attends !
Tell, if thy absent days in joy have past,
For many a day is fled since I beheld thee
last ?

Cel. In truth, Pastora, not exempt from
pain

These limbs have prov'd since on Ladona's
plain

With angry Lycidas I strove ; but know,
Full little cause for triumph had my foe.
But, by yon azure heaven, the blows I dealt
Were oft repeated, and were sorely felt.
Oft shall the moon increase, and oft decay,
Ere he forget his humbled pride that day.

Pas. Ah ! little deem'd Pastora that, in
rage,

Hergentle kinsman could rough contest wage.

Cel. For thee that rage arose—could I un-
moved

Hear the maid slander'd whom my soul ap-
proved ?

Pas. For me ! good heaven, what charge
unjust and vain

Could he produce Pastora's fame to stain ?

Cel. Nay, let it pass—it was not mine to
hear

Thy conduct censur'd and revenge forbear ;
Ye powers ! could I sit impotent and tame
Whilst malice dared Pastora's acts defame !

Pas. What ! ill betide the wretch whom
I despise

As the base tenants of the wattled sties,
What could he say, what urge ?

“Εννικα μ' ἐγχελαζε βιλοντα μιν ἀνυ φιλασαι
Και μ' ἐπικριτομοισα, τα δ' ἐνίπτιν· Εἰς ἀπ' ἱμῶν
Βασιλος ὡν ἐβλεψι με κνσαι, ταλαν ; ἡ μεμαθηκα
Ληροικως φιλεειν”——&c.

Chaucer says, when woman

“ hath caught an ire

Vary vengeance is all her desire.”—*The Sompnour's Tale.*

* i. e. Squeezed, from the Teutonic *Krimpen*, to contract, to be creem'd with the cold,
is synonymous to be cramped *præ frigore obtorpescere*. May we derive from the same
word the army *crimps*, who render torpid those they lay hands upon ?

† i. e. How d'ye do ? A sea phrase, perhaps communicated to the old Exmooreans by
some navigators of the Bristol Channel. It is used by Shakspeare in the *Tempest* (Act i.
scene i.) in a nautical sense.

‡ Nort marchantable seems a figurative expression derived from commerce, “a com-
modity not perfectly sound or vendible.” Andrew's meaning therefore is—“Not perfect-
ly sound or well, ever since I interchanged some blows with Roger Vrogwell.

§ From the Islandic *tak* a blow, or the Latin *tactus*. Score is often used in the same
sense as to reckon.

|| Perhaps for *umman*, i. e. woman.

¶ Perhaps from *mome*, a foolish creature, and *chance*, or come by chance, a changeling,
dropt by the fairies instead of some more promising child taken away by them from the
cradle. *Mome* or *mazem* may be derived from *memar*, an old Sicilian word, which de-
notes an idiot.

** A hog or sow, from the cutaneous distemper to which these animals are liable ; or,
it may be from the Danish *meolk*, and Anglo-Saxon *meole*, “rjilk,” their general food.

“Against those meazles which we disdain should feter us.”—*Coriolanus*.

An. Es begit tha words now—bet ha roiled zo, that es coudent bear et.—Bet a deident lost hes labour, fath! vor, es * tozed er, es † tamb'd en, es ‡ laced en, es thong'd en, es drash'd en, es drubb'd en, es tann'd en to the true § ben, fath.—Bet, tap! cham avore ma story. Zes I; “Thee art a pretty vella!” zes he; Gar! thee castent make a pretty vella o' ma.” “No, agar,” zeys I, “vor th'art too ugly to be made a pretty vella; that's true enow.” Gar, a was woundy mad || thoa. “Chell try thate,” zeys he.—“As zoon's tha ¶ wut,” zeys I.—Zo, up a roze, and to't we went. Vurst, a * geed ma a †† whisterpoop under tha year, and ‡‡ voreway a geed ma a §§ vutch in the zeer.—Add! thoa es raked up, and tuck en be that collar, and so box'd en and zlapp'd en, that es made hes |||| kep hoppy, and hes yead addle to en.

Cel. The words unkind,
Unjust, remembrance brings not to my mind;
But 'tis enough, my fair, for thee to know
I soon aveng'd thee on thy worthless foe.
Now here, now there, as in my strength I

rose,

He felt the fury of repeated blows.
Yet stay, whence first began our fierce debate,
Since, such Pastora's pleasure, I'll relate.
“A pretty tale, and pretty youth,” I cried.
He thus, “to check by force o'erweening

pride

Is mine; a pretty youth then style not me,
In manly strength superior far to thee.”
“Ah no,” I tauntingly replied, “in truth,
To make thee, Lycidas, a pretty youth
Transcends all human power.” And now

his breast

With fury swell'd, as he these words address.
“Shall we the contest then of manhood try?”
“If such thy wish, this instant!” I reply.
Swift he advanc'd, impatient to engage;
I swift opposed him, fired with equal rage.
Beneath my ear he first a blow applied,
Then struck with fury my unguarded side;
And now I summon'd all my might, and

presto

Upon my foe: I grasp'd the fleecy vest,
In snowy folds, that wrapt his neck around,
And now my fierce tempestuous blows re-

sound;

From side to side his locks dishevell'd flew,
Whilst his head dizzy with their fury “grew.

Oliver, in the London Prodigal, who, from his speaking so nearly the genuine language of the Moor, shews its having prevailed much more extensively in former days, threatens to take away his mistress from “theek a measel,” i. e. such a worthless despicable fellow. He often uses the word in that sense.

* *Toze*, I take to be of the same meaning as another Devonian word, *tozsee* to toss or jumble.

† From an obsolete Greek word *Λαμῶ* to lick, still used in the same sense at Eaton and other learned seminaries. Some literati derive it from the sound of a blow heartily laid on, as well as *slam*, or the more expressive *slam-bang*, all Exmoorean words; some from the Icelandic *lem* to kill, from whence the proverbial expression, “to give any one a *lam-pye*,” is ingeniously traced.

‡ Lace denotes to *lash*, verberare toris, for which consult Junius on lace and leash; and Skinner on lace and lash.

§ Or perhaps *bent*, possibly to the utmost stretch of the bow. Thus, in Hamlet, “They fool me to the top of my bent.”

|| Then. ¶ Wilt. ** Gave.

†† A close offensive whisper, as disagreeable to the ear as crepitus ventris to the nose, hence applied to a sudden unwelcome blow.

‡‡ Immediately; so *vore-reert* denotes forthright, headlong, without consideration.

§§ “Vutch in the Leer,” to push any one (under the ribs), as if you were underproping, from the Anglo-Saxon. *Leery* denotes, among the Exmooreans, “hollow or empty.” A *leery horse*, a *leery stomach*, i. e. a lean horse, an empty stomach. Under the leer is under the hollow of the ribs, from the A. S.

|||| “Kep,” a cap. A. S. or Grace κεφαλός.

* This combat will lose nothing on being compared with that between Amycus and Pollux (Idyll. xxii.), which the author appears to have had in his eye. It seems in the original to have been written in a kind of irregular lyric measure, and in acting was probably accompanied with music, which gave time to the comedian (as well as regulated it)

Mar. Well es thank ye, cozen Andra, vor taking wone's pearte zo.—Bet cham * aghest he'll go vor a varrant vor ye, and take ye bevore the cunsabel; and than ye mey be bound over, and be vorst to g'in to Exter to zizes; and than a mey zwear the peace o es, you know.—Es en et better to drenk vriens and make et up?

An. Go vor a varrant! Ad, let en, let en go. Chell not hend en. Vor there's Tom Vuzz can take his cornoral oath that he begun vurst.—And if a deth, chell ha as good a varrant vor *he*, as he can for *me*, dont question it, vor the turney into Moulton knoweth me, good now; and has had zome zweet pounds o vauther bevore ha died. And if he's a meended to go to la, es can spend † vorty or vifty shillings as well's he. And zo let en go, and whipe what a zets upon a Zendeys wey hes varrant.—Bet, hang en, let's ha nort more to zey about en; vor chave better bezeneze in hond a gurt deal.

Par. Thus to defend an injur'd maid was kind,

Accept the thanks of no ungrateful mind;
But much I fear he'll of thy blows complain
To those, whose office 'tis to guard the plain
From lawless contests; and for this offence
They drag thee to our high tribunal hence;
And thou be bound in penalty severe
No more with angry words to wound the
shepherd's ear.

'Tis better far to bid contention cease,
Together meet, and, as a pledge of peace,
The sweet libation to Lyæus pour,
Then drain the goblet, and be foes no more.

Cel. Sayst thou! why let him, if he will, complain,

Soon shall he find that his complaint was vain.
Attesting Heaven to mark what he shall say,
Dorus can prove that he began the fray.
How, Lycidas complain! trust me, my cause
Will stand the test of our severest laws.
Mutual be then the suit!—mine to defend,
In Alea Lacon dwells, my father's friend,
Above his peers for legal skill renown'd;
And still success his learned toils has crown'd.
In recompense of which for him were slain
Full oft the choicest of our fleecy train.
If legal contest be his aim, my powers
Are great as his, as great my fleecy stores;
But wherefore waste I words on one so base,
Evil pursue him, and deserv'd disgrace.
A lovelier theme would Celadon pursue;
A lovelier object offers to his view.

for explaining his varied feats of prowess by gesticulation. "Es tozed en, es lamb'd en, es laced en," &c. were doubtless plaid with rapidity, and, if accompanied by the marrow-bones and cleavers, musical instruments of great antiquity and popularity, though now much in disuse, must have had a happy effect. The precise meaning of *whisterpoop*, though a word in common use, I am unacquainted with, but believe that it denotes, like *lirripoop*, a blow in general. The latter word likewise is common in the north of Devon, and was formerly so probably in other parts of England.—"So, so, I've my lerrepop already." ("Wit at several weapons." Fletcher's Works, Oct. vol. viii. 259.) So Oliver, in the *London Prodigal*, "Such a lirripoop, as thick ich was ne'er a sarved."

* "The Greek *αγαστος* has the same meaning, *ειδος αγαστον*, Hom. *ab αγαω*. *Aghast* frequently occurs in old writers, and sometimes in modern, but no longer in conversation. So Hodge, in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," A. i. S. 3. "Cham aghast, by the masse!"

† Andrew's affirming that he could spend 40 or 50 shillings in a law-suit as well as his adversary, is one of the circumstances on which I ground the idea that this work was composed in the early part of Henry 7th's reign. Upon a strict inquiry, and an accurate examination of several attornies bills at that time, I find a smart contest of this kind might be carried on and concluded for that sum at the Exeter Assizes. Some people have imagined (idly enough), that those Pastorals, like the poems of Ossian and of Rowley, were composed by their editor; but the Moor-men, at the period he published them, about sixty years since, perfectly well knew by experience that an action for assault and battery would soon swallow up treble that sum. He would not therefore, had he meant to depicture the times as they then were, have been guilty of such an inaccuracy. That he indeed has, in a few instances, modernised the original is evident, and perhaps in this very place has substituted 40 or 50 shillings for 3 or 4 *merkes*, to render the passage more intelligible to the Moor-men of his time. By the ideal coin merks, as by pounds at present, sums were reckoned in Henry 7th's time. In Rowley's poems they are frequently mentioned, and spelt sometimes *merkes*, sometimes *manças*. The latter probably was the court, the former the country pronunciation. As his ingenious editor has not elucidated this difficulty, the conjecture, though rather hazardous, being supported by no authority, is, I hope, entitled to pardon.

Mar. Come be quite—be quite, es zey, a * grabbling o wone's † tetties; es wont ha ma tetties a grabbed zo; nor es wont be ‡ mullad and soulad,—stand azide—come, § ge o'er!

An. || Lock, lock! how skittish we be now? you werent zo skittish wey Kester Bosegood up to Daraty Vuzz' up-setting. —No, you werent zo skittish thoa, ner zo squeamish nether. He murt mully and scully tell a wos weary.

Mar. Es believe the very ¶ dowl's in
* volk vor leeing.

An. How! †† zure and zure, you wont deny it, wull ye, whan all the voaken tuk noteze of et.

Mar. Why cozen Andra, thes wos the whole †† vump o tha bezeneze. Chaw'r in

Pas. Why in thy arms is thus Pastora prest?

Why rudely clasp'st thou my reluctant breast?
I charge thee from such insult to refrain:

Away, and quit my sight, licentious swain!

Cel. Ye powers! what strange caprice is this, and why

Is fair Pastora now so wond'rous shy?

Not so reserved was she when in the hour
Of festive joy, in Musidora's bower,

Joy for her new-born son, young Strephon
prest

The yielding maiden to his throbbing breast;
His warm embrace she strove not to restrain,
Nor for his freedom chid the happy swain.

Past. Surely the demon of detraction
reigns

In the vile bosom of Arcadian swains!

Cel. And will Pastora then the truth
deny?

Th' embrace was noted by the general eye.

Past. What truth directs that only I'll
advance;

* A corruption of grapple, from the Belg. "grabbalen."

† From the A. S. G. *titðes titðen titðenn*.

†† Or, *moulad* and *soulad*, "pulled or halled about." Shakspeare uses the latter word, though differently spelt, in the same sense. "He'll go," he says, "and *sole* the porter of Rome by the ears."—*Coriolanus*.

§ From the action here referred to in the dialogue, we may suspect that these scenes were publicly exhibited to relieve, as noticed in the preface, the melancholy impression of more serious performances. Our forefathers, in some respects not so delicate as their descendants, smiled doubtless at the freedoms of Andrew, and triumphed over the alarmed delicacy of Margery. Long after this performance was composed, in 1600, the *Mysterie*, entitled *Adam and Eve*, was exhibited, in which they appeared in their primitive state, and, as 'tis said, "neither they nor the audience were ashamed," so that, instead of censuring our bard for approaching so near to indecency, we should applaud him for going no nearer. Few dramatists indeed, in the following century, sacrificed so little to the depraved taste of the times. If some tincture of blame still remains, let us consider that he made Theocritus his model; that those liberties are warranted by the customs of Arcadia. I refer the learned reader to the xxvii. *Idyl.* where the shepherdess, in terms similar to Margery's, thus upbraids her shepherd:

"Μη κανχω σατυρικῆς κενοντο φιλημα λεγμεν.

ποποτω τα φιλαμα.

Τι ρηεις Σατυρικῆς; τι δ' ενδοθεν αψας μαζαν;

Ναρκαν ναι τον Πανα' την καλιν ειλες χειρα."

The poet of the Moor was too modest and decorous to copy the original any farther.—Johnson somewhere observes, that the characters introduced in pastoral poetry are neither "in real existence nor speculative probability." The doctor was a great man, but not infallible. That the characters in the *Exmoor Courtship* are true copies of nature, no Devonshire man will deny; that they agree with those drawn by Theocritus, the father of pastoral poetry, in his *Idyllia*, in many striking instances, is no less certain. That the doctor, therefore, sometimes *rationated inconsequentially* is equally indisputable.

|| An expression of admiration:—"Look here—Only see!" From the A. S. *Locah*, to see.

¶ "The devil" (or *Deule*), from the A. S. . "He said the *Deule* would have him about women."—*Hen. 5*.

** *Volk* and *voaken*, people.

†† "Zure and zure and double zure," for it has sometimes that addition, is considered as a Devonshire oath.—*Pol. Ædipol*.

‡† *Lump*.

wey en to daunce; and whan than daunce was out, tha " crowd cried, † *squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak*, as a uzeth to do you know: and a cort ma about tha neck, and woudent be azed, bet a would kiss ma, in spite ef ma, do what es could to hender en. Es coud a borst tha croud in shivers, and tha crouder too, a voul slave as a wos, and hes viddlestick into the bargain.

An. Wull, wull, es ben't angry, mun. And, zo let's kiss and friends, (*kissing her.*) Wull, bet, cozen Margery, oll thes while es han't told tha ma arrant;—and chave an ‡ over arrant to tha, mun.

Mar. (*simpering*). Good zweet now, what arrant es et? es § mart whot arrant ye can ha' to ma.

An. Why vath, chell tell thae what zig-nivies et to mence tha mater? Tes thes, *bolus, nolus*, wut ha' ma!

Mar. Ha ma! whot's || thate? Es cant tell whot ya me-an by thate.

An. Why, thun chell tell tha vlat and plean. Ya know es kep Chattacomb moor in hond; tes vull ¶ stated. But cham to

'Twas mine with him to lead the mazy dance.

When lo, the harp's sweet string, too tightly wound,

Burst sudden, and sent forth a jarring sound.

A signal too well known by every swain
For licens'd rudeness; nor could I restrain
The daring youth: in vain I long denied
What ancient custom idly sanctified.

In rage I could have rent the chorded lyre,
And him, base wretch, who led the tuneeful quire!

Cel. My short-lived anger I dismiss in air:

Nor let resentment thy soft bosom tear.
And, whilst returning amity we hail,
Thus let our lips the pleasing compact seal.

[*Salutes Pastora.*]

Wherefore my errand should I thus delay?
For I have much of import dear to say.

Pas. What, O ye powers! can of such import be

As Celadon would fain confide to me?

Cel. Hear then the truth, for why should I conceal

What honest passion bids me to reveal!

Will fair Pastora kindly condescend

T' approve my suit?—

Pas. ——— Your suit? Ah, whither tend

Those words mysterious of my gentle friend.

Cel. In simpler words be then my thoughts array'd,

Such as shall not my doubting fair mislead.

* Fiddle.

† This interruption in the musical strain is said to be often designedly produced by the fiddler in the middle of a dance to promote a more lively intercourse between the country beaux and belles; the former being expected to salute the latter during the pause which consequently ensues. A Moor bard of my acquaintance suspects that Horace in the following passage refers to a similar circumstance, and that by "*carmina divides*," we are to understand the winding the strings of the lyre so tight as to cause their breaking (*divisio*), for the same purport as is mentioned in the text; and hence the propriety of the phrase "*grata fæminis*."

——— "*grataque fæminis*

Imbelli cytharâ carmina divides."—*Hor. Carm. i. Od. 15.*

The epithet *imbellis* denotes a lyre liable to such accidents. Warner, in his "*Second Walk through Wales*," mentions, that in the peasants' dances the men salute their partners upon the musicians playing a peculiar tune. It tends to illustrate the custom among the Ex-moor beaux noticed above, which is perhaps merely a variation of the same ancient ceremony of Celtic origin. It may have been at one time the preemium to the dance (another variation), and alluded to by Shakspeare in his masque in the *Tempest*:—

"Curtsied when you have, and kist."

‡ "Very great," in which sense, conjoined to another word, it frequently occurs in various writers—"an over-mind, an over-desire, an over-weening;"—to over-eat, over-run—*errant*—from *epew epew interrogo. quero.*

§ "marvel."

|| The timid delicacy of Margery, and manly affection of Andrew, cannot be sufficiently admired. How superior—how much more natural is this love scene than any that can be found in modern novels or antiquated romances!

¶ This account of setting a leasehold estate (though extremely natural and prudent), does not sound very poetical; yet I did not think myself at liberty to depart from my ori-

change a live for dree * yellow-beets. And than there's that † lant up to Parracomb town; and whan es be to Parracomb, es must ha wone that es can trest to look arter tha ‡ gerred-teal'd meazles, and to zar tha § ill and tha barra, and melk tha kee to Chattacomb, and to took arter tha thengs o' tha houze.

Mar. O varjuice! why a good steddy zarvant, cozen Andra, can do all that.

An. Po, po, po! chell trest no || zarvants. And more and zo, than they zey by me, as they did by Gaffer *Hill* t'other day: "They made two beds, and ded g' into one;"—no, no, es bant zo ¶ mad nether.—Well, bet, look dest zee, cosen Margery; zo vur vore as tha wut hu ma, chell put thy live pon Parracomb down. Tes wor twenty nobles a-year, and a puss to put men in.

Mar. O vile! whot marry?—** No, chant ha' tha best man in Chattacomb, nor

Whilst life informs three stout and healthful swains

My right to Æglon's grassy vale remains: Nay more, that vale by gold's resistless power,

I can secure Pastora's future dower.

Parthenius' distant hill, that swells beside Tegea's strong-built walls and towery pride, Is likewise mine: tho' ample the domain, Yet many a cause it gives me to complain. The flocks which o'er its airy summit rove, Require attendance if I thence remove.

When there, my lowing herds that roam the vale,

My cows, whose milky nectar swells the pail,

The sty's rude tenants other aid demand; And cares domestic claim Pastora's guiding hand.

Pas. Spare the request, my kinsman and my friend!

A faithful menial may such cares attend.

Cel. Hence shepherdess, with that vain fancy; ne'er

Shall Celadon entrust a menial fair. No tale disgraceful shall of him be spread: Such as was lately of old Gelon said; Two different bowers though he and Mysis chose

For rest, they sought not but in one repose. Far, far from me be ever such offence, To shame not harden'd, nor depriv'd of sense.

Accept then, much-lov'd maid, this proffer'd hand,

And when the fates my forfeit life demand, Parthenius' height, and all its golden grain, Its lowing oxen, and its fleecy train, With stores of glittering treasure shall be thine.—

Pas. And oh! can I my virgin state resign?

ginal—nor is that indeed destitute of classical authority. A shepherdess in Theocritus stipulates for a jointure, and her lover promises to comply with her request. A circumstance that is here, much more delicately, proposed by the shepherd.

K. Καί τι μοι εἶπον ἄγχι γαμὲς ἄξιον τὴν ἐπινεύσας;

A. Πᾶσαν τὴν ἀγέλαν, παντ' ἄλσασα καὶ νομόν ἔξεις.—*Idyll.* xxvii.

* Guineas.

† Land.

‡ Or "gorred-tailed," from the A. S. , "dirt, a dunghill."

§ "Spayed sows," and (I believe) young pigs."

|| At the opening of the Drama we are to suppose that Andrew was just arrived from his *Lant* at Parracomb, and obliged soon to return. His prudence in persevering in that point is admirable, as well as in making love, which partakes a good deal of the modern system; but his sentiments in regard to an illicit amour, agrees with the simplicity of the golden age in its most pure and unalloyed state.

¶ I cannot forbear again recalling the reader to notice this instance of virtuous simplicity. How delightfully innocent to suspect that illicit gallantry must proceed from some degree of insanity! When shall we hear in these degenerate days such a sentiment in court, city, or country?

** Much to the same purpose, and with the same degree of sincerity the shepherdess in Theocritus declares,

“Πολλοὶ μὲ μνησόντο, νόον δ' ἐμὸν ὅτις εὐδὲ”

Γαμοὶ πληθεύουσιν ἀνίας.—*Idyll.* xxvii. 22.

yeet in Parracomb. Na, chell ne'er marry, vor ort's know. No, no: they zey thare be more a married aready than can boil tha * crock o Zendays.—No, no, cosen Andra; es coud amorst zwear chudent ha tha best square in oll England.—But come, prey, cozen Andra, zet down a lit. Es must g' up in chember, and speak a word or two wey Zester Tamzin. Hare's darn'ing up of old blankets, and rearl'ing tha † peels, ang snapping o vleas.—Es etl come again presently.

An. Well, do than; bet, make haste, d'ye see. Mean time chell read o'er tha new ballet chave in ma pocket.

Mar. New ballet! O good now, let's ‡ hire ye zing et up.

An. Zing!—No, no: tes no zinging ballet, mun; but tes a godly one good now.

Mar. Why, whot's about than?

An. Why, tes about a buy that kill'd hes vauther, and how his vauther went agen in shape of a gurt voul § theng wey a cloven voot, and vlashes o vire, and troubled the bouze zo that tha || *Whatyecomb*, tha *whit-witch*, was vorst to lay en in the red-zea: and how the buy repented, and went distracted, and was taken up, and was hang'd vort, and zung saums and zed hes praers. *Twull do your heart good to hire et, and

No swain in city or sequester'd vale,
I trust, shall o'er my yielding heart prevail.
For never would it, if that heart I know,
The tranquil joys of maidenhood forego,
With Grecian lords their wealth and pomp
to share;

No, not of Persia's monarch's haughty heir.

Too many a giddy youth and thoughtless maid,

In Hymen's bonds imprudently betray'd,
Have mourn'd, but vainly mourn'd, in
riper years

Want's heavy pressure and domestic cares.
But rest awhile, I pray, whilst on my friend,

And sister Athenais I attend.

Who now I deem is busily employ'd

To sew with slender twine the season'd hide;

For the soft couch the snowy fleece to cull,
And from the insect race protect the new-shorn wool.

To her a message I was charg'd to bear,
And that deliver'd will attend thee here.

Cel. If it must be!—Yet lengthen not thy stay;

I'll can my soul endure a long delay.

Meantime, the transcript of as sad a tale
As ever yet was heard, in hill or vale,

Will I peruse.—

Pas. ——— Say'st thou a tale of woe?

Wake the soft strain and bid it sweetly flow.

Cel. Alas, no strains to this sad tale belong;

Unsuited to the lyre and pastoral song.

Pas. Say, whither tends it?

Cel. ——— 'Tis of import dire:—

A hapless youth destroy'd his hoary sire;
When, lo! amid the dusky shades of night,
A form gigantic rose before his sight—

His father's ghost; on cloven feet he trod,
Like mighty Pan, the fear-dispensing God.
The hideous image seem'd impaled with
fire;

The strong dome trembled and confest his ire.

* Ab A. S. an earthen vessel to put butter in is styled a *pan-crock* from the A. S. *Panna* or *Penne*, a pan or deep dish.

† Pillows, from the A. S. *pyl*, pile.

‡ A pretty trait of character; and discovers that the message she was engaged to carry her sister, as mentioned in her preceding speech, was fictitious, to avoid the importunities of Andrew, whose heart at this period is so deeply interested in his "godly ballet," that it escapes his observation. It is a subject of debate among the Moor critics, whether sublimity or terror principally prevails in the analysis he gives of it.

§ *Gurt voul theng*—*αγαπαιον τιμωμα*—the *foul thing*, in former times denoted the Devil:—"shield us fro the foule thing."

|| This means "the what d'ye call him, the congurer (*Haviolus*), who uses his supernatural powers to benevolent purposes;"—the *Mago Christiano* in Italian poetry.

make ya cry lick enny thing.—There's tha picture o'en too, and the parson and the dowl, and tha * ghost and the gallows.

At length the priest of that tremendous God,
Who sways the realms where rolls the
Stygian flood,

By words of import dark the restless ghost
Dismiss'd from upper air to his infernal
coast.

Now deep remorse, such was the will of
fate,

Possest the youth, but, ah ! it came too late.
In frenzy wild he urg'd his devious way,
Till justice seiz'd upon his trembling prey.

Now strove he to absolve his guilt with
tears,

With pious strains, and supplicating prayers.
The tender tale would melt thy breast with
woe,

And bid thy eyes with plenteous tears o'er-
flow.

Behold these forms traced by an artist's
hand—

See there the youth in high-wrought fury
stand ;

There by his side the sacred priest appears,
His sinking soul with hopes of mercy cheers ;
There lifts the minister of justice high

The axe which sent him to the nether sky :
The father's angry shade is there display'd,
And there th' avenging fiend in sable stole
array'd.

Mar. Bet, es et true, be zure ?

Pas. Ah me ! as true must I thy words
believe,

Or does some well-wrought tale my ears
deceive ?

Az. True ! O la ! yes, yes ; es olways
look to thate. Look, zee, tes here in
prent—*Lissen'd according to order.* That's
olways prented on whot's true, mun. Es
take care to see thate whan es bort en.

Cel. No question maiden of the truth
remains—

“ By their command who rule Arcadia's
plains,”

See, here 'tis said—“ memorial of the
crime,

The fact recorded stands to future time.”

At this I bade each idle doubt adieu ;

They never witness to a fact untrue.

Mar. Wull, wull, read et ; and chell g'
up to Zester.

Pas. Whilst I to seek my Athenais go,
Be thine the chast'ned joy that flows from
storied woe.

[*Exit Pastora—Scene closes on Celadon.*

Scene—The Chamber.

*Scene—A shady bowyer, ornamented with
woodbine, jessamin, and other flowery
shrubs.—The floor strewn with the fleece
of sheep, and hides of cattle.*

To Thomazin,—enter Margery.

Athenais discovered, to her enter Pastora.

Mar. Oh, Zester Tamzen ! odd, ee es
a come along, and vath and trath hrath a

Pas. No more, my Athenais, I repine
At hopes delusive—Celadon is mine.

Here seems a little mistake ; as the ghost appears to have been laid by the *Whit-twitch*, and sent to their usual place of exile, the Red Sea, which, according to the gardener's opinion in the *Drummer*, and who seems to have been an honest Ex-moorean, “ was certainly stocked with a power of em.” However that may be, it must be allowed that the group would not have been complete with him. The concise sublimity of the original (enfeebled as I fear by the expanded version), cannot be sufficiently admired. The terrifying aggregate of “ tha parson and tha dowl, the ghost and the gallows,” set all imitation at defiance.—What a noble subject for the pencil of Fuzeli !

put vore tha quesson to ma a'ready.—Es verly believe tha banes wull g' in next Zendeý.—Tes oll es ho vor.—Beet es tell en, *marry aketha!* and tell en downreert es chant marry tha best man in *Sherwill* Hundred. Bet, dost tha hire ma, Zester *Tamzen*? don't ye be a * tabb o' tha tongue in whot cham a going to zey, and than † chell tell tha zomething.—The Banes, cham amorst zure wull g' in ether a Zindeý or a Zindeý Zinneert to vurddest.—Es net aboo two and twonty;—a ‡ spicy vella and a vitty vella vor enny keendest theng.—Thee know'st *Jo. Hosegood* es reckon'd a vitty vella: Poo! es a § zoo-terly vella to Andra: there's no compare.

Tho. Go, ya wicked countervit! why dost see zo agenst thy meend? and whan a put vore the quesson tell en tha wadsent marry!—Bezides, zo vur as tha know'st, ha murt take pip o' and ¶ meach off, and come no more ** unearst tha.

E'en now, without disguise, the faithful youth
Urg'd his expected suit, and pledg'd his truth—

Perchance, when at Apollo's sacred fane
Our youths and maidens meet—a jocund train,

The swain before them will avow his choice,
Yet, in my secret soul tho' I rejoice,
With feign'd reluctance to his suit, I cry,
In wedlock I'd e'en scepter'd kings deny.
But what I now impart to none reveal;
Thy lips, let the still power of silence seal;
The first, at least the next succeeding day,
When we to || Phœbus adoration pay,
Will he, as our Arcadian laws ordain,
Proclaim his future spouse within the hal-
low'd fane.

Say, is there in our wide-stretch'd region
seen

A face more lovely, a more graceful mien?
Yet in his cheek tho' youth's gay blossom
dwells,

He in each art and manly sport excels.
Damon thou know'st—and Damon oft is
named

As far beyond our swains for beauty famed;
But when my shepherd by his side is seen,
A vulgar look is his and awkward mien.

Ath. Hence with such wiles dissembling
maiden! why

What thy heart prompts should thy false
tongue deny?

When he the wishes of his soul made known,
Why with vain artifice conceal thy own?
Wherefore reject his honest suit?—beware,
Lest he thy words unkind no longer bear,
And, stung with anger, to some distant
shore

Retire, and never never see thee more.

* A gurrulous tattling person. By Aphærisis for *blab*, or from the Belgic *labbern*, to babble, or the Latin *labium*.—In the Miller's Tale of Chaucer we have—

I am no *labbe*,

Ne, though I say it, I n'am not lefe to *gabbe*.

This language of the courtly Chaucer is now only perfectly intelligible in the neighbourhood of Exmoor.

† *Chell* or *chill*, I will.—“In the London Prodigal,” Oliver says, “If I do not meet him, *chill* give you leave to call me *cut*;—a vituperative appellation equally disliked by Sir Andrew Aguecheek—“if I don't, call me *cut*.”

‡ “Special and clever in any kind of business;”—the latter word may be traced to the Belgic *vitten*, to fit.

§ “*Labberly*.”

|| The seventh day was considered by the old Greeks as sacred to Phœbus—a *Sun-day*.

Εβδομαγιστας Απολλων—εβδομη μερον ημεας,
Τη γαρ Απολλωνα χειρσαορα γινετο Αητω.

¶ Go off secretly or clandestinely.—The boy, schoolboy, or apprentice, who absents himself without leave is called a *mitcher* universally in Devonshire. The commonly people in Gloucestershire call a notorious truant—“a blackberry moucher.”

“Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *micher*, and eat blackberries?”

1 Hen. IV. A. D. S. 2.

Perhaps it may be a corruption of *march*.

** Or *aneast*—“near,” from A. S.

Mar. Go, ya * Alkitotle ! ya gurt voolish † trapes ! Dest thee thenk a beleev'd ma, whan es zed chudent marry ! Ee es net zo ‡ zurt a baked nether. Vor why ? Es wudent be too vurward nether ; vor than ee murt dra back.—No, no ; vor oll whet's zed es hope tha Banes wull go in, es zey, next Zindey.—And vath, § nif's do || *vall over the Desk*, and' wont ¶ thir ma, ner yeet borst ma bones.—Bet n'if they don't g'in by Zindey Zenneert, chell tell tha in short company, es chell vor'st ma heart.—Bet es must come down to en : vor es by es zel oll these while.

Pas. Hence simple-minded maid ! in whom I find
A woman's stature, but an infant mind.
Canst thou, when I denied his suit, suppose
He thought denial from dislike arose ?
A bashful virgin's heart he better knows.
With eager haste t' accept the proffer'd vow,
Nor maidenhood nor decency allow.
E'en he, my Celadon, might disapprove
To prompt an offer of my virgin love.
But yet in scorn tho' I his suit denied
(From thee my secret soul I never hide),
Should he before the swains and maidens
gay,
Avow his choice on Phœbus' festive day,
Howe'er by shame or by caprice possess,
No dreadful pangs will agonize my breast,
If then, or at the festival which soon
Ensues, before the now-increasing moon
Runs half her period, Celadon refrain
To name Pastora in the hallow'd fane,
To thee in honest confidence I speak,
This heart, this throbbing heart will surely
break ;—
Adieu loved maid ! 'tis time I should be
gone—
I left my shepherd by the porch alone.

* A silly elf or oaf, from the A. S. *Alcé*, an elk, and to totter ; that animal being frequently attacked by the falling-sickness, and not able in consequence to support himself. Hence applied to men in a similar state who have the appearance of idiocy, and to idiots themselves. If this conjecture be allowed, we must suppose the word originally used in the forests of Germany, where this animal once abounded, and from whose inhabitants the Exmooreans descended.—To tottle is extensively applied in Devon to silly people, particularly to the old who *tattle* and *totter*.

† To *trapes* or *trapse* up and down, meant to saunter in an idle lazy manner. Hence the noun *trapes*, from the Teut. *traben*, to walk about. A *drab* proceeds in the same manner from the Belgic *drabben*.

‡ Soft.

§ And if.

|| “ To have the banns of matrimony thrice called,” which being done, it was usual for the minister in some places to throw the paper over his desk into the clerk's pew, who saw under him ; as signifying, according to the phrase, that they *were called out*, and the parties had nothing to do now but to be married.

¶ To *frighten*, perhaps from the Latin *terrere*, or A. S. *or* a hurt, to hurt.

* * We have unluckily no Saxon types.

(The Conclusion in our next.)

DOMESTIC LETTERS OF JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

A COLLECTION of the domestic letters of the famous Earl of Rochester may be considered as a literary and moral curiosity. These have been carefully transcribed from their originals in the earl's own hand-writing, though not always signed or dated. They exhibit that eccentric character in a very opposite light to that in which he has hitherto been viewed ; tender, playful, and alive

to all the affections of a husband, a father, and a son. Rochester appears not only to have preserved his fine faculties in that “ course of drunken gayety and gross sensuality,” as Johnson describes his life ; but, what has not hitherto been suspected, he was at the same moment the most penitential husband and careful father. His two little notes to his son are

proofs of the excellent sense and moral feeling, which, though he himself daily violated them, there can be no doubt, no man more preciouslly valued; and, had he lived, there is reason to believe that Rochester would have ranked among our great and illustrious men. Johnson has remarked how a life of wild dissipation, was checked by "intervals of study, perhaps yet more criminal," since it hastened that exhaustion of life in which "he blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness."

These letters, it is to be regretted, are all undated, so that we cannot trace the history of his feelings, but must take them as we find them, promiscuously and unconnected. It is probable that Rochester rarely knew the days on which he was writing, but sent off a note or a letter, on the impulse of the moment, wherever he was. The Countess, writing to him and wishing to see him, complains that "he goes on in the old way;" and very often it appears that the she did not know where to address a letter to him. In one of his letters to her, he says, "If you write to me, you must direct to Lincoln's-inn-fields, the house next to the Duke's playhouse, in Portroyal-row; there lives your humble servant, Rochester." In a letter to Sir Henry , he says, that "being at court is like living shut up in a drum; you can think of nothing but the noise which is made about you."

The usual address is,
"These for the Countess of Rochester,
Adderbury,
near Banbury,
Oxfordshire."

My most neglected Wife,—Till you are a much-respected widow, I find you will scarce be a contented woman; and to say no more than the plain truth, I do endeavour so fairly to do you that last good service, that none but the most impatient would refuse to rest satisfied.

What evil angel enemy to my repose does inspire my Lady Warr to visit you once a-year, and leave you bewitched for eleven months after? I thank my God that I have the torment of the stone upon me (which are no small pains), rather than that my unspeakable one of being an eye-witness to your uneasinesses. Do but

propose to me any reasonable thing upon earth I can do to set you at quiet; but it is like a mad woman to lie roaring out of pain, and never confess in what part it is. These three years have I heard you continually complaining, nor has it ever been in my power to obtain the knowledge of any considerable cause. I am confident I shall not have the affliction three years hence; but that repose I must owe to a surer friend than you. When that time comes, you will grow wiser, though I fear not much happier.

I kiss my dear wife a thousand times, as far as imagination and wish will give me leave. Think upon me as long as it is pleasant and convenient to you to do so, and afterwards forget me; for though I would fain make you the author and foundation of my happiness, I could not be the cause of your constraint and disturbance, for I love not myself soe much as I doe you, neither do I value my own satisfaction as I doe yours. Farewell!

ROCHESTER.

The last letter I received from your honour was something scandalous, soe that I knew not well how to answer it; it is my design to have writ to my Lady Anne Wilmot to intercede for mee, but now with joy I finde myself again in your favour, it shall be my endeavours to continue soe. In order to which, very shortly I will bee with you; in the mean time my mother may be pleased to dispose of my children and my chimists and my little dogge, and whatever is myne, as shee will; only if I may have nothing about mee that I like, it will be the cause of making the fidelity of waiting on her befall me very seldom. Thus I remain, with my duty to her, my service to you, and all three things.

Newmarket.

I'll should you six to fower I love you with all my heart; if I would bett with other people, I am sure I could get two to one, but because my passion is not so extensive to reach every body, I am not in graine to satisfy many; it will content me if you believe mee and love mee. R.

Deare Wife,—I have noe news for you but that London grows very tiresome, and I long to see you; but

things are now reduced to that extremity on all sides, that a man dares not turne his back for feare of being hanged, an ill accident to bee avoyded by all prudent persons, and therefore by your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

Wood and firing, which were the subject-matter of your last, I tooke order for before, and make noe question but you are served in that before this, Mr Cary seldom fayling in any thing he undertakes.

I am very glad to heare news from you, and I think it very good when I hear you are well; pray be pleased to send me word what you are apt to be pleased with, that I may shew you how good a husband I can bee; I would not have you so formall as to judge of the kindness of a letter by the length of it, but believe of every thing that it is as you would have it.

'Tis not an easy thing to bee entirely happy, but to be kind is very easy, and that is the greatest measure of happiness. I say not this to put you in mind of being kind to mee; you have practised that soe long, that I have a joyful confidence you will never forget itt; but to shew that I myself have a sense of what the methods of my life seemed soe utterly to contradict, I must not be too wise about my own follies, or else this letter had bin a book dedicated to you, and published to the world; it will be more pertinent to tell you, that very shortly the King goes to Newmarket, and then I shall wait on you at Adderbury; in the mean time, think of any thing you would have me doe, and I shall thank you for the occasion of pleasing you.

Mr Morgan I have sent in this errant, because he playes the rogue here in towne so extremely, that he is not to be endured; pray if he behaves himself soe at Adderbury, send me word, and let him stay till I send for him; pray let Ned come up to town, I have a little business with him, and bee shall bee back in a weeke.

Wonder not that I have not writt to you all this while, for it was hard for mee to know what to write upon several accounts, but in this I will only desire you not to be too much amazed at the thoughts my mother has of you, since being meare imagina-

tions, they will as easily vanish, as they were groundlessly erected; for my own part, I will make it my endeavour they may. What you desired of mee in your other letter, shall punctually have performed. You must, I thinke, obey my mother in her commands to wait on her at Alesbury, as I tould you in my last latter. I am very dull at this time, and therefore thinke it pity in this humour to testify mysele to you any farther; only, dear wife, I am, your humble servant, ROCHESTER.

It is now some weeks since I writ you, and that there was money returned out of Somersettr for your use, which I desired you to send for by what summes yourself pleased; by this time I believe I have spent it half; however, you must be supplied, if you think fit to order itt; shortly I intend to give you the trouble of a visit — 'tis all I have to beg your pardon for at present, unless you take it for a fault that I still pretend to bee, your humble servant, ROCHESTER.

I do not know if my mother be at Ri—— or Adderbury; if at home, present my duty to her.

It were very unreasonable should I not love you, whilst I believe you a deserving good creature. I am already so weary of this place, that upon my word I could be content to pass my winter att Cannington, though I apprehend the tediousness of it for you. Pray send me word what lyes in my power to do for your service and ease here, or wherever you can imploy mee, and assure yoursele I will neglect your concerns no more than forget my owne; 'twas very well for your son, as ill as you tooke it, that I sent him to Adderbury, for it proves at last to be the king's evil —, and hee comes up to London this week to be touched. My humble service to your aunt Rogers.—I write in bed, and am afraid you can't reade it.

A Note from his Wife.

Though I cannot flatter myself soe much as to expect, yett give me leave to wish, that you would dine to-morrow at Cornbury, where necessity forced, your faithful and humble wife,

E. ROCHESTER.

If you send to command me to Woodstock, when I am so near as Cornbury, I shall not be alike rejoiced.

Since my coming to towne, my head has been perpetually turned round, but I doe not find itt makes me giddy; this is all the witt that you shall receive in my first letter; hereafter you may expect more, God willing: pray bid John Fredway purchase my oates as soon as possible, and whatever coate you order, I shall return money for upon notice; ready cash I have but little; 'tis hard to come by; but when Mr Cary comes downe, hee shall furnish you with as much as I can procure—when you have more commands, I am ready to receive 'em, being most extremely, your humble servant, ROCHESTER.

Pray bid my daughter Betty present my duty to my daughter Mallett.

*To the Countess of Rochester, at Ad-
derbury.*

I cannot deny to you but that heroick resolutions in women are things of the which I have never bin transported with greate admiration, nor can bee, if my life lay on't, for I thinke it is a very impertinent virtue; besides consider how men and women are compounded, that as with heate and cold, soe greatness and meanness are necessary ingredients that enter both into the making up of every one that is borne; now when heate is predominant, we are termed hott; when cold is, we are called cold; though in the mixture both take their places, else our warmth would be a burning, and our cold an excessive freezing; soe greatness or virtue, that spark of primitive grace, is in every one alive, and likewise meanness or vice, that seed of original sin, is in a measure also; for if either of them were totally absent, men and women must be imperfect angels, or absolute divills; now from the predominance of either of these qualities in us, we are termed good or bad; but yet as contrarieties, though they both reside in one body, must they ever be opposite in place; thence I infer, that as heate in the feete makes cold in the head, soe may it bee with probability expected too, that greatness and meanness should bee as oppositely seated, and then a

heroick head is liker to be ballanced with an humble taile; besides reason, experience has furnished mee with many examples of this kind,—my Lady Morton, Nell Villars, and twenty others, whose honour was ever so excessive in their heads, that they suffered a want of it in every other part; thus it comes about, madam, that I have no very great esteeme for a high-spirited lady,—therefore should be glad that none of my friends thought it convenient to adorne their other perfections with that most transcendent accomplishment; it is tolerable only in a waiting gentlewoman, who, to prove herselfe lawfully descended from Sir Humphrey, her great uncle, is allowed the affectation of a high spirit and a naturall inclination towards a gentile converse: that now is a letter; and to make it a kinde one, I must assure you of all the dotage in the world; and then to make it a civil one, downe att the bottom, with a greater space between, I must write, madam, your most humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

I have too much respect for you to come neare you whilst I am in disgrace, but when I am a favorite again, I will waite on you.

Dear Wife,—I received the three pictures, and am in a great fright, least they should be like you, by the bigness of the heel I should apprehend you far gone in the rickets; by the severity of the countenance somewhat inclined to prayer and prophecy, yet there is an alacrity in the plump cheek that seems to signify sack and sagar, and the sharp sighted nose has borrowed quickness from the sweet-smelling eye. I never saw a chin smile before, a mouth frown, and a forehead mump; truly the artist has done his part, (God keep him humble,) and a fine man he is, if his excellencies do not puff him up like his pictures. The next impertinence I have to tell you is, that I am coming down to you. I have got horses but want a coach, when that defect is supplied you shall quickly have the trouble of,—your humble servant.

Receive my duty to my lady and my humble service to my sister, my brother and all the Betties not forgetting madam Jane.

Dear Wife,—I have dispatched this messenger away to-night to save you the trouble of rising early, hoping you have no concern to communicate to me of your own. The D. of B. came hither to-night and stays two days, I must lend him my coach half way back, therefore pray send it me. My condition of health alters I hope for the better, though various accidents succeed, my pains are pretty well over, and my rheumatism begins to turn to an honest gout; my pissing of blood, Dr Wetherby says, is nothing, my eyes are almost out, but that, he says, will not do me much harm; in short, he makes me eat flesh and drink dyet-drink,—God bless you.

My duty to my mother, thank her for her cordials.

Dear Wife,—I recover so slowly, and relapse so continually, that I am almost weary of myself; if I had the least strength, I would come to Adderbury, but in the condition I am, Kensington and back is a voyage I can hardly support; I hope you excuse my sending you no money, for, till I am well enough to fetch it myself, they will not give me a farthing, and if I had not pawned my plate, I believe I must have starved in my sickness. Well, God bless you, and the children, whatever becomes of,—your humble servant, ROCHESTER.

The alteration of my mother's former resolutions, (who is now resolved against ever moving from hence,) puts me upon some thoughts which were almost quite out of my head; but you may be sure I shall determine nothing that does not tend to your real happiness as lies in my power.—I have, therefore, sent you this letter to prepare you for a remove, first hither, and afterwards as fate shall direct, which is, (I find,) the true disposer of things, whatever wee attribute to wisdom or providence—bee, therefore, in a readinesse upon the first notice from mee to put that in execution which I shall first inform you particularly of,—let me have an answer, and dispatch this messenger quickly. God bless you,—yours, ROCHESTER.

Fragment.

Soe great a disproportion betwixt our desires and what it has ordained to content them; but you will say this is pride and madness, for there

are those so entirely satisfied with their shares in this world, that their wishes and their thoughts have not a farther prospect of felicity and glory; I'll tell you, were that man's soule tac't in a body fitt for it, hee were a dogg that could count any thing a benefitt obtained with flattery, feare, and service.

Is there a man, yee gods, whom I do hate, Dependance and attendance be his fate, Let him bee busy still, and in a crowde, And very much a slave, and very proude.

I would not have you lose my letter, it is not fitt for every body to find.

To my Wife.

Run away like a rascal, without taking leave, dear wife, it is an unpolight way of proceeding which a modest man ought to be ashamed of. I have left you a prey to your owne immaginations, amongst my relations, the worst of damnations,—but there will come an hour of deliverance, till when, may my mother bee merciful unto you, soe I commit you to what shall ensue, woman to woman, wife to mother, in hopes of a future appearance in glory,—the small share I could spare you out of my pockett, I have sent as a debt to Mrs Rowse, within a week or ten days I will return you more, pray write as often as you have leisure to your

ROCHESTER.

Remember me to Nan and my Ld. Willmott. You must present my service to my cousins. I intend to be at the wedding of my niece Ellen if I hear of it. Excuse my ill paper, and very ill manners to my mother, they are both the best the place and age could afford.

My Wife,—The difficulties of pleasing your ladyship doe increase soe fast upon me, and are growne so numerous, that, to a man less resolved than myself never to give it over, itt would appear a madness ever to attempt itt more, but through your frailties myne ought not to multiply; you may, therefore, secure yourself that it will not be easy for you to put me out of my constant resolutions to satisfy you in all I can; I confess there is nothing will so much contribute to my assistance in this as your dealing freely with mee, for since you have thought it a wise thing to trust mee less and have reserves, it has bin out

of my power to make the best of my proceedings effectual to what I intended them; at a distance I am likeliest to learn your mind, for you have not a very obliging way of delivering it by word of mouth, if, therefore, you will let me know the particulars in which I may be usefull to you, I will shew my readiness as to my own part, and if I fail of the success I wish, it shall not be the fault of,—your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

I intend to be at Adderbury sometime next week.

You have ordered the matter soe well, that you must of necessity bee att the place you intend before I can give you an answer to your letter, yet meethinks you ought rather to have resolved in the negative, since it was what I desired of you before; but the happy conjunction of my mother and you can produce nothing but extreme good usage to mee as it has formerly done. You shew yourself very discreet and kind in this and in other matters. I wish you very well, and my mother, but assure you I will bee very backwards in giving you the trouble of your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

I have, my dear wife, sent you some lamb, about an ounce. I have sent to my mother one Westphalia ham, one joule of sturgeon, and on Christmas day I will send her a very fatt doe. I feare I must see London shortly, and begin to repent I did not bring you with me, for since these rake-hells are not here to disturb us, you myght have past your devotions this holy sea-

son as well in this place as att Adderbury, but, dear wife, one of my coachmares is dying, or I had sent my coach instead of my compliment.

We find these two little notes addressed to his son.

I hope, Charles, when you receive this, and know that I have sent this gentleman to be your tutour, you will be very gladd to see I take such care of you, and be very gratefull, which is best shown in being obedient and dilligent. You are now grown big enough to bee a man, and you can be wise enough; for the way to be truly wise is to serve God, learne your booke, and observe the instructions of your parents first, and next your tutour, to whom I have entirely resigned you for this seven yeare, and according as you imploy that time, you are to bee happy or unhappy for ever; but I have so good an opinion of you, that I am glad to thinke you will never deceive me; dear child, learn your booke and be obedient, and you shall see what a father I will be to you. You shall want no pleasure while you are good, and that you may be soe are my constant prayers.

ROCHESTER.

Charles, I take itt very kindly that you write mee (though seldom), and wish heartily you would behave yourself soe as that I myght show how much I love you without being ashamed. Obedience to your grandmother, and those who instruct you in good things, the way to make you happy here and for ever, avoyde idleness, scorne lying, and God will bless you.

ROCHESTER.

ON THE MEANS OF EDUCATION, AND THE STATE OF LEARNING, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number of books on America, little is known of the means of education, or of the state of learning in that country. These subjects must certainly be interesting to Englishmen, from their connexion with the spreading of the language, and from the influence the people of America must have in preserving it in its purity, or in filling it with corruptions. But they derive a higher and more general importance from another consideration;—the nation is rapidly in-

creasing in physical strength; and mere power, unaccompanied by intellectual refinement, never failed of being a scourge, whether possessed by a despot or a republic. Learning and science do not always check the ambition of nations, but they moderate and soften its success; without them, the march of dominion is wasting, and cruel, and brutal. There already exists in America a sufficient difference in this respect, to prove the truth of the principle; in those parts of it where learn-

ing is cultivated, it has smoothed off the roughnesses and subdued the passions, which deform the rude state of social life; and in those where it is neglected, man is still a wild and ferocious animal, and consequently dangerous in proportion to the number of the herd. We cannot reason from history in regard to these people; the experiment, now performing in some parts of the new world, is the first, which ever exhibited man under precisely similar circumstances—intellectually and morally savage, and at the same time powerful as a perfect knowledge of all the artificial means of increasing physical strength can make him. This would be a curious subject of speculation, but our present one directs us another way.

In the sketch we are about to give of the state of education in this country, the schools of the higher orders will be principally considered; for the literary character of a nation depends upon the degree of knowledge among the few, not upon the universal diffusion of it among the many; and our enquiry now is, if the Americans have learning, and not if they can read and write. It is proper however to remark, that the latter kind of knowledge is as generally diffused, as it well could be among so scattered a population. In New England, and in the other early settled and well-peopled parts of the country, schools for instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, are established by law in all towns and villages; and it is rare, that a child destined to live by the labours of his hands, cannot find the means of acquiring quite as much book learning, as will be useful to him in his business, and often a great deal too much to allow him to remain contented with his lot and place in life.

We begin then with that class of schools, in which the foundation is laid for a liberal education, there commonly called academies; for the Americans take a strange delight in high sounding names, and often satisfy themselves for the want of the thing, by the assumption of the name. These academies are not always exclusively classical schools; some are partly appropriated to education for the counter and the counting-room; and as far as this object goes, there is no striking defect in them; it not being a very difficult matter to teach a lad to count his fingers and take care of his dollars.

But in all that relates to classic learning, they are totally deficient; there is not one, from Maine to Georgia, which has yet sent forth a single first rate scholar; no, not one since the settlement of the country, equal even to the most ordinary of the thirty or forty, which come out every year from Schule Pforta, and Meissen. It would not be unreasonable to say, that a boy in America, who is put to learn the ancient languages, loses his whole time, from the first moment he begins the Latin Accidence, till he takes his bachelor's degree—a period of eight or nine years, and those the most precious years of life. They are not merely lost—they do positive injury to the youth; those delectable studies, whose power it is, when properly felt, to form a pure and elegant taste, and polished mind, are looked upon as tasks, loathed, and at length laid aside for ever. Thus the voice of inspiration is heard, and awakens not, and the most powerful means of intellectual regeneration, which learning can employ, leave the mind in a state of hopeless insensibility. This arises from bad masters, and a bad method of study. It is impossible for a man to teach what he does not understand himself, or to excite in others a taste, which he has never acquired. The remark may be applied to most of the instructors of the classic schools in America; they are mere language masters, not scholars; miners, who know the art of getting at the ore, but not of using it. But they are not without excuse; it cannot be expected that the masters should be good, as long as the system of education, which they are required to follow, is wholly defective. The object of learning is misunderstood in America, or rather, it is valued only as far as it is practically useful. That this is their view of it, is shewn by every literary institution of the country, in which all kinds of knowledge, that are not to be turned to immediate account, are either totally neglected, or very imperfectly cultivated. We shall see, that the bad method of study adopted in the schools, arises from this opinion, and afterwards trace its influence through all the stages of education. When a boy begins his Latin, he is told, that the object of studying it is, to prepare him for college; and, accordingly, he does study just as much of it, as he is required to know upon

examination ; he never discovers that there is an absolute good to be derived from this exercise of the mind—that it can give expansion to his intellectual faculties, and acuteness to his perceptions. The business of preparation is all that he regards, and this consists in being able to construe, however slovenly, the passages assigned him for the task, and apply to them the rules of grammatical construction. The amount gone over being made of more importance than the manner of doing it, encouragement is given to resort to translations for assistance ; hence, Virgil and Cicero are read in the miserable paraphrases of Davidson and Duncan. In this way the preparatory books are run through ; nothing is read but what is necessary for matriculation, and that so superficially as to be of no use ; while metre, quantity, and all the nice marks of a scholar, are neglected. The effect of this loose mode of study is as injurious to a boy's habits, as to his taste. He believes that what is to be learned but imperfectly, may be learned without labour ; and hence, the power of close, undivided, fixed application is never acquired. This neglect to discipline the mind, at the only period when it is capable of being disciplined, produces a love of ease and of idleness, which extends through life.

Another great defect in the system is the practice of leaving boys too much to themselves. They live separate from their masters, who know nothing of the use, which they make of their time, except when they are collected in the school-room ; and that being but about seven hours of the day, the residue of it is, of course, spent in idleness. Thus, early education is, in every respect, badly managed, and a loss of time occasioned by it, which no after diligence can ever fully repair. It cannot be, that the Americans are ignorant of the cause of the evil, which exists among them ; they have examples enough of what is done, when a system different from their own is pursued. In the south part of the country, particularly in Carolina, it used to be the custom to send children across the Atlantic to be educated ; the city of Charleston is still illuminated by a constellation of these European formed scholars ; and every one knows what an influence they have had upon the society of that place—what an elegance, and grace,

and polish, they have given to its manners, and what a charm there is about themselves : they are men, who would have been the companions of Atticus, had they lived at Rome in the Augustan age.

It will readily be concluded that, where the discipline and instruction of the schools are defective, similar defects will be found in the higher institutions, which is the case in the country, of which we are now speaking. Indeed, so long as the former remain in their present state, it will be quite useless to attempt any thorough reform in the latter. If young men come to the universities without preparation, they must leave them without improvement ; they are not the places, where one should begin to learn, in any country, and least of all in America, where they are upon so bad a system. The inhabitants of the colonies, from their first settlement, down to the period of their separation from the mother country, always cherished such a praiseworthy pious reverence for her, that they never thought of taking any other models than such as she furnished, for any institution they found necessary to establish. Hence, without regard to the changes in human opinions, or to the different situations of the two countries, the old monastic Institutions of England were the models for all the colleges, which were founded in the new world in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. And now copies of Oxford and Cambridge are seen in every part of the country—copies upon a reduced scale indeed, it must be said, and about as much like the originals, as the little sixpenny plaster casts of Antinous and the Belvidere Apollo, which are carried upon the heads of the street hawkers in every town of Italy, are like those exquisite works of the chisel, which they profess to be copied after. God forbid that we should speak disrespectfully of these two ancient seats of learning ; he that could contemplate them without reverence, could stand upon the plain of Marathon without emotion. Like the constitution with which they are connected, they have their imperfections, but those imperfections are a mark of their antiquity, and it is better, in both cases, to bear those, than to impair the veneration, which that inspires. This reason, however, did not exist for admitting them into the new es-

tablishments of America, nor has it yet acquired force enough to make their continuance justifiable. Beside, the defects in the English universities are more than counterbalanced by their peculiar excellences, but those of the transatlantic ones have nothing whatever to redeem them. They are a kind of mongrel institution between a school and a college, mixing up the modes of instruction and discipline proper to each; and an unlucky mistake was made in forming the compound, the bad parts of both being taken instead of the good. To give a more distinct idea of them, we may liken them to a single college of either of the English universities. They have a principal, provost or president, professors, and public, instead of private, tutors, and if the inquiry is pursued no farther, it is difficult to see why they do not answer the purpose of similar institutions in Europe; but a single glance upon their internal administration will explain the cause. First, the system of government is bad; it is felt just enough to be irksome, and, at the same time, it is too weak to operate as an effectual restraint. The docility of an American youth, it must be remembered, is not increased by the early and often wild notions of liberty he acquires, and the period of entering college is looked forward to by most of them, as the time when the shackles of a master's and parent's authority are to be thrown off, and that of freedom to commence. It is here that the evil and danger lie; the youth is given up to himself before he is old enough to be safe in his own hands, and for the completion of his ruin, the power of his governors is manifested in inflicting punishment more than in applying checks; in other words, it is pretended to exercise discipline, which is ineffectual from its very nature. It is the same with the system of instruction; tasks are imposed, and the boy's time left to his own disposal; the task, it is true, is required of him, but being a task, it is performed as such, and the excitement, which pride would furnish if the labour were voluntary, is wholly lost by its being forced. Most of the instruction is in this way; all the under graduates being called together in classes, two or three times a-day, either by a professor or tutor, to be examined in the exercise assigned. Very few lectures

are given, and those at such long intervals, that they are next to useless. Thus the colleges are in fact schools, and, for the reasons already given, bad schools; they knock off the fetters, but still keep the ring of slavery upon the leg. They are also schools in another respect; whatever is taught in them is required to be learned by all. The four faculties, if they can be said to have four faculties, when some of them have not four professors, must be attended by every student; but it must not be supposed, that the knowledge acquired is in proportion to that demanded. A boy of twelve years of age, who has been two years at Schnepfenthal, or in any other good school in Germany, might scorn a comparison between his learning, and that of most young men, when they leave an American university. What a lamentable waste of time! twenty is the average age of leaving the university, and they have not then acquired, what might have been acquired at twelve. Four years residence is required for the bachelor's degree, but residence is all, there is no examination for it, and it is scarcely possible for any academic honour to be of less value; it has certainly been conferred upon some, who could neither write, read, nor speak their mother tongue with propriety, and upon many, who could not translate the bad Latin of their diplomas. To finish the picture of the seminaries of learning of the first rank in America, we must give a little sketch of the student's manner of life. The time not spent at the classes, is divided between eating and drinking, smoking, and sleeping. Approach the door of one of their apartments at any hour of the day, you will be driven back from it, as you would from the cabin of a Dutch smack, by the thick volumes of stinking tobacco smoke, which it sends forth; should you dare enter, you would find half a dozen loungers in a state of oriental lethargy, each stretched out upon two or three chairs, with scarce any other indication of life in them than the feeble effort they make to keep up the fire of their *cigarrs*. We know that there are other countries besides America, in which the habit of smoking prevails, but there are surely no other Christian ones, in which it is an employment, and a substitute for all occupa-

tions, as it is there. In Holland and in Germany students smoke full as much, but then they study at the same time. In the American colleges, it is the source of an hundred evils, of waste of time, of drinking, of ill health, of clownish manners, and, above all, of a habitual stupor of mind, that gradually destroys its faculties. It is difficult to understand why an economical people like the Americans waste so much time and money, in giving their children an education, which is certainly of no use to them; or rather, why so sensible a people do not give them a much better one, as might be done, in a very few months, and comparatively for a very little money, without exposing them to the dangers, which now bring ruin upon so many.

It appears to be the object to make up in number for the defect in the quality of these institutions. There are now not less than twenty-four or twenty-five in all the States; but fortunately the number of students bears no proportion to the number of colleges; including under-graduates only, it does not amount to three thousand, and probably to not much above two in the whole. The principal are, Harvard College, at Cambridge, New England—Yale, at New Haven in Connecticut—and Princeton in New Jersey. Of these the first is the most ancient, best endowed, and in many respects entitled to the highest rank. It has a president and twenty professors. Its present head is a gentleman of great talent, an elegant moral writer, and a learned divine; and among its professors, there are many men of profound science. Two of the number have been studying and travelling in Europe for the last four years, one of whom is, at this moment, on a pilgrimage to the holy land of the scholar. We could wish no greater good to their country, than that they should be received, on their return, as Plato was at Athens, when he had finished his travels, and began to impart the fruits of them to his countrymen in the groves of the academy. So much is doing towards improving this institution, that it encourages a hope of soon seeing in America an university in fact as well as in name. But it cannot have full success until the classic schools are reformed; to effect which, considerable

time, and great change in the common opinion about the value of classical learning, will be necessary.

As soon as the bachelor's degree is taken, all connexion with the university ceases; no terms are required to be kept for that of master of arts, which is conferred upon all bachelors of three years' standing, who ask it. The origin of this seems to be, that as three years are required to be spent in the study of any of the learned professions, residence is dispensed with, and the time thus occupied, or supposed to be occupied, allowed as terms kept. There would be some reason in this, if the degree was never granted, except upon proof of having been so engaged in the study of a profession, or of general literature; but when it is made to depend solely upon the intervening of a certain space of time, it becomes highly ridiculous, especially as it very often happens, that the man of letters, in the interim, is transformed into a coachman or an innkeeper.

An American may truly be said to have finished his liberal education when he leaves college; for although he then enters upon the study of a learned profession, he does it so much more, as if it were an art or a trade, than a science, that the *literæ humaniores* ought not to be disgraced by being supposed to have any connexion with it. But it is necessary for the completion of this part of our inquiry, to shew how the professions are studied, which we now proceed to do, beginning with the

Medical.—Students in medicine enjoy greater advantages, than any other class of students in America. The medical schools are by far the best institutions of the country; and some of them are equal to those of the first rank in Europe. They are often nominally connected with the colleges, but in reality they are distinct from them, being governed by totally different regulations; and the colleges, properly speaking, have no reference whatever to professional education. The first and most respectable is that at Philadelphia, which is commonly attended by a class as large, as attend the most popular schools in this country. Rush, Wistar, and Barton, are all names well known here; they first gave it its celebrity, which has been fully maintained by the talents and ex-

ertions of their successors. The schools next in importance are those at New York, Boston, and New Haven; in all of which there are learned and skilful professors. As the system of instruction in these institutions is precisely similar to that generally adopted in Europe, it is unnecessary to give any particular account of it. But the practice of medicine in America being free to every one, and no proof of knowledge and skill required, these schools are attended only by those who have some ambition to be distinguished, or some conscience about trifling with the life of a fellow-being; all the rest pursue a cheaper and more expeditious mode of acquiring the healing art. They put themselves for a short time under the direction of some country physician, by the aid of whose experience and library, the latter consisting of Buchanan's Domestic Medicine, the Physician's Vade Mecum, and Underwood on Lying-in Women—they soon learn to bleed, blister, purge, and manage a case of obstetricks, which fully qualifies them to become what is called, in the language of the country, a doctor. Old habits are not easily changed, and hence the union of half a dozen trades in the same individual, which was quite unavoidable while the population of America was thin and scattered, still remains, although the necessity no longer exists. Throughout the country, except in the considerable cities and towns, physicians are also surgeons and apothecaries, and from a very laudable spirit of accommodation, they provide themselves with a kind of portable dispensary, furnished with the requisite number of gallipots and phials, which, upon common occasions, occupies a corner of a commodious pocket, fitted up for that purpose, and is transferred to the saddle-bags, when a wider range makes it necessary to ride. Thanks to the kind providence of God, the evil arising from these ignorant practitioners is much less than would naturally be feared: as the life of man must be trusted in such and so many hands, it is a most convincing proof of his benevolence, that the art of saving, or at least of not destroying it, can be acquired without either great talents or great knowledge.

The Bar.—The common legal education in America, is very wretched; until within a short time, there was

but one school for the science of jurisprudence, and that a private one; very lately a law faculty has been added to the college at Cambridge, and two distinguished jurists appointed as professors; and a course of law lectures is now given at Baltimore. For the sake of exactness, it may be added, that a professorship of law has long been established at the college of William and Mary in Virginia, which has sometimes been filled by able men; this, however, at present, is in a state of perfect inactivity, as is every thing else belonging to the college. But the common and almost universal mode of studying the profession is with a practising barrister; an apprenticeship is served with him, like that, which is served with an attorney here. And indeed he is both attorney and barrister, and his library or office, as it is called, is a place of business more than a place of study; and therefore the nominal student becomes a mere clerk, and spends his three years in learning the forms of writs and legal instruments, not the principles of that science, which is the "mirror of justice." Another and a still more serious objection to the private mode of legal education, is the want of books, which necessarily attends it. The library of lawyers in the country, (and in America no village is without one at least,) rarely contains above twenty or thirty volumes, as the statutes of the state in which he lives, a few books of forms and precedents of declarations, Blackstone's Commentaries, some of the elementary treatises on bills of exchange and promissory notes, and possibly one or two of the English common law reporters. It is evident enough what must be the effect of this upon the young student; he soon comes to regard his books in the light of a mechanic's tools; as the means, merely, by which he gets his bread, and degrades the liberal and noble profession of the law into the dirty business of a pettifogger. But in some parts of the country, there is an insult to the profession even more disgraceful; almost the whole ceremony of study is dispensed with; a tailor or a cobbler, by being a few months in the office of a lawyer, is transformed into a defender of the life and property of his fellow-beings; and there are more instances than one, of the maker of legal

robes becoming afterwards the wearer of them, and of a transfer from the bench above named, to that of a court of justice.

In divinity, very nearly the same course is pursued, as in medicine and law. Some good theological schools have been established within a few years at Princeton, New Jersey; at Andover and Cambridge, Massachusetts. The motive for establishing these schools was proselytizing, no doubt; but that matters not; they furnish good libraries, and other means of learning; and there is no way so sure of checking bigotry and superstition, as by extending knowledge, and giving scope to free inquiry. The old practice is however the most common one, and the greatest number of the theologians, are still educated in the study of a private clergyman, to which the objection of the want of books applies even more forcibly than in the two preceding cases; for clergymen in America are commonly poorer than physicians and lawyers, and hence their libraries are even more miserable. Sometimes Cruden's Concordance, the English Bible, and the Greek Testament, form the whole collection; to which Calvin's Institutes, Stackhouse's Body of Divinity, Doddridge's Family Expositor, and Priestley's Theological Works, are added, according to the amount of the living, and the degree of orthodoxy or heresy of the incumbent. With means like these, or a very little better than these, a great part of the most respectable class of clergymen in America are prepared for dispensing God's law to man, and it must be confessed that they are very exemplary, and vastly more learned than could be expected from their means of becoming so. It is needless to say any thing of the Tunkers and Tumblers, Muggletonians, Jemima Wilkinsonians, and Elias Smithites, and a thousand other such deluded sects, who profess to preach by direct inspiration, and look upon all human learning as mere paganism; all countries, which allow of any freedom of religious worship, have had the same—America is remarkable only for the variety, number, and proportion of them.

The last subject of importance connected with education is libraries. These are, for the most part, pitiful; the largest in the country is that of

Harvard college, which is now said to contain 25,000 volumes; six or eight years since, it had little more than half that number, and this rapid increase affords a pleasing proof of the improving state of the institution. Next in consequence is that of Philadelphia, being the city and the Logan libraries united, which make together about 20,000 volumes. The Boston Athenæum library has 12,000, and the Philadelphia about 6,000. Beside these, the remaining public libraries are those of the other colleges, which are all inconsiderable, from 8,000 down to a few hundred; those of the literary and scientific societies, none of which are important enough to be particularly mentioned; and, lastly, the social libraries as they are called, being small collections of books, made up in the country towns by subscription, which are about equal in value and number to those nicely matched octodecimos, that are put into a gilt and lacquered box for children, and distinguished by the name of a juvenile library. These out of the question, (for it is quite impossible to calculate their number, and they are always of a kind of books of no importance to a scholar,) all the other public libraries of every kind do not contain above 150,000 volumes, of which not more than 30,000 are distinct works; for, as they form so many different libraries, they are, of course, made up of multiplied copies of the same. This then is the whole compass of learning, which the most favoured American scholar has to depend upon. It is uncertain what is the number of books now extant in all languages; we have used a library of 250,000 volumes, which contained no duplicate, and it was so perfect, that it was difficult to ask for an author not to be found in it. The largest library in Europe contains nearly 400,000 volumes, duplicates not included, and perhaps it may be about right to estimate the whole number of printed books in the world at 500,000. This being the case, America furnishes about one-seventeenth of the means necessary for extending learning to the utmost, and about one thirteenth of what the city of Paris alone affords. Another comparison will shew her poverty in a manner equally striking. Germany contains 30 millions of people, who have 2 millions of books in public libraries for their instruction, exclusive

of those of the sovereigns and princes, which are always accessible to scholars. America contains 10 millions of people, who have 150 thousand books for the same purpose. But the 2 millions in Germany are more read than the 150 thousand in America, and the result of the comparison will form the second part of our subject.

Every thing else, which belongs to education, may be described negatively, they exist not. There are but two botanic gardens in the whole country, one at Cambridge, and one near New York, neither of which is extensive enough to be of great use, and what is still more discreditable to them, they contain but a very small number of the indigenous plants of the country. It is the same with their cabinets of natural history. The only good one is Peale's museum in Philadelphia, a private collection seen for money. All the rest in the country are not equal

to the private cabinet of Professor Blumenbach, nor so rich in American productions. As yet they have no observatory, and hence do not know the longitude of their own meridian; and, lastly, there is but one gallery of the fine arts, and that is mentioned only to show that its existence is known.

We have now finished the sketch of the schools and other means of education in America, in which we have carefully avoided increasing the dark colouring of the picture. In the view to be taken of the state of learning, we shall point out the improvements, which have been made of late in the institutions, and the proofs, which have been given of an awakening spirit for science and literature, and the causes and consequences of the existing defects will be more particularly examined.

HUMAN LIFE, A POEM.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.*

WE are all happy to receive a poem from Mr Rogers, as from a benefactor whose delightful genius bestowed on us some of the purest moral and intellectual enjoyments of our youth. We have long ceased to regard his poetry as the subject of criticism, and we think of it as of the pictures of some great master,—the sun-setting landscapes of a Claude Lorrain,—solely for the perfection of its own mild and melancholy beauty, that seems, though in truth the very height of art, to be the very reflection of nature.

We could almost suspect the man of having a bad heart, who could think, without delight, of that exquisite poem, the "Pleasures of Memory." There we see pictured with a soft, fleeting, and aerial pencil, all the soft, fleeting, and aerial joys of childhood and youth; and none but hearts either originally insensible by nature to those pure delights, or since hardened against their recollection by worldly pursuits and evil passions, could peruse, without many deep emotions, those records kept by genius of the bright spring-time of its existence.

Short as that poem is, yet how wonderfully comprehensive! All the multifarious pleasures of human life successively pass before us for a moment, and then disappear, as the poet's mind

brings them forward into mellowed light, or keeps them back in glimmering shadow; and when we lay down the witching book, we feel as if waking from a dream in which the past had been restored to us with all that we long ago sighed to lose, and a world spread around us composed only of what was pure, serene, and beautiful.

It is thus that all men, however strange or wild their destinies may have been, find something in that poem applicable to themselves; and that, simple as its music is, the same low key, which, when struck, awakens within gentler hearts only a pleasing sorrow, calls up to those of "sterner stuff" feelings of a more profound regret, and a more overwhelming melancholy. Accordingly, the "Pleasures of Memory" is not the favourite poem of young minds alone, nor of those gentler spirits, for whose sakes its music seems to flow; but it has, in an especial manner, taken hold of the hearts of men of the very loftiest intellects, and breathed its magic into minds successfully devoted to the pursuits of high worldly ambition.

Perhaps no other poem ever accomplished so much with so little ostentatious labour. This is owing to the exquisite art of the poet. There is nothing abrupt, imperfect, or mis-

placed,—the plan, which a fine philosophy conceived, a fine poetry executed—the simplicity of the thought and language is at all times preserved from the slightest tinge of meanness by a taste purely and natively classical—so that, while the most ordinary reader finds every thing intelligible and clear, and believes that graceful and elegant diction to be familiar to his ears, the scholar experiences an ineffable pleasure in the beautiful adaptation of sounds to all the various meanings of the soul,—and, blended with the enjoyment arising from the objects described, is conscious of many noble reminiscences brought to life by the attic character of the composition.

It is to this perfection of art and skill that the universal popularity of this poem is, at last, to be ascribed. Even they who know nothing of the principles of taste, feel the power of them during its perusal,—and while they ascribe all their pleasure to this or that touching passage, they know not that it is the plastic skill of the poet that moulds all the forms of past life into a more mournful beauty, and his inspiration that breathes over them the magical light through which that beauty smiles out with such winning and irresistible influence.

The very subject of the “Past” gives a touching unity to the poem. “Sweet but mournful to the soul is the memory of days that are gone.” So loath is the soul to part with any of its own thoughts, that it cannot bear even the oblivion of its wretchedness, and we look back with something like regret even on our darkest hours of trouble and misfortune. They are gone for ever; and having been part of ourselves, therefore do we almost love and lament them. Sorrow herself, when laid in the grave of time, seems to have been a mistress of whom we were enamoured; and pain and pleasure, when left behind us on the dark road of life, seem to be children of one family. It was therefore an unphilosophical thought to write a poem, called the “Pains of Memory,” as a counterpart to that of Mr Rogers—because mere pain can never be described in poetry for its own sake alone, and there is always, to our imagination, enough of real sadness in the memory of departed joy.

But we must leave, however reluctantly, the contemplation of that incomparable work

“Of brede ethereal wove,”

and give our readers something better than our reflections—some extracts from the new poem of “Human Life.”

Nothing can be simpler than the design of the poem, which is to give us an image of Human Life, by means of a rapid and general sketch of its great outlines. Mr Rogers, accordingly, after a beautiful introduction, in which he says of his theme,
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening-fire;

As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight’s witching-hour!

proceeds immediately to the delineation of a human being,

“Schooled and trained up to wisdom from his birth,”

in whose destiny he intends to shadow out the great features of human suffering and happiness.

The hour arrives, the moment wished and feared;

The child is born, by many a pang endeared.
And now the mother’s ear has caught his cry;
Oh grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom pressed,

He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.

Her by her smile how soon the Stranger knows;

How soon by his glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word

His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung,
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue)
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,

How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;

Watch o’er his slumbers like the brooding dove,

And, if she can, exhaust a mother’s love!

After a beautiful picture of the innocent delights of infancy, Mr Rogers thus speaks of the growing youth of his hero.

Thoughtful by fits, he scans and he reveres
The brow engraven with the Thoughts of Years;

Close by her side his silent homage given
As to some pure Intelligence from Heaven;
His eyes cast downward with ingenuous shame,

His conscious cheeks, conscious of praise or blame,

At once lit up as with a holy flame !
He thirsts for knowledge, speaks but to inquire ;

And soon with tears relinquished to the Sire,
Soon in his hand to Wisdom's temple led,
Holds secret converse with the Mighty Dead ;
Trembles and thrills and weeps as they inspire,

Burns as they burn, and with congenial fire !
Then is the Age of Admiration—Then
God walks the earth, or beings more than men !

Ha ! then comes thronging many a wild desire,
And high imagining and thought of fire !
Then from within a voice exclaims " Aspire ! "

Phantoms, that upward point, before him pass,

As in the Cave athwart the Wizard's glass ;
They, that on Youth a grace, a glory shed
Of every Age—the living and the dead !

The influence of love on a fine and noble nature—that passion to which human beings owe so much of their " heaven or hell on earth," is then painted, in our opinion, somewhat too fancifully, and with too great an admixture of romance ; but nothing can be more beautiful than the description of the happiness of the betrothed lovers, their marriage, and first married life.

Then come those full confidings of the past ;

All sunshine now where all was overcast.
Then do they wander till the day is gone,
Lost in each other ; and, when Night steals on,
Covering them round, how sweet her accents are !

Oh when she turns and speaks, her voice is far,

Far above singing !—But soon nothing stirs
To break the silence—Joy like his, like hers,
Deals not in words ; and now the shadows close,

Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly ! As departs the day
All that was mortal seems to melt away,
Till, like a gift resumed as soon as given,
She fades at last into a Spirit from Heaven !

Then are they blest indeed ; and swift the hours

Till her young Sisters wreath her hair in flowers,

Kindling her beauty—while, unseen, the least

Twitches her robe, then runs behind the rest,
Known by her laugh that will not be suppressed.

Then before All they stand—the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night ;
A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,

Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing !

How oft her eyes read his ; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined ;
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked to rapture by the master's spell ;
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour

A thousand melodies unheard before !

Nor many moons o'er hill and valley rise
Ere to the gate with nymph-like steps she flies,
And their first-born holds forth, their darling boy,

With smiles how sweet, how full of love and joy,

To meet him coming ; theirs through every year

Pure transports, such as each to each endear !
And laughing eyes and laughing voices fill
Their halls with gladness. She, when all are still,

Comes and undraws the curtain as they lie,
In sleep how beautiful !

But this Elysium is yet in a mortal world—and the sickness and death of a child breathes over it the sanctity of sorrow. Here Mr Rogers, with his usual felicity, alludes to a domestic affliction of his own, in a passage which recalls to our minds that affecting invocation to his deceased brother in the " Pleasures of Memory." It brings us at once into the very bosom of affliction.

'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh
At midnight in a Sister's arms to die !
Oh thou wert lovely—lovely was thy frame,
And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came !
And, when recalled to join the blest above,
Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love,
Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,

When idle Fancy wove luxuriant flowers,
Once in thy mirth thou badst me write on thee ;

And now I write—what thou shalt never see !

The quiet of domestic life is now broken in upon by civil war, and the husband and father takes the field—from which he returns in safety and renown. Mr Rogers was desirous, we suppose, of breaking the tedium and wearisomeness of an uninterrupted calm, by those sudden and unexpected military exploits—but we really cannot compliment him on the expedient hit upon, which, in our humble opinion, is a very awkward one, both in itself and the manner of its introduction. He, however, becomes himself again in his description of the happiness of his wedded pair, after the return of the hero from his

most unlooked-for and uncalled-for campaign.

Such golden deeds lead on to golden days,
Days of domestic peace—by him who plays
On the great stage how uneventful thought;
Yet with a thousand busy projects fraught,
A thousand incidents that stir the mind
To pleasure, such as leaves no sting behind!

Such as the heart delights in—and records
Within how silently—in more than words!
A Holiday—the frugal banquet spread
On the fresh herbage near the fountain-head
With quips and cranks—what time the
wood-lark there

Scatters her loose notes on the sultry air,
What time the king-fisher sits perched below,
Where, silver-bright, the water-lilies blow:—
A Wake—the booths whitening the village-green,

Where Punch and Scaramouch aloft are seen;
Sign beyond sign in close array unfurled,
Picturing at large the wonders of the world;
And far and wide, over the vicar's pale,
Black hoods and scarlet crossing hill and dale,
All, all abroad, and music in the gale:—
A Wedding-dance—a dance into the night
On the barn-floor, when maiden-feet are
light;

When the young bride receives the promised dower,
And flowers are flung, 'herself a fairer
flower:—'

A morning-bath to the poor man's shed,
(Who would be rich while One was wanting
bread?)

When all are emulous to bring relief,
And tears are falling fast—but not for grief:—
Graver things

Come in their turn. Morning, and Evening,
brings

Its holy office; and the sabbath-bell,
That over wood and wild and mountain-dell
Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy
With sounds 'most musical, most melancholy,'

Not on his ear is lost. Then he pursues
The pathway leading through the aged yews,
Nor unattended; and, when all are there,
Pours out his spirit in the House of Prayer,
That House with many a funeral garland
hung

Of virgin-white—memorials of the young,
The last yet fresh when marriage-chimes were
ring;

That House where Age led in by Filial Love,
Their looks composed, their thoughts on
things above,

The world forgot, or all its wrongs forgiven—
Who would not say they trod the path to
Heaven?

This perfect happiness is at last again broken in upon, for he becomes the object of political tyranny, and, being tried for some supposed state-crime, his life is in jeopardy. We cannot help feeling that a calamity which, in the course of things, happens to so

very few persons, is not very judiciously selected from all the other adversities of human life, to distinguish the fate of him who is chosen to be, as it were, its general representative. But be this as it may, the sufferings and liberation of the patriot are given with much spirit and animation.

The poem now hastens to a close, and we feel that the hero of it, by this time a gray-headed sage, is no more to be disturbed in the abode of peace, and love, and virtue, till death removes him from the scene. In the passage which follows, we think that Mr Rogers has very happily breathed a wild, romantic, and poetical light, over a scene which, in the hands of an ordinary writer, would have been one merely of common enjoyment. It has all the truth of Cowper, with a fine poetry of its own.

And such, his labour done, the calm He
knows,
Whose footsteps we have followed. Round
him glows

An atmosphere that brightens to the last;
The light, that shines, reflected from the
Past,

—And from the future too! Active in
Thought

Among old books, old friends; and not unsought

By the wise stranger—in his morning-hours,
When gentle airs stir the fresh-blowing
flowers,

He muses, turning up the idle weed;
Or prunes or grafts, or in the yellow mead
Watches his bees at hiving-time; and now,
The ladder resting on the orchard-bough,
Culls the delicious fruit that hangs in air,
The purple plum, green fig, or golden pear,
Mid sparkling eyes, and hands uplifted there.

At night, when all, assembling round the
fire,

Closer and closer draw till they retire,
A tale is told of India or Japan,
Of merchants from Golcond or Astracan,
What time wild Nature revelled unrestrained,
And Sinbad voyaged and the Caliphs
reigned:—

Of some Norwegian, while the icy gale
Rings in the shrouds and beats the iron sail,
Among the snowy Alps of Polar seas
Immoveable—for ever there to freeze!
Or some great Caravan, from well to well
Winding as darkness on the desert fell,
In their long march, such as the Prophet
bids,

To Mecca from the Land of Pyramids,
And in an instant lost—a hollow wave
Of burning sand their everlasting grave!—
Now the scene shifts to Venice—to a square
Glittering with light, all nations masking
there,

With light reflected on the tremulous tide,
Where gondolas in gay confusion glide,
Answering the jest, the song on every side ;
To Naples next—and at the crowded gate,
Where Grief and fear and wild Amazement
wait,

Lo: on his back a son brings in his Sire,
Vesuvius blazing like a World on fire !—
Then, at a sign that never was forgot,
A strain breaks forth (who hears and loves
it not !)

From lute or organ ! 'Tis at parting given,
That in their slumbers they may dream of
Heaven :

Young voices mingling, as it floats along,
In Tuscan air or Handel's sacred song !

We have then some cheerful—and
solemn pictures of his declining years.
Of this retired philosopher Mr Rogers
says, in a note,

"That every object has a bright and a dark
side, and I have endeavoured to look at
things as Cicero has done. By some, how-
ever, I may be thought to have followed
too much my own dream of happiness; and
in such a dream, indeed, I have often pass-
ed a solitary hour. It was Castle-building
once; now it is no longer so. But whoever
would try to realise it, would not, perhaps,
repent of his endeavour."

In accordance with the principles of
this creed, Mr Rogers so writes of old
age as to make it both loving and
lovely—and he begins his concluding
description of the venerable old man,
with an apostrophe to that most elo-
quent and most feeling of all philoso-
phers, who has written so divinely of
the last season of life.

Oh thou all-eloquent, whose mighty mind
Streams from the depth of ages on mankind,
Streams like the day—who, angel-like, hast
shed

Thy full effulgence on the hoary head,
Speaking in Cato's venerable voice,
"Look up, and faint not—faint not, but
rejoice !"

From thy Elysium guide him. Age has now
Stamped with its signet that ingenuous brow;
And, 'mid his old hereditary trees,
Trees he has climbed so oft, he sits and sees
His children's children playing round his
knees :

Then happiest, youngest, when the quoit is
flung,

When side by side the archers' bows are
strung ;

His to prescribe the place, adjudge the prize,
Envy no more the young their energies
Than they an old man when his words are
wise ;

His a delight how pure . . . without alloy ;
Strong in their strength, rejoicing in their
joy !

Now in their turn assisting, they repay
The anxious cares of many and many a day;

And now by those he loves relieved, restored,
His very wants and weaknesses afford
A feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,
Leaning on them, how oft he stops and talks,
While they look up! Their questions, their
replies,

Fresh as the welling waters, round him rise,
Gladdening his spirit: and his theme the
past,

How eloquent he is! His thoughts flow fast;
And while his heart (oh can the heart grow
old ?

False are the tales that in the World are
told !)

Swells in his voice, he knows not where to
end ;

Like one discoursing of an absent friend.

But there are moments which he calls his
own.

Then, never less alone than when alone,
Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves—not dead—but gone
before,

He gathers round him; and revives at will
Scenes in his life—that breathe enchantment
still—

That come not now at dreary intervals—
But where a light as from the Blessed falls,
A light such guests bring ever—pure and
holy—

Lapping the soul in sweetest melancholy !
—Ah then less willing (nor the choice con-
demn)

To live with others than to think on them !

At last he dies and is gathered to his
fathers.

'Tis past! That hand we grasped, alas,
in vain !

Nor shall we look upon his face again !
But to his closing eyes, for all were there,
Nothing was wanting; and, through many
a year

We shall remember with a fond delight
The words so precious which we heard to-
night ;

His parting, though awhile our sorrow flows,
Like setting suns or music at the close !

The last lines of the poem are, we
think, exceedingly beautiful, and leave
on our minds an impression like that
spoken of at the close of the former
quotation,

"Like setting suns or music at the close."

We give them to our readers, nor
shall we weaken their solemn effect
by any observations on a poem which,
from all these extracts, our readers
must have already felt assured is cha-
racteristic and worthy of the genius of
Rogers.

But the day is spent ;

And stars are kindling in the firmament,
To us how silent—though like ours per-
chance

Busy and full of life and circumstance ;

Where some the paths of Wealth and
Power pursue,
Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few;
And, as the sun goes round—a sun not
ours—
While from her lap another Nature showers
Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,
Think on themselves, within, without in-
quire;

At distance dwell on all that passes there,
All that their world reveals of good and
fair;
And, as they wander, picturing things, like
me,
Not as they are but as they ought to be,
Trace out the Journey through their little
Day,
And fondly dream an idle hour away.

TIME'S MAGIC LANTHERN.

No VIII.

Dialogue between BEN JONSON and DRUMMOND of Hawthornden.

“And I will deck anew that faded bower
Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade.”

Jons. Master Drummond, will you do me one special favour?

Drum. Excellent sir, why do you ask? shall not I, and all my household, bend the knee to the laureate; the king of scholars and of bards? It is your part to command, and ours to obey.

Jons. Marry sir, the favour I have to ask is but this, that you would order your serving men not to ring that great bell in the old tower at night; and secondly, that you would prevent your clock in the outer hall from striking any more. What have we to do with the vulgar admeasurement of time?

Drum. Your desire shall be implicitly fulfilled, and orders given forthwith. Formerly, indeed, I was an early riser, especially at this time, when the first of the spring-season invites the birds to sing at break of day; and I was as regular in my habits as any pleader in the courts of the city. But those humours had their sway, and are now worn out. What I once was I never shall be again.

Jons. My friend, you have laboured in the school of Petrarch, till even your ordinary conversation resembles one of his *doloroso* sonnets. Will the study of green leaves and singing birds ever make one a poet? No! for the short time that I can remain with you now, let us live in the society of noble and worthy authors; and let us look on them, not through the medium of cold air and watery sunshine, but through that internal light of cheerfulness which is rekindled by sack and canary!

Drum. With submission, sir, I still think, that Petrarch is one of the noblest of these worthies with whom

we are acquainted. Misfortune, as you know, hath lately broken the dearest ties that bound me to mine own country. I intend, ere long, retracing your steps through France, and also going over into Italy. One of my chief objects there will be, to pay my devotions to his memory at Valclusa.

Jons. Petrarch, sir, as I have often told you, was fit only to be a mere monk or hermit of the desert, and was no poet. No man that ever had the genuine temperament of poetic fantasy, would voluntarily write *sonnets*, which are a species of *crambo*, suited only to the self-conceited melancholiac, and deserving the execration of every wise critic. I cry you mercy! That you are a sonneteer, proceeds not from your natural bent, but from the force of bad example.

Drum. Master Johnson, may I beg to remind you, that this is a subject on which we are not likely ever to agree? It had better, therefore, be dismissed. For if we have recourse to some of those other noble authors to whom you referred just now, I can chime well enough with you in their praise, though you will not unite with me in approbation of my favourites.

Jons. I pray, sir, that you will hear me out for once. I speak in the spirit of friendship, and for your improvement. Petrarch, sir, I repeat, was fitter for a mere monk than a poet. His *redacting* poetry into sonnets is insufferable. I am persuaded, as I said the other day, that even the most ordinary among your sister's serving-maids is as deserving of love-addresses as the far-famed Laura. But were your Tuscan sonneteer alive, and here, I doubt if he would have wit or

courage enough to become a suitor to any one of them.

Drum. Well, well!—I dare say he would not. Come, fill your cup. Here is a fresh bottle of your favourite old wine.

Jons. Thanks, my worthy friend. That is excellent. Now, I'll tell you what I like among the pleasures of your country-house; to hear the never-ceasing murmurs of the river, and the winds of night in blended music around us, (when we have leisure to listen to them), only to make us enjoy a blazing fire and a can of sack with the greater zest. I perceive clearly, that in your Italian humour you are most absolute. But it is only for your benefit that I have spoken. What! am I not your countryman? We have other bonds of sympathy besides those woven by the muses. I'll tell you a story of my grandfather, who was a native of Annandale, and served under King Henry VIII.—

Drum. I have heard it before. Instruct me rather once more what are the sources of your antipathy to Sidney and to Spenser? To me both their manner and matter are as acceptable as those of any leading wits of our age.

Jons. I cannot be reconciled either to the one or the other. Sidney has made up a story indeed, but it displays not a trace of that knowledge of humour and passion by which only the attention of a wise reader can be gained. He cannot even conceive a character, or if conceived, it is never by him brought forth into real existence. A large volume is filled up, yet his personages never speak, or if they do, there is not even the shadow of real intellect in what they say.

Drum. But as to Spenser, we never came to the reckoning of your objections to him.

Jons. His works dislike me, even as much as those of Petrarch, if it were only for his Italian versification; a foppery, in which those fools, Drayton and Daniel, have imitated him. The king also endeavours to set that fashion; but under favour (I know that you are a loyal man, Mr Drummond), the king is in such matters no wiser than he should be. His Majesty loves a cup of canary, however, as well as we do. We have drank his health already.

Here is success to poetry, sir, to sonnets also, if you will insist on it!

Drum. My excellent friend, I pledge you heartily. But to return to Spenser.—You have judged his manner only.—His matter is yet to be considered.

Jons. There is an absence, sir, of all substance, sinews, muscles, and strength, even in the Fairy Queen. There is nothing, as I just now said, of Sidney, to engage or kindle, by sympathy, the passions of men. Besides, to make any sense of it, we must have recourse to his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh for the allegory. Devil take him and his allegory, and his absurd rhymes altogether!

Drum. I am well advised, sir, of your preference for the real employments and humours of men in the busy world, as the fittest subjects for poetry, but—

Jons. Aye, marry, even if I took to king Arthur's story (as it hath frequently been mine intention) where the ground work may be all a fiction, yet I would have my characters speak and act, and think like to living men and women.

Drum. I doubt it not, sir; yet I continue, with submission, to indulge somewhat of a different opinion. I enjoy mirth and good cheer and the society of friends. But on returning to my books, I love, for variety's sake, to change to an ideal world, to speak an artificial language, to move in the sphere of dreams and fantasy. In truth, what is there more shadowy, more subject to change, than *that* life which we term *real*? If we retire for a space to the quietness of fields and woods, and by reflection loosen the bonds of ordinary habit, how much then are we disposed to wonder at the dominion which this daily life has over us! We then become willing to enter on a new course of thought—to believe that we hear unearthly voices, and voluntarily to cherish a waking dream, of which the utterance differs wholly from the usual language of men! I love Shakspeare because he exemplified both styles of composition.

Jons. I grant that he did so, and, between ourselves, he will be a long liver with posterity. But the prevailing defect of Shakspeare is his want of learning. It would almost

make the great white owl in your old tower laugh to hear of his blunders.

Drum. In my judgment, sir, Shakspeare will be praised even for his sonnets alone, long after the most learned of our present writers are forgotten. I would say something in favour of Sir William Alexander; but I do not, because friendship would make me partial.

Jons. I say nothing of him, because he is your friend. And to your observation about Shakspeare, especially touching his sonnets, I have scarcely patience to answer. He! he be celebrated when men of learning are forgotten! But "De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

Drum. Cry you mercy, sir! You know that—you have yourself allowed—

Jons. I know very well all that you would say. He wrote sonnets, and that is enough for you. But let me proceed. Can works that have no

solid foundations to rest upon live longer than others—than mine own for example, that are built on the rock of knowledge;—on a philosophy drawn from all the worthies of antiquity, with plots, and narratives, and characters which are purely original? Wait, I pray you, until I have returned to mine old study within the city walls. I have no green fields, no singing birds, no purling streams there Master Drummond! Yet shall I celebrate your Loch Lomond in such manner that my poem shall flourish as long as there is water in the lake, or a tree in the forest. Wait until you have seen my *Chorologia*—my worthies of England—the worthies of Scotland too!—I shall not forget your Wallace nor your Bruce—nor yourself Master Drummond. The impressions of your kindness, your friendship and hospitality, will never from my heart!— * * * *

B. E. S.

PARISIANA.

THE architectural magnificence of Paris is much impaired by so many of its edifices being unfinished.

It seems to be the disposition of the French people, to undertake works with a vigour which is seldom strong enough to surmount difficulties, and never lasting enough to survive delays. The church of St. Sulpice is a striking instance of this. It was begun in 1646, and is still unfinished; which is the more remarkable, because one of the towers, which remains in its rude and incomplete state, is not only a prominent part of the edifice itself, but a most remarkable feature in the general view of Paris.

In 1719, the slow progress of the building scandalized the rector of the parish, M. Languet de Gergy, and with a praise-worthy assiduity, he employed all the time he could spare from his strictly clerical duties, in endeavouring, for forty years, by appeals to the zeal and charity of the public, to raise funds for completing the edifice. At the time when M. Languet began to dedicate himself to the pastoral cares of his great parish, and to the construction of its church, he was barely twenty-five years old. His age was ascertained by an anecdote so curious as to be worth relating.

His father, M. Languet de Gergy, was, in the reign of Louis XIV. confined in the Bastille for some offence. He was married, but had no issue; and, by some particulars of his marriage settlement, it so happened that it was of great importance to him to have children. He found means to represent the case so forcibly to the ministry, that one day in the year 1684, his wife was allowed to pay him a single visit in the Bastille; and about nine months after the lady lay in of twins, one of whom was afterwards archbishop of Sens, and the other was M. Languet, the pastor of St. Sulpice.

To this event, says St. Foix, we owe the construction of the most magnificent church of the French capital.

If a new Le Sage were to give tongues to the walls and chimneys of the houses of Paris, their conversations would be still more curious than those which his predecessor has given us of Madrid; but even without this supernatural gift, some of the houses do speak in pretty strong terms of the state of society to which they owed their erection or their establishment.

The celebrated Elysée Bourbon, so much the object of curiosity under the name of Elysée Napoleon, and which has lately resumed the former title,

though built originally for the Count D'Evreux, is indebted for its completion and embellishments to Madame de Pompadour, the celebrated mistress of Louis XV. It after her death passed into the hands of Beaujou, a financier, who, by extraordinary wealth, and above all, a most luxurious table, assembled about him the best company of Paris. His health was very delicate, and he could take but a limited share in the luxuries which his house afforded to others, but enjoyed one most extraordinary and agreeable accommodation. Obligated to retire very early to bed, the most amiable women of Paris did not scruple to attend him at his bed side, and to endeavour, by their conversation, to amuse the valetudinarian, until sleep should seal at once his ears and his eyes. It is hardly necessary to say, that the gay malignity of the Parisians found much subject for observation in these *clinical conversations*.

M. Beaujou had formed a determined resolution, to live not only as happily, but as long as possible; and for this purpose, settled a handsome annuity *for his own life*, upon his physician, whose care of his patient, we can easily believe, was very exemplary; it did not, however, prevent M. Beaujou's dying in 1786.

It was he who enclosed the space where the Montagnes Russes have been lately erected, and which perpetuates his name, though not his honour, in the title of *Folie Beaujou*.

The fine hotel of the banker Perri-geaux, in the Rue du Mont Blanc, so

well known to English travellers, belonged to an opera girl. She had a theatre attached to it, to which, in spite of the complaints of the public, she contrived to draw the best actors of the great theatres, while the second rates were left to amuse the town.

In 1786 she determined to part with this house by a lottery, which consisted of 2500 tickets, at 5 louis d'or each, a large price even for so handsome a house. This woman, after exhausting all that gallantry, pleasure, magnificence, and wealth could bestow, survived her beauty and her riches, and was still alive in obscurity in 1805, and, for ought we know, may be so still.

The finest house of the Rue de Chantierne (which, in honour of Bonaparte who lived there, was afterwards named Rue de la Victoire), was occupied when Napoleon first ascended the throne, by his brother Lewis, the great constable of the empire. This mansion had also belonged to a theatrical heroine, a Miss Dervieux, who made her reputation, and consequently her fortune, by her success in the part of Collette in Rousseau's *Divin du Village*.

The sums which it was the fashion in the latter years of Louis XV. to lavish on opera dancers and singers are almost past belief, and if we had not the palaces in which they are known to have resided, in a splendour corresponding with the architecture before our eyes, we should not credit the tradition of such prodigal and scandalous excesses.

THE BREAKWATERS OF PLYMOUTH SOUND, AND OF CIVITA VECCHIA.

Dec. 26, 1818.

MR EDITOR,

BEING the other day on business at Plymouth, I went to see what every one who visits that port ought not to neglect seeing, that great national work the BREAKWATER, under the shelter of which a whole fleet of ships of war, besides many hundred of smaller vessels, may now find safe protection, where, heretofore, a gale of wind from the south or south-west brought with it certain destruction to every ship and vessel which might happen to be at anchor in Plymouth Sound.

I visited, likewise, the quarries of Oreston, from whence are drawn those

vast blocks of marble, from one to ten tons each block, of which the breakwater is formed; and it is truly astonishing to behold the immense space now levelled to a plain surface, which a very few years ago was one solid mountain of rock; not less surprising is the skill and ingenuity of the workmen in blasting off pieces of the marble rock, nearly of the size and shape they wish for, by means of a very small quantity of gunpowder; to such perfection has experience brought the art of blasting stone. From the quarries, these huge blocks are transported on trucks, along iron railways, to the water side, where, by means of quays

built for the purpose, they are at once run down an inclined plane into the hold of the vessel which is to carry them out into the Sound, each vessel taking, at one trip, from 70 to 80 tons.

On the arrival of these vessels at the line of the breakwater, they are made fast to a chain buoyed up, by means of which, and poles placed on shore, they know precisely where it is required to drop the blocks of stone, either at the base, or on the sloping sides, or on the summit; and this is done with great facility, by means of a trap-door, moveable on hinges, at the stern of each vessel.

The length of this enormous dyke or artificial island, when finished, will be just one mile; its perpendicular height varying from 45 to 20 feet, the width of its base from 370 to 250 feet, according to the depth of water, and the width of the top about 60 feet. When I visited it in October last, there was about 1300 feet at the top quite finished; that is to say, the breakwater to this extent was brought up to the high-water mark of spring-tides; at that time the quantity of stone deposited was 1,340,000 tons.

The first stone was thrown down on the 12th of August 1812, the birthday of the Prince Regent; so that, on an average, 223,000 tons have annually been deposited on this great work; and, I understand, if the necessary supplies had been voted by Parliament, it could with ease have been finished long before this. The estimated quantity of stone required for the whole, was two million tons.

The retardation of the work, however, has had its utility, by giving the great stones time to settle, and the rubble stones to work themselves into the crevices, and render the others immoveable. For such is the force of the action of the sea upon the side of the dyke opposed to it, that in a violent gale of wind which happened two years ago, a stone of nine tons weight on the top is said to have been carried, by the force of the waves, from the side next the sea, to the opposite slope facing the harbour. On mentioning this national undertaking to a friend, on my return to Edinburgh, he ob-

served, that the ancients were perfectly well acquainted with the art of making good harbours on the coast of the Mediterranean, by means of artificial dykes or islands, and that the mode pursued by them was very little different from that adapted in Plymouth Sound, though theirs must have been infinitely more difficult and laborious, from the want of machinery to save and expedite human labour; and more particularly from the want of iron railways; and he instanced the insulated mole or breakwater of *Civita Vecchia*, as described by Pliny to Cornelianus,* which I think your readers may not be displeased to see, and compare with what I have written regarding the breakwater of Plymouth Sound. It is as follows:

"I received lately the most exquisite entertainment imaginable at Centumcellæ † (as it is now called), being summoned thither by Cæsar, to attend him as one of his assessors.—This delightful villa is surrounded by most verdant meadows, and commands a fine view of the sea, which forms itself here into a spacious harbour, in the figure of an amphitheatre. The left hand of this port is defended by exceeding strong works, as they are now actually employed in carrying on the same on the opposite side. An artificial island, which is rising in the mouth of the harbour, will break the force of the waves, and afford a safe passage to the ships on each side. In order for the construction of this wonderful instance of art, stones of a most enormous size are transported hither in a sort of pontoons; and being thrown one upon the other, are fixed by their own weight, gradually accumulating in the manner, as it were, of a sand-bank. It already lifts its rocky back above the ocean, while the waves which beat upon it, being lifted to an immense height, foam with a prodigious noise. To these stones are added piles, which, in time, will give it the appearance of a natural island."

* Letter 31, Pliny to Cornelianus.

† Supposed to be *Civita Vecchia*.

The Mad Banker of Amsterdam ; OR, THE FATE OF THE BRAUNS.

A POEM, IN TWENTY-FOUR CANTOS.

BY WILLIAM WASTLE OF THAT ILK, ESQUIRE.

Member of the Dilettanti, Royal, and Antiquarian Societies, and of the Union and Ben Water's Clubs of Edinburgh ; Honorary Member of the Kunst-und alterthumsliebbers Gesellschaft of Gottingen, and of the Phoenix Terrarum of Amsterdam, &c. &c. &c.

Habes, Philomuse, Meam de Menckenii libro sententiam, vel potius leves in tam pulchro corpore naevos. Nihil enim addo, ne calamus criminis censorium, aut *πολυουλλιστον* illud occinas *Ρααν μαμεισθαι*. Sequitur, ut appellationem plane Latinam nec ipsis priscis illis Romanis inferendum circumspiciam, quæ quod Menkenius *Charlataneriam* vocavit, declaret. Ac sane dubito, an uno verbo vis barbari illius nominis satis exprimi possit. Venit mihi in mentem *Thrasonismi*, item *Scioppiani Solipsismi*, * Sed neutrum satisfacit, nec omnes *Charlatanerie* recessus pandit. Poterat Menkenius quod et in prefatione fatetur, librum suum de *circulatoriis literatorum artibus* ; poterat, quod mihi placuit, de *circumforanea literatorum vanitate* ; poterat de *Aretalogis* (verbum Morhofianum dico) *literatis nominavisse* ; poterat denique ab Aristotele ipso verbum mutavisse, qui quidem in *Libro de Elenchis Sophisticis cap. 1.* talem *σοφιστη* vel *Charlatani* Græci definitionem exhibet,—“ *χρηματιστὴς ἀπὸ φαυλοῦς σοφίας, ἐκ λόγῳ.*” Repetas autem et ob oculos tibi ponam velis, ne a janua aberremus, allatam meam *Charlatani literati* definitionem. Scilicet is est *homo via mediocriter eruditus, qui immoderata scientiæ suæ jactantia, histrionalibus interdum facietis mixta, hominum applausum captat, eo consilio, ut aliorum stultitia ad fumam opesque suas augendas fruatur.*

Vide Sebastiani Stadelii ad Janum Philomusum Epistolam Neapoli. MDCCCLXXXVI. Apud Petrum Perger.

CANTO V.

I.

BLUE-STOCKING misses rail against your bard,
Because he on the Stagyrite impinges,
By skipping you about from soft to hard,
Never perplexing him how one thing hinges
Upon another—dashing on a lard
Of unintelligible tints and tinges,
In hues discordant groups discordant steeping,
In Dilettanti-phraze, neglecting *keeping*.

II.

Such grumbling ones forget that ancient rule,
Never to quiz the teeth of a gift-horse.
If Mr William Wastle were the fool,
A pompous quarto down your jaws to force,
It might be right his vanity to school,
Jobation then would be a thing of course.
But really 'tis too much your brows to knit,
On one who makes so little of his wit.

III.

Please to observe, proud demon of critique,
That any other man his verse would spin
Down large resplendent pages smooth and sleek,
Winding and wandering, stately, stiff, and thin.
But as for me, when rhyming is my freak,
I pack my doggrell liberally in,
I cut my page into a pair of stripes,
And cram each column close with pica types.

IV.

Even Mr Frere. (who is the true *εὐγενής*,
At whomsoever most old Παιγος laughed,)
Is fond of cash. He talks of sporting chaises
Upon the produce of his Whistlecraft.
But I'm a careless dog—As Blackwood's phrase is,
“A very thoughtless creature—saft—saft—saft.”
A cup of coffee, and a cool segar,
Are all I want.—Hang profit, and hang Parr.*

V.

I am not like your bards in towns that write,
Marked with the indelible damned Cockneyspot ;
To whom brick walls reflect God's glorious light,
Whose laurels dwindle in a window-pot.
I'm not a lord like Byron, nor have quite
So grand a barbian as Walter Scott,
But at the least among the trees I dwell,
High in the wood hangs Wastle's citadel.

VI.

My tall thin mansion, with a crazy tower
At the east gabel, perched on ———'s steep,
Looks from its old fantastic oaken bower,
Through antiquated windows small and deep,
Around the horizon ; open is the sweep,
Looks o'er yon spacious plain—no smoke clouds lower
The woods, the waters, and the ripe fields, lie
All round beneath an unpolluted sky.

* See Dr Parr's very erudite note affixed to the end of the fourth Canto of this Poem in No XVII. of this Magazine.

VII.

Not skies have we of that unmingled blue,
 In whose rich light Italian vallies beam;
 But skies far dearer to a Scottish view,
 Where thin fleet clouds for ever rack and stream,
 While here and there, their wavering mantle through
 Small spots of azure tremulously gleam,
 Grey windy skies o'ercanopying well
 The dark pine wood, the linn, the loch, the fell.

VIII.

Who would transport to such a scene as this
 The calculation, and the craft of men—
 Mar lovely Nature's freedom, beauty, bliss,
 With the mean blottings of an hireling pen?—
 My careless strains unlaboured I dismiss
 Fresh from the quill, I know not how, why, when.
 If you dislike them, don't be in a fume.
 Skip over me. I don't take up much room.

IX.

To speak the truth, I neither wish nor pray
 For fame poetic. Once upon a time
 Perchance so high might young ambition stray;
 My reason's mended now, if not my rhyme.
 I've made a calm dispassionate survey
 Of all my skull, upon thy rules, Spurzheim!
 Examined every bump and hollow well—
 And learned some things I'd rather know than tell.

X.

I look on rhyming, in a case like mine,
 Just as a harmless quiet kind of sport,
 Like shuttlecock, or trou-madame, or nine-
 Pins, or like any thing of the same sort,
 When one no better method can design
 (And I must own that *method's* not my forte),
 To kill the enemy till dinner-time,
 I find it answers vastly well—to rhyme.

XI.

I scribble all my things on backs of letters,
 A courier-cover, or snuff-envelope,
 Or so—the merest tiniest shreds and tatters—
 With a full sheet my courage could not cope.
 Indeed I only imitate my betters
 In this respect—see Johnson's life of Pope—
 That poet wrote both Iliad and Odyssey
 On small *fragmenta aptiora podici*.

XII.

But Basta—prosing Egoist!—Craniology
 By few, I fear, is studied as by me,
 Which sad neglect is the most pat apology
 For many an absurdity we see—
 For instance Coleridge writing on psychology,
 A man with such a jumbled pate as he,
 Whose reading, fancy, talking, are surprising,
 But who clean wants the *swell* of *scrutinizing*;

XIII.

Or Jeffrey, with his front so full of witticisms,
 Unconscious quite of that organization,
 Scribbling what fawning fools misnomer criticisms,
 Against the spirits of majestic station.
 He should have stuck to side-bar quirks and petty
 schisms,
 For deuce a pile has he of *eneration*.
 Heavens! what a gulf impassable doth sever
 Wits from the wise—the great man from the clever!

XIV.

It is small wonder, after all, that some
 Run down the science whence such secrets peep;
 Reviews perforce must call the thing a hum,
 Because Reviewers fain their fame would keep.
 And Lecturers fear their mouths might be held dumb,
 Should *Reading Public's* eyes learn peering deep
 Into the crazy bumps and hollows dull
 Of each pretending Predicator's skull.*

XV.

And in The Supplement 'tis very plain
 That Gall and Spurzheim both are satirized,
 Because 'tis feared that should their mode obtain,
 The glorious Supplement might be capsized.
 A Craniosophic public would disdain
 That work—it would be utterly despised,
 In spite of all its prosing, fudge, and fuss.
 Below the mountain folks would spy the Mus.

XVI.

Its want of unity, and therefore use,
 Would ruin it; its hoaxical hodge-podging;
 Dull quacks, smart-quacks, cramped quacks, and
 quacks diffuse,
 'Tween the same boards their lucubrations lodging;
 Skulls of all sizes spluttering to produce
 Their best or worst at Mr Napier's dodging;
 Following, as cods and cray-fish do the kraken,
 Our all-attractive eulogist of Bacon.

XVII.

To use a more familiar sort of figure,
 The Supplement resembleth a punch jug,
 Whereof the master scattereth lymph with vigour,
 But stingily his bottle doth unplug.
 The drink is harmless drink—it is punch meagre,
 And will lay nobody upon the rug,
 Even though the long-shanked wooden Spoon
 takes care
 To hand it out with a most killing air.

XVIII.

Bright for a time, and broad on Albion's soil,
 The charlatan beholds his gourd arise
 In glory;—clumsy necks are strained the while,
 And fixed in earnest gaze are vulgar eyes,
 And vulgar lips are lackered with the smile
 Of adoration blank, and brute surprise,
 And into whatsoever rout you go,
 The talk is of sweet Mister so and so.

* The reader cannot have forgotten the *annonce* of one of Mr Coleridge's late courses of lectures delivered in the metropolis. The philosopher, after giving a rough outline of the subjects proposed to be discussed in his ingenious lucubrations, adds, by way of honey for the Cockney auditors that hover about him, words to the following effect: "After hearing these twelve lectures, the most uneducated individual will find himself perfectly fitted to take his part in any conversation on literary or philosophical topics which may be commenced in his presence." Well indeed may be applied to the person who promises such things, and performs them, the lines of the poet:

Vir mactus omni laude, seculi decus,
 Princeps senator literarum rei,
 Cui Phœbus ipse assurgit, et fasces suos
 Submittit omnis eruditorum chorus!

XIX.

A wondrous wit ! a genius and a gem !
 So clever yet so good ! (thus bas-bleus speak),
 Dear gentle things ! I have no feud at them,
 To see their innocent stare and simper meek
 Is excellent—forbear sarcastic Hem
 Or Grin malicious, the thin veil to break
 Of their delusion. Hint it not in Gath
 What a poor skull the Darling Genius hath.*

XX.

Let matters take the course to which they're tending,
 Let temporary folly (though disgusting
 To sober eyes), work out its own amending !
 Let Dullness' own thick paws detect the fustian,
 Whose transient sheen she gazed on ;—slow extending
 Her obtuse eyes, let what she put her trust in
 As genuine bullion, maugre all its gloss,
 Be by herself discovered to be dross.

XXI.

Let the Quack live for ever !—Mount and ride,
 With thy bright cheeks in conscious exultation !
 Let window-gazing damsels greet thy pride
 With gorgeous garlands—tulip, rose, carnation,
 And let no palefaced walker by thy side
 One MORITURE whisper.—High ovation
 Be thine—till evening gray in chillness come—
 Then all thy gauds shall droop—then close the HUM.

XXII.

Such triumph all have seen—and most, alas !
 Have lent their voice to swell its Io Paean,
 And spread its glittering path ;—but let that pass.
 A mist shut out the glorious Empyrean
 Clean from men's view, and the beclouded mass,
 A painted pigmy's strut obscurely seeing,
 Knelt down in worship to they knew not what.—
 So bleat Ephemerids, when some sharp shrill bat

XXIII.

Spreads o'er their flimsy forms his wings obscene
 O'er shade wing, think it is Jove's bird, and shivering
 And twittering from amidst their sedgy screen,
 Pipe puny homage to the airy sovereign
 Unheard—be far away in pride serene,
 Is o'er some bleak majestic mountain hovering,
 Or sailing o'er some hoary forest slowly,
 Or lone green vale of " Pastoral Melancholy."

XXIV.

The Bat—(why not my simile pursue ?)
 Accepts the homage though he wants the crown ;
 His filthy corpus swells, and in his hue
 There mingles with the dark original brown
 Triumph's vermilion tint. A thick black dew
 Drops on his worshippers as he comes down ;
 And blustering vermin and adorners blind
 With mutual flatteries load the indignant wind.

XXV.

Alas for Jeffrey !—if my fancy dreams,
 Let not that dream's delusion pass away.—
 For still 'midst all his poverty it seems
 As if a spark of some ethereal ray,
 Some fragment of the true Promethean beams,
 Had been commingled with his infant clay ;
 As if for better things he had been born
 Than transient flatteries and eternal scorn.

XXVI.

Alas for Jeffrey !—for he might have clombed
 To some high niche in glory's marble fane ;
 But he, vain man ! preferred a lowlier home,
 An easier triumph and a paltrier reign ;
 Therefore his name is blotted from the Tome
 Of Fame's enduring record, and his gain
 Hath in his life been given him, and the wreath
 That his youth won scarce waits the wintery breath

XXVII.

Of the Destroyer, to shed all its bloom
 And dissipate its fragrance in the air,
 Whereof shall nought remain to deck his tomb
 Or please his Manes. No memorial fair
 Of earthly greatness, but one saddening gloom
 Of funeral desolation shall be there.
 And they hereafter on his grave that tread,
 Shall class the Sleeper with the Vulgar Dead.

XXVIII.

Or if, perchance, Remembrance faintly then
 Start up, thou fallen one ! at the name of thee,
 Alas ! how far from Scotland's mighty men
 In such remembrance shall thy station be.
 Remembered dimly for a carping pen,
 Its labours all forgotten utterly,
 Where be thy quips and cranks, great Critic, now ?
 Alas, poor Aristarchus ! what art thou ?

XXIX.

Peace to thy soul, Réviler ! Thine shall be
 The bitter cup to contemplate afar
 The splendour of great names, whose majesty
 Thou living didst insult, how bright they are.
 So from the surge of hell's ensulphered sea
 Some Demon eyes the glorious Morning Star,
 Whose calm eternal beams are loth to shine
 On the torn surface of that cursed brine.

XXX.

And if some future Dante e'er should go
 To search the depths of Hades once again,
 Haply the stranger may desire to know
 The origin of all thy tossing pain—
 (For visible, I ween, shall be thy wo),
 Thy sorely humbled shade will not disdain
 To answer him in its forlorn eclipse ;
 Words such as these shall leave thy quivering lips.

* The affectation of *Dandyism* on the part of some of the *Charlatani Literarii* of our day, reminds one of the old sarcasms of Rudericus Gualterus concerning that perpetual Butt of his wit, the unfortunate Dr Loritus Glareanus, as

Vir bene vestitus, pro vestibus esse peritus,
 Creditur a mille, quamvis idiota sit ille ;
 Si careat veste, nec sit vestitus honesté
 Nullius est laudis, quamvis sciat omne quod audis.

XXXI.

*My name was Jeffrey—but alas, my name
No longer lingers in the fields of Earth.
I pine because I strove to wound with shame
Immortal spirits in base envious mirth;
Yea, and because it was my wicked aim
To palsy the great land which gave me birth,
With traitorous prophecies her foes befriending,
And words and wit to vulgar phrenzies lending.*

XXXII.

*Yea, and because my tongue did not uphold
The Christian Faith to that fair land most dear,
But with malicious jests, outworn and old,
Against that holy, reverend faith did sneer—
POURING ON ALL THINGS GREAT DERISION
COLD;
Therefore, O mortal, are these pangs severe,
And I, of all that crowd this dreary coast,
The poorest, and the most unpitied ghost.*

XXXIII.

But why, O why, depict the degradation
Which shall this blighted soul hereafter wait?
Frowns not enough of dark anticipation
To still thy seerlike whispers in the fate
Which now, even now, he bears? Say, what creation
Of melancholy phantasy can mate
The actual misery of a gifted sprite,
Whom follies, fears, and feebleness unite

XXXIV.

With these, the veriest outcasts of his land—
Whom shallow insolence and Plebeian spleen
Have linked to their low car with many a band—
Lord of the ignorant—idol of the mean!
Round whose degraded throne, such satraps stand,
As once himself with horror there had seen—
Who drags (Ye Gods!) to fill the place of HORNER,
Yon sulky skulking SCOTSMAN from his corner?

XXXV.

Aye me! with what proud sweep thy pennon flew,
When first unfurled in its bright days of old!
Aye me! how soiled is now that banner blue!
How beat, how dim, that frontal-piece of gold!
Of all thy early champions good, how few
Now group around thee! weakness manifold
Sits on thy wavering crest; Contempt, and Scorn,
And dark Despair, on flapping pinions borne,

XXXVI.

Hover high o'er thee, and expect their prey.
Ye obscene fowls, how certain is your feast,
Above his head in heavy circles play,
By slow degrees approaching and increased
To his faint eye—then, like the lightning's ray
Which flashes in forked ire from the red east,
Pounce on your banquet—lo! yon guardian star
Gleams pale already on his waning war.

XXXVII.

Of this no more.—But shall my closing strain
Thus harshly leave the listening ear aghast?
Forbidden to heaven! Ah! no—a mournful train,
The shadows of the miseries of the past
Wake softer meditations in my brain;
Aye—and my tenderness will out at last.
Slow o'er the chords I sweep my weary fingers,
Where yet one low melodious echo lingers.

XXXVIII.

Nor ye to me the parting ear refuse,
Which now I pray for. Let me weave one line
In adoration of a holier muse,
The softest, sweetest, saddest of the nine—
Melpomene—she who her seat doth choose
By the hoarse murmurs of the heaving brine,
The dark-robed Muse of solitary sighs,
The inspiratrix—Queen of Elegies.

XXXIX.

Hear, Sovereign Lady! Let the foamy surge
That bows and breaks himself before thy feet,
Be as a running base to the slow dirge
That from afar thy pensive ear shall meet,
Marking sonorously, by lash and scourge,
The sighs that burst from Wastle's lone retreat;
The tearful music of his heart and pen—
His *E Profundis* o'er the grave of Ben!

XL.

The cordial nod of Ben's most guileless head
No more shall draw the weary wanderer in;
Cold is the heart which warmth and welcome shed
From the rich breadth of that unrivalled grin,
Alas! alas! and is old Double dead?
Alas! and wo is me for Benjamin!
Rise Rose Street, rise, with all thy weeping daughters
And swell the Euthanasia of thy Waters!

XLI.

Thrice hath the arrow sped. First WATERS fell;
Our gentle whispering FORTUNE died the next;
The third was one than whom no heavier swell
Thy groaning pavement, Street of Princes, vext.
O! he did quaff, not wisely, but too well;
Let Alban's heroes, dinnerless, perplexed,
Fit requiem sound for the enormous bulloch,
And drop the kindred tear above MACCULLOCH!*

XLII.

And now, on looking back through Canto V.,
I must confess I feel exceeding queerish;
I don't well understand this Canto's drift—
No more do you. I've been a little bearish
Hic-illic, I suspect; but one don't sift
Such trifling doggrel strains with eye severish.
Meantime, farewell; let's be good friends at parting;
I've an appointment at this hour with Martyn.†

* The closing stanzas of this Canto will immediately recall to the recollection of the readers a fine passage in Young's Night Thoughts, and another at the end of the first book of Beattie's Minstrel. The three persons here commemorated, Ben Waters, Matthew Fortune, and James Macculloch, masters of three eminent houses of entertainment in the city of Edinburgh, and endeared to the poet, each and all of them, by many delightful recollections, have been successively carried off in the course of the last few months. The last of them, above all, under circumstances of a nature peculiarly affecting, to which some allusion has been made in the fifth line of Stanza XLI.

† The celebrated picture-dealer, now in Edinburgh.

XLIII.

If I be kind, perhaps on meeting next
 I may describe some jewels of his store.
 Indeed (*sub rosa*) I have almost fixed
 To lead you on a Dilettanti tour,
 Throughout the whole extent of Canto VI.,
 Nobody with us—that would be a bore;
 We'll just take private peeps of the best
 works
 At Gosport, Gordon's, Crawford's, and John
 Clerk's.

XLIV.

And then I'll shew you o'er my own collection.
 And when we've gone the round of all these
 places,
 We'll sup at Young's, if you have no objection,
 Where some men speeches make, and some
 make faces,
 We for our parts will make a cool inspection
 Of Dilettanti graces and grimaces,
 And hear long stories about all the *Bits*
 That grace the under-shop where Davy sits.

END OF CANTO V.

Note from Mr Odoherpy.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

THE report of my death—a report originally created by the malevolence of a fiend—has, I am sorry to observe, gained considerable currency through the inadvertence of you—a friend. Had my body been really consigned to the dust, you should have received intelligence of that event, not from the casual whispers of a stranger, but from the affectionate bequest of a sincere admirer; for, Sir, I may as well mention the fact, that by a holograph codicil to my last will and testament, I have constituted you sole tutor and curator of all my MSS.; thus providing, in case of accidents, for these my intellectual offspring, the care of a guardian, who, I am well aware, would superintend, with a father's eye, the mode of their introduction into public life.

I flatter myself, however, that you will not hear with indifference, of my being still in a condition to fulfil this office in propria personâ. On some future occasion I shall describe to your readers, in, I hope, no uninteresting strains, the strange vicissitudes of my fate during the last two years: among these not the least amusing will be the narrative of those very peculiar circumstances which have induced me to lie *perdue*, a listener to no less than two succeeding historians of my life, supposed to be terminated—and eulogists of my genius, no less falsely supposed to have been swallowed up in the great vortex of animation. But of all this anon.

I inclose, in the mean time, as the first offerings of my re-acknowledged existence, three several productions of my muse. The first (the *Garland*) was composed by me a few weeks ago on the following occasion.

I happened to be in Hawick at the moment when the celebrated Giantess, Mrs Cook, passed through that town on her way from the South. Animated with that rightful spirit of curiosity which has been pronounced to be the mother of all knowledge, I immediately hastened to wait upon her. The vast stature of this remarkable woman—her strength (for, with a single squeeze, she had well nigh crushed my fingers to dust),—the symmetry of her figure—but above all, the soft elegance of her features—these united attractions were more than sufficient to make a deep impression on the mind of one who has never professed himself to be “a stoic of the woods.” After spending a comfortable evening at Mrs Brown's, I set out for Eltrive, the seat of my friend Mr Hogg, and, in the course of the walk, composed the following lines, which I soon afterwards sent to Mrs Cook. It is proper to mention, that the fair daughter of Anak enclosed to me, in return, a ticket of free admission for the season—of which I shall certainly very frequently avail myself after my arrival in Edinburgh.

The other two poems, the *Eve of St Jerry*, and the *Rime of the Auncient Waggonere*, were composed by me many years ago. The reader will at once detect the resemblance which they bear to two well-known and justly celebrated pieces of Scott and Coleridge. This resemblance, in justice to myself, is the fruit of their imitation—not of mine. I remember reciting the *Eve of St Jerry* about the year 1795 to Mr Scott, then a very young man; but as I have not had the pleasure of seeing Mr Coleridge, although I have often wished to do so, and hold his genius in the highest estimation, I am more at a loss to account for the accurate idea he seems to have possessed of my production, unless, indeed, I may have casually dropt a copy of the MS. in some bookseller's shop in Bristol, where he may have found it. Meantime, I remain, Dear Editor, your affectionate servant,

MORGAN ODOHERTY.

Eltrive Lake, Feb. 29th 1819.

Odoherty's Garland,

IN HONOUR

OF MRS COOK, THE GREAT.

I.

LET the Emerald Isle make Obrien her
boast,*
And let Yorkshire be proud of her
"strapping young man,"†
But London, gay London, should glory the
most,
She has reared Mrs Cook, let them
match her who can !
This female Goliath‡ is thicker and higher
Than Italian Belzoni, or Highlandman
Sam,
Yet the terrible creature is pretty in feature,
And her smile is as soft as a dove or a lamb.

II.

When she opens her eyelids she dazzles you
quite
With the vast flood of splendour that
flashes around ;
Old Ajax, ambitious to perish in light,§
In one glance of her glory perdition had
found.
Both in verse and in prose, to the bud of a
rose,
Sweet lips have been likened by amorous
beau ;
But her lips may be said to be like a rose-bed,
Their fragrance so full is, so broad is their
glow.

III.

The similitudes used in king Solomon's book,
In laudation of some little Jewess of old,
If we only suppose them devised for the Cook,
Would appear the reverse of improper or
bold.
There is many a tree that is shorter than she,
In particular that on which Johnston was
swung,
Had the rope been about her huge arm,
there's no doubt,
That the friend of the Scotsman at once
had been hung.

IV.

The cedars that grew upon Lebanon hill,
And the towers of Damascus might well
be applied,
With imperfect ideas the fancy to fill,
Of the monstrous perfections of Cook's
pretty bride.
Oh ! if one of the name be immortal in fame,
Because round the wide globe he adven-
tured to roam,
Mr Cook, I don't see why yourself should
not be
As illustrious as he without stirring from
home !

QUOTH ODOHERTY.

* Charles Obrien, the person here alluded to, measured exactly eight feet two inches in his pumps. His countenance was comely, and his chest well formed, but, like the "Mulier Formosa" of Horace's Satire, or (what may be considered as a more appropriate illustration) like the idol of the Philistines, he was very awkwardly shaped in the lower extremities. He made a practice of selling successively to many gentlemen of the medical profession, the reversion of his enormous carcass. It is said that one of these bargains—viz. that contracted between him and the celebrated *Liston* of Edinburgh, was reduced to a strictly legal shape. It is well known that, according to the forms of Scots law, nothing but moveables can be conveyed by *testament*—every other species of property requires to be transferred by a deed *inter vivos*. The acute northern anatomist, doubting whether any court of law would have been inclined to class Obrien's body among *moveables*, insisted that the giant should vest the *fee* of the said body in him (the surgeon), saving and retaining to himself (the giant), a right of usufruct or *liferent*. We have not heard by what *symbol* the Dr completed his infestment.

† The "strapping young man" was the late Thomas Higgins, on occasion of whose death was composed a poetical dialogue, formerly alluded to in the Magazine.

TRAVELLER.

Why ! I was told you woollen-weavers here
Were starved outright for lack of all employment ;
But I perceive a very different cheer.
Your looms are rattling all in full enjoyment.

INHABITANTS.

Oh ! those that told you so, sir, told you right ;
We were indeed a woful famish'd crowd ;
But now the case is altered clean and quite,
We have got the making of the Giant's Shroud.

‡ *Goliath*, Cocknicé *Goliath*.

"I don't defend that rhyme, 'tis very bad,
Tho' us'd by Hunt and Keats, and all that squad."—WASTLE.

§ An allusion to the prayer of this great Greek hero in Homer—

"Εν φασ και οδισσων."

The Eve of St Jerry.

[THE reader will learn with astonishment that I composed the two following ballads in the fourteenth year of my age, i. e. A. D. 1780. I doubt if either Milton or Pope rivalled this precocity of genius. M. O.]

DICK GOSSIP the barber arose with the
cock,
And pull'd his breeches on ;
Down the staircase of wood, as fast as he could,
The valiant shaver ran.

He went not to the country forth
To shave or frizzle hair ;
Nor to join in the battle to be fought
At Canterbury fair.

Yet his hat was fiercely cocked, and his ra-
zors in his pocket,
And his torturing irons he bore ;
A staff of crab-tree in his hand had he,
Full five feet long and more.

The barber return'd in three days space,
And blistered were his feet ;
And sad and peevish were his looks,
As he turn'd the corner street.

He came not from where Canterbury
Ran ankle-deep in blood ;
Where butcher Jem, and his comrades grim,
'The shaving tribe withstood.

Yet were his eyes bruised black and blue ;
His cravat twisted and tore ;
His razors were with gore imbued—
But it was not professional gore.*

He halted at the painted pole,
Full loudly did he rap,
And whistled on his shaving boy,
Whose name was Johnny Strap.

Come hither, come hither, young tickle-beard,
And mind that you tell me true,
For these three long days that I've been away,
What did Mrs Gossip do ?

When the clock struck eight, Mrs Gossip
went straight,
In spite of the pattering rain,
Without stay or stop to the butcher's shop,
That lives in Cleaver-lane.

I watch'd her steps, and secret came
Where she sat upon a chair,
No person was in the butcher's shop—
The devil a soul was there.

The second night I 'spy'd a light
As I went up the strand,
'Twas she who ran, with pattens on,
And a lanthorn in her hand :

She laid it down upon a bench,
And shook her wet attire ;
And drew in the elbow chair, to warm
Her toes before the fire.

In the twinkling of a walking stick,*
A greasy butcher came,
And with a pair of bellows, he
Blew up the dying flame.

And many a word the butcher spoke
To Mrs Gossip there,
But the rain fell fast, and it blew such a blast,
That I could not tell what they were.

The third night there the sky was fair,
There neither was wind nor rain ;
And again I watch'd the secret pair
At the shop in Cleaver-lane.

And I heard her say, " Dick Gossip's away,
So we'll be blithe and merry,
And the bolts I'll undo, sweet butcher to you,
On the eve of good St Jerry.†

" I cannot come, I must not come"—
For shame, faint hearted snarler,
Must I then moan, and sit alone,
In Dicky Gossip's parlour.

" The dog shall not tear you, and Strap‡
shall not hear you,
And blankets I'll spread on the stair ;
By the blood-red sherry, § and holy St Jerry,
I conjure thee sweet butcher be there."

* From this line, it is to be inferred, that the oaken saplings of our ancestors rivalled in elasticity the bamboo canes of our modern dandies.

† We have in vain scrutinized the kalendar for the name of this saint.

‡ After his master's misfortune, this gentleman settled in the north, and was the great grand-father of that Strap, so honourably noticed by Smollet.

§ This valuable species of wine is unfortunately for modern epicures now unknown.

* We have no wish to injure the reputation of this gentleman ; but, from the above stanza, it is evident that his hand was liable to tremor, whether from natural nervous debility, or the effect of brandy, we cannot take upon us to determine.

"Tho' the dog should not tear me, and
Strap should not hear me,
And blankets be spread on the stair,
Yet there's Mr Parrot, who sleeps in the garret,
To my footsteps he could swear."—

"Fear not, Mr Parrot, who sleeps in the garret,
For to Hampstead the way he has ta'en;
An inquest to hold, as I have been told,
On the corpse of a butcher that's slain.

"He turned him around, and grimly he
frown'd,
And he laugh'd right scornfully,
'The inquest that's held, on the man
that's been kill'd,
May as well be held on me.'

"At the lone midnight hour, when hobgob-
lins have power,
In thy chamber I'll appear;"—

"With that he was gone, and your wife
left alone,
And I came running here."—

Then changed I trow, was the barber's brow,
From the chalk to the beet-root red,
Now tell me the mien of the butcher thou'st
seen,

By Mambrino I'll smite off his head.

"On the point of his nose, which was like
a red rose,
Was a wart of enormous size;
And he made a great vapering with a blue
and white apron,
And red stockings roll'd up to his thighs.*

"Thou liest, thou liest, young Johnny Strap,
It is all a fib you tell,
For the butcher was taken, as dead as bacon,
From the bottom of Carisbrook well.

"My master attend, and I'll be your friend,
I dont value madam a button;
But I heard Mistress say, dont leave, I pray,
Sweet Timothy Slaughter-mutton.

He oped the shop door, the counter he
jump'd o'er,
And overturned Strap,
Then bolted up the stair, where he found
his lady fair,
With the Kitten on her lap.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright,—
Now hail, thou barber trim,
What news from Canterbury fight,
What news from bloody Jem.†

"Canterbury is red with gore,
For many a barber fell;
And the mayor has charg'd us for evermore,
To watch the butcher's well."—

* This was no doubt a bold and masterly attempt of the butcher to imitate plush breeches.

† It is astonishing that Hume and other historians make no mention of this bloody encounter, which threatened to exterminate the whole shaving generation; or, at least, scatter them like the twelve tribes of Israel.

Mrs Gossip blush'd, and her cheek was flush'd,
But the barber shook his head;
And having observ'd that the night was cold,
He tumbled into bed.

Mrs Gossip lay and mourn'd, and Dicky
toss'd and turn'd;
And he mutter'd while half a-sleep,
The stone is large and round, and the hal-
ter tight and sound,
And the well thirty fathom deep.

The gloomy dome of St Paul's struck three,
The morning began to blink,
And Gossip slept, as if his wife
Had put laudanum in his drink.

Mrs Gossip drew wide the curtains aside,
The candle had burn'd to the socket,
And lo! Timothy stood, all cover'd with
blood,
With his right hand in his pocket.

"Dear Slaughter-mutton, away," she cried,
"I pray thee do not stop"—

"Mrs Gossip, I know, who sleeps by thy
side,
But he sleeps as sound as a top.

"Near Carisbrook well I lately fell
Beneath a barber's knife;
The coroner's inquest was held on me—
But it did not restore me to life."

"By thy husband's hand, was I foully slain,
He threw me into the well,
And my sprite in the shop, in Cleaver-lane,
For a season is doom'd to dwell."—

Love master'd fear—what brings thee here?
The Love-sick matron said,—

"Is thy fair carcase gone to pot"?—
The goblin shook his head.

"I slaughter'd sheep, and slaughter'd was,
And for breaking the marriage band,
My flesh and bones go to David Jones†—
But let us first shake hands.

He laid his left fist, on an oaken chest,
And, as she cried—"dont burn us";
With the other he grasp'd her by the nose,
And scorch'd her like a furnace.

There is a felon in Newgate jail,
Who dreads the next assize;
A woman doth dwell, in Bedlam cell,
With a patch between her eyes.

The woman who dwells in Bedlam cell,
Whose reason is not worth a button,
Is the wife of the barber in Newgate jail,
Who slaughter'd Slaughter-mutton.

* It seems to us an unconscionable expectation of the butcher, that the inquest of the coroner was to restore the "vis vita."

† Apparently one of the slang names for the "hangman of creation," omitted by Burns in his address to that celebrated personage.

The Rime of the Auncient Waggonere.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Part First.

IT is an auncient waggonere,
And hee stoppeth one of nine :—
“ Now wherefore dost thou grip me soe
With that horny fist of thine ?”

hath been appointed to be best manne, and to take a hand in the casting of the slippere.

An auncient waggonere stoppeth ane tailore going to a wedding, whereat he

“ The bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
And thither I must walke ;
Soe, by youre leave, I muste be gone,
I have noe time for talke !”

The waggonere in mood for chate, and admits of no excuse.

Hee holds him with his horny fist—
“ There was a wain,” quoth hee,
“ Hold offe thou raggamouffine tykke,”—
Eftsoones his fist dropped hee.

The tailore seized with the ague.

Hee satte him downe upon a stone,
With ruefulle looks of feare ;
And thus began this tippysse manne,
The red nosed waggonere.

He listeneth like a three yeares and a half child.

“ The wain is fulle, the horses pulle,
Merrilye did we trotte
Alonge the bridge, alonge the road,
A jolly crewe I wotte :”—
And here the tailore smotte his breaste,
He smelte the cabbage potte !

The appetite of the tailore whetted by the smell of cabbage.

“ The nighte was darke, like Noe’s arke,
Oure waggonne moved alonge ;
The hail pour’d faste, loude roared the blaste,
Yet stille we moved alonge ;
And sung in chorus, ‘ Cease loud Borus,’
A very charminge songe.

The waggonere, in talkinge anent Bo-reas, maketh bad orthographe.

“ ‘ Bravoe, bravissimoe,’ I cried,
The sounde was quite elatinge ;
But, in a trice, upon the ice,
We heard the horses skaitinge.

Their mirth interrupted ;

“ The ice was here, the ice was there,
It was a dismale mattere,
To see the cargoe, one by one,
Flounderinge in the wattere !

And the passengers exercise themselves in the pleasant art of swimminge, as

doeth also their prog, to witte, great store of colde roasted beef ; item, ane beefstake pye ; item, vili choppines of usquebaugh.

“ With rout and roare, we reached the shore,
And never a soul did sinke ;
But in the rivere, gone for evere,
Swum our meate and drinke.

“ At lengthe we spied a goode grey goose,
Thorough the snow it came ;
And with the butte ende of my whippe,
I hailed it in Goddhis name.

The waggonere hailleth ane goose, with ane nouvelle salutatione.

"It staggered as it had been drunke,
So dexterous was it hitte;
Of brokene boughs we made a fire,
Thomme Loncheone roasted itte."—

The tailore
impatient to
be gone, but is
forcibly per-
suaded to re-
main.

"Be done, thou tipsye waggonere,
To the feaste I must awaye."—
The waggonere seized him bye the coatte,
And forced him there to staye,
Begginge, in gentlemanlie style,
Butte halfe ane hours delaye.

The Rime of the Auncient Waggonere.

Part Second.

The waggon-
ere's bowels
yearn towards
the sunne.

"THE crimsone sunne was risinge o'ere
The verge of the horizon;
Upon my worde, as faire a sunne
As ever I clapped eyes onne.

The passen-
gers throwe
the blame of
the goose mas-
sacre on the
innocente wag-
gonere.

"'Twill bee ane comfortable thinge,"
The mutinous crewe 'gan crye;
"'Twill be ane comfortable thinge,
Within the jaile to lye;"
Ah! execrable wretche," saide they,
"Thatte caused the goose to die!

The sunne
sufferes ane
artificial e-
clipse, and
horror follows,
the same not being mentioned in the Belfaste Almanacke.

"The day was drawing near itte's close,
The sunne was well nighe settinge;
When lo! it seemed, as iffe his face
Was veiled with fringe-warke-nettinge.

Various hy-
potheses on
the subject,
frome which
the passengeres
draw wronge
conclusions.

"Somme saide itte was ane apple tree,
Laden with goodlye fruite,
Somme swore itte was ane foreigne birde,
Some said it was ane brute;
Alas! it was ane bumbailiffe,
Ridinge in pursuite!

Ane lovelye
sound ariseth;
ittes effects
described.

"A hue and crye sterte uppe behind,
Whilke smote oure ears like thunder,
Within the waggone there was drede,
Astonishmente and wonder.

The passen-
gers throw
somersets.

"One after one, the rascalls rane,
And from the carre did jump;
One after one, one after one,
They felle with heavey thump.

"Six miles ane houre theye offe did scoure,
Like shippes on ane stormye ocean,
Theire garments flappinge in the winde,
With ane shorte uneasy motion.

The wag-
gonere com-
plimenteth
the bumbail-
liffe with ane
Mandoza,

"Their bodies with their legs did flye,
Theye fled withe feare and glyffe;
Whye star'st thoue soe?—with one goode blow,
I felled the bumbailiffe."

The Rime of the Auncient Waggonere.

Part Third.

" I FEARE thee, auncient waggonere,
I feare thy hornye fiste,
For itte is stained with gooses gore,
And bailliffe's blood, I wist.

" I fear to gette ane fisticuffe
From thy leathern knuckles brown,
With that the tailore strove to ryse—
The waggonere thrusts him down.

The tailore
meeteth Cor-
poral Feare.

' Thou craven, if thou mov'st a limbe,
I'll give thee cause for feare ;—
And thus went on, that tipsye man,
The red-billed waggonere.

" The bumbailiffe so beautifull !
Declared itte was no joke,
For, to his knowledge, both his legs,
And fifteen ribbes were broke.

The bailiffe
complaineth
of consider-
able derange-
ment of his
animal eco-
nomye.

" The lighte was gone, the nighte came on,
Ane hundrede lanterns sheen,
Glimmerred upon the kinge's highwaye,
Ane lovelye sighte I ween.

Policemen,
with their
lanternes,
pursue the
waggonere,

" ' Is it he,' quoth one, ' is this the manne,
I'll laye the rascalle stiffe ;
With cruel stroke the beak he broke
Of the harmless bumbailiffe.'

" The threatening of the saucye rogue
No more I coulde abide.
Advancing forthe my good right legge,
Three paces and a stride,
I sent my lefte foot dexterously
Seven inches thro' his side.

steppeth 20
feete in imi-
tatione of the
Admirable
Crichtoun.

" Up came the seconde from the vanne ;
We had scarcely fought a round,
When some one smote me from behinde,
And I fell down in a swoound :

Complaineth
of foul play,
and fallett
down in a
trance.

" And when my head began to clear,
I heard the yemering crew—
Quoth one, ' this man hath penance done,
And penance more shall do.'"

One acteth
the parte
of Job's com-
fortere.

The Rime of the Auncient Waggonere.

Part Fourth.

" OH! Freedom is a glorious thing !—
And tailore, by the bye,
I'd rather in a halter swing,
Than in a dungeon lie.

The wag-
gonere maketh
ane shrewd ob-
servation.

The wag-
gonere tickleth
the spleen of
the jailor, who
daunces ane
Fandango.

"The jailore came to bring me foode,
Forget it will I never,
How he turned uppe the white o' his eye,
When I stuck him in the liver.

Rejoicethe in
the fragrance
of the aire.

"His threade of life was snappt; once more
I reached the open streete;
The people sung out 'Gardylloo'
As I ran down the streete.
Methought the blessed air of heaven
Never smelte so sweete.

Dreadeth
Shoan Dhu,
the corporal of
the garde.

"Once more upon the broad highway,
I walked with feare and drede;
And every fifteen steppes I tooke
I turned about my heade,
For feare the corporal of the garde
Might close behind me trede!

"Behold upon the western wave,
Setteth the broad bright sunne;
So I must onward, as I have
Full fifteen miles to runne;—

The wag-
gonere taketh
leave of the
tailore,

"And should the bailliffes hither come
To aske whilke waye I've gone,
Tell them I took the othere road,
Said hee, and trotted onne."

to whome ane
small acci-
dente hap-
peneth.

The tailore rushed into the roome,
O'erturning three or foure;
Fractured his skulle against the walle,
And worde spake never more!!

Whereupon followeth the morale very proper to be had in minde by all members of the Dilettanti Society when they come over the bridge at these houres. Wherefore let them take heed and not lay blame where it lyeth nott.

Morale.

Such is the fate of foolish men,
The danger all may see,
Of those, who list to waggoneres,
And keepe bade companye.

POEMS BY A HEAVY DRAGOON.

THOUGH our hair be gray "more through toil than age," yet we have lived long enough in the world, and seen enough of its vicissitudes, to feel but little surprise at what are commonly called wonderful events. The escape of Bonaparte, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, the battle of Waterloo, nay, even the appearance of the Chaldee Manuscript, were far from raising in our minds the same vulgar astonishment with which these memorable occurrences were generally regarded. Yet some events there are of a complexion so utterly unnatural—so entirely at variance with the most probable calculation, which seem

"to overcome us like a summer cloud," for the mere purpose of shewing the vanity of all human foresight and sagacity,—that we cannot possibly contemplate them without "our special wonder." Even the calm, the abstracted, the philosophical Hamlet, to whom all the world appeared a stage, "and all the men and women merely players," was struck dumb with amazement at the appearance of his father's ghost, and we confess, our minds were not sufficiently wonder-proof to encounter the present formidable quarto without the most unafected astonishment. Highly as we are disposed to estimate the sagacity

of our readers, we are quite sure none of them have anticipated the nature of the "psychological curiosity" which we are now about to introduce to them. This magic volume contains neither a treatise on cookery by the archbishop of Canterbury, nor a dissertation on cash payments by an Irish student, nor illustrations of the classics by Deacon Lawrie, nor a work on farriery by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, nor a collection of new waltzes by Mr Wilberforce, nor a treatise on common sense by the new member for Boroughbridge; but, in short, it consists, "*risum teneatis*," of an Heroic Poem, in four cantos, by a Heavy Dragoon! The author of this singular production is Lieutenant Edward Quillinan, who is described by Sir Egerton Bridges, the editor, as a young man of "pure genius." The extracts we shall have occasion to lay before our readers, will enable them to form their own judgment on this subject; and, in the meanwhile, we shall take the liberty of prefacing them with a few observations on military authorship.

It is by no means our intention to enter on any prolix enquiry with regard to the present state of literature in the British army. We believe, on the whole, that the greater part of the officers possess sufficient learning to entitle them, in the ancient legal sense, to benefit of clergy. A considerable portion of them are conversant with the more simple rules of arithmetic, and all of them have read Moore's Poems, Tom Jones, and Dundas on the Eighteen Manœuvres. In every regiment will be found individuals who can write the proceedings of a regimental court-martial, without committing any flagrant errors in grammar or orthography, and a few have even arrived at the literary distinction of being able "to write a devilish good letter." Among gentlemen of such accomplishments, it is not surprising that the brilliant success attending the poetical debut of Ensign and Adjutant Odoherthy, and the author of "Johnny Newcome," should have excited considerable emulation. A new field appeared suddenly opened for their exertions, and to arrive at the distinguished honour of becoming a C.B. or a R.T.S. was no longer the sole object of their ambition. The poets' corner in the *Star* and the *Morning Post*, soon gave

convincing evidence of the industry of these military dilettanti; and the public were diurnally inundated with doggerel anacreontics and lamentations on the misery of half-pay. The parents and guardians of young ladies speedily began to regard this large addition to the already formidable aggregate of military attractions, with terror and dismay. Sad experience taught them, that in this case, poetry

"Was but the poisoning of a dart
Too apt before to kill."

The elopements from boarding-schools became daily more numerous; and many cruel and well-fledged widows fell melancholy victims to the insidious captivations of a warm love song; and a Waterloo medal.

While the majority of the songsters restrained their inspiration within these profitable limits, there were others who ventured on a bolder flight. "*Arma Virumque Cano*" was their cry—not a battle took place but the brazen throats of an hundred Homers were opened to celebrate its glories; and "not a General reared his head unsung" in the tuneful lays of some inspired Aid-de-camp, or musical Brigade-Major. It must be confessed, however, that these compositions in general, afforded more satisfactory evidence of the zeal, than the good taste of their authors. It was rather with repugnant feelings that we have occasionally listened to the glories of Waterloo, mellifluously chaunted to the tune of "*Roly, poly, gammon and spinnage*;" and ill-judged attempts to immortalize the name of the Great Wellington, in a new edition of the "*Black Joke*." Their efforts too were occasionally directed towards the stage, and it is but justice to state, that the public are indebted for the favourite farce of the *Bee-hive*, to the pen of a soldier. We were lately favoured with the perusal of a MS. tragedy, by an officer of "the gallant forty-second," which we understand is now under the consideration of the Drury-Lane committee; it is entitled "*Alexander M'Pherson, or the Black Revenge*," and certainly displays considerable originality. The character of Alexander M'Pherson is intended for Mr Kean, and written with the express view of bringing the extraordinary powers of that actor into full play. We venture to augur well of its success, and consider it

calculated to afford an important addition to the dramatic literature of the age. Still, however, we confess we were quite unprepared for the appearance of an heroic poem, in four cantos, and received it with much the same feelings as the authentic intelligence of the dissolution of the polar ice might be supposed to produce in the mind of Professor Leslie. It was, indeed, as astonishing to us to find lieutenant Quillinan attempting the character of an epic poet, as it would be to encounter Mr Wordsworth or Mr Coleridge tricked out in the helmet, the jack-boots, and other elegant appurtenances of the third Dragoon Guards.

On the whole, we fear we cannot congratulate our gallant defenders on their success in the field of literature. They may, indeed, be poets among soldiers, we apprehend they must still continue mere soldiers among poets. It is not every corps in the service who, like

“The brave Colonel Corbett and his riflemen,
Can lay down the sword and take up the pen,”

and wield both with equal dexterity and success. Yet we think they have failed chiefly from attempting too much. Let them content themselves at present with the composition of a few drinking songs, or occasional stanzas on the death of a white mouse or a canary bird. When their wings become a little better fledged they may attempt a higher flight, and it will give us much pleasure to congratulate them on their success. But we must stick a little closer to Mr Quillinan.

As a poet, we think he has been rather unfortunate in the department of the service of which he has made choice. The abstract idea which we form of a Heavy Dragoon is by no means a poetical one. We are led involuntarily to connect with him something of weight, clumsiness, and slowness of motion, utterly destructive, in our minds, of all grace and dignity of association. In depicting him, we figure to ourselves a decent jolly looking person, mounted upon something about the size of a coach horse, with a chubby good-natured countenance, and an enormous superfluity of breech. In short, there is too much of the Puddingfield and Beefington about him to allow him to find any grace or favour in the eyes of

persons of a refined and delicate taste. It is somewhat unaccountable too, that, notwithstanding the very honourable manner in which that portion of his majesty's troops have always distinguished themselves against the enemies of their country, we are less apt mentally to represent them as charging in the bloody plain, and dealing deathblows from their dripping swords, than getting pelted with mud and rotten eggs in a meal mob, or scuffling with scavengers and butchers' boys at the Spa-fields meeting. About

“The whiskered lancer and the fierce hussar,”

on the other hand, there is something of lightness of grace, and of celerity of motion, which redeem him from the same vulgar associations. The dark moustache gives a pleasing fierté to his countenance, and notwithstanding his red breeches and yellow Morocco boots, he is altogether a much more poetical personage. We are quite aware it may be urged against us, that the knights errant of old were all *heavy* horsemen, and that therefore a portion of the dignity of their character may be supposed to attach to their representatives in the present day. And if the analogy were a little closer, and the dragoon guards were still apparelled in the chivalrous accoutrements of their ancestors, we will admit that the cuirass, the hauberk, the greaves, and cuisses, might go far to ennoble them in our imagination. But alas, it is not so. With a fatuity somewhat ludicrous, the head of our dragoon (certainly the least vulnerable part of his body) is encased in brass, while his portly belly, and the magnificent expansion of his rear, are left wholly without defence. The most poetical looking corps which we ever chanced to encounter was certainly that of the black hussars of Brunswick. Their sable uniform, the death's head which they carried on their caps, the profusion of black horse hair which hung down overshadowing their hard featured countenances, altogether rendered them more impressively terrible than can well be conceived by a Cockney, accustomed only to gaze at the smooth-shaven chins of the life-guards. Those who know the importance of preventing, if possible, the very idea of death from occurring to a soldier in the moment of danger, will be able to appreciate the probable effects of the associations which the appearance of

this corps was calculated to excite in the minds of their enemies. It may surely be allowed to the bravest man to prefer fighting with decent and respectable looking men like himself, to encountering a set of beings of such a ghostly and unearthly aspect. Most men, we believe, had much rather submit to the regular cut and thrust of our common dragoon, than have any thing to say to a battalion of mounted saules, who appear to have come, rather for the purpose of attending their funeral, than of affording them a fair chance for their lives in manly and equal combat.

Nor are the duties attached to the rank held by Lieutenant Quillinan in the army, likely to be at all favourable to the production of poetical inspiration. To ride in rear of a troop—to visit stables—peep into camp-kettles—and to take care that a certain number of men periodically parade in clean shirts and pipe-clayed breeches, are not the occupations precisely most favourable to the nurture of the “mens divinior,” or the “os magna sonaturum.” They are humble but necessary duties, and are the more intolerable to the man of talent that they require the unremitting vigilance of his senses, without affording any exercise to the faculties of his mind. We confess we do not regret that such formidable obstacles should exist to the success of the military poet. For though we have no objection to a small ode on a victory, or a few laudatory stanzas on a favourite commander, yet we protest most strongly against all and every other soldier, whether horse, foot, or dragoon, who shall presume, like Mr Quillinan, to write, print, and disseminate an heroic poem, in four cantos. If there is any principle in political economy set completely at rest, it is that of the advantages arising from the division of labour, of which such a proceeding would be a total violation. It is the duty of some men to fight battles, and the pleasure of others to sing them. It is quite sufficient that Achilles should kill Hector without afterwards turning his own trumpeter, and celebrating his achievements in tureful verse. Had this really been the case, Troy had long since been forgot; and we should object quite as strongly to any attempt on the part of Mr Scott or Mr Wordsworth to head forlorn-hopes, or volunteer out-piquets,

as we now do to the unauthorized assumption of the bays, by their military rivals. Having thus eased our consciences, we shall proceed to a more particular examination of the merits of the work before us.

The first canto of *Dunluce Castle** opens with the introduction of a person wholly unconnected with the story, who treats us to a description of the Giant's Causeway, and other natural curiosities, and then entirely disappears. The name of this gentleman is M'Quillin, and as he is obviously of kith and kin to the author, we may suppose he was naturally anxious that he should cut a respectable figure in the eyes of his readers. It is rather astonishing, therefore, to find him introduced in the character of a Johnny Raw, who is not content with walking quietly on the road, or picking pebbles on the shore, but must stop and stare like a stuck pig, or, as Mr Quillinan calls it, “feed his raptured glance” on every hill, cape, and promontory of the country. The following is the opening of the poem :

*“Perplex'd in wild amazement's trance,
The stranger roam'd on Antrim's shore,
And now had fed his raptur'd glance,
From Fairhead point to Cape Bangore,
Enthusiast ! &c.”*

Such affectation is contemptible enough, and perhaps can only be paralleled by the innocent enthusiasm of Leigh Hunt, about his flower-pots and his cabbage-garden, and his silly ravings about social enjoyments, when he drinks tea on a Sunday evening with his family and his brother Jack, in the balcony of the Black Dog.

As might naturally be supposed, Mr M'Quillin, on arriving at the Giant's Causeway, is more than ever “perplexed in wild amazement's trance,” and loses no time in feeding “his raptured glance” on the beautiful and grand specimens of the Bassaltic column which it displays. Unfortunately, however, he has a strange knack of discovering resemblances existing only in his own diseased imagination. It would be much too unpoetical to view things as they really are; and therefore, this gentleman finds it absolutely necessary to metamorphose these unfortunate pillars into the likeness of every thing

Dunluce Castle, a poem, in four cantos, by Edward Quillinan, Esq. of the third dragoon guards.

in the heaven above, or the earth beneath. He looks on one side, and behold, strange to say, that

"There bravely shooting from the rock,
A ship seems launching from its stock."

He turns his optics to another, and lo!

"There giant pillars form a range
That seems some Gothic ruin strange,
And draw from him *who gazes on*
A sigh for ages that are gone!"

He tries it once more, and sees

"Dark dungeon of tyrannic power
Appears a melancholy tower,
From whence, to *pitying fancy's ear*,
Come sounds of wail and woe and fear!"

and to crown all,

"There robed in venerable gloom,
Seems model of monastic dome,
WHERE SERAPHIM OF HIGHEST CLASS
DESCEND AT MORNING-HOUR OF MASS!"

It would be utterly unpardonable in us to weaken the effect of the above beautiful and original descriptions by any observations of our own. We can only afford our readers another short specimen of Mr Quillinan's descriptive powers before we enter more immediately on the story of the poem. Still talking of the Giant's Causeway, he proceeds to inform us—

"It well might cheat the keenest eyes
To think that human hand had laid
That sea-invading esplanade;
Its *polygons* so perfect are,
And vertically regular;
And yet so *dark* and *fierce* they seem,
That might imagination deem,
(Each upward set without its wain),
Was even *Hell's artillery train*,
There placed by demons with intent
To blast the crystal firmament!"

There is something extraordinarily fine in all this, though it smells rather too much of the shop. But we must now have done with the first canto, and proceed to give a short account of the affecting narrative developed with so much skill and talent in the remainder of the poem. We are informed by Mr Quillinan, that Dunluce Castle was (God knows how many centuries ago) the seat of the noble family of the M'Quillins. Indeed it might still have remained so but for the arrival of a deep Scotsman called M'Donnell (Qu. Macdonald) and his pretty daughter. M'Quillin's son, a young gentleman, called Owen, speedily falls a victim to the charms of the young lady, and M'Quillin himself to the acts of her father. There

existed, it seems, a cavern connected with the castle, which

"Possessed an unexpected vent
Unknown to public use."

This secret he is spooney enough to disclose to the Scotsman, who introduces thereby into the castle a party of his Highland friends. They are fortunate enough to catch all the family napping, and accordingly proceed, *secundum artem*, to cut their throats, which is effected without any material accident. A great deal of flirtation has, in the meantime, been carrying on between young M'Quillin and M'Donnell's daughter, Marion. The ferocious Highlander, after disposing of the rest of the family, tosses Mr Owen over a rock, and with a sort of gratuitous barbarity altogether unaccountable, concludes the sad catalogue of slaughter with the murder of his own daughter. This story, it must be admitted, possesses much tragic interest, and our readers will soon see that the advantages which it afforded him have by no means been neglected by Mr Quillinan.

In the following extract, we have a description of the advance of the Highlander and his party through the aforesaid cavern to the attack of the castle. The two last lines we think partake of the fault we before alluded to, and smell a little of the dragoon. However, there is a stillness and solemnity about it altogether extremely impressive—

"But on their still and cautious path,
M'Donnell and his clan had sped,
The clamour-raising winds of wrath,
Conspired to lull their tread;
Thro' every well-known subtle clue,
The Scot his silent followers drew
Thro' vaults whose *striking damp obscure*,
No human sense might long endure;
Where not a sentry kept his vigil,
And secrecy had hid her sigil!"

The short and emphatic direction given by Sandy to his followers, we think, too, is exceedingly spirited and characteristic:

"'Tis well—now closer draw the snare,
Around you is their *nest*,
Despatch, and stillness be your care,
Away—you know the rest!"

Horrors now begin to thicken on us. All the retainers of the Irish chieftain are knocked on the head as quietly as could be desired, and M'Donnell creeps to M'Quillin's bed-side;

"Resolved the deed of darkest crime
Should by his own fell arm be wrought,

And give his name to after-time
In hues of villany sublime."

He finds his prey dosing, and is just
about to despatch him; but, having
fortunately eat rather a hearty supper,
"Harsh and uneasy visions past
Upon his troubled brain;"

and his host awakes time enough to
save himself. The following is the
animated description of the combat
which takes place between them. We
have no doubt it will remind our
readers of the death of Marmion, or
that of Hassan, in the Giaour.

"Now wrestling fierce the wall he made,
And snatching thence a hanging blade,
The dragging foe he from him flings,
Then on with furious valour springs,
Forth leaps M'Donnell's sword amain;
They meet—they part—they close again;
They grapple now, and now the light
The lamps dim rays afford,
Strikes full upon the traitor's sight,
Down drops the hero's sword!
Great powers of heaven and earth, he cries,
What sight is this to blast mine eyes?
Say, horrid semblance, art thou not
M'Donnell, the confederate Scot?
That subtle damned *renegade*!
While thus by dire amaze betrayed,
The *generous chieftain sunk*,
Rushed full upon his naked breast,
Deep in his heart his faulchion prest,
And prone the warrior sunk;
Yet spare my children, ere he died,
Oh! spare my children, feebly cried!"

Now, with all our admiration of the
above fine passage, we do not precisely
see the grounds on which M'Quillin
can with any propriety term his ad-
versary a *renegade*. The Highlander
appears to have been troubled with
few religious principles of any kind;
and those which he had, bad as
they were, he never seems to have re-
nounced. Mr Quillinan, however, ap-
pears to understand the word to mean

a person who breaks into a castle and
kills the owner of it—an interpreta-
tion for which Dr Johnson had not
quite prepared us. Passing over this,
and other frivolous objections, we shall
now present our readers with the most
sublime passage in the whole poem.
It consists of an address from the poet
to the burglarious Celt.

"Now dark M'Donnell take thy sword,
And lift it to thy lip abhorred,
Aye, let that *sacrilegious* lip,
Its every gout of crimson sip;
Nay, upon blood let blood-hound sup,
Drink, dark M'Donnell, drink it up;
For 'twill supply thee to the hilt,
The deepest deadliest drug of guilt,
That e'er on soul of mischief fell,
And clogged it till it sunk to hell."

This is in the true military taste, and
with the favourable impression it must
leave on the minds of our readers, we
shall now close our extracts. The
love scenes between Owen and Marion
are wrought up in the most approved
manner, according to the best recipes
adopted by Miss Owenson and Miss
Porter, but we must leave them to
be enjoyed by those who choose to
"feed their raptured glance" by per-
using the volume itself. The work is
from the private press of Sir Egerton
Brydges, who discharges the pleas-
ing duties of editor. We should
say the printing was beautiful were
it not disfigured by an absurd
mass of gaudy and tasteless de-
coration. One of the vignettes, we
observe, at the commencement of a
poem intended to be very pathetic,
contains a delineation of a pocket
handkerchief, an instrument, how-
ever, which we can assure the most
lacrymose young lady she will find not
the smallest occasion for in perusing
the poems of Lieutenant Quillinan.

ACCOUNT OF AN AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER, NOW EXHIBITED AT NO. 4,
SPRING-GARDENS, LONDON.*

A VERY clear and animated descrip-
tion of this extraordinary piece of
mechanism, which may really be call-
ed a wonderful creature, has been
written by a friend of ours, an Oxford
graduate; and we think our readers
may be amused by some particulars of
what may be called its life and char-

acter. Our friend is one of the best
chess-players we know; yet we believe
that he was hard put to it by the
Automaton, who is, in his own peculiar
way, quite a second Phillidor. All
who know any thing of the fascinating
game of chess are aware of the constant
exercise of acute judgment required in

anticipating the designs of an antagonist, and in frustrating those that cannot be foreseen. Indeed, it is acknowledged to be about as difficult a thing to win a great game of chess, as a great battle—and, therefore, our Automaton may yet make a brilliant figure some day or other as a general officer.

The inventor, or rather, it should be said, the father of this creature, was Wolfgang de Kempelen, a Hungarian gentleman, aulic counsellor to the royal chamber of the domains of the Emperor in Hungary. Being at Vienna in the year 1769, he offered to the Empress Maria Theresa, to construct a piece of mechanism more unaccountable than any she had previously witnessed; and accordingly, within six months, the Automaton chess player was presented at court, where his extraordinary mental powers excited the liveliest astonishment. M. de Kempelen, some years afterwards, publicly exhibited him (for we shall not degrade a man of genius by the application of a vile neuter) in Germany and other countries. In the year 1785, M. de Kempelen visited England, and at his death in 1803, this worthy Automaton became the property of that gentleman's son, who may be distinguished from his incomprehensible brother by the term, "*filius carnalis*," and by whom (notwithstanding the apparent violation of the free spirit of our laws, and of nature herself,) he was sold to the present exhibitor, a person, it is said, of great ability in the science of mechanics.

After this short historical notice, our Oxford friend (who, by the way, has seemingly forgotten his promise to send us an occasional article) thus introduces to us the son of the aulic counsellor.

"The room where it is at present exhibited has an inner apartment, within which appears the figure of a Turk, as large as life, dressed after the Turkish fashion, sitting behind a chest of three feet and a half in length, two feet in breadth, and two feet and a half in height, to which it is attached by the wooden seat on which it sits. The chest is placed upon four casters, and together with the figure, may be easily moved to any part of the room. On the plain surface formed by the top of the chest, in the centre, is a raised immovable chess-board of handsome dimensions, upon which the figure has its eyes fixed; its right arm and hand being extended on the chest, and its left arm somewhat raised, as if in the attitude of holding

a Turkish pipe, which originally was placed in its hand.

"The exhibitor begins by wheeling the chest to the entrance of the apartment within which it stands, and in face of the spectators. He then opens certain doors contrived in the chest, two in front, and two at the back, at the same time pulling out a long shallow drawer at the bottom of the chest made to contain the chess men, a cushion for the arm of the figure to rest upon, and some counters. Two lesser doors, and a green cloth screen, contrived in the body of the figure, and in its lower parts, are likewise opened, and the Turkish robe which covers them is raised; so that the construction both of the figure and chest internally is displayed. In this state the automaton is moved round for the examination of the spectators; and to banish all suspicion from the most sceptical mind, that any living subject is concealed within any part of it, the exhibitor introduces a lighted candle into the body of the chest and figure, by which the interior of each is, in a great measure, rendered transparent, and the most secret corner is shewn. Here, it may be observed, that the same precaution to remove suspicion is used, if requested, at the close as at the commencement of a game of Chess with the Automaton.

"The chest is divided by a partition, into two unequal chambers. That to the right of the figure is the narrowest, and occupies scarcely one third of the body of the chest. It is filled with little wheels, levers, cylinders, and other machinery used in clock-work. That to the left contains a few wheels, some small barrels with springs, and two quarters of a circle placed horizontally. The body and lower parts of the figure contain certain tubes, which seem to be conductors to the machinery. After a sufficient time, during which each spectator may satisfy his scruples and his curiosity, the exhibitor recloses the doors of the chest and figure, and the drawer at bottom; makes some arrangements in the body of the figure, winds up the works with a key inserted into a small opening on the side of the chest, places a cushion under the left arm of the figure, which now rests upon it, and invites any individual present to play a game of Chess.

"At one and three o'clock in the afternoon, the Automaton plays only ends of games, with any person who may be present. On these occasions the pieces are placed on the board, according to a preconcerted arrangement; and the Automaton invariably wins the game. But at eight o'clock every evening, it plays an entire game against any antagonist who may offer himself, and generally is the winner, although the inventor had not this issue in view as a necessary event.

"In playing a game, the Automaton makes choice of the white pieces, and always has the first move. These are small

advantages towards winning the game which are cheerfully conceded. It plays with the left hand, the right arm and hand being constantly extended on the chest, behind which it is seated. This slight incongruity proceeded from absence of mind in the inventor, who did not perceive his mistake till the machinery of the Automaton was too far completed to admit of the mistake being rectified. At the commencement of a game, the Automaton moves its head, as if taking a view of the board; the same motion occurs at the close of a game. In making a move, it slowly raises its left arm from the cushion placed under it, and directs it towards the square of the piece to be moved. Its hand and fingers open on touching the piece, which it takes up, and conveys to any proposed square. The arm, then, returns with a natural motion to the cushion upon which it usually rests. In taking a piece, the Automaton makes the same motions of the arm and hand to lay hold of the piece, which it conveys from the board; and then returning to its own piece, it takes it up, and places it on the vacant square. These motions are performed with perfect correctness; and the dexterity with which the arm acts, especially in the delicate operation of casting, seems to be the result of spontaneous feeling, bending at the shoulder, elbow, and knuckles, and cautiously avoiding to touch any other piece than that which is to be moved, nor ever making a false move.

"After a move made by its antagonist, the Automaton remains for a few moments only inactive, as if meditating its next move; upon which the motions of the left arm and hand follow. On giving check to the King, it moves its head as a signal. When a false move is made by its antagonist, which frequently occurs, through curiosity to observe in what manner the Automaton will act: as, for instance, if a Knight be made to move like a Castle, the Automaton taps impatiently on the chest, with its right hand, replaces the Knight on its former square, and not permitting its antagonist to recover his move, proceeds immediately to move one of its own pieces: thus appearing to punish him for his inattention. The little advantage in play which is hereby gained, makes the Automaton more a match for its antagonist, and seems to have been contemplated by the inventor as an additional resource towards winning the game.

"It is of importance that the person

matched against the Automaton, should be attentive, in moving a piece, to place it precisely in the centre of its square; otherwise the figure, in attempting to lay hold of the piece, may miss its hold, or even sustain some injury in the delicate mechanism of the fingers. When the person has made a move, no alteration in it can take place: and if a piece be touched, it must be played somewhere. This rule is strictly observed by the Automaton. If its antagonist hesitates to move for a considerable time, it taps smartly on the top of the chest with the right hand, which is constantly extended upon it, as if testifying impatience at his delay.

"During the time that the Automaton is in motion, a low sound of clock-work running down is heard, which ceases soon after its arm returns to the cushion; and then its antagonist may make his move. The works are wound up at intervals, after ten or twelve moves, by the exhibiter, who is usually employed in walking up and down the apartment in which the Automaton is shown, approaching, however, the chest from time to time, especially on its right side.

At the conclusion of the exhibition of the Automaton, on the removal of the chess men from the board, one of the spectators indiscriminately is requested to place a Knight upon any square of the board at pleasure. The Automaton immediately takes up the Knight, and beginning from that square, it moves the piece, according to its proper motion, so as to touch each of the sixty-three squares of the chess board in turn, without missing one, or returning to the same square. The square from which the Knight proceeds is marked by a white counter; and the squares successively touched, by red counters, which at length occupy all the other squares of the board."

Our friend, the Graduate, whose own skill in mechanics is well known, offers some speculations on the theory of this wonderful person's generation. These exhibit all his wonted acuteness, but, as he confesses that they leave the mystery of the Automaton's powers still unexplained, we content ourselves with referring the curious reader to his own very entertaining pamphlet.

SKETCHES OF SCENERY IN SAVOY, SWITZERLAND, AND THE ALPS.

MR EDITOR,

You ask me to send you some sketches of my late tour in France, Switzerland, Italy, &c. But I'm afraid I shall be able to offer you little that will be of general interest; for I must confess to you, that my plan of observation—if it could be called a plan—was entirely a selfish one. Before setting out, I had determined to remain so totally unfettered, that I would not even prepare myself for the journey, by renewing or completing my very imperfect reading acquaintance with the chief parts that I was about to visit. I was going, in sober certainty, to view the real scenes, the ideal images of which had been the objects of my love—until within these few years my hopeless love—ever since I had known what it was that I really wished or wanted; and I was determined to come to the contemplation of them free from all other bias on my mind than would be given to it by the delightful but somewhat misty and indistinct associations, which had come to it, as it were of themselves, in my very earliest youth; and had, ever since, been congregating and engendering together, till at length they had formed a sort of colony there—a little kingdom of their own, of which Fancy was the sole and undisputed sovereign, and in the midst of which I could at all times take refuge from the dull and dreary realities of common life. I determined, too, that this ideal kingdom should never be overturned but by Nature herself. In fact, that I would not go among these scenes for the purpose of *forming a judgment* of them for myself, but would leave *them* to build up for me a fabric of their own, in the place of the ideal one that I know they would destroy. I felt it to be something worse than idle to go peeping and prying about, with a pencil and a notebook in my hand, among the mountains of William Tell;—to be sketching trees and cottages, or scribbling nothings, in the ideal presence of Manfred, or the real one of Mont Blanc;—to be ascertaining the exact distance from Verai across the lake to the rocks of Meillerie, in order to *calculate* whether St Preux really could see from thence the dwelling of Julie;—

to be inquiring the number of the inhabitants, and the price of the necessaries of life, at Clarens—the scene of that immortal kiss, the echoes of which may even now, to an ear properly attuned, be heard mingling with the breezes that whisper among the branches of its chesnut groves, or come fanning the brow—the burning brow—of him who gazes, for the first time, on that cradle and home and heaven of love.

I repeat, my determination was not only not to prepare myself for visiting such scenes as these, but when I found myself in the midst of them, not even to examine or record my feelings about them: but to remain in what Wordsworth calls “a wise passiveness.”—To spread open, as it were, my mind and heart and senses to the powers and influences that would every where surround me; and leave them to work their own effects: believing, that if I was worthy to receive the benefit of such influences, they would come to me of themselves, and remain with me; and that if I was not, no seekings or solicitations could entice them.—I therefore wrote nothing about them at the time—I mean, for myself. I did not even endeavour to *remember* any thing. I read the poetry of them—as I read written poetry—not for the purpose of criticising it, and getting particular passages by heart, in order to talk about and quote from it, but to feel and enjoy it;—not that I might *seem* wiser and better in consequence, but that I might *be so*.

I shall not determine whether this was the best plan I could have adopted, with reference to my own purposes; but certainly it was, of all others, the least fitted to enable me to give information or amusement to any but those very few dear friends, in whose estimation, when one is absent, every little word and thought that is conveyed to them, acquires a new and adventitious value, by becoming a *hint*, on which the imagination may build conjectures and surmises quite as good as any real information that might occupy their place. For, to such friends as I am speaking of, the absent person will always be the centre to which all those of their thoughts which can be made to have any refer-

ence to him, must alone point. In books they may read descriptions of foreign scenery and manners, for mere amusement, or for the purpose of extending their knowledge, and enriching their fancy and imagination; but when they read such in *his* letters, it is only that they may endeavour to realize to themselves, and sympathize with, what they will know to be his feelings in contemplating what he describes. They will desire to learn the character of the scenery through which he is passing on such or such a day, that they may be the better able, in fancy, to accompany *him*. They will wish to be made acquainted with the habits and manners of the people with whom he is sojourning, that they may the more distinctly, in imagination, view *him* among them. In short, all the direct and personal interest that may, at other times, have been felt in such descriptions, will now be merged and lost, for the moment, in the relative interest they have acquired by their connexion with him.

If you think your readers are likely to be amused by unconnected extracts, such as accompany this, from private letters, I may perhaps be able to send you a few more of the same kind. I may also add a few desultory recollections, just in the order, or rather *disorder*, in which they are pretty sure to occur to me.

The following are sketches of scenery very little known and talked of in this country: by far the most frequented passage into Italy being that by the Simplon.

—"You know that Rousseau passed nearly all the innocent and happy part of his life with his dear 'Maman,' Madame de Warens, at Chambéry, the capital of Savoy; and, surely, nowhere else is there a place so exquisitely adapted to feed and nurse and cherish the peculiar propensities of his romantic nature. The road to Chambéry from France lies through a country that surpasses, in mingled grandeur and beauty, all that I had previously conceived of natural scenery, though the beauty greatly predominates. The road is between two ranges of mountains, and by the side of a small river the whole way.—This river is the most poetical little stream you can imagine. Sometimes rippling and smiling along through flowers and weeds, to the sound of its own music

—at others, leaping and dashing through broken rocks, and lashing itself into torrents of white foam—at the next turn of the road, perhaps, thundering down a precipice in the form of a cataract, or its course only to be discovered by its sound, or by the thin white mists that rise from its low and concealed bed—and, perhaps five minutes after, you discover it again, basking along in the sunshine, as if nothing could disturb its tranquillity, and as if the greatest obstacle it had ever met with in its course had been a few pebbles to curl round, or a water-lily to sport with.—The road is a sort of causeway, always following the course of this river. Immediately adjoining to the road and the banks of the river, the bed of the valley extends for a very small space on each side, covered with the most luxuriant cultivation, and then immediately from this bed the mountains ascend on each side, almost perpendicularly, to (literally) above the clouds.—You will easily conceive that the effect of all this is exquisite—for the mountains themselves, up to nearly their summits, are not only covered with the most beautiful cultivation, but studded with cottages and villages at all heights and in all directions; and the whole surmounted by magnificent forests of pine-trees, in many parts shooting their strait arrowy trunks from out the eternal snow. The character of the houses, too, is so exactly in keeping with the scenery in which they occur, that the effect of the whole is perfectly enchanting. They are scarcely ever built in the valley, but on the sides of the mountains; out of which they appear to grow, as if they were a part of the mountain itself. They are always perfectly white; and to every small village of eight or ten cottages (for they are all *cottages*), there is a little church; and these villages and churches are met with at every mile—so that there is an unceasing variety the whole way. These cottages generally stand in the midst of little patches of garden or orchard ground, or meadows of the most exquisite green, in which flocks and cattle are feeding.—Add to all this a romantic-looking castle, with towers, turrets, &c. occurring every now and then on the summit of a projecting rock—beautiful waterfalls gushing from out clusters of firs, or clumps of underwood—the unceasing

sound of the river mingling at times with the matin or vesper bell, or the still more melodious bells of the herd—the scent from a thousand wild-flowers—the balmlike air—and the deep-blue sky over all,—and you have a scene that no imagination or fiction, even of ancient fable, can surpass, for pure, delicious, tranquil beauty.

I never passed two whole days together of something so near to happiness as I did among the mountains of Savoy;—and though I was too delighted to think of it at the time, I have since been very much pleased to recognise in this a very striking confirmation of a favourite creed of mine. I am now more than ever convinced that there are no mental ills that may not be cured by a timely, a sincere, and a trusting recurrence to those medicines which lye everywhere scattered about for us among the forms and influences of nature: that in an inartificial state of society and manners, all the fancies and feelings and associations that come to the mind from the external world, are expressly adapted, by their very nature, to meet and combine with others which previously existed in the mind itself; and to engender, by their union, powers and effects that could not have been produced in any other way. In fact, that the mind of man, and the external world, are made expressly *for* each other; as the sexes are in man and woman: and that powers and capabilities exist in each, which can never be properly and naturally exerted but by the means and in the presence of those which belong to the other. That the mind is (almost literally) a musical instrument, whose tones can only be duly felt and brought out by meeting with corresponding tones in objects external from itself.—I know that metaphysicians would laugh at all this—but I should not like it or believe it a bit the less on that account.

I am afraid I have lingered too long among these delightful scenes; but in endeavouring to give you an idea of them, I have absolutely felt as if I was among them again; and have been almost as loath to quit the remembrance as I was the reality.”

* * * * *

“Chambery is the only large town

in Savoy, and is situated about the centre of it. I should think that, in respect to situation, this must be the most romantic capital in the world. It is so completely surrounded on all sides by an amphitheatre of mountains, that the sun does not reach it for more than two hours after it has risen. I never witnessed a more interesting sight than occurred the morning we left this town. We started about an hour after the sun had risen. It was just then glittering on the snow tops of the neighbouring mountains, and gilding the skirts of the white mists that were curling round them. As we proceeded up the mountain,—still keeping the town in view,—the sun got over the surrounding summits, and came gradually slanting down their sides; at first reaching the pine-trees—then the roofs of the white cottages that were situated highest—then glancing on the spire of some village church—then reaching, one by one, the little country-houses towards the foot of the mountains—and, at last, spreading over the town itself. All this time the sun was concealed from our view; till, at length, a turn of the road brought it in sight suddenly and at once.

“It was here that Rousseau’s mind imbibed and cherished that deep and pure love for the beauties of external nature, which, notwithstanding all the pollutions that it gathered in great cities, never quitted it but in death. It was perhaps some unconscious association with this very scene which made him at the moment that he felt his last breath ebbing from him, desire that his face might be turned to the sun, and the window of his chamber opened, that he might feel its warmth and see its glories for the last time—and he died gazing on it!

“These were the scenes of all the happy part of Rousseau’s *real* life. I have not left myself room to tell, and I’m afraid I have not left you patience to hear, of the scenes in which he passed his *imaginary* life, in the person of his own St Preux; though they are still more deeply interesting than the foregoing, from their connexion with the most enchanting work that ever proceeded from the pen of man—the *Nouvelle Héloïse*.”

(To be continued.)

ON THE CHARACTER AND MANNERS OF THE TYROLESE.

THERE is no country of Europe which exhibits both the beauties of nature, and the character of man, in a more striking or interesting aspect than the TYROL. The events of the preceding years have given an interest of a higher kind to its mountains and valleys, than belongs to the theatre of any other warfare. Bold as the spirit of resistance was which everywhere arose to resist the progress of French dominion; and valiantly as the people of every country have struggled to preserve their independence, or recover the national glory which their late misfortunes had sullied; there is yet no country which has evinced so heroic a spirit; there is no people who have displayed so memorable a devotion as the inhabitants of the Tyrol. The Spaniards had a great country and strong fortresses, and the powerful assistance of England, to support them: the Russians rested on the resource of a mighty empire, and developed the military power which had so long made Europe tremble, in defending themselves against the French invasion: the Prussians rose against a weakened and dispirited enemy, and shared in the exultation of unequalled triumphs, when they joined the victorious Russians in the pursuit of their enemy. It was in the Tyrol only that the people rested on their own courage and patriotism alone. It was there, that at the first signal of war, its whole population flew to arms. They stopt not to calculate the chances of success in the contest in which they were to engage. They weighed not the weakness of their own resources, and the small number on which they could depend, when compared with the appalling multitudes by whom they were to be assailed. They heard only the voice of their sovereign calling them to arms, and listened to the dictates of their own hearts in the answer which they made to him.

Nor was it any blind confidence in success, or any presumptuous contempt for the French armies, which induced the Tyrolese, in 1809, to rise unani- mously against the French dominion. The enemies whom they were about to encounter, were the same troops with whom they had maintained many severe contests in the former wars.

The power whom they fearlessly attacked was the power before whom they had seen all the monarchies of Europe successively bow; and beneath the weight of whose arms, even the gigantic might of Russia had been constrained to bend. When the peasantry of Tyrol flew to arms, they knew well the perilous and desperate service on which they were entering. Every man took leave of his family, and his friends, as of those whom he would probably never meet again. They prepared themselves, after the pious manner of their country, for what they deemed a holy warfare, by the most solemn rites of their religion. The priest in every parish assembled those who were to join the army, and animated them by his exhortations, and blessed those who might die in defence of their country. Every family assembled together, and prayed, that the youths who were to leave it might support their good name in the hour of danger, and die rather than dishonour their native land. In many instances even the sacrament was administered, as for the last time in life, and accompanied with the solemnities which the Catholic Church enjoins for the welfare of a departing soul. It was with such holy rites, and by such exercises of family-devotion, that those brave men prepared themselves for the fearful warfare on which they were entering; and it was the spirit which they thus inhaled that supported them when they were left to their own resources, and enabled them, even amidst all the depression arising from the desertion of their allies, and famine among themselves, to present an undaunted front to the hostility of combined Europe.

It was a singular and extraordinary circumstance, with what unanimity, and how simultaneously the insurrection began over every part of the country. The tidings of the Austrians having crossed the Inn, and of a corps approaching the Tyrol, had no sooner reached the frontier, than it was conveyed, with almost magical celerity, to the remotest valleys. Everywhere the inhabitants, without any concert among themselves, took up arms, and marched at the same moment towards the chief towns of the districts

in which they were placed. The Austrian authorities, charged with organizing the insurrection in their course up the valleys, met the different corps of peasantry descending with the fowling pieces, and other rustic arms, which they had in their possession. These small bodies, proceeding down their valleys, received continual accessions of strength as they advanced; and, like the mountain streams, whose course they followed, rolled onwards their united force towards the plain.

There is reason to believe, that the chiefs of the conspiracy were well acquainted, for some time previous, with the war which was in contemplation between Austria and France. But their knowledge could not be generally communicated, both from the risk of entrusting so important a secret to many persons, and from the extraordinary obstacles to the circulation of information which the nature of the country presented. The knowledge of each valley was in a great measure confined to its own little society; bare rocks, and snowy mountains, forming insuperable barriers to all intercourse with the neighbouring people. The simultaneous insurrection of the Tyrolese, therefore, must be imputed to that burst of generous feeling which animated all ranks at that eventful crisis, and to that noble confidence in each other, which led the inhabitants of every valley to take up arms, in the sure belief that all their countrymen had done the same.

When the peasants from the valleys which connect with the Inn Thal assembled round Inspruck, they exhibited a motley and extraordinary appearance. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, were all crowded together without order, or military equipment of any kind, and dressed in the picturesque and striking manner which is peculiar to those mountaineers. Most of the peasants had a fowling-piece, or rifle; but in every other species of equipment they were miserably deficient. Cannon, or stores, or horsemen, they had none, and even their swords were hardly such as are suited to modern warfare. Many aged warriors bore the halberds which their forefathers had used in the days when armour was worn by the cavalry, and with which the Swiss had resisted the chivalry of Charles the Bold on the field of Morat. The spears which

others carried were the same which had been used in the bloody wars between the Swiss and the Tyrolese, above three hundred years ago, and which had been preserved with religious care by the descendants of the persons who there distinguished themselves. Many did not possess even such arms as these; but joined their comrades with no other weapons than a scythe, a pruning-hook, or a rusty bayonet. But, though variously equipped, and for the most part but half-armed, all were animated by the same spirit, and all felt not only the strongest determination in their own mind, but the surest reliance on the fidelity and courage of their associates.

The poetical description which Mr Scott has given of the gathering of the Clan Alpin in Balquhiddy, by the order of Roderick Dhu, was here realized on a far greater scale, and in the prosecution of a nobler purpose.

From the gray sire whose trembling hand,
Could hardly buckle on his brand;
To the raw boy whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow;
Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Mustered his little horde of men,
That met as torrents from the height,
In Highland dale their streams unite;
Still gathering as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong."

The peasantry who assembled round Inspruck amounted to above 20,000; and having formed such hasty arrangements as the exigency of the moment would permit, they commenced an attack on the town. It is difficult sufficiently to admire the courage of these brave men in this their first encounter with the French troops. They had to cross a narrow bridge of great length, in front of a battery of cannon, supported on either side by files of infantry, securely posted behind walls, or within the houses.—The storming of the celebrated bridge of Lodi, of which so much has been said, was not so perilous an enterprise as this was; and the French grenadiers who there rushed upon the Austrian battery, did not require the same individual determination which was here evinced by these undisciplined mountaineers. Their first essay in arms, was an achievement at which the courage of most veteran soldiers would have failed.

The leaders of the charge were instantly destroyed by the murderous

fire of grape shot, which swept the bridge ; but the firmness and enthusiasm of the people overcame every obstacle, and they succeeded in forcing the pass, and capturing the cannon which defended it. The immediate consequence, was the evacuation of the town and the lower Inn Thal by the French troops. To this day, the inhabitants speak of this achievement, as well they may, with exultation ; and point with pride to the walls which are literally riddled with grape shot, to mark the severity of the fire to which their countrymen were exposed.

The next important action in the war, was on a rocky ridge, between Reichenhall and Viedering, on the road from Salzburg to Worgel. The French and Bavarians, under the Duke of Dantzic, having captured Salzburg, after the fatal battle of Ratisbon, advanced towards the Tyrol, on the great road from Vienna to Inspruck. The Tyrolese, under Hofer, took post on a rocky eminence, surrounded by vast and precipitous mountains, immediately to the westward of a small lake which lies on the frontier of the Salzburg territory—It is impossible to imagine a scene of more perfect beauty, than the which was here selected as the field of battle. A lake of small dimensions not unlike Loch Achray, in Perthshire, spreads itself at the foot of lofty cliffs whose sides and base are clothed with luxuriant woods, and penetrates far into their lovely recesses. Green fields, and white cottages, and smiling orchards fringe the margin of the water, and occupy the narrow space which lies between the lake and the stupendous rocks by which it is surrounded. The road winds through this delightful region till it reaches the extremity of the lake, when it ascends the rugged and almost perpendicular cliffs which form its western boundary, and separate, on this side, the territories of Salzburg from those of Tyrol.

It was on these cliffs that the Tyrolese took their station—Vast forests of larch and fir cover the higher parts of the mountains, and entirely concealed the peasants who occupied the passes. It was early on the morning of the 14th May, that the French troops, to the number of 28000, broke up from Reichenhall, where they had passed the night, and advanced along the margin of the lake, towards the ridge which the Tyrolese occupied.

A thick mist, very prevalent at day-break in that country, at first concealed their movements ; and the peasants were too inexperienced in the art of war, to have gained any previous intelligence of their approach.

They were saying their matin prayers on the morning of holy Thursday, which is kept with remarkable devotion by all the people, when the most advanced first perceived, through the mist which was beginning to rise, the sun glittering on the bayonets of the hostile troops that were advancing against them. The increasing warmth of the day shortly after dispelled the clouds, and the Tyrolese, from their station in the forest, beheld the long lines of infantry and cavalry, that were winding along the margin of the lake, and beginning to ascend the rugged eminence on which they were stationed. A dead silence prevailed throughout the whole patriot army ; at this magnificent and animating spectacle, and in the pause of anxious suspense which ensued, they distinctly heard “ the measured tread of marching men,” which, more even than the immeasurable extent of their files bespoke the number and discipline of their enemies.

Before ascending into the higher parts of the forest, however, the French general, who had probably received intelligence that the peasants were stationed in ambush some where in the neighbourhood, halted the main body of his troops, and detached some light regiments in advance, to explore the wild and broken ascent that lay before him—The Tyrolese had the most express orders to conceal themselves with the utmost care from the enemy ; and so admirably was this order obeyed by men who had been accustomed from their infancy to lie in ambush in the pursuit of game, that the French tirailleurs could perceive no traces of an enemy. They advanced nearly to the summit of the ridge, but the most perfect silence every where prevailed, and they perceived nothing but a dark and gloomy forest on both sides of the road, filled with aged trees and broken with underwood and precipices. The main body of the French, encouraged by this account, proceeded fearlessly to mount the pass ; and their columns gradually became more disorderly as they toiled up the steep ascent, exposed to the

horizontal and burning rays of the sun, which now shone forth with unclouded splendor. The soldiers, who had kept their ranks in the valley below, became careless as they ascended, and the young and thoughtless among them lightened their toil by singing the gay and national airs of France.

But their gaiety was not of long duration. No sooner was the main body of the French army mounted on the ascent, than, on the signal of a musket fired from a cliff in the centre, one instantaneous and overwhelming fire burst forth from all parts of the forest. Instantly the peasantry showed themselves in vast numbers, and issuing from their recesses, rushed upon the enemy, while a loud and universal shout announced the dreadful success of their discharge. The French column, amazed and terrified at this extraordinary attack, fell back in the utmost confusion, and in hurrying down to the valley, presented an indiscriminate mass on which the fire of their enemies took effect with unerring precision. In less than ten minutes the whole column, amounting to nearly 18000, which had begun this perilous ascent, was precipitated back into the valley, while the whole road which they had occupied, was filled by the dead and the wounded, or choked up with fallen horses and broken waggons, overturned in the hurry of the flight. The Tyrolese pursued them into the beautiful little plain below, and then returned to their station among the precipices.

The French troops renewed the attack with their accustomed gallantry, during the remainder of the forenoon; but they were never able to sustain the desperate fire which the Tyrolese marksmen kept up from their inaccessible position. At length, tired with fruitless efforts, they drew off their troops, and the peasants, imagining that the victory was decided, left their posts in great numbers, in order to hear mass, and return thanksgiving at some neighbouring convents. The defence of the pass was now devolved to some Austrian battalions, and the French, perceiving the weakness of their opponents, renewed the attack, and after a vigorous opposition, succeeded in establishing themselves on the heights. The peasants, how

much soever they were enraged at seeing victory thus snatched from their grasp, were compelled to fall back to the interior of the country; and Innspruck, with the whole valley of the Inn, was again occupied by the hostile army.

The Austrians, with a degree of pusillanimity which can never be sufficiently reprobated, now abandoned the country to its merciless conquerors, and the Tyrolese were left to rely entirely on their own resources. The grand army had already destroyed the Austrian army in the plains of Bavaria, and had penetrated to the neighbourhood of Vienna; and the Tyrol had received no warlike supplies of any importance from their flattering allies. In this emergency, however, their own courage did not desert them. Speckbacher and Hofer, their two leaders, retired to their respective valleys on the opposite sides of the Inn, and roused the peasantry to a continuance of the war by their eloquence and their example. Speckbacher undertook himself to convey the intelligence of the ardour which prevailed in his valleys across the Inn that was then occupied by the French troops. He set out accordingly, accompanied by his tried friends George Zoppell and Simon Lechner, and endeavoured to penetrate across the part of the valley which seemed most weakly guarded. But in the middle of the night, while they were treading softly through a broken tract of rocks and underwood, they came upon a detachment of 100 Bavarian dragoons. They had gone too far to recede; but, nevertheless, they hesitated for a moment before they ventured to attack their opponents, who were leaning on their arms, round a blazing fire, with their horses standing on the outside of the circle. Being determined, however, to risk every thing rather than abandon their purpose, they levelled their rifles, and by their first discharge killed and wounded several of the enemy. During the confusion which ensued upon this unexpected attack, they loaded their pieces, and, hastily mounting the cliffs, fired again before their numbers were perceived. The Bavarians, conceiving that they were beset by a large body of the peasantry, fled in all directions; and Speckbacher, with

his brave associates; succeeded in penetrating before morning to the outposts of their countrymen.

One of the severest actions in the war was fought in the ravines of Mount Isel, on the 29th May. The ground here was singularly adapted for the peculiar warfare in which the Tyrolese excelled, and had been selected with much judgment by their leader, to awaken and animate the courage of the peasantry. It consists of a variety of wooded knolls, intersected by ravines, and surmounted by shapeless piles of bare rock. The great road which traverses these mountains, winds up these little valleys, and sweeps round the base of the wooded hills that surround them, through villages and detached cottages of the most perfect beauty. In one of the most secluded spots of this romantic district is situated the abbey of Wilten, to which a superstitious veneration has long been paid by the people. It had long ago been prophesied, that the neighbourhood of this abbey was to be the scene of the greatest triumphs to the Tyrolese; and the imaginations of the people, already warmed by the events of the war, looked forward with confidence to the accomplishment of the prophecy, in the events of the war which had assumed so interesting a character. Here, accordingly, Hofer collected all his forces, and exerted all his efforts to animate their spirits. The whole male population of the southern and eastern valleys were, by his exertions, assembled; a motley group, led on by leaders of various kinds, and bound together only by the sense of their common danger, and their common enthusiasm against the enemy.

During the night which preceded the battle, the friars traversed the different positions of the peasantry, and assisted in their devotions, and animated them to the courageous discharge of their duty. Many of these brave men actually joined the combatants; and were seen the next day, in their cowl and sandals, exposed to the hottest of the fire, sustaining the courage of the soldiers, and administering the consolations of religion to those that fell in battle. Nor let it be imagined that these efforts, on the part of the clergy, were either unnecessary or unattended with important consequences on the issue of the contest. The

Tyrolese were at this period entirely abandoned by the Austrians; they were pressed on all sides by the victorious arms of the French, and had retired to their central fastnesses as the last asylum of liberty and religion. To veteran troops, trained to war, led on by chiefs of consummate ability, and provided with every thing necessary for its prosecution, they could oppose only hasty levies, destitute of artillery and of equipments, and ignorant even of the rudiments of the military art. What is still more, to troops who had been tried in innumerable combats, and who had stood side by side during a long and eventful war, they had to oppose men entirely ignorant of each other, and distrustful, like all inexperienced troops, of the courage and fidelity of their comrades in arms. It was the clergy who supplied the link that bound this unconnected mass together—it was their exhortations that gave them a common feeling, and animated them by common hopes—and it was the spirit which they kindled that communicated to the shepherds of the Alps, in their first essay in arms, that heroic and generous confidence in each other which constitutes at once the strength and the pride of veteran soldiers.

To such a pitch, accordingly, was the enthusiasm of the people wound up, that not only the little children, but even the women, were engaged in the great battle which ensued. The French observed, that the prisoners taken from them by the enemy were for the most part guarded by women only; and they at first imagined that this was done in derision; but the fact was, that the whole male population of the country had taken up arms, and were actually engaged in the front of the combat. The little children whose age would not permit them to bear arms, still lingered about the ranks of their fathers, and sought, by any little offices, to render themselves useful in the common cause. One of these, a son of Speckbacher, a boy of ten years, followed his father into the battle, and continued by his side in the hottest of the fire. He was several times desired by his father to retire, and at length, when he was obliged to obey, he ascended a little rising ground, where the balls from the French army struck, and gathering them in his hat, carried them to

such of his countrymen as he understood were in want of ammunition.

The action was long and severely contested from morning till night. The French and Bavarians advanced to the attack with the greatest resolution; while the Tyrolese were stationed on a succession of knolls, covered with fir, with their line extending across the little valleys that lay between them. In these valleys they had hastily constructed field-works, consisting of fir trees, felled and laid one above another, on which they stationed the bravest of their combatants. It was impossible not to admire the firmness with which the French grenadiers advanced to the attack of these entrenchments, and the ardent and enthusiastic valour with which they were defended—columns after columns pressed on in admirable order and with an unflinching step; and column after column were swept off by the unceasing rolling fire which the peasantry kept up. Some of these brave men even reached the foot of the barriers which had been constructed, and were beat down by the musquets of the Tyrolese, while struggling to penetrate through them. Nor was the valour displayed in the defence less eminently conspicuous. As the foremost of the peasants were swept off by the *tirailleurs* or the grape-shot of the Bavarians, their place was supplied by new combatants, eager to prolong the contest. The sons mounted the breach which their fathers had lately held, and, while weeping for the death of those most dear to them, resolutely and manfully continued the fight. Immediately in the rear were stationed the wives and daughters of those who were engaged, and, like their ancestors in the time of the Romans, relieved the sufferings of those who were wounded, and ceased not to animate the courage of those who survived, by their example and their tears.

The war in this great battle accordingly assumed a character unknown in the warfare of modern times. Placed in the very centre of their country, and fighting for the defence of their homes, in the midst of their native villages, the pathetic incidents of individual distress were mingled with the cries, and tumult, and animation of the battle. The wounded were not

left, as in ordinary campaigns, to the cold and mercenary attendants of a field hospital. They were conveyed instantly to their relations and friends; and died in the midst of all who were dear to them, and in the sight “of their own hills which they had loved so well.” Those who fell in the field were not cast, as in ordinary battles, into one undistinguished grave, but were conveyed to their native homes, and their remains preserved with religious care, and interred, with a mingled feeling of exultation and grief, in the sepulchres of their fathers. The Tyrolese felt all that sublime devotion to their country’s welfare, which made the Spartan mothers rejoice over their sons who had fallen in battle; but the stern feelings of ancient virtue were tempered with the gentler spirit of christian devotion; and the graves of those who fell in the war, are still strewn with flowers, to mark the undecaying affection with which their memory is cherished by the little circle to whom their victory was known.

The victory, though long doubtful, at length declared for the righteous side. Before sunset the French and Bavarian ranks were entirely broken, and the shattered remnants of their forces fled in the utmost confusion to the valley of the Inn. Thither the Tyrolese pursued them; and the news of this great victory soon brought thousands of new levies to their standards. The patriotic force rolled onwards, increasing as it advanced, till they occupied all the heights that surrounded the town of Innspruck. Thirty thousand men, the flower of the whole population of the Tyrol, and animated to enthusiasm by their recent successes, hemmed in the united forces of the French and Bavarians, who still amounted to twenty-five thousand men. These troops, however, were completely dispirited by the defeat which they had experienced; and beheld, with anxious dread, on the evening of June 1st, the increasing bodies of the peasantry, who shewed themselves on all the rising grounds in the neighbourhood of the town. The spectacle, indeed, was such as might have struck terror into troops less acquainted than they were with the valour and animosity of their enemies. On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, they discerned large

numbers of men, whose activity and increasing columns indicated some great and immediate attack, and when night fell, a thousand fires on the surrounding mountains cast a red and fearful light on their own shattered and dispirited troops, and magnified to an incredible degree the numbers and formidable aspect of their opponents. The French remained under arms during the night, in hourly expectation of an attack; and, at length, drew off their forces, leaving Innspruck a second time, to the brave men who had fought so nobly for its relief.

The whole valley of the Inn, as far as the fortress of Kuffstein was now recovered by the Tyrolese, and they were on the point of bringing to a successful termination the siege of that fortress, when the fatal news of the battle of Wagram, and of the consequent armistice between the Austrians and French was received. Shortly after this mournful intelligence was made known, the Tyrolese found themselves attacked by a great and overwhelming force under the Duke of Dantzic, which successively drove them from the lower and upper Inn Thal, and compelled them to take refuge in the fastnesses between Sterzing and Innspruck, in the neighbourhood of Mount Brenner. The conduct of the Tyrolese leaders, on this occasion, afforded a striking example of that mixture of religious enthusiasm with fixed and intrepid conduct, which so strongly marks the character of that people. No sooner was Hofer informed of the armistice between France and Austria, and of the evacuation of Innspruck by the Austrian troops, than he retired to a hermitage in one of the farthest recesses of the great range of Alps which separates the valley of the Inn from that of the Adige. Here he spent some days in solitude and prayer, revolving, it may be imagined, in his mind the different plans which might be formed for the relief of his country; and preparing himself for the sufferings and insults and death, to which, in the prosecution of his heroic purposes, he might be exposed. Nor were these hours of solitary meditation without their influence upon the character of his future life. It was from them that he inhaled that holy spirit which rendered him superior to the temptations, and fitted him

for the sufferings of the world; and it was here that that invincible resolution was formed which never deserted him during the subsequent hours of national or individual distress, and enabled him to die like a good Christian and a brave man, when his earthly career was terminated, within the walls of Mantua.

When Hofer and the other leaders of the insurrection issued from their retreat, they found the peasantry struggling to retard the enemy in their progress towards Sterzing. Already the French had gained the first ascents from Innspruck, and the outposts of the contending parties were stationed on the opposite sides of the torrent of Eisack. Steep rocks, fringed with brush-wood, rose above the bridge on the southern side, which the Tyrolese occupied. From these rocks they kept up an irregular fire on the French infantry, who were endeavouring to make their way through the defile. Notwithstanding the utmost courage on the part of the French, they found it impossible to make their way round a corner of the rock, where the road wound round the face of the precipice, full in view of the marksmen on the opposite bank. The grenadiers who advanced were instantly shot, and so great was the slaughter which this irregular fire occasioned, that, in a very short time, the road was literally blocked up with dead bodies. In this emergency, an officer of the Bavarian dragoons volunteered to gallop over the bridge with his squadron, and dispossess the peasantry who occupied the opposite cliffs. The Tyrolese, perceiving the cavalry winding up the ascent, set fire to the bridge, and, in a very short time, the flames spread rapidly along the fir beams on which it was supported. Not deterred, however, by this circumstance, nor by the dreadful fire which the peasantry directed towards this point, the brave horseman pressed forward, and spurring his horse with much difficulty over the dead bodies of his comrades, dashed into the midst of the flames. The eyes of both armies were anxiously turned upon this brave man, and the hoofs of his horse were just touching the rocks on the opposite side when the burning rafter broke, and he was precipitated from an immense height into the torrent beneath. A momentary pause, and a cessation from firing ensued, till the

heavy splash, in the deep ravine below, announced his fate; and instantly a loud shout from the whole Tyrolese army, re-echoed through the impending rocks, announced to the neighbouring vallies that the French army was stopt at this important defile. This success, trifling as it may appear, was of the utmost consequence to the Tyrolese, for it gave the peasants, from the remote vallies, time to assemble; and though the French succeeded at the end of two days in turning their position, and forcing them to retire into the higher parts of Mount Brenner, yet the time which was thus gained, contributed, in a great measure, to the glorious victory which soon followed.

Hofer and Speckbacher, finding their forces continually increasing, and that the drooping spirits of the peasantry were somewhat elated by their recent success, resolved to give battle to the enemy. For this purpose they took post near the foot of Mount Brenner, in the valley which leads towards that pass from the Innthal. The scene of this action was of a more solitary and gloomy character than any which had hitherto occurred during the war. On either side, steep and rugged hills arose, covered with scattered fir and larch, with their summits clothed with perpetual snow. Immediately in the rear of their position, towered the bare and inaccessible peak of Mount Brenner, bearing on their summits an immense glacier, presenting, to all appearance, an insurmountable obstacle to human approach. It was in this desolate and gloomy scene that the Tyrolese took their station, with their armies stretching up the mountains on either side, and their centre supported by a small tower which had been built in former times in the narrowest part of the valley, to guard the pass. The chiefs, being conscious that the fate of their country depended on the issue of that day, made every effort to animate their troops, and, in the night preceding the battle, went through the different ranks to ascertain the temper of the soldiers. They found them firm and resolute in their purpose, to defend themselves to the last extremity, and sell their lives as dearly as possible, if all hopes of ultimate success were lost. At two in the morning mass was said by the Friar Joachim, at which all the other leaders of the army assisted, and they then separated and

took their station at their several posts. These brave men, at parting, took leave of each other as if their last hour was come; and, like the three hundred Spartans in the defile of Thermopylae, thought only of meeting again in another world.

The action commenced at day-break, by the French pushing forward a large column, supported by cavalry and artillery, on the high road, towards the old tower which formed the centre of the position of the enemy. They were received with a rolling fire from all parts of the valley, and lost an immense number of men in advancing over the small space of ground which separates the two armies. By pushing forward column after column, however, they gradually gained ground, and their artillery, before two o'clock, were brought up close to the tower in which the Tyrolese were placed. Sensible of the importance of retaining this important post, the patriots vigorously withstood the battalions who advanced; and so stubborn was the resistance which they presented, that the French were literally obliged to cut them down in the stations assigned to them, and to draw their cannon over the dead bodies of those who had fallen. Even in the last agonies of life this stern and desperate valour did not desert them, insomuch, that the wounded men, who were disabled from using their weapons, and lay weltering in their blood on the road, clung to the wheels of the artillery that was advancing, and loosed not their desperate grasp till death relaxed their hold. The French artillery, like the car of the god Jaga Naut, ploughed its way through the dead and the dying, and crushed beneath its wheels the multitudes who sacrificed themselves to arrest its progress.

Peter Lanschner, the parish priest of Weitendale, commanded at this critical point, and displayed the greatest valour in the defence of his station. He was acquainted with the plan of the action which Hofer had suggested, which was to throw a column of peasants in the rear of the mountains on the left hand of the Tyrolese army, which was destined to descend at twelve o'clock in the rear of the enemy. If he could keep his ground till that hour, the victory was secure. It was now half-past eleven, and no symptoms of the troops upon the ridge of the mountains had yet appeared,

while the French, notwithstanding the most heroic resistance, had penetrated to the very foot of the tower which he occupied. The first discharges of artillery brought down its tottering walls, and the Bavarians were on the very point of rushing in, when the shouts from higher parts of the line, announced the appearance of the columns which had been detached to the rear of the enemy. For an instant, the firing on both sides ceased, in expectation of some intelligence of the event which had occasioned this tumult, and as the smoke cleared away, the Tyrolese beheld their countrymen occupying in great force, at a vast height above them, the rocky ridge on the left hand, and the broad banner of Austria waving in the summit of the snowy cliffs that shut in the valley on the Western side. This joyful event was instantly communicated to all parts of the patriot army; and the French, perceiving the column in their rear descending to attack them, fell back on all sides, and rapidly retraced their steps down the course of the stream which they had recently ascended.

Their retreat for some time was conducted with considerable order and skill; but the numbers of the peasantry increased as they advanced, and the columns of the French inevitably fell into some confusion in the narrow ravines through which the road lay. The forests on either side of the road were filled with marksmen, who kept up an incessant fire on the retreating columns, insomuch so, that the Duke of Dantzic was obliged to march on foot in the dress of a common soldier, to avoid being singled out by the marksmen, who hung on their road. He collected his forces however, and took up a strong position in the neighbourhood of the abbey of Wilten, which had already been the scene of glorious success to the Tyrolese. His army occupied a cluster of wooded hills, which lay like the Trosses at the foot of a vast ridge of rocky mountains that formed the eastern boundary of the valley. Here he was attacked at six o'clock in the morning of the 12th August by the Tyrolese, headed chiefly by the parish priests in the vicinity, and under the general command of Hofer, Speckbacher and Kemenater. The battle consisted chiefly of insulated struggles between the different bodies of the

contending armies, who occupied these wooded eminences; and after an obstinate and most bloody contest, it was decided at midnight in favour of the Tyrolese. In this action, even the wives and daughters of the peasants took an active share, and not only escorted the prisoners who were made during the action, but resolutely attacked the enemy's position, and in many instances fell by their husbands' side, while storming the intrenchments which they had thrown up for their defence.

The broken remains of the French army fell back in disorder to Innspruck, which they evacuated without resistance; and continuing their retreat, along the course of the Inn, abandoned the Tyrol territory. In the course of this retreat, they exercised the most horrid acts of cruelty upon the unfortunate inhabitants of the country. Every where the villages were burnt; and the peasants hunted like wild beasts into the woods. Such of them as were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, of whatever age or sex, were massacred without mercy. The soldiers even seemed to take delight in acts of destruction, from which no advantage could arise to themselves; and burned the houses which were deserted by their inhabitants, and in which they could discover no articles of sufficient value to reward the trouble of plundering. The beautiful town of Schwatz on the Inn, was entirely burned by these merciless invaders; and to this day, the traveller can mark the progress of their armies by the ruined houses, and the shattered towns which still attest the extent of their devastations. In many places, however, they have lately been repaired; and the English traveller learns with delight, that it is to the munificence of his countrymen that the greater part of the smiling cottages that adorn the Hills round Innspruck, have been owing; and that the inhabitants acknowledge with the deepest thankfulness the generosity of that nation, which is happily renowned in the Tyrol, only as healing the wounds which the ravages of war have occasioned.

The Tyrolese war, after the peasantry had thus a third time, without any foreign aid, delivered it from their enemies, presented many most interesting occurrences, though they are of a more melancholy description, as the

overwhelming numbers of the French, after the conclusion of the Austrian campaign, rendered all farther resistance altogether hopeless, and the severity of the season obliged the peasants to descend from the higher Alps, in which they had so nobly maintained their freedom, into the vallies, where their valour was unavailing against the numbers and discipline of their enemies; but the limits of a sketch of this nature, forbid our entering upon their narrative.

After the country had finally submitted to the French yoke, a deep and settled melancholy pervaded the minds of the peasantry; and the idea universally prevailed, that their subjugation was the punishment of some sins which they had committed. Among a people excessively prone to religious enthusiasm, and with minds strongly tinged with a belief in spiritual interposition, this melancholy feeling produced an universal disposition to superstition. Innumerable instances of miracles and supernatural appearances are told by the people in all parts of the country during the years when they were subjected to the Bavarian yoke. The imaginations of the peasants, roused by the animating commencement and melancholy termination of the war, wandered without control; but their superstitions were elevated by the contemplation of the sublime natural scenery with which they were surrounded, and partook of the pure and spiritual character of the feelings with which they were impressed. On many occasions the images of their patron saints were seen to shed tears, as if bewailing the subjugation of their country. The travellers who had been out after sunset narrated, that the crucifixes on the

(To be continued.)

road side often bowed their heads; and withered arms were seen to stretch themselves from the rocks in the remoter recesses of the mountains. As the time approached when the deliverance of Europe was at hand, and the march of the Russian troops was spreading joy and hope throughout the subjugated realms of Germany, these omens assumed a more joyful character. Vast armies of visionary soldiers, marching with banners flying, and all the splendour of military triumph, were seen at sunrise reflected in the lakes which bordered on the Austrian empire. The Emperor's tower in the castle of Kuffstein was often seen surrounded with lambent fire, and the Austrian banner, wrapt in flames, was seen to wave at night over the towers of Sterzing. In the gloom of the evening endless files of soldiers, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, clad in the Austrian uniform, were seen to traverse the inaccessible ranges of rocks which lie on the Salzburgh frontier. The shepherds who had ascended farthest into these desolate regions heard the creaking of the wheels, the tramp of the horses, the measured tread of the foot-soldiers, intermingled with loud bursts of laughter, and shouts of triumph, amidst rocks on which no human foot had ever trode. And when the widows and orphans of the fallen warriors knelt before the Virgin, the flowers and garlands placed round the image, according to the amiable custom of Catholic countries, and which had remained there till they were withered, burst forth in renovated foliage and beauty, and spread their fragrance around the altar, as if to mark the joy of the dead for the approaching deliverance of their country.

EXTRACT FROM A TOUR THROUGH FRANCE, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1818.

10th

I LEFT the town of Nancy at day-break, in a small coach or diligence, open in front, with two rows of seats in the interior. As we passed the outer gate of the town, we found a number of peasants waiting for entrance, which it seems is denied them until a certain hour. The barriers were withdrawn on our approach, and they pressed rapidly in with their clean baskets filled with butter and eggs. In-

deed, for some miles from Nancy we met many men and women journeying to market with the produce of their farms.

The morning bore a promising aspect, being calm and dewy—extensive low lying ridges of grey fleecy clouds skirted the north and south—their eastern extremities being tinged with crimson by the rising sun, while from the orient itself long coloured

rays of light were seen diverging in every direction from a distant forest of pines which skirted the horizon. We travelled for some time over a picturesque and well cultivated country, with considerable variety in the prospect. The vallies were frequently rich, with groups of cottages and groves of trees—the higher grounds occasionally presenting the spectre of some ancient castle, while in the back ground there were lines of distant mountains scarcely discernible among the wreaths of vapour with which they were surrounded. There is something very delightful to my mind in contemplating the remains of the old magnificence of France. The sound of a trumpet among the ruins of a French castle is sufficient to awaken all the majestic forms of departed chivalry, even though that trumpet should be blown by a liveried lacquey, and the soldiers to whom it speaks commanded by a coward lord.

About ten in the morning we arrived at Luneville, where we took breakfast. Nothing attracted my attention in this town, except an old palace of great extent. It is built upon rising ground, nearly opposite the Auberge, where our vehicle stopped; and from this mount there is an extensive view of a fine open country on every side. I am ignorant of its history, but was informed that it has lately undergone some repairs for the accommodation of a German prince in the service of the French king.

After leaving Luneville we entered a romantic country. The day was delightful in the extreme, though rather hot, and the horizon which we were approaching was bounded by fine hills which form the French boundary to the rich valley of Alsace. There was a beautiful river flowing along close to the road the whole way. It is called the Meurthe—the same indeed which runs in the neighbourhood of Nancy—but there it is broad and deep, with low regular banks, and its waters are much discoloured by the nature of the soil; whereas, from above Luneville onwards, the banks are broken and irregular—in some places richly wooded with oak and birch; the river itself assumes a variety of windings, and its waters are beautifully clear, with a fine rocky or gravel bed. The whole of this day's ride was truly de-

lightful. Towards evening we approached those lofty mountains which in the morning we had indistinctly seen skirting the horizon, and mingled with clouds and vapour. They are very beautiful in their forms, and covered in many places with luxuriant wood. They are known under the name of the Vosges, and are in fact a continuation of that great chain of mountains called the Jura Alps, which separate the south-eastern parts of France from the territory of Geneva, and the Pays-de-vaud. I shall not soon forget the sensations of delight and awe with which I approached them. Having been for nearly eighteen months unaccustomed to the sight of any hill higher than Montmartre, and bearing still in mind the flat luxuriance of Holland, there appeared to me something of a supernatural grandeur in these hoary cliffs, with their superb clothing of ancient pine-trees—while as far as the eye could reach through the deep glens, blue ridges of mountains arose with their grey and misty tops almost lost in the heavens. On turning again to the westward, the contrast was singularly striking. The open country over which we had passed lay extended like an immense plain, while here and there

“The spire whose silent finger points to heaven,”

and the tall groves of the poplar tree, marked the scite of the different towns and villages which we had left behind. The broad yellow light of the sun threw a splendid colouring on the landscape, and the winding river, spreading as it receded, was seen rolling its burnished waters in the distance.

By degrees the river became narrower, and more abrupt and rapid, till at length it assumed the aspect of an Alpine stream. We were now in the immediate neighbourhood of the mountain chain, which no longer appeared like one solid mass, but disclosed through various defiles many beautiful little vales, clothed with rich pasture, and enlivened by groups of peasants' houses. By this time, however, “twilight gray” had begun to spread her sober mantle; and although some of the highest cliffs still reflected the ruddy glow of the setting sun, the vallies were becoming rapid-

ly dark and obscure. Ere long we found ourselves in the town of St Die, where we halted for the night.

Here there was for a time a slight interruption of that calm and placid state of things which to me is so inseparable from enjoyment. A French officer, who was now pretty far advanced in intoxication, had, it seems, engaged a chaise to carry him from St Die, at a certain hour, to a certain place. When that hour arrived, the vehicle came to the door as was meet; but the officer, who had indulged pretty freely during supper, felt himself so comfortable in his situation, that he determined to remain where he was, and accordingly ordered the postilion to return in the morning. Now, by the laws of posting in this country, it is ordained, that he who orders a chaise to his door for the purpose of undertaking any journey, must either adhere to his intention, or defray one half of the charges which would have been incurred in the event of the proposed journey being completed. But the gentleman in question refused to do either, and swore by his sabre that he should pass the night at St Die. This, of course, led to much altercation on both sides, which, while it lasted, was quite sufficient to interrupt all comfort. The *maitre-des-postes* was at length sent for, and confirmed the position maintained by the postilion, that a payment of one half must be made before he could take his departure. In the meantime, the knight of the sabre became sober, and the interposition of magisterial authority being talked of, he thought it better to decamp; so, yielding to the importunities of mine host, who feared the disgust which his conduct might occasion to the other guests, he suffered himself to be half conducted, half dragged, into the chaise, and was soon whirled out of sight by the triumphant postilion, amid the shouts of a dozen or two of idle people, whom his noisy protestations had assembled at the door.

I took a ramble for an hour or two after supper. It was a heavenly night—the moon just appearing from the side of a dark and steep mountain. She threw her pale light over a beautiful valley, in the centre of which there flowed a rapid stream, the rushing sound of which was distinctly audible. One or two white cottages

were visible on the opposite side of the valley, near the outskirts of a thick wood, which extended upwards to the base of a long range of irregular and broken cliffs. These terminated the view; and above their highest peak, there was one brilliant star, which, though lovely as any among the innumerable constellations which surrounded it, appeared to belong more to earth than to heaven; and but for its clear and constant ray, it might have been deemed a beacon light among the mountain tops.

I was much delighted at the prospect of so soon breathing the mountain air. I retired to bed when the moon had sunk behind the cliffs, anticipating much pleasure from crossing the mountain-chain on the ensuing morn. Indeed my passion for ascending to the tops of hills would almost induce me to believe in the transmigration of the human soul; and that, having been at some former period a chamois-hunter, or shepherd among the Alps, I still retain, in the debased spirit of a Hamburgh merchant, a fellowship with those sublime impressions which, in another state, probably constituted the very essence of my existence.

11th.—With this day's journey I was not disappointed, though, from the accounts of a fellow-traveller, my expectations had been much excited. Leaving St Die at four in the morning, we, ere long, entered a narrow valley between two high and precipitous mountains, at the base of which were many romantic cottages. The sides of these mountains were well clothed with pines, and the summits composed of grey and castellated rocks, tenanted by the eagle alone. On arriving at the head of the valley all exit seems impossible. Rocks on rocks arise, as if to bid defiance to the power and ingenuity of man. The mists of the morning were still resting on the bosom of the valley, and mid-way upon the hills, but higher up, and gray with the moss of years, with here and there a solitary pine, endeavouring to maintain the empire of vegetation, the summits lifted their venerable tops clear and unobscured to heaven. Ere long these snowy vapours “into their airy elements resolved, were gone,” and we beheld a road tortuously winding up the sides of a mountain among crags and torrents, by which we were to

ascend to the head of an adjoining valley. We here left the carriage, and pursuing a nearer and more direct route, after a pretty arduous ascent, gained the summit of the mountain. What a glorious view was now before our eyes! never shall I forget the valley of St Marie.

The mountain air usually acts upon me like the famous elixir. I feel as if I were inhaling life, and strength, and immortality at every breath. The higher I ascend the happier I become; and when I reach the topmost summit, a singular feeling prompts me to spring upwards and leave the earth. It was this which made me enquire so anxiously when in Paris concerning the possibility of ascending with some of the Aeronauts, and I greatly deplored the disappointment, when I learned that my hopes were frustrated. In the present case the change in my state of mind was sudden and remarkable, and when I contrasted my feelings while breathing with pain and difficulty the tainted air of a corrupted city, with those which I experienced as a joyful mountaineer, I could scarcely credit my personal identity. A few days ago I was groping my way by the pale light of a trembling taper, through the damp catacombs of Paris, surrounded by millions of grim grinning skulls, placed cross-ways, and in circles, as if in derision of human life; and now I was breathing the natural and balmy breath of heaven, and standing on the verge of a valley so beautiful, that peace and happiness must surely dwell in it for ever.

At the mouth of the valley the fertile plain of Alsace, covered with the most luxuriant vineyards, extended its green surface for many miles, and along its distant border the course of the majestic Rhine might be traced by the long wreaths of mist which gathered on the surface of its waters. The spires of churches, and the gleaming walls of white villages, presented themselves in every direction, and at a great distance the beautiful prospect was terminated by the blue mountains of Germany, which shewed their high summits among vast ranges of broken clouds of the purest white.

As our carriage had not yet arrived from the other side of the hill, and as the road was steep and tortuous, I determined to descend into this delight-

ful region on foot. The village of St Marie lay at the mouth of the valley, at the distance of three miles, and there we were to remain for some time to breakfast, and refresh the horses. The road continues pretty high up the northern boundary of the vale, and the view, from the commencement of my walk, till I found myself in the little village, was as beautiful as I could have wished, and delighted me the more, having so lately passed through the unvaried scenery of Champagne. In the centre of the valley there flows a beautiful stream, as clear as crystal; the fields on either side are of the brightest and most verdant green; there are numerous flocks of cattle quietly grazing on its banks, and here and there a shepherd's hut, with its little plot of orchard ground; higher up is the region of the Pines, with many glades and green terraces, formed by the hand of Nature, on which are built the cottages of the woodmen, and of those who tend the goats, while numerous troops of these picturesque animals are seen with their serried horns above the highest rocks, or reclining beneath the cool shade of some fantastic tree, and adding life and spirit to the scene, by the sweet sound of their tinkling bells—and higher still is heard the shrill cry of the eagle, or the osprey returning from the banks of the Rhine, or the wilds of Suabia, with the firstling of some German flock to appease the clamour of their callow young. After a sudden and rugged descent I entered the village of St Marie, which lies on the border of the plains of Alsace, the last limits of the French kingdom.

The inhabitants of this plain are still very German in their language, manners, and intellectual character. I felt rather gratified in seeing the greater frequency of flaxen hair, and mild blue eyes, features rarely observable in France, while the "mien more grave," almost reminded me of my own respectable countrymen. The dress of the women is particularly becoming—there is something about their head dress which I do not understand, and cannot describe, though it is very graceful, and their broad white straw hats throw a soft and beautiful light on their rosy countenances.

The whole of this delightful day was occupied in journeying through Alsace. It is completely covered with

vines, and the high-way is bordered with pear and plum-trees, bent to the earth with excess of fruits ;

Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden hue,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mix'd :
On which the sun more glad impress'd his
beams

Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth.

Now gentle gales

Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes.

Our course lay nearly south from this time, and the scene in view contained some glorious features. On the right hand were the French hills, the highest in the kingdom, with spots of snow resting on their bald foreheads ; before us, as far as the eye could reach, lay the fertile and beautiful Alsace ; and on the left, breaking through the clouds, were the blue summits of the Suabian hills. Proceeding on our journey, we arrived towards evening at Colmar, a dirty town, but within a few miles of the German border, and the banks of the much wished for Rhine, which made ample amends for its own inherent dulness.

12th.—Nothing worthy of note occurred during my short stay in Colmar. I was informed by a valet-de-place, that a huge meteoric stone had fallen in Alsace, a long while ago, and that a large portion of it was still preserved in this town. But where it was to be seen, I was unable to learn. This valet spoke an uncouth combination of bad French, and worse German.

13th.—Towards the afternoon of this day, I hired a char-a-banc, which is an open carriage, in common use here, and proceeded on my journey towards Brissac, a French town on the banks of the Rhine. Mungo Park himself could scarcely have experienced a stronger desire to behold the yellow Niger, than I did to see the boundary of "the mighty Germany." Arriving at Brissac, I entered three gates, crossed over three fosses, passed under three port-cullises, and had my passport examined by an old gentleman who could neither read French, German, or Dutch, the only three languages of which it was composed. He seemed to consider it chiefly in the light of Hebrew, as he begun at the end, and then turned it upside down. A few francs were sufficient to convince him how forlorn his hopes were of becoming a linguist

at so advanced a period of life. There are here two towns of the same name. The French Brissac is two or three miles from the river side, so I determined that same evening to depart for the German border. The German town called Alt-Brissac, is built upon a high and rocky promontory of the river, and presents a formidable aspect, though now in a state of great dilapidation, having been dismantled by an opposite fortress, during the French wars. It has still a noble appearance, and forms a fine representative of its mighty country,

"With gray but leafy walls, where ruin
greenly dwells."

At six in the evening I found myself standing by the side of the Monarch of European rivers, and a most magnificent object it is. Here it is not less than 600 feet broad, and runs apparently at the rate of nearly seven miles an hour. Immediately opposite the German fortress, its waters are confined within 200 feet of their natural bed, and the impetuous flow is prodigious ; it rages past the dark rock which here endeavours to oppose its course, and appears as if rejoiced in avenging this violation of its power, on the low willowy isles which are scattered on its bosom. The trees on these islands have suffered from its force, and bend before it, there summits being only a few feet from the ground, and pointing down the stream. Even those on the banks have the same oppressed appearance, having probably felt the power of the green despot, during the raging of the winter flood. This gives a singular character to many parts of the scenery, and impresses one more forcibly than any other circumstance could do, with an idea of the strength and rapidity of the river, besides bestowing upon it the aspect of an almost living power.

The sun was now sinking behind the purple summits of the mountains of Lorraine, the outline of which was bordered by a brilliant line of golden light, and many lovely clouds, adorned with the brightest hues, were resting in the western sky. The Rhine appeared in the distance sweeping down the valley, and reflecting on its waters the last beams of the God of day, while, on the opposite side, was heard the voice of the centinel, and the warlike flourish of the trumpet, warning the peaceable labourers in the fields that

the gates of the fortress were about to be closed. In the back ground the high hills of Suabia were visible, embrowned with the remnants of the ancient forest, and their broad expanse rendered more magnificent, as seen through the medium of the sultry twilight. Ere long the clouds of night descended on the valley; the course of the river was now only discernible by a vast serpentine wreath of mist, which gathered on its waters, though its strong and sonorous flow was distinctly audible, "piercing the night's dull ear;" and the wild note of the bittern was heard while she ascended from her lonely nest in some willowy isle, to the still region above the clouds. Without other sight or sound I stood alone in this majestic wilderness. I soon found, however, that I had unfortunately wandered so long and so far among the low brushwood near the river, that I had entirely lost all

trace of any thing resembling the footsteps of the human race. If I turned towards the land I might walk into one of those deep pools filled with water to defend the frontier—if I bent my course in the other direction, one step into the Rhine would be my first and last, and I might find myself off the Dogger-bank by the morning of the ensuing day. What was to be done? I was about to ruminate seriously on this important subject, when I heard the vociferous shout of a ferryman within a few yards of my forlorn post. I accosted him in good Scotch and bad French, supposing if he were a German he would probably understand the one, if a Frenchman, possibly the other. He seemed to comprehend both, and with his assistance and direction I succeeded in returning to the town which I had left a few hours before, my head-quarters for the night. P. R.

MINERALOGY OF INDIA.

INDIA has been celebrated from a very remote period on account of the number, variety, and beauty of the gems which it affords. Of late years geologists have endeavoured to ascertain the situations of these precious mineral productions, with the view of their discovery in other parts of the world. The gold and tin of India have also been explored in a geological manner, and the numerous volcanoes in the Indian islands have engaged the particular attention of many observers. Some European mineralogists are, we understand, at this moment actively employed in examining the geological structure of the Himalaya Alpine land, while others are tracing out the distribution of the alluvial and secondary rocks of the plains of Hindostan, and investigating the structure of the volcanic islands of Java. Our celebrated countryman, Sir James Mackintosh, in a discourse pronounced at the opening of the Literary Society of Bombay, in the following passage, strongly recommends to mineralogists the investigation "of the mineral structure and productions of India."

"The science of *mineralogy*, which has been of late years cultivated with great activity in Europe, has such a palpable connexion with the useful arts of life, that it

cannot be necessary to recommend it to the attention of the intelligent and curious. India is a country which I believe no mineralogist has yet examined, and which would doubtless amply repay the labour of the first scientific adventurers who explore it. The discovery of new sources of wealth would probably be the result of such an investigation; and something might perhaps be contributed towards the accomplishment of the ambitious projects of those philosophers, who, from the arrangement of earths and minerals, have been bold enough to form conjectures respecting the general laws which have governed the past revolutions of our planet, and which preserve its parts in their present order.

The *botany* of India has been less neglected, but it cannot be exhausted. The higher parts of the science—the structure, the functions, the habits of vegetables—all subjects intimately connected with the first of physical sciences, though unfortunately the most dark and difficult, the philosophy of life—have in general been too much sacrificed to objects of value indeed, but of a value far inferior: and professed botanists have usually contented themselves with observing enough of plants to give them a name in their scientific language and a place in their artificial arrangement. Much information also remains to be gleaned on that part of natural history which regards animals. The manners of many tropical races must have been imperfectly observed in a few individuals separated from their fellows,

and imprisoned in the unfriendly climate of Europe.

The variations of temperature, the state of the atmosphere, all the appearances that are comprehended under the words *weather* and *climate*, are the conceivable subject of a science of which no rudiments yet exist. It will probably require the observations of centuries to lay the foundations of theory on this subject. There can scarce be any region of the world more favourably circumstanced for observation than India; for there is none in which the operation of these causes is more regular, more powerful, or more immediately discoverable in their effect on vegetable and animal nature. Those philosophers who have denied the influence of climate on the human character were not inhabitants of a tropical country.

“ To the members of the learned profession of medicine, who are necessarily spread over every part of India, all the above enquiries peculiarly though not exclusively belong. Some of them are eminent for science, many must be well informed, and their professional education must

have given to all some tincture of physical knowledge. With even moderate preliminary acquirements they may be very useful, if they will but consider themselves as philosophical collectors, whose duty it is never to neglect a favourable opportunity for observations on weather and climate; to keep exact journals of whatever they observe, and to transmit, through their immediate superiors to the scientific depositories of Great Britain, specimens of every mineral, vegetable, or animal production which they conceive to be singular, or with respect to which they suppose themselves to have observed any new and important facts. If their previous studies have been imperfect, they will no doubt be sometimes mistaken. But these mistakes are perfectly harmless. It is better that ten useless specimens should be sent to London, than that one curious specimen should be neglected.”

We intend to lay before our readers an account of the contents of this very interesting volume.

MORE HISTORICÆ.

No II.

On the Origin, among Rude Nations, of Political Institutions, out of Sentiment and Passion.

IN the history of very early nations, we observe a singular concurrence of the Institutions of Policy with the strong natural feelings of men. Both their forms of government, and those laws which regulate individual rights throughout society, bear a character by which we might judge them to owe their birth rather to deep-rooted sentiment, than deliberating and contriving thought; and accordingly, in searching the records of their Institutions, we do not merely discover the frame of polity under which a people chose or submitted to live; but in them we read, as it were, the bosoms of the men themselves, their characters, their affections, and their passions.

I. Kingly government, not elective, but fixed and inviolable, has been, for the most part, it is probable, in its origin an usurpation. It has been the assumption by a single man of domination over a whole people; and how attained? By the force within his single mind, of passions ungovernable and insatiable, giving to Will a preternatural impulse, which permits in-

tellectual power to rest in nothing less than sovereignty; till thousands of spirits were bowed under the ascendancy of one, and the natural superiority of mind over these was converted into dominion over wealth, liberty, and life.

If we could look upon such an origin only as this, the government, as constituted, would appear to us the wildest and most terrible subversion of all the rights and laws of nature. But we look down through the history of mankind, and we discover, that the form of government which thus arose, was that by which alone the societies of men could be held together. It is that which the wisdom of men would have appointed, if their wisdom could have presided to establish their government, for it is in effect that form which the necessities of their condition demanded. So that, comparing the beginning of monarchies with their result, we find, that here, as elsewhere, the fierce and lawless passions of men, in fulfilling their desire, have fulfilled a more important purpose, which was

not their own : and we wonder to see, that even the iron yoke, by which the usurpers of tyrannical sway have subdued under them the strength of a nation, was the very bond by which, in future, their restless, discordant, infuriate wills required to be compelled together into peace.

Thus, in the most important single point of all history, namely, the Supreme Government of the communities of human society, we find that which would seem to demand the utmost wisdom, effected by mere sentiments and feelings ; and this is one memorable instance how, in looking into early times for the history of political institutions, we find ourselves engaged in examining a picture of the conflicts and triumphs of human passions.

II. To take another which is nearly connected with it. Survey the world, and we find, that one main pillar of the strength of these communities has been the institution of Nobility. If kings have held the people of vast regions in one union, the races of nobility have more than any thing else maintained, unchanging, steadfast, and secure, the frame of political society, through successive generations. But look to the infancy of society for the origin of nobility, and what do we find ? Human wisdom ! No ; the blindness of human imagination ; and perhaps the generous blindness of human affection,

The stability, the strength, and the authority of the noble races of barbarous nations, is found chiefly in two causes ; *first*, the reverence of superstition with which the imagination of the people very rapidly invests an illustrious house ; and *secondly*, that legal and devoted zeal with which men bring themselves to hazard in service of protecting power,—if that power have a hold on their imagination.

If we could pursue this various inquiry, we should soon find, that in following the line of political investigation, we were brought into the recesses of human feeling. There is scarcely any more interesting part of history than that which regards the nobility of barbarous and half-civilized nations. Witness the Clans of Scotland.—Witness the feudal history of Europe. Without engaging further in the question, it may be sufficient to observe, in proof of what was said of the intimate developement of hu-

man feeling involved in such inquiry, that a necessary condition of the devotedness of zeal that characterizes the loyalty here spoken of, is, that the service to be rendered should be accompanied with the danger of life ; that it is the peril and difficulty of the service that has made its law so deeply binding on the hearts of men. It is plain, then, that the solution must be found deep in nature. When it is further considered, that much of the force of loyalty depends on its transmission from father to son ; and as was before observed, that a superstitious reverence, in place of a rational acknowledgment of utility, is requisite to produce its high and noble strength, no more need be said to shew in what curious, interesting, and affecting problems of human feeling the inquirer will be engaged, who attempts to understand this portion of political history. Whether he attempt to understand it or no, he will surely be moved with wonder and affection at the delineation.

III. If we turn from great political institutions to the laws of domestic life, we shall still find, that we are reading the history of men's nature, not of the science of legislation. The two most important obligations of life to be guarded from violation are the conjugal and filial relations. Among many nations, altogether barbarous, the punishment of the adulteress was death from the husband's hand. Among one tribe of the northern barbarians of Europe, she was scourged half-naked, from village to village, by the women, till she sunk and expired under their strokes. The purity of the unmarried is guarded by the sanctity of marriage. " It is related of Hippocrenes, a citizen of the blood of the kings, that when he discovered a man with his unmarried daughter, he crushed him beneath the wheels of the chariot in which he, with his daughter, rode, whom afterwards he immersed alive." The nations who visited with such dreadful retribution the stain of chastity, were rearing up a moral strength among themselves of immeasurable importance and power ; but they knew not the work in which they were labouring ; they only felt, with an intensity and depth of which we have no longer a conception, the holiness of woman's purity ; and they leaped up in madness to revenge its violation.

IV. Of the reverence with which the filial relation has been guarded, we have an admirable example among the early Romans. They gave to the father the power of life and death over his children. The institution seems dreadful to us, who have no understanding of the force with which the great laws of nature are felt by men in the primitive conditions of society. We judge unjustly, if we perceive in that law nothing but the inhumanity of a barbarous people. The Romans were not murderers of their children. But the authority of a father over his child appeared to them one of those great inherent rights with which no other authority may interfere; and the liberty given to sell into slavery, and to put to death, was with them not the constituting of a barbarous privilege, but the recognition of a natural ungainsayable right;—a nobler conception, and a policy wiser in the truth of nature, than that of the Spartan lawgiver, who attributed to the state a paramount property in the children of its members, and broke up the relation of parents and children to build upon its ruins an unlimited, but a false and unnatural sovereignty of the country. The Spartan did indeed build up his invincible state. But the state of Rome was yet more glorious and more heroic, upheld for ages the sanctity of its domestic manners, and has left a memory to the world, in which the shadow of departed power appears yet more awful in the majesty of moral greatness.

V. If we would see the minds of men in their laws, let us compare with this severe sanction of the great obligatory affections of nature, the penalties by which some rude nations, of most distinguished character, have protected life. The visitation of public justice on the head of the shedder of blood, was, among all the German nations, a pecuniary fine to the kindred: among that heroic people the act of homicide was regarded merely as an outrage to the family, which might be compensated by acknowledgment. A wound which maimed—a blow—a word of scorn—had each its similar punishment. Each was an outrage demanding, but also admitting compensation. The greater outrage had only its proportionate amercement. Among most nations a different law has prevailed. The retribution for blood has been

blood. Nature seems to us to require this satisfaction. But we cannot the less wonder at that lofty and fearless character of mind which could look in altogether a different light upon the act of death, and which in some sort lifted the men above the law of our common nature.

How are we changed from our ancestors! we who require the dishonour of the marriage-bed by money; and guard the pettiest interests of our property with the blood of man.

VI. The origin, among rude nations, of Political Institutions, out of sentiment and passion, may be illustrated in quite another kind. We can hardly conceive any thing more remote from government and law than the art of poetry. Yet we find, among some nations of remarkable manners, the office of the poet having the name, and the national importance of political institution. Such were the Sennachies, the scalds, the bards. Not without reason: when not only the national renown was committed to their care, who recorded all high deeds and virtues in their songs; but the national character and valour itself was, in part, dependant on their skill, who kindled or sustained the lofty spirit of the people by the fervour of their inspiration.

VII. The illustration might be carried far with little difficulty. But it is much more interesting to pursue it in the volume itself of history. One observation suggests itself on considering such specimens as these, that there seems to be some sort of energy or power of human nature operative in such ages, which is not known to times like ours. Advancing civilization seems to subdue and almost extinguish in men's minds those great and prominent passions which in their earlier condition govern the courses of life, and even the establishment of society. It raises up above all the other powers of our nature, the power of intellect. In the rudest as in the most enlightened time, opinion is the mistress of life. But in those simple or barbarous ages, opinion is the offspring of sentiment and passion; under the influence of civilization, it will consent to acknowledge no parent but reason. The student of history may be often inclined to question the grounds of this change; and may, perhaps, hold himself justified in

ascribing it in part to the pride, and not altogether to the wisdom of philosophy. Viewing mankind in their actual existence, not conceiving of them in ideal speculation, he may be led to a belief, that the force of unenlightened, unreflecting sentiment thus allowed in important and ruling opinion, has given a life and a strength of the utmost consequence to the relations of men, and to the power of society itself:—he may seem to find a want

of the same vigour of social life among civilized nations. And doubting, as perhaps he will do, the capacity of human societies to govern themselves by pure reason alone, he may be disposed to conclude, that in an unwise impatience to invest themselves with a strength they were not qualified to assume, they have neglected and thrown away that which was measured to their condition, and was already their own.

OBSERVATIONS ON GURNEY'S "VISITS TO SOME OF THE PRISONS IN SCOTLAND."^{*}

To a philosophical and religious mind, the unfortunate are not such awful objects of human charity as the wicked. A guilty conscience is a more terrible affliction than the severest dispensation of Providence,—and outward adversity seems as nothing when compared with the misery in the heart. When the virtuous fall into trouble, they are saved from hopelessness by conscious rectitude, and the sympathy which suffering worth never fails to inspire into all who witness its trials. Though the waters break over them they are not utterly overwhelmed—and many a helping hand is held out to their relief, till they are finally enabled to regain the shore. But, alas! for the wretches in whom sin has been the parent of sorrow—and in whom punishment, instead of awakening repentance, stirs up only an unavailing remorse, or more deplorable still, a savage hardihood, and a reckless despair.

We do not say that it is unnatural or wonderful that they, who have lived a life of outrage on the laws of society, should suffer a sort of excommunication from its sympathies; but, assuredly, even the most wicked and abandoned cannot forfeit all the rights which they hold as beings of a common nature with ourselves—and even if we could entertain such a belief, we are called upon by the dignity of our immortal souls, to save them who care not for their own safety, and, if possible, to arrest the suicidal descent of the wicked into misery and perdition.

A good heart opens at once to an appeal in favour of the old—the diseased—the lame, or the blind. Then, it may almost be said

“That pity gives ere charity begins;”

but it requires thought and reflection to know what is the best charity to the wicked—and a high Christian spirit to keep the avenues of the heart open to the wants of those who no longer seem to care for themselves, and who, if we forget them, are often in their desperation willing to be forgotten. Both the heart and imagination kindle when we look on stately Hospitals and Infirmaries, in which poverty is kept in comfort, and disease freed from pain—but the dark and sullen prison-house is suffered to stand in its frightful and repulsive solitude, and in our righteous condemnation of the guilt of its inmates, we are but too apt to forget their misery. A blessing therefore must attend on the efforts of all who forsake not the self-forsaken, and in whose creed “hopelessness” is a word inapplicable to any state of our human nature.

Few men are better entitled to the name of benefactors to their race, than Howard—for few have contributed more to the alleviation of human suffering. It may, however, be remarked, without the slightest derogation from the merits of that great man, that his mind was chiefly directed to the removal of bodily wretchedness and disease from those loathsome prisons from which the light and air of heaven had been for ever debarred. He had to roll away, as it were, the physical filth with which, through long years of shameful abuse, the moral nature of the wretched convicts had been defiled and indurated—he had to fight against disease and death, that seized for their prey the wretches whom society had cast out—and before any thing like a regular system could be laid down for action on their minds, it was necessary to li-

berate their bodies from afflictions, worse and more degrading than of bonds.

Of late years, a strong and steady light has been thrown on the true principles of prison-discipline. Men have reflected more deeply on the great end and aim of the punishment of crime—and the whole nation seems to be convinced that the maintainance of health is nothing, unless accompanied by the reformation of morals—and that society suffers incalculable evils from that kind of imprisonment from which not only do unreclaimed offenders return to their former wicked ways—but with hearts more fatally hardened against the voice of conscience, and with minds more ingeniously skilled in all the mysteries of iniquity.

That crime should be increased by punishment, is indeed a deplorable consideration; and if, after the hideous evils generated by that system of punishment have been clearly pointed out, no great efforts are made by the nation to establish a better—then what may have hitherto been carelessness or inattention, will have to be pronounced irrationality and wickedness; and society will be absolutely training up a vast number of wretched creatures to prey on its own bosom, and to bring death upon themselves, both in body and in soul.

Nothing can be more hostile to the improvement, and consequently the happiness, of our species, than that blind and narrow creed, whose apostles are constantly holding up and magnifying the difficulty of reclaiming the wicked from their ways, and seeking to ridicule, by the name of enthusiasts, those who believe in the weakness and instability of vice even in its most fearful and formidable forms. “What! seek to reform *incorrigible* villany! to talk reason to the mad, and religion to the atheist! Human nature will be human nature still, and prisons will continue to be the scene of vice and profanity in spite of prayer and preaching.” But this kind of language will not pass now; and that which might once have been thought wisdom, when uttered with an imposing shake of the head, would now be thought only unfeeling folly—for they who could not of themselves discover the truth, have had it shewn to them, and these wretched moralists stand silent and a-

bashed before their own idol, experience.

All minds that have any profound knowledge of human nature know, that they who seemingly or in reality cling closest to their wretchedness, are often those whom a gracious word or look of timely comfort would make most willingly relax their hold—that the real state of a wretch’s heart is not to be truly read in the tones of his wrathful voice, or in the lines of his wrathful aspect—that all the most agitating passions of men’s hearts, anger, fear, shame, remorse, and despair, do undergo most awful alternations in the tumult and uproar of a prison—that the eye of God, shining on him at midnight, when the clanking of chains is hushed, sees how these passions chase each other, like the shadows of a storm, over the perilous depth of woe in a criminal’s soul—that they who, by daylight and before human faces, seem, sternly, or fiercely, or sullenly the same, pass through many appalling changes, many direful metamorphoses, when left alone in the dark silence of their dungeons—that fierce curses and imprecations are followed by weepings and prayers—that remorse dries up the rueful tears that may have flooded the eyes of penitence—and that, in the cell of the robber or the homicide, there is a constant conflict between the spirits of bliss and of bale for possession of an immortal spirit.

Fearful, therefore, as is the congregation of the wicked within the walls of a prison, it is plain that nature, even in her most fallen and degraded state, abhors the conflicting principles by which such miserable communities are held together—and that they may all be made to break asunder, like the growling ice, when thawed by the sunshine of the Religion of Peace. This has been sublimely exemplified within the terrible walls of Newgate, where we have seen one fearless and beneficent woman restore to a tranquil and hopeful penitence a tumultuous crowd of the most deplorable sinners, who had seemingly lost the shame of sex, the fear of God, and all the feelings of nature. Oil was poured on the fierce trampling waves, and a calm spread over that sea of passion. The experiment was tried where the evil seemed incurable to all but to her who saw into the darkest holds of the human

heart, by the intuitive light of woman's virtue,—and henceforth it must be held, even in the extremest cases of guilt and misery, weak to doubt, and wicked to despair.

Fortunately there is little mystery in the system of inspection, classification, instruction, and employment by which the punishment of criminals may be made to reform and diminish crime. There is no vague and misty enthusiasm in this simple plan—the great principles on which it proceeds are obvious and undeniable—indeed, so free is the system from any air of novelty or invention, that we are apt at first to think that its benevolent advocates are insisting on truths universally known and acknowledged, till reflection tells us that, bright and paramount though these truths be, they have never yet been brought into active operation on the black masses of human wickedness and corruption.

We strenuously recommend this little volume to the perusal of all friends of humanity. It is an admirable supplement to Mr Buxton's book on Prison Discipline—the same important general truths are enforced with equal earnestness and power of reasoning, and illustrated by a vast number of facts collected by that calm, accurate, and penetrating spirit of observation, whose inward and sleepless eyes nothing can either jaundice or bedim.

We shall, for the present, content ourselves with stating some of the most important facts collected by Mr Gurney and his excellent sister, Mrs Fry, concerning the state of some of our prisons in Scotland.

Dunbar Jail—consists of two small rooms—one for debtors, the other for criminals of all descriptions—in a state of extreme filth—no court or airing-ground. No prisoners in it.

Haddington Jail.—The part allotted to criminals and vagrants consists of four cells on the ground-floor, each thirteen feet by eight, and one on the second story, eleven feet by seven. These cells were dark—excessively dirty—clay floors—no fire-places—straw in one corner for a bed, with a single rug—a tub in each of them the receptacle of all filth. No clothing is allowed—no medical man attends it—no chaplain. There is no change of rooms, or airing-ground—and the jailer lives away from prison.

The prisoners can keep up an almost unchecked communication with the people of the town through the grated windows of their cells, which all look into the street. This prison, owing to a late riot, was crowded—and they all seemed hardened and indifferent.

Kinghorn, Fife-shire.—Dilapidated and disused.

Kirkcaldy Jail.—A good room for debtors—and a small apartment up stairs for criminals. In the latter, a woman and her son confined together. No clothes allowed—straw bedding—no privy nor airing-ground—no religious worship or instruction. Sixpence per day prison allowance.

Cupar in Fife—County Jail.—New—debtors have comfortable apartments, and a yard to walk in—criminals no airing-ground. Good bedding allowed them—prison allowance sixpence per day—no chains used—no chaplain. Only one offender in the prison—a poor girl for stealing a few potatoes out of a field.

Dundee Jail.—Small—debtors' apartments commodious—no airing-ground—no chaplain. The jailer lives away from the prison. Not a single criminal in this jail, nor had there been for seven months before, though it is not only for the town of Dundee, but for a considerable district of the county of Forfar.

Arbroath Jail.—A cell for criminals, nine feet by nine—but no criminals. Debtors' rooms not uncomfortable—but no airing-ground.

Montrose Jail.—Two miserable rooms up stairs—one for debtors—one for criminals—black hole on the ground-floor. No bedding—clothing or fire allowed—sixpence per day jail allowance. Only one prisoner—a deserter.

Stonehaven, Kincardineshire.—The cells for criminals dark and dirty—without fire-places. Comfortable apartment and hall for debtors. Only jail in the county—but one criminal.

Aberdeen County Jail.—A bad jail in every respect. The prisoners pass their whole time in their cells; there is no airing-ground, and no separate accommodation for sleeping. In one room were four women and a child, and the husband of one of the women. It is dirty, diseased, and insecure.

Aberdeen Bridewell.—In all things the reverse of the jail; and scarcely any thing wanted to render it a school

of reform, but more religious instruction. Upwards of sixty criminals in the jails of Aberdeen, while only one in all the jails of Forfarshire. This attributed to the large cotton-manufactories of Aberdeen, in which upwards of 5000 persons of both sexes work together in large companies. The manufacturing poor at Dundee work separately, each in his own cottage, and at Dundee there are no criminals.

Brechin.—Criminal cells damp, dark, and dirty; and in one an open grating to the street—no court-yard—no criminals.

Forfar County Jail.—Cells for criminals not so miserable as in most jails in Scotland. No criminals—no prisoner had been executed from the county of Forfar for twenty years.

Perth County Jail.—The accommodations of this new prison are lamentably inadequate. The tried and untried, the misdemeanant and felon, the juvenile offender and veteran criminal, all associate together in a common day-room. This want of classification applies both to male and female prisoners. In the prison there is an excellent infirmary, in which the sick are not placed; and an excellent airing-ground, in which no one may take exercise. No place of worship—no provision for religious care over its inmates.

Kinross County Jail.—Only one debtor in this small jail, who *continues there by preference*—and not a single criminal.

*Edinburgh Jail.**—Here we shall quote Mr Gurney's own words:—

"The plan of this new and extensive building is very similar to that of the prison in Horsemonger Lane, London. The ground-floor is divided into seven compartments, each containing a good day-room and a court-yard, the court-yards meeting in a point, at which is placed an octagonal watch-house. Above the watch-house, on a steep hill impending over the prison, is the governor's house, from which there is a complete inspection over the several yards, but not into the day-rooms. Of the seven compartments to which I have alluded, one is attached to the infirmary, one is for debtors, one for women criminals, one for untried men, and three for male convicts. In the upper stories of the building are the night cells ranged on both sides of long gal-

leries. These cells are airy, and the bedding sufficiently plentiful. Some of them are allotted to prisoners under sentence of death, and are distinguished from the others by a long iron bar fixed in the wall, to which these unhappy persons are fastened by chains. The jailer considers this provision necessary to his own safety: the experience, however, of almost all other prisons is sufficient to prove him mistaken; and so cruel a mode of confinement appears to be particularly objectionable in Scotland, because in that country six weeks elapse, in capital cases, between condemnation and execution. On being introduced to the kitchen, which is much too small for its purpose, we tasted the food prepared for the prisoners, and found it excellent. They have porridge and half a pint of beer in the morning, porridge again in the evening, and for dinner broth composed of barley, garden stuff, and ox-head. Besides their food, they have three-pence per day in money, and are allowed firing; also shirts, stockings and shoes, but no other articles of clothing, except in cases of emergency. The prisoners in this jail are not ironed, except in case of refractory conduct, and when under sentence of death. The infirmary is commodious, and is regularly attended by the surgeon: there is also a small room fitted up for the reception of infectious cases.

"A Bible is placed in every sleeping-cell; the clergyman attends twice a week to officiate in the chapel, and care is taken that those who are ignorant of reading should have the opportunity of being instructed. Much pains are taken in this prison to ensure cleanliness. The prisoners wash themselves every morning, and have a change of shirt weekly; their blankets are cleaned monthly. The whole prison is white-washed once every year: it appeared to us in all its parts exceedingly clean and neat.

"The divisions of the building on the ground-floor afford very considerable opportunity for classification, which however does not appear to be carried to so great an extent as is desirable.

"The juvenile offenders, of whom we were much concerned to observe a large number, were not separated from those of maturer years and more confirmed criminality. Neither was there any classification attempted with the women, who were all together day and night; for in consequence of their night cells being so placed as to afford the opportunity of conversation with the men, they were under the necessity of sleeping in their day-room. This was an evil of no small magnitude, and, I am happy to understand, is now corrected.

"Much as there is in this large prison of order and good management, it is quite deficient in one great point of vital importance. There are no work-rooms in it, and no provision for the employment of the prisoners. The consequence is, that they pass their tedious days in total idleness; and as they

* Visited ninth month (Sept.) 5th, in company with the Lord Provost Mackenzie and other gentlemen.

are necessarily kept in companies, there is no criminal in the jail, who has not the fullest opportunity of corrupting and being corrupted. The Lord Provost (who was so obliging as to show us the prison) and other gentlemen who accompanied us, appeared fully sensible of the magnitude of this evil; and it is highly probable that some plans will ere long be devised, by which in part at least it may be remedied.

Edinburgh Bridewell.—We cannot afford to quote the very favourable description of it, but shall give Mr Gurney's remarks:—

“Admirable as are many of the regulations of this Bridewell, and vastly superior as it is to those more miserable prisons where criminals are herded together in total idleness, there are nevertheless connected with it some unfavourable circumstances, which have hitherto prevented its being, in so great a degree as might be desired, a house of reformation. The first is, that the semicircular arrangement of the working cells, at the same time that it is so well calculated for the purpose of inspection, enables the prisoners to see out of one cell into another, and thus gives the opportunity, notwithstanding much watchfulness on the part of the keepers, of improper and dangerous conversation. The second is, that the doors and windows of every two night-cells are so near to one another, that the prisoners can converse freely together after they are locked up for the night. This of course they do, and without the possibility of detection or prevention. The third and principal source of evil is the inadequacy of the prison in point of size. There are in it only 52 working-rooms, and 144 sleeping-cells; it being intended for not more than 144 prisoners; but the persons committed to the Bridewell are at all times so very much more numerous, that both sleeping and working cells are very improperly crowded. This gives rise, of course, to much evil communication, and greatly impedes the system of labour, on the regularity of which the use of the Bridewell mainly depends.

“To meet this exigency, additional buildings are absolutely necessary. Were the present Bridewell appropriated to females, and another house of correction built for the men, the existing want of accommodation would be remedied, and that complete separation between the sexes, which is of such essential consequence, would in the best possible manner be effected.”

Glasgow Jail.—This prison, which I visited ninth month, (Sept.) 9th, in company with Anthony Wigham of that city, though built but a few years ago, is exceedingly defective, and in its present state may truly be said to teem with mischief, consists of two courts, between which is the jailer's house, and round them the build-

ings allotted to the various classes of prisoners. In these courts the prisoners are not permitted to walk, nor is there any other airing-ground in the prison. Those parts of it in which the criminals are confined, consist of eight flats or stories, very similar to one another, four in each court. In every one of these flats there is a day-room, measuring nineteen feet and a half by twelve, and a short gallery open to the prisoners, which on one side looks, as does the day-room, into one or other of the yards; both divisions of the prison having the same construction. On the other side of each gallery are ranged seven sleeping-cells, measuring respectively six feet three inches by ten feet four. These sleeping-cells are very dark, and extremely ill ventilated; for they receive neither light nor air except from the gallery, and that only through a hole twelve inches in diameter cut in the stone above the door. When the doors of some of them, which contained prisoners locked up during the day by way of punishment, were thrown open to us, the sickly stench was so excessively offensive, that entrance into the cells was really impossible. The cells in some of the flats were, however, more airy than those in others.”

“The day-rooms were on the whole cleanly, and are severally fitted up with a pipe of good water. There is also attached to each of them a water-closet—a provision, which from its rarity as well as importance, reflects no small credit on the architect. In most of the flats we observed a great many prisoners, amongst whom no other classification is attempted than the separation of the tried from the untried. These prisoners are allowed sixpence per day, but no firing and no clothing. Many of them were miserably clad; they appeared in a remarkable degree careless and hardened, and far otherwise than healthy. They receive no instruction whatever, and live the miserable life of total idleness. As the windows of the several parts of the prison in each division look upon the same court-yard, the prisoners of all descriptions—debtors and felons, males and females—can see and hear one another, and maintain perpetual parley. I never witnessed a more melancholy spectacle. Idleness, clamour, and dissipation prevailed on every side of us; and when we first entered the prison, the mixed din of fiddling, laughing, and riotous vociferation, was truly appalling.

“Only one flat is allotted to female criminals of every description. We found in it sixteen women, who appeared much crowded for want of more space; yet within the same limits are not unusually confined as many as thirty females. When this is the case, the sleep four together, and, from the excessive want of ventilation in the sleeping-cells, must experience sufferings very nearly allied to suffocation.

“To the debtors' part of the prison the most material objection is the want of suffi-

cient separation between the men and the women. During the whole day they have the freest opportunities of intercourse together. There is no bath in this prison. An infirmary there is, but it is so insecure that it cannot be used. Exactly similar is the case with the chapel. The consequence of this last defect is lamentable in the highest degree; for although there are seldom less than two hundred prisoners in the jail—two hundred persons, who of all others probably in the city stand most in need of spiritual help—no public worship ever takes place amongst them; nor is any instruction known to these unhappy beings, but that, by which they contaminate and corrupt one another.

“The result of the whole is, that this prison is become a fruitful source of very extensive evil. Vast numbers of offenders pass through it in the course of the year—the number of criminals committed during the last three years amounting to three thousand and sixty-eight; and the jailer assured us that they uniformly leave the prison worse than when they entered it; settled in habits of idleness, devoted to their own corruptions, more than ready for the perpetration of new crimes. *He reckons, that of those who have been once committed, two-thirds come back again.*”

“Crimes have of late been rapidly increasing in Glasgow. The fact may be accounted for, partly by the vast increase of manufacturing establishments, partly by the large accession of uneducated Irish; but, perhaps, chiefly by the powerful machine of corruption which I have now described.”

Of the *Glasgow Bridewell* Mr Gurney speaks most favourably—and he thus concludes:

“It gave us great satisfaction that an opportunity was afforded us, through the kindness of the magistrates, of forming in this city a Committee of Ladies, who have benevolently undertaken to visit and superintend the females both in the Jail and in the Bridewell. The object of the Committee is to instruct the ignorant, to provide the unemployed with work, to promote a daily reading of the Scriptures, and to watch over these criminals individually, not only when in prison, but, as far as possible, after they leave it.”

“We have no room for any reflections on these statements. Mr Gurney seems to have been struck, as he well might, with the paucity of crime throughout most of the districts which he visited. This he attributes truly “to the universal religious education of the lower orders, and to the general dissemination among them of the Holy Scriptures.” “What encouragement,” he well observes, “may be derived from such an example, for

those labours of Christian charity that are now directed throughout the British empire, and in so many other countries also, to these unspeakably important objects!”

Yet can there be a stronger proof of the sad abuses and defects in prisons in less enlightened countries, than that even in Scotland, the land of universal intelligence and piety, so many prisons exist in which religion is a thing forgotten, and the wretched inmates left to pine away without the only sure means of consolation and amendment. In some instances, indeed, the decay and dilapidation of prisons is owing to the best of all causes—their long-continued disuse; and nothing could so forcibly awaken the mind of the reader to the general happiness and virtue of our countrymen than the picture which Mr Gurney has occasionally drawn of some solitary criminal lying unthought of in a prison, whose cells have been long deserted, and who hopes in vain for the comfort of one wretch like himself to share his confinement and his guilt.

We conclude with remarking, that though the state of many prisons in Scotland is certainly such as demands scrutiny and reformation, yet is the evil to be remedied insignificant in comparison with that which has for so long nurtured the growth of crime in England. In her mighty capital, and in some of the manufacturing counties, crime has been perfectly systematized; and the highest schools, in which the children of iniquity are taught, are within the walls built for their punishment. The beneficent plans of philanthropists will have to contend there against all the veteran power of wickedness intrenched within its strongest holds. But in Scotland, notwithstanding the melancholy increase of crime during the last ten years in most of her principal towns, prisons have not become the great national seminaries of vice. It is much easier to prevent than to remedy. The gorgon face of inveterate evil may paralyze the efforts of those who seek to expel her from her old hereditary reign; but the righteous resolution of a reforming philanthropy would be indeed cheered in its course, were the ills it sought to remove, being but of young growth, to be seen falling asunder at every step of its progress, and were

day after day to shew the great end of its labours nearer and more near. That this would speedily be the case with all enlightened attempts to improve the state of prison-discipline in Scotland, none will doubt, who know

the character of her population; and all who do so, would deeply deplore indeed the smallest carelessness and inattention to any of those sources from which may flow over the land a fast-increasing flood of misery and crime.

MADAME KRUDENER.

THE continental newspaper-writers—a wise and sagacious set of people, seem to have attached some degree of political importance to the character assumed by *Madame Krudener*, as a teacher of mystical theology. And the lady herself, if we are to judge by the tone of her followers, is not unwilling to afford an indirect testimony in favour of this supposition, at least so far as regards the obedience with which kings and princes are said to have listened to her exhortations.

How far the conduct of state affairs might or might not be benefited by entrusting them to the management of old women, or whether symptoms of such management may or may not have been occasionally discoverable in modern history, it is not for us to presume to inquire; yet we think that posterity will entertain reasonable doubts whether *Madame Krudener* had really any great share in negotiating “the holy alliance,” that celebrated treaty which has terrified so many of our contemporaries in the belief that a new kind of “*Cæsarian Popery*” is about to be instituted in the world.

This claim, however, is made on her behalf in a kind of demi-official article, inserted in the *Quotidienne*, and which occasioned the suppression of the number in which it appeared. The writer, who is evidently high in the confidence of *Madame*, asserts that (*sans penser*) she suggested the idea of the compact in question to the allied sovereigns.—Many great events have been brought about by negotiators and statesmen, without their thinking any thing at all of the consequences which would ensue from the parts which they were acting, and *Madame Krudener's* eulogist therefore feels that his qualifying parenthesis does not in the least detract from her substantial merits. He informs us, that she effected her intent, “not indeed by flattery, but by the energetic discourses which she addressed to the monarchs.” She was unwearied in her endeavours “to prove

that the successes and victories of Bonaparte were the punishments with which Heaven thought fit to visit the old dynasties of Europe,” as a “chastisement for involving themselves in warfare, merely to gratify their own ambition and love of power.” Besides which, as the writer says, “the religious and moral influence of *Madame Krudener* has wrought wonders in the mind of a certain *great personage*.—This monarch, who in so many respects resembles both our *Henri Quatre* and our *Louis le Grand*, was fettered by a *Gabrielle, a la Valliere*, but *Madame Krudener*, by the ‘onction’ of her discourses, succeeded in extinguishing the fires which raged in the bosoms of the royal lover as well as of his mistress,” and, what is still more extraordinary, “she has been able to cause the most pure and virtuous friendship to succeed to this sinful passion. After this moral miracle, it would not have been difficult for *Madame Krudener* to have reigned triumphant in a certain *powerful court*, but she prefers proceeding on her pilgrimage through Switzerland and Swabia, defying the storms and dangers of the mountains, occupied only in teaching the doctrines of the Gospel to the crowds who follow her, but without entertaining any intention of becoming the foundress of a new sect.”*

We shall not trouble our readers by attempting to explain the innuendoes and allusions contained in the foregoing extract, but it must be remarked, that in delineating the character of *Madame Krudener*, her anonymous friend would have enabled us to appreciate it more justly, if he had added that there was a time when this powerful advocate of the cause of virtue was full as willing as the charming *Gabrielle* herself to make a most grateful return to the love, not indeed of a sovereign, because no sovereign present-

* This is not quite consistent with the Swiss accounts. EDITOR.

ed himself, but of any mortal man possessing decent pretensions to the favour of such a lady as the French are willing to designate by the soothing paraphrase of "une amè sensible." The words may be easily translated with the help of Chambaud's Dictionary. But our grandfathers (*let alone* our grandmothers) were used to call ladies of this genus by quite another name in plain English, and a very ugly name it was. We do not use such words now—because we have become almost as refined in our phraseology as the French.

Barbara Juliana, Baroness of Krudener, was born at Riga, in the year 1766, but she passed her youth at Paris, and at Strasburgh, where it is said that her talents excited universal admiration. The author of a biographical sketch*, from whence we collect our facts, praises her for "early piety and devotion," and he notices her steady resistance to the then prevailing infidelity of the French nation. He rests this assertion mainly upon an anecdote related by Madame Krudener "to one of my acquaintances."—The sum of the story so told by Madame Krudener is, that in consequence of an invitation to a ball—she *once* omitted to perform her usual devotions, a neglect for which she felt so much remorse, that her health suffered greatly from the poignancy of her feelings. At the age of sixteen, Barbara Juliana became the wife of Baron von Krudener, whom she accompanied to St Petersburg, and afterwards to Venice, the baron having received the honourable appointment of ambassador to the republic from the court of Russia.—We have just heard of the sensitive feelings of the baroness, yet pious as she was, her "*vivacity*" (we translate the words of her biographer) was unable to withstand the temptations of the gay circles either of the northern or of the southern Sybaris, and, as the biographer says, "she was betrayed into innumerable indiscretions, which cast a shade over her youth; indiscretions of which she now always speaks with a warning voice of repentance." Easily yielding to those men who un-

derstood how to win her affections by their talents and accomplishments, the tranquillity of her domestic life was disturbed in a most melancholy manner, till at length these unfortunate occurrences occasioned a lasting separation between the baroness and her husband."

After this event she returned to Paris, where various adventures befel her; she appeared in the character of a wit, a beauty, and became the "centre of attraction of a numerous circle of men of talent." Bernard de St Pierre was a very intimate friend of Madame Krudener; "but Garat, the opera-singer, though wild and violent, possessed her heart."

It was during this brilliant residence at Paris, that Madame Krudener produced a singular novel, entitled, "*Valeria*," * Madame is the heroine of her own romance. Young, lovely, and ethereal, she fascinates a protegee of the Count her husband, and *Gustavus de Linar* at length pines away and dies in hopeless passion, which he never ventures to declare. The catastrophe is fictitious, for happily there is not the slightest reason to suppose, that any of her numerous admirers ever found it necessary to die in that way; but her feelings, and especially those which she entertained towards the worthy dull husband to whom she was linked, are strongly expressed; the Baron, for instance, is certainly not described *con amore* in the following family party.—

"Nous recontrâmes le comte à l'entrée des lagunes, le vent s'étoit levé, et la barque commençoit à avoir un mouvement pénible. Je m'étonnois du calme de Valérie. Le comte avoit été enchanté de la trouver, et de la voir mieux portante, mais il nous dit qu'il avoit eu un courrier désagréable. Il paroissoit rêveur. J'avois déjà remarqué qu'alors la contesse ne lui parloit jamais. Elle étoit assise à côté de moi; elle s'approcha de mon oreille et me dit. "Comme j'ai peur, c'est en vain que je tâche de m'agerrir pour plaire à mon mari; jamais je ne m'habituerai à l'eau. Elle prit en même temps ma main, et la mit sur son cœur. Voyez comme il batte me dit elle. Hors de moi, défaillant, je ne lui repondis rien; mais je plaçai à mon tour sa main sur mon cœur, qui battoit avec violence. Dans ce moment une vague souleva fortement la barque; le vent souffloit avec impetuosité et Valérie se précipita sur le sein

* Der Einsiedler ein Fragment von der Frau von Krudener. Herausgegeben und mit einer Biographie dieser Merkwürdigen Frau befertigt von K. S. Leipzig 1818.

* Valérie, on Lettres de Gustave de Linar, a Ernest de g***—Paris, 1804.

de son mari. Oh que je sentis bien alors tout mon neant, et tout ce que nous separait ! Le comte préoccupé des affaires publiques, ne s'occupa qu'un instant de Valérie : il la rassura, lui dit qu'elle étoit un enfant et que de mémoire d'homme, il n'avoit pas péri de barque dans les lagunes. Et cependant elle étoit sur son Sein, il respiroit son souffle, son cœur battait contre le sien et il restait froid, froid comme une pierre ! Cette idée me donna une fureur que je ne puis rendre. Quoi me disois-je tandis que l'orage qui soulève mon sein menace de me détruire, qu'une seule de ses caresses je l'acheterois par tout mon sang, il ne sent pas son bonheur. Et toi Valérie, un lien que tu formas dans l'imprévoyante enfance, un devoir dicté par tes parens t'enchaîne et te ferme le ciel que l'amour sauroit créer pour toi ! Oui Valérie tu n'as encore rien connu, puisque tu ne connois que cet hymen que j'abhorre, que ce sentiment tiède, &c."—*Valérie*, vol. ii. pp. 11.—14.

The enchanting portrait which Madame Krudener draws of her own graces, when exhibited in dancing the shawl-dance to the music of the English lord, is equally in character.—

"Elle ceda aux instances ; *Lord Mery*, prit un violon ; Valérie demanda son schale d'un mousselin bleu foncée ; elle ecarta ses cheveux de dessus son front ; elle mit son schale sur sa tête ; il descendit le long de ses tempes, de ses epaules, c'est Valérie qu'il faut voir ; c'est elle qui a la fois decente, timide, noble, profondément sensible, trouble, entraîne, emeut, arrache les larmes, et fait palpiter le cœur, comme il palpite quand il est dominé par un grand ascendant ; c'est elle qui possède cette grace charmante qu'on ne peut s'apprendre mais que la nature a révélée en secret à quelques etres superieurs : elle n'est pas le resultat de l'art ; elle a été apportée du ciel avec les vertus.—Ceux qui n'ont vu que ce mecanisme difficile et étonnant à la vérité, cette grace de convenance, ceux la disje n'ont pas d'idée de la danse de Valérie, tantot comme Niobe elle arrachoit un cri, &c."—*Valérie*, vol. i. p. 107. 109.

In the preface to the "third edition" the novel is well puffed, either by the bookseller or by the authoress herself. Its success was unexampled.

"Bien peu d'ouvrages ont été accueillis avec une bienveillance aussi générale que celle qu'on a témoignée à Valérie ; tous les journaux en ont parlé, l'opinion, qui ordinairement ne se prononce que lentement, même pour les meilleurs ouvrages, paroit avoir été entraînée d'un commun accord ; et le roman qui n'en est peut-être pas un, comme l'a dit un de nos auteurs les plus célèbres, a emporté de suffrages unanimes, et il jouit d'un plus brillant succès."

We have given sufficient specimens of madame's style. It will be readily allowed, that Valeria is an apt imita-

tion of the German novels of the Wertherian cast. With all their truth and chastity of feeling, Madame Krudener takes credit to herself for having avoided "tout ce qui est reprehensible dans Werther." We shall not discuss her moral principles, which are somewhat ostentatiously enounced. Some of the descriptive passages are ably written ; but the chief merit of her two volumes in duodecimo, consists in their being records of that "vivacity" of temperament which at different periods of Madame Krudener's life has taken such opposite directions.

About the year 1815, Madame Krudener, whose "early piety" now regained its early ascendancy, entered upon her new vocation at Bâle, where she gained many proselytes, yet she was suspected of being a political emissary, and the magistracy expelled her from the canton. Aran next became the scene of her labours. She preached and she prayed ; one Monsieur Empeyts, a young Genevan minister, officiated as the minister of her conventicle, and some of her dogmas were more clearly enounced. It was declared, that she could not fully approve of any of the existing sects of Christianity, but that her doctrines would be such as to be unobjectionable to all. In the summer of 1816 she passed again through Bâle, but fearing the police, she established herself just beyond the frontier, in the territory of the Grand-Duchy of Baden. The crops had failed, and the poor were suffering greatly from dearth.—Madame Krudener distributed large sums to the necessitous, and the lower classes flocked to listen to her rhapsodies, in which the rich were censured with more zeal than charity ; her conduct did not escape the vigilance of the police of his Highness the Grand Duke, and Madame was driven from the Grand-Duchy of Baden.

This treatment elicited an indignant epistle from Madame Krudener, addressed by her to her son-in-law, Baron Berkheim, the minister of the interior at Carlsruhe, and in which she modestly enumerates the gifts which qualify her for the mission which, as she says, she believes is intrusted to her.

"It was necessary," exclaims Madame Krudener, "that a woman who had been brought up amidst every luxury and pleasure, should come to tell the poor that she is happy when she sits upon a wooden stool, for the purpose of administering comfort to

them. It was necessary that a woman should come, humiliated by her sins and indiscretions, who can acknowledge that she has been the slave and fool of the vanities of the world; a woman not deluded by false knowledge, but who can shame the wisest, by shewing them how she has penetrated into the deepest mysteries, by sighing and weeping at the foot of the cross. It was necessary that a woman should come, a woman of a strong heart, who has tasted of all the enjoyments of the world, in order to be able to declare, even unto kings, that all is vanity, and to overturn the illusions and idols of the saloons of splendour—whilst she blushes when she recollects, that she once attempted to distinguish herself therein, by displaying her portion of wit and her poor talents!!”

Banished from Baden, she proceeded to the interior of Switzerland, and in June 1817 she arrived at Lucerne; her familiars, as usual, sounded her praises in the newspapers. They compared her to John the Baptist in the desert, “She gives meat and drink to the soul, the heart, and the belly, (*sie speiset und trünkt die Giester dierzen und die magen*); she is a refuge for every sinner. Dwelling in a wooden cottage, surrounded by a few unostentatious companions, and clothed in a *plain blue gown*, she is accessible to every one. She speaks with fervour and lofty dignity, exhorting her hearers to the practice of all Christian virtues, and she showers down benedictions upon benedictions.” Unfortunately the council of the Canton could not be made to believe in her sanctity, and

the police-officers politely accompanied her to Schaffhausen, intimating, that her mission in Switzerland had ended. In the autumn she made a fruitless endeavour to re-enter the federal territory, but her old persecutors, the police-officers, again repulsed her. After a short residence at Freiburg, (Breisgau) she was passed on by the police to Leipsic, through Baden and Wirtemberg, and the other intervening German States. Madame complained of indisposition at Leipsic, and she was allowed to continue there during a month, at the end of which a new escort conducted her to the Prussian dominions, where she arrived, accompanied by one only of her original coadjutors and followers—a M. Kollner, by birth a Brunswick-er.

We will not wrong poor Johanna Southcote, by comparing her to Madame Krudener, still less can Madame be classed with the rapt extatic virgins of the Catholic church, with a St Bridget or a St Catherine, a St Theresa or a Maria d'Agonda. This silly creature is not an honest ignorant enthusiast. Attempting to conceal her selfish passions beneath the mask of religion, vanity alone impels her, and she feeds the poor in her “*plain blue gown*,” solely to attract a throng, because she can now no longer interest the company in a ball-room, by shewing her shapes in a blue shawl, whilst *Milor Merry* plays the fiddle.

OBSERVATIONS ON “PETER’S LETTERS TO HIS KINSFOLK.”*

THOUGH it is said on the title-page that these volumes are sold by all the booksellers, yet, strange to tell, a single copy is not to be found among all the bibliopoles of Edinburgh. These gentlemen are really very remiss—and seem not to know their own interest. They seldom think of selling a new publication till it has become an old one; and if you bid them get it for you from London, it sometimes makes its appearance after the time usually occupied by a voyage home from India—but, generally, it never reaches our Scottish capital at all—and if inquired for some time afterwards, you are told that it is out of print. For our own parts, we

are easy about this mode of carrying on business, for all writers of any eminence send their works instantly down “To the Editor of Blackwood’s Magazine;” and as that well-meaning ill-used man reads but little, we Contributors have all these presentation-copies to ourselves, and have fitted up a snug library of our own in Gabriel’s Road, “as thou goest up to the land of Ambrose.” There we make a point of meeting twice a-week, at five o’clock to a hair—and, as Mr. Ambrose sends us in, on the most moderate terms, *quantum suff* of excellent pork-chops and London porter (a dinner which Mr Kemble used always to eat pre-

* Peter’s Letters to his Kinsfolk; being the Substance of some familiar Communications concerning the present State of Scotland, written during a late Visit to that Country. Aberystwith. 1819.

vious to his performance of Hamlet), no wonder that we write, during the evening, many taking and spirit-stirring articles.

The volumes from which we shall now make a few extracts, appeared on our dissection-table on the 5th instant, and having drawn lots who should have them to read and to review, the longest slip of paper—which was plainly discerned to be a shred of a not very old number of the Edinburgh Review—article—State of Parties—was found in the fist of us, Mordecai Mullion. By the way, this method of writing by lot ought to be more generally practised. Nothing can be imagined more delightful.

“Custom cannot stale
Its infinite variety.”

It was one of the happy thoughts of that “Cherub tall,” Odoherty the standard-bearer—and never shall we forget (we had almost fallen there into the first personal pronoun) the fil-lup it gave all our spirits, one dull November day, soon after the Chaldee Manuscript broke out. We ourselves had uniformly discharged the duties of the divinity department, or in other words, had filled the theological chair. And the gentle reader may judge of our surprise, when called upon to undertake, on a moment's warning, “Miss Spence and the Bagman.” Signifer Dohertiades had always had the charge of the list of deaths and marriages—an office which sat with a peculiar grace on him who had more than once paid his vows to the altar of Hymen, and whose death-deeds, yet fresh in the recollection of the public, had, after deciding, in conjunction with the Anglo-Spanish troops, the Peninsular war, turned, along with the timely advance of the Prussian army under his friend Blucher, the fortune of the day, yet doubtful, at Waterloo. Him the lot elevated, for one month, to the “Literary and Philosophical Intelligence;” a department whose arduous duties he discharged not only with his characteristic promptitude and despatch, but with a happy *knack* of selection, wonderful in one devoted from his very cradle to war. But it would be useless to tell all the metamorphoses that thus ensued throughout the members of our body corporate. The happiest effects were soon found to result from this judi-

cious invention of the adjutant's genius. Nothing can now come amiss to any of us. A poem of Byron or Moore—or a System of Political Economy, by James Grahame, Esq. (the Anti-Malthusian)—a New System of Religion and Philosophy, by Francis Maximus Macnab, Esq.—or a Report of the Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh, from their hall, No 209, High-Street—a plan for a new Academical Institution—or a Letter to the Conductors of the dying Edinburgh Review—Verses on a late melancholy event, by Peter Picken, cobbler in Falkirk—or, Observations on the Scope and Tendency of the Writings of Lord Bacon, by Macvey Napier, Esquire—for one and all of these, and others like to these, if other such there be, are one and all of us now and henceforth prepared. Each man boldly pulls out his slip from an old military cap, worn by the standard-bearer at the battles of Talavera, Albuera, Salamanca, Fuentes d'Honore, Vittoria, and Waterloo—and instantly addresses himself to the task enjoined—be it politics or poetry—history, sacred or profane—miscellaneous literature—or the abstract and severer sciences.

Being friends to a free trade, we have scorned to solicit for a patent—and (better late than never) most cheerfully recommend the adoption of Odoherty's plan, to the Editor of the Supplement. Had it been sooner adopted in the conduct of that illustrious work, what strange *varieties* might the world have seen—and no less sweet than strange. How excellent had it been to have perused the article “Chivalry,” by that perfect gentleman J. R. Macculloch, Esq., while, on the corn laws, Walter Scott would in turn have written like a master-baker!—The article “Dancing” would then have been entrusted to Professor Leslie, while the learned Editor himself would, on the same principle, have undertaken “Conveyancing.” But we can go no farther, *verbum sapienti*.

Dr Morris (for he is the author) has adopted a somewhat ambitious title to his letters—yet we must not rob Peter to pay Paul—and confess honestly, that the Doctor has given to the world two very amusing volumes. He performed his journey from Aberystwith, where, we understand, he is in very extensive practice as a medical

man, in a shandry-dan of his own invention, of which, by the bye, we hear the rather too much—it being evidently the Doctor's hobby. He arrived in Edinburgh about the middle of last winter—and past a month there—regularly attending the Parliament House, the theatre, routes, balls, churches, and all other places of public amusement—so that nothing seems to have escaped him. He then ran his shandry-dan into Glasgow under the six hours, beating the Telegraph by eleven minutes, and during a fortnight's residence in that city, put up, nominally, at the Buck's Head—for Mrs Jardine seems to have had but little of his company, invitations having poured in upon him from all quarters. He found time, however, in the midst of all his racketing, to write long letters to his kinsfolk in Wales—and tells us that a sudden thought struck him to have them printed—and no sooner said than done. The manuscript was instantly sent to a Mr Reece, who is the very Balantyne of Aberystwith, and in one month it was transformed into a most beautiful piece of Welsh typography. The great object of the work before us seems to be to give a philosophical estimate of the legal and mercantile character of Scotland—and this our author tries to accomplish, by delineating the society of Edinburgh and of Glasgow. We shall enable our readers to judge, from pretty copious extracts, how far Dr Morris has succeeded in his attempt. He speaks thus cavalierly of the whigs of Edinburgh.

“The Whigs are still lords of public opinion in Edinburgh to an extent of which, before visiting Scotland, I could scarcely have formed any adequate notion. The Tories have all the political power, and have long had it, but from whatever cause (and I profess myself incapable of assigning any rational one,) their power does not appear to have given them command of much sway over the general opinions, even of those that think with them regarding political matters. I confess that I, born and bred a good Tory, and accustomed, in my part of the country, to see the principles I reverence supported by at least an equal share of talent, was not a little mortified by certain indications of faint-heartedness and absurd diffidence of themselves among the Scottish Tories, which met my eye ere I had been long in Edinburgh.

“I am inclined, upon the whole, to attribute a good deal of this to the influence of the Edinburgh Review. That work was set on foot and conducted for some years

with an astonishing degree of spirit; and although it never did any thing to entitle it to much respect either from English scholars, or English patriots, or English Christians, I can easily see how much such a work written by Scotchmen, and filled with all the national prejudices of Scotchmen, should have exerted a wonderful authority over the intellect of the city in which it was published. Very many of its faults (I mean these of the less serious kind—such as its faults in regard to literature and taste), were all adapted for the meridian of Scotland; and for a time certainly the whole country was inclined to take a pride in its success. The *Prestige* of the Edinburgh Review has now most undoubtedly vanished even there; but there still remains a shadow of it sufficient to invest its old conductors with a kind of authority over the minds of those who once were disposed to consider them as infallible judges, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*; And then the high eminence of some of these gentlemen in their profession of the law, gives them another kind of hold upon the great body of persons following that profession—which is every thing in Edinburgh, because the influence of those who follow it is not neutralized to any considerable extent by the presence of any great aristocracy, or of any great intellectual cultivation out of themselves. The Scotch are a people of talkers; and among such a people it is wonderful how far the influence of any one person may be carried around and below him, by mere second—third—and fourth hand babbling, all derived from one trivial source. I am not, however, of opinion that this kind of work will go on much longer. Jeffrey has evidently got sick of the Review—or rather, he has evidently written himself out (and indeed my only wonder is, that a person of such limited acquirements as his should not have written himself out much sooner in such a department);—Brougham has enough to do in Parliament—that is to say, he gives himself enough to do; and even there you well know what a Charlatan kind of reputation he has. Horner is dead. Walter Scott has long since left them.—The Review is now a very sensible, plain sort of book—in its best parts, certainly not rising above the British Review—and in its inferior parts there is often a display of calm drivelling, much beyond what the British Review itself would admit. And then there is no point—no wit—no joke—no spirit, nothing of the glee of young existence about it. It is a very dull book, more proper to be read between sleeping and waking, among old, sober, cautious tradesmen, than to give any spring to the fancy or reason of the young, the active, and the intelligent. The secret will out ere long—viz. that the Edinburgh Reviewers have not been able to get any effectual recruits among the young people about them. There is no infusion of fresh blood into the veins of the Review. When one visits Edinburgh, where one cannot stir a step

without stumbling over troops of confident, comfortable, glib, smart young Whigs, one is at a loss to understand the meaning of this dearth. One would suppose that every ball-room and tavern overflowed with gay Edinburgh reviewers. One hears a perpetual buzz about Jeffrey, Brougham, the Review, &c. &c. and would never doubt that prime articles were undergoing the process of concoction in every corner. But, alas! the fact is, that the young Edinburgh Whigs are a set of very stupid fellows, and the Review must wait long enough if it is never to be resuscitated but by them.

"They are really a very disagreeable set of pretenders.—I mean those of them that do make any pretensions at all to literary character. They are very ill educated in general; they have no classical learning; few of them can construe two lines of any Latin poet; and as for Greek, they scarcely know which end of the book should be held to their noses. They have never studied any philosophy of any kind—unless attending a course of lectures on metaphysics, delivered by a man far too ingenious to be comprehended for above five sentences at a time, by persons of their acquirements and capacity—can be called studying philosophy. They know sometimes a little about chemistry and geology to be sure, but these are studies in which the proficiency of mere amateurs can never be any great matter. They know a very little of English history and politics—enough to enable them to spin out a few half-hours of *Warney* in their debating societies. But, upon the whole, it may safely be asserted, that all they know worthy of being known upon any subjects of general literature, politics, or philosophy, is derived from the Edinburgh Review itself; and as they cannot do the Review any great service by giving it back its own materials, I conceive that this work is just in the act of falling a sacrifice to habits of superficial acquirement, and contented ignorance, which it was short-sighted enough to encourage, if not to create, in order to serve its own temporary purposes among the rising generation in Scotland.

"One would imagine, however, that these young whigs might have begun, long ere this time, to suspect somewhat of their own situation. They must be quite aware, that they have never written a single page in the Edinburgh Review, or that, if they have done so, their pages were universally looked upon as the mere lumber of the book: contrasting, too, their own unproductive petulance with the laborious and fruitful early years of those whom they worship, and in whose walk they would fain be supposed to be following—it is difficult to understand how they happen to keep themselves so free from the qualms of conscious imbecility. Perhaps, after all, they are *au fond* less conceited than they appear to be; but certainly to judge from externals, there never was a more self-satisfied crew of young ignoramuses. After being let a little into their real character and attainments, I can-

not say but that I derived a considerable degree of amusement from the contemplation of their manners. As for their talk, it is such utter drivelling, the moment they leave their text-books, (the moment they give over quoting,) that I must own I found no great entertainment in it. It is a pity to see a fine country like Scotland, a country so rich in recollections of glorious antiquity, so rich in the monuments of genius, at this moment adorned with not a few full-grown living trees of immortal fruit—it is a pity to see such a country so devoid of promise for her future harvests. It is a pity to see her soil wasting on the nurture of this unproductive pestilential underwood, juices which, under better direction, might give breadth to the oak, and elevation to the pine," &c.—Vol. I. pp. 106—12.

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"The respectable elder whigs must, of a surety, feel very sore upon all this; for it is not to be supposed, that they can be quite so easily satisfied with these young *gregarii*, as the young *gregarii* are with themselves. I understand, accordingly, that nothing gives them so much visible delight as the appearance of any thing like a revival of talent among their troops. When a young whig makes a tolerable speech at the bar, or writes a tolerable law-paper, or adventures to confess himself author of a tolerable paragraph in a party print—in short, when he manifests any symptom of possessing better parts than the confessedly dull fellows around him, there is much rejoicing in the high places, a most remarkable crowing and clapping of wings in honour of the rising luminary. The young genius is fed and fattened for a season with puffs and praises; and, in consequence of that kind of dominion or *prestige* to which I have already alluded, the very Tories begin to contemplate him with a little awe and reverence, as a future formidable antagonist, with whom it may be as well to be upon some tolerable terms in private. Well—a year or two goes over his head, and the genius has not visibly improved in any thing except conceit. He is now an established young whig genius. If any situation becomes empty, which it would be convenient for him to fill, and if, notwithstanding of this, he is not promoted to it by those, whom, on every occasion, he makes the objects of his ignorant abuse—this neglect of him is talked of by himself and his friends, as if it were virtually a neglect of *genius* in the abstract;—with so much readiness do these good people enter into the spirit of a personification. A Dutch painter could not typify ideal beauty under a more clumsy and heavy shape, than they sometimes do genius; nor are the languishing, coy, and conscious airs of some *Venus* over a *lust-house* at Schedam, a whit more exquisite in their way, than the fat indignant fatuity of some of these neglected geniuses of Scotland.

"So many of these geniuses, however,

have now been puffed up and pushed up to a little temporary reputation, and then sunk under their own weight into their own mud, that one should suppose the elevators must now be a little weary of exerting their mechanical powers in that way. Their situation is, indeed, almost as discouraging as that of Sisyphus, doomed for ever to struggle in vain against the obstinate, or as Homer calls it, the "impudent" stone's alacrity in sinking.

αὐτὶς ἐπιτα πιδόνδε κυλινδετο λαας ἀνιδης."

Ibid, p. 119.

Peter then devotes two long letters to the state of education in Edinburgh; and though we have detected some errors in his account of the course of study pursued in our university, and can by no means concur with him in some of his very severe strictures on not a few of the professors, yet it is wonderful with what acuteness he has penetrated into the spirit of the system. We propose, on a future occasion, to take up the cudgels in behalf of our *Alma Mater*, and to defend her against the attacks of this Oxonian, in whose mind, liberal as it is, we think that we can discern some slight symptoms of prejudices fostered among the groves of Rhedicina; but, for the present, we content ourselves with quoting a passage, distinguished, as we think, for candour and liberality, and which shews that Peter's heart is of the right stuff—

"The ideas entertained in England respecting the state of religion in Scotland, are just as absurd as those which used to be in fashion about the external appearance of that country. I positively believe, that if the bench of bishops were requested, at this moment, to draw up, with the assistance of the Oxford and Cambridge heads of houses and regius professors; a short account of its spiritual condition, they would talk as if it had as few men of rational piety in it, as the Cockney wits used to think it had trees. According to these received prejudices, the Scottish peasants are universally imbued with the most savage and covenanting fanaticism—a fault for which ample atonement is made by the equally universal free-thinking and impiety of the higher orders of their countrymen. Every Scotsman is a bigot to one or other of those equally abominable heresies—Atheism or Calvinism. They would represent the faith of this country as a strange creature somewhat after the fashion of old Janus, dressed on one side in a solemn suit of customary blue, and on the other in the rainbow frippery of a Parisian fille-de-joie—giving with her right hand the grasp of fellowship to John Knox, and leering and leaning to the left on a more fashionable beau, David Hume."

"The principal mouth-piece of this southern bigotry is, I am very sorry to say, a work for which I have, in almost every other respect, the greatest esteem—the *Quarterly Review*. It is a pity that that work, which exerts over the public mind of England so salutary an influence, as the guardian of her character—her true character, both political and religious—it is a very great pity that this admirable work should in any way tend to keep up improper prejudices against the Scottish among the majority of its readers. No doubt there is this excuse for them, that they view the mind of Scotland as represented in some measure in the *Edinburgh Review*. But I, who am certainly no admirer of the religion of the *Edinburgh Review*, think it extremely unfair to represent it as being either the oracle or symbol of the spirit of the country wherein it is produced. Why, although the *Edinburgh Reviewers* sit at times in the chair of the scoffer, should the English be taught to think with disrespect of the religious condition of a country which not long ago possessed a Blair and an Erskine, and which at this moment can boast of Moncrieff, Alison, and Chalmers? The truth is, that I believe no country in Europe is less tainted with the spirit of infidelity than Scotland. The faith of their devout ancestors has come down to them entire; it is preached throughout this country by a body of clergymen who, if they cannot pretend to so much theological erudition as some of our English divines, are in general far better informed upon matters of actual life than they are—far more fitted to be the friends and instructors of their parishioners—far more humble in their desires, and, I may add, far more unexceptionably exemplary in their life and conversation.

"The appearance of a single Sunday in Scotland, is of itself sufficient to shew the absurdity of the late sarcasms in the *Quarterly*; the churches are thronged, not with the peasantry and mechanics alone, but with every order and condition of men and women who are capable of reading the Bible, or listening to a sermon. The Scotch have indeed got rid of a great many of those useless prejudices with which their forefathers were infected, and which still seem to linger in the bosoms of some of our own countrymen; but the trunk has been strengthened, not weakened, by the lopping off of its rotten branches and excrescencies; and although the tree of their neighbours may cast a broader shade, I have my doubts whether it be productive of better fruit.

"The most remarkable change which has occurred in the religious thinking of the Scotch, is that which may be observed in regard to their mode of treating those who profess a persuasion different from their own. Half a century ago, a Papist, or even an Episcopalian, appeared very little removed from the condition of a Heathen in the eyes of a good Scots Presbyterian:

here and there people might be found who thought somewhat more judiciously; but the common opinion certainly was, that the idolatry of a Roman Catholic is quite as bad as that of a Cherokee or a South-sea-islander. The Scotch now no longer consider it as a matter of perfect certainty, that the Pope is the Antichrist, and the Church of Rome the Babylon of the Revelations. They do full honour to those heroic and holy spirits who wrought the great work of the Reformation, but they do not doubt that even those who nominally adhere to the ancient faith, have derived great benefit from the establishment of the new. They refuse to consider the kingdom of Christ as composed only of the little province which they themselves inhabit. They are thankful indeed for the mode in which their own district is ruled; they believe, perhaps, that their own municipal regulations are wiser than those to which most of their neighbours submit; but they never doubt, that throughout the whole of the empire the general principles of government are substantially the same, nor hesitate to consider themselves as linked by the firmest bonds of common loyalty and devotion, both to each other, and to that authority which all true Christians are equally proud to acknowledge and obey.

"But, above every thing, what shews the absurdity of the Quarterly's notions upon these subjects, in a most striking point of view, is this simple fact, that, in spite of the cuts which it is perpetually giving themselves, the Quarterly Review is a very great favourite among the Scotch. The Scotch have no such prejudice against English education, and the English forms of religion, as the Review attributes to them. On the contrary, they are delighted to hear these defended in the Quarterly from the malignant aspersions of their own Edinburgh reviewers—so at least the enlightened and well-educated Scotchmen with whom I conversed uniformly represented themselves to be; and I believe them most sincerely. It is time that all this foolery should be at an end, and that people, who in fact are of the same way of thinking, should not be persuaded into supposing themselves enemies to each other." Ibid, p. 230.

This is really a fine passage. When we consider how difficult a thing it is to get rid of national prejudices of any kind, and more particularly, how deep-rooted those prejudices are which men educated at Oxford commonly bear towards the very name of Presbyterianism, we cannot refuse to Dr Morris the praise of having overcome his prejudices in a way that does equal honour to the perspicacity of his intellect, and the goodness of his heart. We trust the liberal and manly style in which he ex-

presses these sentiments, may produce some effect on those for whose benefit he appears to have thrown them out. In regard to the Quarterly reviewers, for example, this language of a man who has shared the advantages of that system of education which they, properly no doubt, but too exclusively, prize—and who shares, as is manifest from the whole tenor of his writing, all those principles, both political and religious, of which they are the powerful and energetic champions, ought not to be mere *intra muros* that leave no trace behind. In the very last number of their work, and in a paper which is likely to produce, if indeed it have not already done so, a more decisive effect than any thing that has been written for many years, concerning the parliamentary conduct of British statesmen,—even in this admirable paper it is easy to perceive the marks of those very bigotries which this intelligent traveller has so eloquently condemned. What has Mr Brougham to do with Scotland? excepting that this gentleman received part of his education here, and figured for a few years among us, as he has since done among our neighbours, with his lean red bag, and acquired considerable notoriety in Edinburgh, by being one of the early supporters of the Edinburgh Review, we know of no connexion which subsists between Scotland and Mr Brougham. This "great statesman and lawyer," as the review calls him, is an Englishman, and we should be sorry to deprive England of the honour due to her soil for having produced him. We are persuaded, that the insolent ignorance, and depraved coxcombry of Mr Brougham's behaviour in the matter of the education committee, has excited quite as universal, and quite as deep a feeling of disgust in Scotland as in England. He is now certainly in a low enough situation; but his Castigator might have placed him there without throwing any of the mud upon us, who are just as well pleased with the humiliation of the Charlatan as the best Regius Professor among them all. But to proceed: The Doctor occupies the remainder of his first volume with a very animated description of various circles of private society into which he was introduced during his stay in Edinburgh. We might quote, from this part of the work, many passages

which could not fail to be highly interesting to our readers, such, for example, as his description of a blue-stocking party, (tea and turn-out,) where he had the felicity to hear many very novel remarks on the poetry of Lord Byron, Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, and to meet with the Ettrick Shepherd in propria personâ—where he was favoured with a critical disquisition on things in general, by a fantastic Frenchman, who concluded his diatribe with these consolatory words, “I do very much approve Shakspeare”—where he was informed, by one old lady, that Buonaparte is a mere poltroon, and by another, that the *march of intellect* will infallibly render a reform in Parliament necessary within the next half-century, &c. &c. all very proper to be treasured up and remembered by any frequenter of Tabby at-homes, but dismissed with infinite scorn by Doctor Morris, who is a two-bottle man, and one of those, to use Madame Defland’s phrase, *qui n’aiment pas la prose*. There is also an excellent chapter on the bar of Scotland, wherein the Doctor has favoured us with most graphic and lively portraiture of Messrs Clerk, Cranstoun, Jeffrey, Cockburn, and several others of less note. There is also a very amusing account of a ball, which the Doctor seems to have been wonderfully delighted with, although he modestly declined participating in the more active part of its pleasures. The beauty of the Scotch young ladies has had few more fervent admirers than the Doctor; and although his delicacy has made him leave asterisks instead of names, the exquisite truth and feeling of some of his descriptions will easily enable those acquainted with our *beau monde* to discover what “bright particular stars” they were, that most effectually dazzled his optics. All these passages, however, in spite of the interest which we are aware they would give to our pages, we omit—for divers good and sufficient reasons, which the judicious will understand without any formal enunciation of them.

At Glasgow, the Doctor has his eyes about him quite as much as at Edinburgh; but although we well know there is nothing which could be more agreeable to our good friends of that city, than to hear at full length his opinion of them and all their out-go-

ings and in-comings, the comparative small importance of these topics in the eyes of the rest of the world induces us to extract only a very few passages, and these perhaps not the most intensely characteristic or amusing. The following sketch, however, will be allowed, by all who have ever gone the western circuit, or had occasion in any other way to visit the capital of St Mungo, to be a picture from the life, and to the life.

“Mr —— asked me to dine with him next day, and appointed me to meet him at the coffee-room or exchange, exactly at a quarter before 5 o’clock, from which place he said he would himself conduct me to his residence. My rendezvous is a very large, ill-shaped, low-roofed room, surrounded on all sides with green cane chairs, small tables, and newspapers, and opening by glass folding-doors, upon a paved piazza of some extent. This piazza is in fact the Exchange, but the business is done in the adjoining room, where all the merchants are to be seen at certain hours of the day, pacing up and down with more or less importance in their strut, according to the situation of their affairs, or the nature of the bargains of the day. I have seldom seen a more amusing medley. Although I had travelled only forty miles from Edinburgh, I could with difficulty persuade myself that I was still in the same kingdom. Such roaring! such cursing! such peals of discord! such laughter! such grotesque attitudes! such arrogance! such vulgar disregard of all courtesy to a stranger! Here was to be seen the counting-house *blood*, dressed in box-coat, belcher handkerchief, and top boots, or leather gaiters—discoursing (*Edopol!*) about brown sugar and genseng! Here was to be seen the counting-house *dandy*, with whalebone stays, stiff neckcloth, Surtout, Cossacks, a spur on his heel, a gold-headed cane on his wrist, and a Kent on his head—mincing primly to his brother dandy some question about Pullicat Handkerchiefs. Here was to be seen the counting-house *bear*, with a grin, and a voice like a glass-blower. Here, above all, was to be seen the Glasgow *literateur*, striding in his corner, with a pale face and an air of exquisite abstraction, meditating, no doubt, some high paragraph for the chronicle, or perchance, some pamphlet against Dr Chalmers! Here, in a word, were to be seen abundant varieties of folly and presumption—abundant airs of plebeianism—I was now in the coffee-room of Glasgow.

“My friend soon joined me, and observing, from the appearance of my countenance, that I was contemplating the scene with some disgust, ‘My good fellow,’ said he, ‘you are just like every other well-educated stranger that comes into this town, you cannot endure the first sight of us mercantile whelps. Do not, however, be alarmed, I

will not introduce you to any of these cattle at dinner. No, sir, you must know that there are a few men of refinement and polite information in this city. I have *warned* two or three of these *rare ones*, and, depend upon it, you shall have a very snug *day's work*. So saying, he took my arm, and observing that five was *just on the chap*, hurried me through several streets and lanes till we arrived in the ——— where his house is situated. His wife was, I perceived, quite the fine lady, and withal a little of the blue-stocking. Hearing that I had just come from Edinburgh, she remarked that Glasgow would certainly be seen to much disadvantage after that elegant city. 'Indeed,' said she, 'a person of taste must of course find many disagreeables connected with a residence in such a town as this; but Mr ———'s business renders the thing necessary for the present, and one cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear—he, he, he!' Another lady of the company carried this affectation still further. She pretended to be quite ignorant of Glasgow and its inhabitants, although she had lived among them the greater part of her life—and, by the bye, she seemed to be no chicken. I was afterwards told by my friend, the major, that this damsel had in reality sojourned a winter or two at Edinburgh, in the capacity of *lick-spittle*, or *toad-eater*, to a lady of quality, to whom she had rendered herself amusing by a malicious tongue; and that during this short absence she had embraced the opportunity of utterly forgetting every thing about the west country. But there would be no end of it were I to tell you all, &c.

"The dinner was excellent, although calculated apparently for forty people rather than for sixteen, which last number sat down. Capital salmon, and trout almost as rich as salmon from one of the lochs—prime mutton from Argyleshire, very small and sweet, and indeed ten times better than half the venison we see in London—veal not superior—beef of the very first order—some excellent fowls in curry—every thing washed down by delicious old West India Madeira, which went like elixir vitae into the recesses of my stomach, somewhat ruffled in consequence of my riotous living at Edinburgh. A single bottle of hock and another of white hermitage went round, but I saw plainly that the greater part of the company took them for perry or cider. After dinner, we had two or three bottles of port, which the landlord recommended as being *real stuff*. Abundance of the same Madeira, but, to my sorrow, no claret—the only wine I ever care for more than half-a-dozen glasses of. While the ladies remained in the room there was such a noise and racket of coarse mirth, ill restrained by a few airs of sickly sentiment on the part of the hostess, that I really could neither attend to the wine or the dessert; but after a little time, a very broad hint from a fat Falstaff, near the foot of the table, apparently quite a privileged char-

acter, thank Heaven! set the ladies out of the room. The moment after which blessed consummation, the butler and footman entered as if by instinct, the one with a huge punch bowl, and the other with, &c."

"A considerable altercation occurred on the entrance of the bowl, the various members of the company civilly entreating each other to officiate, exactly like the "Elders" in Burns's poem of the *Holy Fair* "bothering from side to side" about the saying of grace. A middle aged gentleman was at length prevailed upon to draw "the china" before him, and the knowing manner in which he forthwith began to arrange all his materials, impressed me at once with the idea that he was completely master of the noble science of making a bowl. The bowl itself was really a beautiful old piece of Porcelain. It was what is called a *double bowl*, that is, the coloured surface was cased in another of pure white net-work, through which the red and blue flowers and trees shone out most beautifully. The sugar being melted with a little cold water, the artist squeezed about a dozen lemons through a wooden strainer, and then poured in water enough almost to fill the bowl. In this state the liquor goes by the name of Sherbet, and a few of the connoisseurs in his immediate neighbourhood were requested to give their opinion of it—for in the mixing of the Sherbet lies, according to the Glasgow creed, at least one half of the whole battle. This being approved by an audible smack from the lips of the umpires, the rum was added to the beverage, I suppose, in something about the proportion of one to seven. Last of all, the maker cut a few limes, and running each section rapidly round the rim of his bowl, squeezed in enough of this more delicate acid to flavour the whole composition. In this consists the true *tour-de-maitre* of the punch-maker. Upon tasting it, I could not refuse the tribute of my warmest admiration to our accomplished artist—so cool, so balmy, so refreshing a compound of sweets and sour never before descended into my stomach. Had Mahomet, &c.

"The punch being fairly made, the real business of the evening commenced, and, giving its due weight to the balsamic influence of the fluid, I must say the behaviour of the company was such as to remove almost entirely the prejudices I had conceived in consequence of their first appearance and external manners. In the course of talk, I found that the coarseness which had most offended me was nothing but a kind of wag-gish disguise, assumed as the covering of minds keenly alive to the ridiculous, and therefore studious to avoid all appearance of finery—an article which they are aware always seems absurd when exhibited by persons of their profession. In short, I was amongst a set of genuinely shrewd, clever, sarcastic fellows, all of them completely *up to trap*—all of them good-natured and friendly in their dispositions—and all of them inclined

to take their full share in the laugh against their own peculiarities. Some subjects, besides, of political intent, were introduced and discussed in a tone of great good sense and moderation. As for wit, I must say there was no want of it, in particular from the 'privileged character' I have already noticed. There was a *breadth* and *quaintness* of humour about this gentleman which gave me infinite delight; and, on the whole, I was really much disposed, at the end of the evening (for we never looked near the drawing-room) to congratulate myself as having made a good exchange for the self-sufficient young Whig coxcombs of Edinburgh. Such is the danger of trusting too much to first impressions. The Glasgow people would, in general, do well to assume as their motto, 'Fronti nulla fides;' and yet there are not a few of them whose faces I should be very sorry to see any thing different from what they are. Among the most agreeable fellows I met with in the course of my stay were the following," &c.—Vol. II. pp. 50—60.

We quote the following extraordinary passage respecting the university of Glasgow, in the confident expectation that the charge contained in it will be refuted by some one or other of the eloquent professors.

"The university of Glasgow consists, like that of Edinburgh, of one college, and contains, I am informed, almost as many students; but, in regard to the higher branches of education, it certainly bears, and deserves to bear, an inferior character. This is singular, and must not be allowed to pass without remark. The college of Glasgow is a far older, more venerable, and infinitely richer institution than that of Edinburgh; it is situated in a rich town, and a most populous part of the country. It would, at first sight, seem to possess every advantage, but on inquiry I found that it makes very little use of those it does possess. I was much pleased with the first appearance of the college. It is a plain but respectable old building, not unlike some of our third rates at Cambridge and Oxford. The students are, in general, a miserable looking set of creatures, rough, ill-clad lads, with tattered red cloaks (like those of the *Dames des Halles*), having, in short, any air rather than that of studious ease and elegance. There are many clever fellows among them however, and indeed, during the first years of their attendance, I am informed they enjoy the best opportunities of cultivating their faculties—particularly under Professor John Young, who was an intimate friend of Porson and Burney, and probably would rank high, even among the scholars of England, were he removed thither,—also, Dr Jardine, the professor of logic, who possesses, as I am told, a *tact* in directing the energies of young minds entirely peculiar to himself.

I have heard some other individual names among these professors mentioned with respect, but, as a body, I must say they were universally talked of, in my hearing, in terms of very little worship. Whether it be the air of the place, or the influence of example, this corporation has assumed, in all its ideas and conduct, the appearance of a petty mercantile house. The interests of science are very far, according to the report I heard, from being alone, or even uppermost, in the minds of *Taylor and Co.* (for so the Glasgow wags have christened the principal and professors). For example, the ground bequeathed as a garden to the university, has been lately appropriated to the personal use of the professors, where, instead of young men and boys enjoying innocent recreation or healthful exercise, no inhabitants are now to be seen, but ewes and wethers fattening for the tables of these epicurean philosophers. Nay, such is the spirit of encroachment that they have actually sold a considerable part of the soil, so that all around what used to be a kind of intellectual *insula* in the midst of this mercantile city, there are now springing up huge cotton-mills, soap-works, singeing-houses, &c.—so much for *auri sacra fames*!—I mention these things as I heard them."—pp. 83—84.

Then follows a long history of the origin and characteristics of a species of wit peculiar to this mercantile city, and known in it by the name of *gaggery*; which we shall omit for the present, but hope soon to insert, with a running commentary, by some member of our fraternity better acquainted with the subject.—Next comes a very amusing and well written chapter on the state of religion in the west of Scotland, the original head-quarters of the Covenanters. Our author, as our readers are by this time prepared to expect, is pleased with the air of sincere but rational piety diffused over the countenances and manners of the peasantry, and describes the appearance of a country congregation in church, in a way that cannot fail to give delight to every reader whose heart is not corrupted and dead to the influences of all the finer parts of human nature. He spends a day or two in Clydesdale, at the house of an eminent clergyman, whom he met with at Glasgow; And accompanying his host to a meeting of the Presbytery, followed of course by an excellent dinner, and a moderate allowance of whisky-toddy, he breaks out into an eulogy of the clergy of our church, their simple manner of living, their unwearied exertions in doing good, and last, but not least in the

Doctor's estimation, their eminent qualifications as pleasant companions over the bowl—all in such a style of warm and affectionate eloquence, that we think the Presbytery of Hamilton ought really to present the Doctor with a ram's-horn snuff-mill, or some other suitable token of their gratitude. But, indeed, we doubt not this hint from us is entirely superfluous.

On his way back to Edinburgh, the Doctor visits many remarkable spots, alike interesting from the beauty with which they have been clothed by the hand of nature, and the memory of great deeds done there ;

“ Battle and siege, in the old time
When Caledon was in her prime.”

Among these are, of course, Bothwell-castle, which Aymer de Valence defended against Sir William Wallace—Bothwell-bridge, rendered immortal by the achievements of Dalyell and Burleigh—and Morningside, that sequestered romantic field, where the gratitude of posterity has consecrated a superb fountain to the never-sufficiently-to-be-applauded valour of the Gudeman of Allantoun. After driving his shandrydan, at a slow and reverential pace, three times around this great national monument, the Doctor alights, and having procured a stone bottle from a cottage in the neighbourhood, he fills this vessel with the water of Morningside well, in the view of presenting it, on the conclusion of his travels, to the museum of the college about to be founded in Wales by the excellent Bishop of St Davids. The ΣΗΜΑ ΠΕΛΟΠΙΟΝ ἩΡΩΟΣ is then left in the distance, but the effect of the visit is such, that the enthusiastic mind of the Doctor does not quite recover its tone till he once more finds himself opposite the door of Mr Oman's Hotel, in Edinburgh. And here, for the present, we must bid adieu to this intelligent traveller. His book is a valuable present to the people of England and Wales, for it furnishes the only graphical and trust-worthy sketches of the present

manners and society of Scotland, which they have it in their power to peruse. To make any lengthened comments on Doctor Morris's style would be superfluous, after the very copious extracts which we have given. He is singularly free from that passion for fine writing which infects most modern tourists. He never goes about the bush for a phrase, but seems resolved to express his meaning in the most brief, and direct, and precise manner. His compliments have an air of sincerity about them which must additionally endear the Doctor to those who had the pleasure of knowing him personally during his stay among us ; although, indeed, from the way in which we hear him talked of at a club of which he became a member when in Edinburgh, for this there is no occasion. The Doctor is a keen satirist too, but as, in general, he does not seem to bestow his cuts except where they are pretty well merited, we, for our parts, are very willing to pass over this little failing in a countryman of our old friend Matthew Bramble.

To show that our admiration of the Doctor is sincere, we shall now mention a small circumstance which, from feelings of delicacy, we omitted to speak of in its proper place. We ourselves occupied a great share of the Doctor's attention during his visit, and he has dedicated a whole chapter to the character of our miscellany. He pays us many fine compliments, no doubt ; but we must be honest enough to confess, that he gives us now and then a pretty severe sarcasm into the bargain. The compliments and the sarcasms we take alike in good part, and can only say, that we hope he will dine with us at Ambrose's the next time he comes—when we have no doubt he shall easily convince him that there is much less difference between our way of thinking and his, upon most subjects, than he is at present aware of. M. M.

Seafeld Baths, Feb. 18th 1819,

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Monument to Werner.—The Saxon government has ordered the erection of a magnificent monument in honour of the celebrated Werner.

Professor Mohs.—Professor Mohs, the successor to Werner, has commenced his public labours at the mining school of Freyberg. He teaches the method of Werner, and also his own new and highly important views in regard to crystallography.

La Place.—The celebrated La Place has just published some important geological inferences in regard to the formation of the earth. He seems now inclined to the Neptunian system, although formerly rather a Plutonist. This change of creed in geology is not uncommon; for one day we find naturalists vigorously supporting the absurdities of the Neptunian system, and the next as keenly embarked in a defence of all the visionary fancies of the Plutonists.

New Fire Theory of the Earth.—The Italian geologist Breislac, a great volcanist and active investigator of volcanic countries, has just published a work on geology, in which he proposes a new igneous theory of the earth, and rejects the fire system of Hutton as absurd.

New Minerals.—The number of well ascertained mineral species is inconsiderable. Very lately a considerable addition has been made to the list of *vague species*. Of this description are the following: spak, kollyrit, copper-indigo, allophane, skordite, stilpnosiderite, haayne, konite.—Old minerals have got new names, thus the Andalusite has been re-described and named Jamesonite, while new species, as the Allanite of Thompson, have been banished from the system. Even the mountain rocks have not been allowed to remain at rest, some geologists having reduced them all to one *extensive species*, while others have increased the number of species tenfold.

Chemistry of Minerals.—All mountain rocks are more or less compound, and hence are not fit subjects for regular chemical analysis. Yet in defiance of this, chemists are daily favouring the world with the results of their chemical examination of the rocks of different districts—we have analyses of granite, white-stone, porphyry, &c.!!! Other chemists are more laudably employed in analysing simple minerals, but to these a hint may be useful. The analysis of one variety of a mineral species will not afford us a distinct and accurate conception of its chemical composition. This can be obtained only by a regular analysis of all the principal varieties of the species. This mode of investigating minerals has never been followed, and hence nearly all the information we have in regard to the chemical composition of mineral species is unsatisfactory.

Mineralogical chemistry.—It may be useful to our readers to know those chemists who are at present considered as the principal authorities in chemical mineralogy. On the continent, the most eminent are *Vauquelin*, *Berzelius*, *Bucholz*, and *Stromeyer*,—*Gmelin*, a pupil of Berzelius, *Vauquelin*, *Klaproth*, and *Rose*, promises, from his great knowledge and practical skill, to improve this difficult and important branch of chemistry. In Great Britain *Wollaston* stands unrivalled for the accuracy and elegance of his methods of analysis. Next to him ranks *Hatchett*, who unites great ingenuity with neatness and accuracy. Our active and distinguished countryman *Thomson*, has published many analyses of minerals, which are executed with his usual address and ingenuity. We look forward to numerous and important discoveries in chemical mineralogy, from the great chemical laboratory which Thomson has just established in the college of Glasgow. *Murray* has principally distinguished himself by his analysis of mineral waters. *Philips* in London, and *Holme* in Cambridge, promise important services to chemical mineralogy. *Hope* appeared but once as a chemical mineralogist, and eminently distinguished himself by his paper on Strontites. *Chenevix*, an excellent chemical mineralogist, has entirely abandoned the field.

Dictionary of Mineralogy.—We understand that a dictionary of mineralogy by a naturalist of this country, is considerably advanced, and will appear next season. This will supply a desideratum in our mineralogical literature.

Mineralogical Map of England.—The great geological map of England, by the president of the geological society of London, will appear next month. We trust that a part, at least, of the mineralogical map of Scotland, will ere long be laid before the public.

New Expedition.—We understand that a new expedition, under Lieut. Parry, is to sail early in May to Cumberland's Straits, with the view of discovering a north-west passage in that direction.

Mr Adie's Sympiesometer.—Mr Adie, of Edinburgh, has taken out a patent for his new and valuable barometer, to which he has given the name of Sympiesometer. The instrument was carried out with the expedition under Captain Ross, and was found greatly superior in every respect to the mercurial barometer.

New Hygrometer.—Mr Adie has also invented a new hygrometer of great delicacy, which will form a valuable addition to our stock of meteorological instruments.

New Life Boat.—A new life boat has been invented by Lieut. Gardiner, R. N. It supports eighteen men when filled with water, and rights itself again spontaneously when overset, even though its mast and sail are standing.

Shower of Salt Water in Dumfriesshire.—Some weeks ago a severe shower of salt water fell in the parish of St Mungo, in Dumfriesshire. The day after, when the wind evaporated the water, the leaves of evergreens, and branches of hedges, glistened with crystals of salt.

Scientific Expedition in America.—A scientific party will proceed in March to explore the natural productions of the numerous large rivers tributary to the Mississippi. They will go in a steam-boat now building for the purpose at Pittsburg, and expect to be absent for upwards of three years. T. Say, Esq. of Philadelphia, will be one of the party.

Subterranean Noises.—At Haddam, in Connecticut, for several years past, noises, like the firing of small arms, have been continually heard, which have been accompanied with almost continual concussions of the earth. So frequently have these effects been experienced, that they are quite disregarded by the inhabitants. About six years since, however, a serious explosion took place, which rent and dislocated large masses of the granite mountains.

Sulphate of Strontian.—This substance

has been lately found in considerable quantity at Carlisle, about 34 miles west of Albany, state of New York, imbedded in clay slate, forming very extensive strata. It was first tried by a common smith as a substitute for borax, and has been found the most useful flux ever employed in brazing and welding. By employing a very small quantity of it in powder, instead of clay, he welded easily the most refractory steel; and in brazing, it proved superior to borax, on account of its remaining more fixed at a high temperature.

Woodanium.—M. Lampadius gives the above name to a new metal which he has discovered in some English ores; but the characters of the ores are not mentioned in the letter which he has addressed to Dr Müller on this subject.

Universally Applicable Theory of the Earth.—A tract is in preparation on the Theory of the Earth. We understand it is to combine the principles (if there be any) of the Huttonian, Wernerian, Volcanic, and Breislackean, theories, in such a manner as to produce a consistent and harmonious whole!!—We would advise the author of this adventurous and very meritorious undertaking to write in such verse (as it must necessarily be a poem) as has been used in celebrating the *volcanic fires* of Ireland, and in painting the formation of the *organic mountains* and valleys of the black forest.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A Traveller's Tale of the Last Century; in 3 vols 12mo; by Miss Spence, author of 'Letters from the Highlands, &c.

Mondouro; a novel.

Sir Arthur Clark has nearly ready for publication, an Essay on Warm, Cold, and Vapour Bathing; with Observations on Sea Bathing, &c.

Capt. James Burney, of the royal navy, is printing an Historical Review of the Maritime Discoveries of the Russians, and of the attempts that have been made to discover a northeast passage to China.

Mr S. Fleming proposes to publish, in a quarto volume, the Life of Demosthenes; with an account of the age of Philip of Macedonia, and Alexander the Great.

Mr P. B. Shelley has in the press, Rosalind and Helen, a tale; with other poems.

The Rev. J. Kennicott will soon publish, an Analysis of the fifth book of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity.

A Voyage in the Persian Gulph, and a Journey over Land from India to England, in 1817, is preparing for publication, in one volume quarto, illustrated by plates; containing an account of Arabia Felix, Arabia Deserta, Persia, Mesopotamia, Babylon,

Bagdad, Koordestan, Armenia, Asia Minor, &c.; by William Hende, Esq. of the Madras Military Establishment.

Mr Peter Nicholson, author of many esteemed mathematical works, is preparing for early publication, a popular Course of the Mathematical Sciences; which is adapted to succeed to the study of arithmetic in public schools. It will comprise the entire elements of pure and mixed mathematics, and every part will be accompanied by numerous questions, examples, and cases, for the exercise of the pupil.

A translation is printing in London of the Abbé Guillard's Traité on the Amusement and Instruction of the Blind, with engravings. It is well known that this gentleman is the conductor of the famous national establishment for the blind at Paris, and in this volume he has presented the world with the interesting results of his experience.

Mr Britton announces a History and Description of Lichfield Cathedral; to be illustrated with sixteen engravings, from drawings by Mackenzie; among which is one representing the justly famed monument by Chantrey, of the two children of Mrs

Robinson; this history is to be finished in the present year, and will form a portion of the author's series of the "Cathedral Antiquities of England."

A volume of Letters are preparing for publication, written by the Hon. Lady Spencer to her niece, the late amiable Duchess of Devonshire, shortly after her marriage.

C. Dibdin, Esq. will publish shortly, Young Arthur, or the Child of Mystery, a metrical romance.

A new edition of Lord Bacon's works, in twelve volumes foolscap, enriched with portraits, with the Latin part of them translated into English; by Dr. Peter Shaw, M.D. will appear in February.

In the press, Specimens of Irish Eloquence, now first arranged and collected, with Biographical Notices, and a Preface; by Charles Phillips, Esq. the Irish barrister.—This volume contains the most eloquent specimens of the powers of Plunket, Curran, Burke, Burrowes, Bushe, Sheridan, Grattan, with portraits, containing such a collection of splendid eloquence as was, perhaps, never before presented to the public in a single volume; 8vo. price 12s.

Nearly ready for Publication, No VII. of Mr Dyer's Lives of Illustrious Men.

* * From the best authority, we are informed there is no foundation whatever for the announce which appeared in our last Number, of Travels in Italy by the Miss Berrys.

EDINBURGH.

A System of Mineralogy; by Robert Jameson, Regius Professor of Natural History, Lecturer on Mineralogy, and Keeper of the Museum in the University of Edinburgh, a new edition, 3 vols. 8vo.

A Compendium of Mineralogy, by the same author.

A System of Geology, by the same author.

Next month will be published, in 2 vols 4to, the second edition, revised and enlarged, of Commentaries on the Law of Scotland, respecting Crimes; by David Hume, Esq. Advocate, Professor of Scots Law in the University of Edinburgh, &c.

* * This edition, in two volumes, includes the entire contents of the Author's two former works on Criminal Law, in four volumes, and also of the volume of Supplemental Notes, which are all incorporated in the present edition at their proper places. Considerable additions have been made by

the author both to the text and the notes; and the whole work has undergone a thorough revision. It now exhibits the state of the Criminal Practice to the present year.

Mr Thomson has lately received from Vienna, the Manuscript of twelve popular Themes, Irish, Scottish, Welsh, &c. with variations for the Piano Forte, and a Flute accompaniment, composed for him by Beethoven, which are in the engraver's hands, and will speedily appear.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a View of some of the Leading Features of the Christian Faith, addressed to the Society of Friends; by James Miller, a member of that Society.

A new edition of the Poems of Ossian is preparing for publication, with Notes, Critical, Historical, and Explanatory; by William Beauford, A. M.

In the press, "Old Tapestry," a Tale of Real Life, in 2 vols 12mo.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ARTS.

The Journal of Science and the Arts, edited at the Royal Institution of Great Britain; No. XII.

Specimens in Eccentric Circular Turning, with Practical Instructions for producing corresponding Pieces in that Art; by J. H. Ibbetson; illustrated by Copper-plate Engravings, and Cuts referring to, and explaining the different Figures to be executed; 8vo. £1, 1s.

Enchiridion Romæ; or Manual of detached Remarks on the Buildings, Pictures, Statutes, Inscriptions, &c. of Ancient and Modern Rome; foolscap 8vo. 5s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

A Journal of the Life, Travels, and Christian Experience of Thomas Chalkley, written by himself; 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Biographical Conversations on Celebrated Travellers; comprehending distinct narratives of their personal adventures; by the Rev. Wm. Bingley, M. A. F. L. S. 6s. 6d.

BOTANY.

Medical Botany, or the History of the Plants in the Materia Medica of the London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Pharmacopœias; together with a description of such other plants which possess medicinal properties; No. I. 3s. 6d.

DRAMA.

Brutus, or the fall of Tarquin, a Tragedy; by J. H. Payne, Esq. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Shakspeare's Genius justified; by Z. Jackson, 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Hamlet; and As You Like It, intended as a Specimen of a New Edition of Shakspeare; royal 8vo.

The House of Artois, and the House of Lais; Tragedies founded on the Greek Drama; with a Preface, on the Peculiarities of its structure and Moral Principles, and other Poems; by John Smith, formerly of King's College, Cambridge; 8vo. 10s. 6d.

HISTORY.

The History of the Town and Borough

of Uxbridge; containing copies of interesting public documents, and a particular account of all charitable donations left for the benefit of the poor; by George Bedford, A. M. and Thomas Hurry Riches, 8vo. £1.

History and Description of the City of York; by W. Hargrove, 3 vols royal 8vo. £1, 16s.

LAW.

Practice of the Exchequer, and Summary of Law of Extents; by J. Manning, Esq. 3 vols royal 8vo. £2, 8s.

A Short Digest of the Law and Practice in Bankruptcy; including a statement of the commissioners' authority to summon and examine witnesses and others in commissions of Bankruptcy; with a reference to all the material cases; by George Roots, Esq. 12s.

Reports of Cases in Bankruptcy, argued and determined in the High Court of Chancery, during the year 1818; together with a digested index of all the contemporaneous reports, on subjects relating to the bankrupt laws; by J. W. Buck, Esq. vol. I. part II. 9s.

MEDICINE.

Elements of Medical Logic; by Sir Gilbert Blane, Bart. 8vo. 7s.

Practical Illustrations of the Progress of Medical Improvement for the last thirty years; by Charles Maclean, M. D. 8vo. 7s.

A Practical Treatise on Tropical Dysentery; by R. W. Bamfield, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, published by the Medical and Chirurgical society of London; vol. 9, part 2, 8vo. 7s.—All the preceding volumes of this work may be had.

Transactions of the Association of Fellows and Licentiates of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland; vol. II. 8vo. 16s.

MEMOIRS.

Memoirs of the First Thirty-two Years of the Life of James Harry Vaux, now transported for the second time, and for life, to New South Wales; written by himself, 2 vols 12mo. 10s.

Annals of Health and Long Life, with Observations on Regimen and Diet; including Records of Longevity, with Biographical Anecdotes of one hundred and forty persons who attained extreme old age. 4s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Quarterly Review, No. XXXVIII. 6s.

The British Review, Number XXV. 8vo. 6s.

The Colonial Journal, No. IV. and IX, published on the 8th of February; 8vo. 8s.

The Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London, part II. of vol. III. with three coloured and two plain Engravings; 4to. £1: 6: 6.

Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia; vol. XXXIX. 4to. £1.

A Description of a New and Improved Method of constructing Wheel Carriages:

to which are prefixed some observations on wheel-carriages in general, with Engravings; by J. T. Koster, 3s.

Observations on the Automaton Chess Player, now exhibited in London, at No 4, Spring Gardens; by an Oxford Graduate.

Letters from the North of Italy, addressed to Henry Hallam, Esq. relating principally to the Administration, Climate, Manners, Language, and Literature of that Country, by William Stewart Rose, 2 vols 8vo. 18s.

A Series of Familiar Letters on Angling, Shooting, and Coursing; by Robert Lascelles, Esq. royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Correspondence between the Court of Rome and Baron Von Wessenberg, Bishop of Constance; in which the Bishop disputes the Authority of the Pope in Germany; an Account of his endeavours, and with every probability of success, to effect a general Reformation in the German Catholic Church; 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Occurrences during Six Months Residence in the Province of Calabria Ulteriore, in the Kingdom of Naples, in the Years 1809, 1810; containing a description of the Country, remarks on the manners and customs of the Inhabitants, and observations on the conduct of the French towards them, with instances of their oppression, &c. by Lieut. P. J. Elmhirst, R. N. 8vo. 6s.

Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay; containing Papers and Essays by Sir James Mackintosh, Sir John Malcolm, Sir George Staunton, H. Salt, Esq. Baron Wrede, Lieut. Col. Nicholls, Lieut. E. Frissell, Lieut. F. Irvine, Lieut. J. W. Graham, Capt. E. Frederick, Capt. W. Miles, J. Ross, Esq. Capt. J. Briggs, Lieut. J. Mackmurdo, William Erskine, Esq. J. Copeland, Esq. Capt. J. Carnac: with an Appendix, and a List of the Members, with Engravings, 4to. £2: 12: 6.

Essays on the Institutions, Government, and Manners of the States of Ancient Greece; by Henry David Hill, D. D. Professor of Greek in the University of St Andrews; 12mo. 7s.

MUSIC.

A concise Treatise on Italian Singing, elucidated with Rules, Observations, and Examples, succeeded by a new method of Instruction, comprising Scales, Exercises, Intervals, and Solfeggios, peculiarly arranged and harmonized; dedicated to T. Broadwood, Esq.; by G. G. Ferrari.

NOVELS.

Emily, or the Wife's First Error; and Beauty and Ugliness, or the Father's Prayer and the Mother's prophecy; two Tales; by Elizabeth Bennet, author of Faith and Fiction, &c. 4 vols 12mo. £1.

The Countess of Carrick, a Love Tale; and Clandestine Marriage, a Poem. Dedicated to the Rt. Hon. Lady Frances Vane Tempest, by Carolan; foolscap 8vo. 8s.

POETRY.

Childe Harold in the Shades, an Infernal Romance.

A Churchman's Second Epistle; by the Author of *Religio Clerici*, with Notes and Illustrations; 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Montalto, or the Heart Unveiled; a Poem, in two Cantos, with other Poems; by Tho. M'Carthy.

Human Life; a Poem; by Samuel Rogers, Esq. author of the *Pleasures of Memory*; small 4to. 12s.

Specimens of the British Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry; by Thomas Campbell, Esq. author of the *Pleasures of Hope*; 7 vols crown 8vo. £3: 13: 6.

The Banquet, a Poem in three Cantos, with Notes; embellished with a frontispiece and engraved titlepage; 8vo. 5s. 6d.

A Seventh Volume of the Collected Works of the Rt. Hon. Lord Byron, containing the Third and Fourth Cantos of *Childe Harold*; foolscap 8vo. 7s.

The Stage, a Poem. By John Brown, author of "Psyche."

POLITICS.

Remarks on the Liberty of the Press in Great Britain, together with Observations on the late Trials of Watson, Hone, &c.; Translated from the German of Gentz; 8vo. 4s.

The Parliamentary History of England, from the earliest Period to the Year 1803—vol. XXXIV. comprising the period from 1798 to 1800; royal 8vo. £1: 11: 6.

The Principles and Practices of Pretended Reformers in Church and State; by Arthur Kenney, D. D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Letter to the Rt. Hon. Robert Peel, M. P. for the University of Oxford, on the pernicious Effects of a Variable Standard of Value, especially as it regards the lower Orders of the Poor Laws; by One of his Constituents, 3s. 6d.

A Speech on the propriety of Reviewing the Criminal Laws, delivered, Dec. 10, 1819, before the Corporation of the City of London. By Samuel Favell.

A Defence of the Poor Laws, with a plan for the suppression of Mendicity, and

for the establishment of Universal Benefit Societies. By Samuel Roberts, author of the *State Lottery. A Dream.*

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

We stated, on a former occasion, our intention of making an addition to our monthly reports, of a new method of determining the hygrometric state of the atmosphere, more accurate, as well as more intelligible, than any that has yet been adopted. Our readers will find this addition in the following abstract, under the title of Relative Humidity, stated in degrees and tenths of a degree, complete dryness being denoted by 0, and complete moisture, or saturation, by 100. It is well known, that the indications of Leslie's hygrometer, taken by themselves, convey no clear or accurate idea either of the absolute or relative quantity of moisture in the atmosphere, except at the point of complete saturation. In that case, whatever be the temperature, the instrument stands at Zero, but as it rises indefinitely with an increase of temperature, or, in other words, because there is no number of degrees that denotes complete dryness, it is impossible to attach any distinct meaning to its indications. In consequence of Mr Anderson's discoveries in hygrometry, we are now enabled to remedy this inconvenience, by reducing Leslie's hygrometer to a definite scale, and exhibiting the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere in *hundredths* of what would be necessary to produce complete saturation. The point of saturation is denoted by 100, and the scale descends from that to 0, or complete dryness, as it seems more intelligible to say that the air contains such and such a quantity of moisture, than that it possesses a certain degree of dryness. Hence the expression, *relative humidity*. Besides this, our readers will likewise find in the abstract, the *absolute* quantity of moisture in 100 cubic inches of air, in decimals of a grain. This also is one of the results of Anderson's formula.

The month of January has been in many respects similar to the corresponding month of 1818. The mean temperature is about three-fourths of a degree higher, and the quantity of rain about half an inch greater. The weather was, upon the whole, open, but changeable and stormy, with high west winds. The barometer was often very unsteady, though the greatest fluctuation did not take place till some days after the highest wind. The mean daily range, as well as that of the thermometer, is nearly the same as last year.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude $56^{\circ} 25'$, Elevation 185 feet.

JANUARY 1819.

<i>Means.</i>		<i>Extremes.</i>	
THERMOMETER.		THERMOMETER.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	42.5	Maximum, 14th day,	52.0
..... cold,	33.5	Minimum, 31st,	21.5
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	38.2	Lowest maximum, 31st,	35.0
..... 10 P. M.	36.8	Highest minimum, 4th,	45.0
..... of daily extremes,	37.9	Highest, 10 A. M. 14th,	46.5
..... 10 A. M. and P. M.	37.5	Lowest ditto, 19th,	30.5
..... 4 daily observations,	37.7	Highest, 10 P. M. 4th,	48.0
Whole range of thermometer,	286.0	Lowest ditto 31st,	26.0
Mean daily ditto,	9.2	Greatest range in 24 hours, 14th,	17.0
..... temperature of spring water,	41.1	Least ditto, 4th,	4.0
BAROMETER.		BAROMETER.	
	Inches.		Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 44)	29.122	Highest, 10 A. M. 1st,	30.360
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 44)	29.390	Lowest ditto, 9th,	28.860
..... both, (temp. of mer. 44)	29.406	Highest, 10 P. M. 1st,	30.524
Whole range of barometer,	12.058	Lowest ditto, 25th,	28.690
Mean ditto, during the day,	.191	Greatest range in 24 hours, 16th,	1.100
..... night,	.197	Least ditto, 30th,	.050
..... in 24 hours,	.388		
HYGROMETER.		HYGROMETER.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.
Rain in inches,	3.572	Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M. 9th,	14.0
Evaporation in ditto,	.975	 Lowest ditto, 29th,	0.0
Mean daily Evaporation,	.051	 Highest, 10 P. M. 12th,	17.0
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	6.8	 Lowest ditto, 25th,	0.0
..... 10 P. M.	6.5	Anderson: P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A. M. 5th,	44.5
..... both,	6.7	 Lowest ditto, 31st,	22.4
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A. M.	33.8	 Highest, 10 P. M. 4th,	42.6
..... 10 P. M.	32.7	 Lowest ditto, 31st,	22.4
..... both,	33.3	 Relat. Hum. Greatest, 10 A. M. 29th,	100.0
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A. M.	86.4	 Least ditto, 25d,	72.6
..... 10 P. M.	87.1	 Greatest, 10 P. M. 25th,	100.0
..... both,	86.6	 Least ditto, 12th,	74.0
..... Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A. M.	146	 Mois. 100 cub. in Greatest 10 A. M. 5th,	204
..... 10 P. M.	159	 Least ditto, 31st,	097
..... both,	142	 Greatest, 10 P. M. 4th,	191
		 Least ditto, 31st,	097

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, after-noon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Jan. 1	M. 54½	50.209	M. 39	W.	Clear, frost.	Jan. 17	M. 54	28.655	M. 42	W.	Showery.
	A. 51½	.113	A. 41				A. 54	.654	A. 41		
2	M. 51½	.105	M. 44	S. W.	Clear, mild.	18	M. 52½	.957	M. 41	N. W.	Cloudy.
	A. 51½	29.976	A. 45				A. 52½	29.383	A. 37		
3	M. 55	.840	M. 41	S. W.	Cloudy.	19	M. 52	.450	M. 34	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 55	.886	A. 41				A. 26½	.158	A. 37		
4	M. 55	50.219	M. 44	S. W.	Clear, wind high.	20	M. 52	.123	M. 40	Cble.	Ditto, frost.
	A. 55	.209	A. 45				A. 26½	.107	A. 36		
5	M. 42	29.747	M. 46	S. W.	Rain fore- fair after.	21	M. 52	28.916	M. 36		Cloudy, snow.
	A. 52	.920	A. 42				A. 28	29.102	A. 55		
6	M. 50½	.714	M. 45	S. W.	Clear.	22	M. 52	28.789	M. 35	S. W.	Cloudy.
	A. 50½	.558	A. 45				A. 28	.728	A. 36		
7	M. 56	.287	M. 44	S. W.	Showery.	23	M. 52	.922	M. 38	S. W.	Ditto.
	A. 56	.309	A. 42				A. 52	29.128	A. 36		
8	M. 51	.555	M. 41	Calm.	Clear, frost	24	M. 52	.269	M. 35	Cble.	Do. sleet aft.
	A. 51	.186	A. 54				A. 29½	.871	A. 36		
9	M. 29½	28.726	M. 42	S. W.	Showery.	25	M. 52	.871	M. 38	S. W.	Ditto, rain, & sleet aft.
	A. 29½	.754	A. 42				A. 32	.871	A. 36		
10	M. 38	29.218	M. 42	S.	Ditto.	26	M. 52	28.871	M. 38	E.	Ditto.
	A. 38	28.668	A. 45				A. 31	29.172	A. 38		
11	M. 53	.840	M. 45	N. W.	Stormy, rain & snow	27	M. 52	.368	M. 37	E.	Cloudy, rain altern.
	A. 53	29.123	A. 40				A. 31½	.404	A. 39		
12	M. 52	.395	M. 41	S. W.	Clear.	28	M. 52	.391	M. 37	E.	Rain & sleet.
	A. 52	.450	A. 44				A. 32	.337	A. 36		
13	M. 52	.358	M. 42	N. W.	Ditto.	29	M. 52	.240	M. 39	S. E.	Clear, mild.
	A. 52	.309	A. 40				A. 31½	.241	A. 36		
14	M. 54	28.907	M. 45	N. W.	Rainy.	30	M. 52	.261	M. 36	Cble.	Cloudy.
	A. 54	29.354	A. 42				A. 27½	.382	A. 38		
15	M. 54	.265	M. 41	N. W.	Stormy, rain & snow	31	M. 52	.544	M. 33	N. W.	Clear frost.
	A. 54	.265	A. 37				A. 27	.162	A. 41		
16	M. 28	29.672	M. 56	N. W.	Clear.						
	A. 28	.540	A. 40								

Average of rain 3.5 inches.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—15th February 1819.

Sugar. THE price of this article of trade is various and unsettled. The market is very heavy, and the sales limited. The buyers in general keep back in expectation of the prices becoming lower; but as the stock is greatly reduced, and it is certain no supply of any consequence can reach this country for some months, there is a greater probability of a rise than a fall on this article. A hurricane in Jamaica in November (a most unusual time) has greatly injured the crop of 1819, as the Canes, on which the dependence is chiefly placed, are then come to nearly full growth, and are therefore more easily torn out of roots, broken and destroyed. The price of Sugar may be stated to have declined 1s. per cwt. In Foreign there is nothing doing. Considerable purchases have been made in Lump, but still there is no variation of price. Molasses are heavy and declining.—**Cotton.** The market continues very heavy, and for Bengals, in particular, greatly depressed. In London it is chiefly of this description which is to be found at market. At Liverpool there has lately been some appearance of revival in the Cotton market, but it is not likely to be to any great extent. The great stock on hand, the large quantities continuing to be imported, and the great fall in the markets whence this article is produced, must tend to prevent any considerable rise, at least for a considerable time. The imports last month were 60,063 bags and bales, which, if it continued at the same rate during the 12 months, would give 60,000 packages more than last year. The importations at this time also are not on the highest scale.—**Coffee.** This article fluctuates greatly, so much so, that it is impossible to give any correct idea of the state of the market. The quotations are merely nominal: Yet there is little doubt but that Coffee will continue to bear a good price, and be in regular, if not in very extensive demand.—**Tobacco.** The demand for

this article is reviving. Some sales have been made for home consumpt. The buyers believe that it has touched the lowest point of depression. Therefore inquiry is revived, and as the exports to the Continent have been considerable, the holders are sanguine of higher prices.—Of the other articles of commerce our details may be short, as there is little interesting concerning the markets for any of them. In Tallow there has been considerable transactions, but the prices are giving way. Hemp is sold under our quotations, and in Flax there is little doing. Oils are quoted lower, and sales heavy. The Grain market is dull. In Fruit there is no alteration. Beef, if good, is in demand. The sales of Bacon are heavy. Butters are in limited request, and a further decline anticipated. In Rum there is little doing, nor any variation in price. The price of *Brandy* is unsettled, and the sale of *Geneva* languid, as the importations of these articles are very considerable.

In our last Report, we took a general review of British commerce, and the countries to which it was daily extending. We omitted to notice a trade to the Red Sea, which we are happy to perceive is entering upon by British capital and skill. Mocha is the chief port at present where this trade is carried on, but there is not a doubt but that it will soon extend with increasing energy to all the ports in that famed sea, both on its Arabian and its Abyssinian shores, and also along the eastern shores of Africa, to the southward of these countries. During the war, the Americans carried on an extensive and lucrative trade with these places, by means of having the Isles of France for their rendezvous. This trade we may now fairly anticipate is gone into hands whose industry and honour will rapidly diffuse through these distant and once more interesting regions the blessings of knowledge, civilization, and peace.

Since our last publication, we are happy to see, that our accounts of the extensive trade and flourishing revenues of our country, are borne out by the highest authority. By the statement of Lord Castlereagh, in the House of Commons, on the 9th instant, we learn that the actual increase of the revenue for last year, was £5,328,000; while the expenditure was considerably less than what had been anticipated. Thus the great point is clearly and firmly established, that the income of the country exceeds its expenditure for last year about £3,500,000, with every appearance of a progressive improvement for the year now running. From the same authority, we also learn that the exports of this country for the year ending the 5th October last, of articles of *British produce and manufactures*, calculated at the *official value*, or value as entered at the Custom-house, amounted to £35,325,000, about £100,000 more than in 1815, the year when they exceeded all the previous years, by £10,000,000. The excess beyond 1817 is £3,325,000. But our readers must bear in mind, that this is by no means the *real value*; it is greatly more;—this is only the manufacturer's and exporter's price, namely, what they cost them at the ready money price. To this we must add their profits, and all expenses of commission, freight, insurance, &c. which are all profits to the British nation, and certainly as much part of our trade as these articles themselves. Taking these together, at 25 per cent. we have the enormous sum of £44,156,250, as the actual value of the exports of British produce and manufactures for one year. When to all this we add the exports of articles of foreign produce, of which our readers may form some idea by turning to our last Commercial Report, where many of these exports are very minutely given, and where they think on the vast internal trade of this country. When they reflect upon the amazing extent of our imports, (the produce from our West India colonies, and cotton, from all quarters of the world, being equal to £32,000,000 alone) they may then form an idea of the prodigious trade and stupendous mercantile interests and establishments of this wonderful country. It exhibits to the view of the inquirer, a picture of human skill, ingenuity, capital, and industry, such as never were put in motion and activity in any age of the world, and such as can hardly ever be surpassed in any succeeding age. It strikes faction dumb, malevolence mute, and our boldest enemies with terror and dismay.

Bright and brilliant as is the picture here exhibited, let no one imagine that the commercial sky is to remain for ever unclouded, and never be visited with a storm. This must be the reverse. It is approaching with rapid strides. A time of commercial pressure and difficulty is marching hard after many, and will soon overtake individuals. This arises from four great causes, all directed to the same point. The first is the drain of money for foreign loans, and purchases in foreign funds; the second is immense commercial speculations; the third springs from the general and indiscriminate system of our manufacturers, of consigning goods to every market, without being possessed of that knowledge which would have enabled them to judge what was best suited to each; the fourth and last cause is, the great loss on cotton-wool imported into this country last year. This cannot be less than £3,000,000, two thirds of which is perhaps confined to Manchester and Liverpool. The first cause may now be considered as nearly removed; the second arose from the great facility with which money was obtained, and which has induced many to go to a great extent in every market, to endeavour to retrieve the immense losses sustained by various causes in the disastrous year 1816. But still the evil consequences of all this will be partial, temporary, and, in comparison to the whole, of small extent. Compared to our whole trade, it is like the storm on the ocean, which shatters a few ships in a corner, while prosperous gales bear the great proportion on their way. It is the thunder storm of

the torrid climate which passes in a moment, and leaves a purer atmosphere and more enlivening sky. It can no more injure our general strength, wealth, and prosperity, than the shaking a few acorns from the lofty oak would impair its grandeur or injure its strength.

Errata for last Commercial Report.

For Rum paid duties, 1816, read 1818.

For American timber, provisions, and stones, read timber, provisions, and staves.

In page 498, line 42, for *American* powers, read *European* powers.

PRICES CURRENT.—Jan 30.—London, Feb. 5, 1819.

SUGAR, Musc.	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.		DUTIES.			
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	76	to	74	to	78	64	to	76	75	to	77	£1 10 0
Mild, good, and fine mid.	80	90	79	87	77	91	79	85				
Fire and very fine, .	92	96	91	94	92	95	84	90				
Refined, Doub. Loaves, .	150	160	—	—	—	—	—	135	153			
Powder ditto, .	120	126	—	—	—	—	—	107	112			
Single ditto, .	116	122	119	124	120	122	111	118				
Small Lumps, .	112	116	114	116	120	124	110	—				
Large ditto, .	108	111	110	112	108	114	108	110				
Crushed Lumps, .	62	66	66	67	65	68	—	—				
MOLASSES, British, . cwt.	58	—	37	38	57	38	34 6	35				0 7 6½
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.												
Ort. good, and fine ord.	130	141	128	139	154	144	135	140				per lb.
Mild, good, and fine mid.	147	154	146	152	145	152	142	158				
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	120	130	—	—	105	136	115	138				
Ort. good, and fine ord.	130	143	128	141	138	146	138	150				
Mild, good, and fine mid.	147	149	145	147	147	152	145	149				
St Domingo, .	140	—	—	—	138	143	145	154				
PEPIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	9½	—	9	9½	9	—	8½	9½				0 0 9½
SPICES.												
Java Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	5s 10d	4s 0d	5s 8d	3s 10d	5s 8d	4s 0d	5s 4d	5s 0d				0 8 1½
Brandy, .	5 6	6 0	—	—	—	—	4 9	5 6	{ B.S.			0 17 0½
Geneva, .	5 10	4 0	—	—	—	—	3 6	3 8	{ F.S.			0 17 11½
Aqua, .	7 8	7 11	—	—	—	—	15 6	—				
WINES.												
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60	64	—	—	—	—	£35	65 0	{ B.S.	143 18 0		
Portugal Red, . pipe.	48	54	—	—	—	—	50	58 0	{ F.S.	148 4 6		
Spanish White, . butt.	54	55	—	—	—	—	30	65 0	{ B.S.	95 11 0		
Teneriffe, . pipe.	50	55	—	—	—	—	25	38 0	{ F.S.	98 16 0		
Madeira, .	60	70	—	—	—	—	58	65 0	{ B.S.	96 13 0		
									{ F.S.	99 16 6		
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£10	—	7 10	7 15	8 0	8 5	7 15	8 0				0 9 1½
Honduras, .	10 10	—	7 15	8 0	8 10	8 15	8 0	8 5				
Cimpeachy, .	11	—	9 0	9 10	9 0	9 5	9 10	—				
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	11	—	—	—	10 15	11 0	11 11	12 0				1 4 6½
Cuba, .	15	—	—	—	12 10	13 5	14 0	14 10				0 0 4½
INIIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	8 6	9 6	—	—	9s 0d	11 6				0 2 4½
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 5	2 6	—	—	2 5	2 6	—	—				0 5 6½
Ditto Oak, .	4 6	5 0	—	—	—	—	—	—				
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 3	2 4	—	—	—	—	—	—				
Honduras Mahogany	1 4	1 8	0 10	1 8	1 2½	1 6	1 5	1 6				3 16 0
St Domingo, ditto	—	—	1 2	3 0	1 6½	2 0	1 6	1 10				8 14 2
TAR, American, . bri.	—	—	—	—	16 0	16 6	19 6	—	{ B.S.	1 1 4½		
									{ F.S.	1 2 11½		
Archangel, .	22	23	—	—	19 6	21 0	23	—				—
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10	—	—	—	—	—	12 0	12 6	{ B.S.	1 8 6		
									{ F.S.	1 10 1		
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	75	76	75	76	75	—	70 0	—				0 3 2
Rome Melted, .	77	—	—	—	—	—	—	—				
HEMP, Riga Rhine, . ton.	53	54	50	52	—	—	£51 0	—	{ B.S.	0 9 1½		
Petersburgh Clean, .	47	48	49	50	45	46	44 10	—	{ F.S.	0 10 0½		
FLAX.												
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	82	84	—	—	—	—	86 0	—				0 0 4 ¾
Dutch, .	60	140	—	—	—	—	70	90	{ B.S.	0 0 7 ¾		
Irish, .	66	75	—	—	—	—	—	—	{ F.S.	0 0 7 ¾		
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	90	95	—	—	—	—	£4 5	4 10	{ B.S.	1 3 9		
									{ F.S.	1 4 11½		
BEISTLES.												
Petersburgh Firsts, . cwt.	15 0	16 0	—	—	—	—	14 10	—	{ B.S.	0 3 6½		
									{ F.S.	0 3 11½		
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	48	—	—	—	—	—	51	49	{ B.S.	0 4 6½		
									{ F.S.	0 6 4		
Montreal ditto, .	58	60	58	60	57	—	60	—				0 1 7
Pot, .	55	54	52	53	52	55	50	—				
OIL, Whale, . tun.	38	—	38	40	40	—	32	33				
Cod, .	80 (p. bri.)	—	40	42	38	—	38	40				
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	11	12	12½	13	0 8	0 10	1s 1d	1 2				0 10
Middling, .	10	10½	11	11½	0 5½	0 7½	1 0½	1 1				
Inferior, .	9	10	10	11	0 5	—	7	8½				
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	—	1 5½	1 7½	1 3½	1 5	1 4	1 6				
Sea Island, fine, .	—	—	3 6	3 8	2 9	3 0	2 0	3 0				
Good, .	—	—	2 11	3 4	2 6	2 8	1 5	1 8				
Middling, .	—	—	2 9	2 11	1 8	2 2	1 5	1 7	{ B.S.	0 8 7		
Demerara and Berbice, .	—	—	1 8	2 0	1 7	1 10	1 7	1 10	{ F.S.	0 17 2		
West India, .	—	—	1 5	1 9	1 4	1 6	1 4	1 6				
Pernambuco, .	—	—	2 0	2 0½	1 9	1 10	1 9	1 10½				
Maranham, .	—	—	1 9	1 10	1 7	1 8½	1 7	1 8½				

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 23d January 1819.

	2d.	9th.	16th.	23d.
Bank stock, ...	—	—	—	—
3 per cent. reduced, ...	78 $\frac{3}{4}$ 78	78 $\frac{1}{4}$	78 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$	79 $\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{1}{4}$
3 per cent. consols, ...	—	77 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$	78 $\frac{1}{4}$	79 78 $\frac{5}{8}$
4 per cent. consols, ...	95 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{8}$	95 $\frac{3}{8}$	96 $\frac{1}{8}$ 97	97 $\frac{7}{8}$ 98 $\frac{1}{8}$
5 per cent. navy ann.	—	105 $\frac{1}{4}$ 106	106 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{5}{8}$	107 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	—	—	—	—
India stock, ...	—	—	231 $\frac{3}{4}$	—
— bonds, ...	80 pr.	92 93 pr.	86 87 pr.	87 89 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2d. p.d.	16 18 pr.	19 20 pr.	19 20 pr.	18 20 pr.
Consols for acc.	79 $\frac{1}{4}$	79	79 $\frac{1}{2}$	79 $\frac{1}{2}$
American 3 per cent.	—	—	67 f. 90 c.	—
— new loan, 6p. c.	—	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	—

Course of Exchange, February 2.—Amsterdam, 11 : 6 : 2 U. Antwerp, 11 : 9. Ex. Hamburg, 33 : 7 : 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ U. Frankfort, 1 : 10 Ex. Paris, 23 : 80 : 2 U. Bourdeaux, 23 : 80. Madrid, 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ effect. Cadiz, 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ effect. Gibraltar, 34. Leghorn, 52. Genoa, 47 $\frac{1}{2}$. Malta, 50. Naples, 42 $\frac{1}{2}$. Palermo, 127 per oz. Oporto, 58. Rio Janeiro, 65. Dublin, 10. Cork, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$. Agio of the Bank of Holland, 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £0 : 0 : 0. New doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0. New dollars, 5s. 9d. Silver, in bars, 5s. 7d.

London, Corn Exchange, Feb. 1.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, Red	57	62	White Pease	52	56
Fine	75	79	Boilers	—	—
Superfine	—	—	Fine	63	to
Foreign	—	—	Tick	42	to
English Wheat, 57 to 62	—	—	Small Beans	65	to
Fine	75	82	Fine	—	—
Superfine	—	—	Feed Oats	28	to
New	—	—	Fine	32	to
Rye	40	to	Poland do	32	to
Fine	42	to	Fine	36	to
Barley	42	to	Potato do	35	to
Fine	60	to	Fine	—	—
New	68	to	Fine Flour	60	to
Malt, ...	84	to	Seconds	55	to
Fine	95	to	North Country	—	—
Gray Pease	55	to	Brn. per q.	—	—
Fine	60	to	Fine Pollard	—	—

Seeds, &c.—Feb. 5.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Must. Brown, 12 to 20	—	—	Hempseed	65	to
—White	14	to	Linseed, crush.	60	to
Tares	12	to	New, for Seed	80	to
Turnips	12	to	Ryegrass, ...	10	to
—Red	—	—	Clover, Red, ...	—	to
—Yellow, new	—	—	— White	—	to
Carraway	70	to	Coriander	25	to
Canary	130	to	New Trefoil	—	to

New Rapeseed, £46 to £—.

Liverpool, Feb. 1.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.	—	—	Rice, p. cwt.	0	0
English	11	0	Flour, English, ...	—	—
Scotch	10	0	p. 280 lb. fine	65	0
Welsh	11	0	—Seconds	56	0
Irish	11	3	Irish p. 240 lb.	52	0
New	—	—	—Ameri. p. bl.	44	0
Dantzic	11	6	—Sour do.	34	0
Wismar	11	6	Clover-seed, p. bush.	—	—
American	11	0	— White	0	0
Quebec	9	6	— Red	0	0
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	—	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—	—
English, grind.	6	6	English	40	0
Malting	9	0	Scotch	33	0
Irish	6	0	Irish	36	0
Scotch	7	6	Butter, Beef, &c.	—	—
Foreign	6	9	Butter, per cwt.	—	—
Malt p. 9 lbs.	11	0	Belfast	102	0
Oats, per 45 lb.	—	—	Newry	100	0
Eng. new	4	6	Drogheda	96	0
Scotch pota.	4	7	Waterford	94	0
Welsh	4	4	Cork, 5d	90	0
Irish	4	6	2d, pickled	108	0
Common	4	0	Beef, p. tierce	95	to
Beans, pr. qr.	—	—	p. barrel	60	to
English	64	0	Pork, p. bri.	95	to
Foreign	64	0	Hams, dry, ...	70	to
Irish	62	0	Bacon, ...	—	—
Pease, per quar.	—	—	Short middles	72	to
— Boiling	60	0	Long	68	to

Rapeseed, per last, £44 to £46.

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 23d January 1819.

Wheat, 79s. 5d.—Rye, 56s. 7d.—Barley, 64s. 5d.—Oats, 34s. 10d.—Beans, 71s. 9d.—Pease, 70s. 5d.—Oatmeal, 38s. 1d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th January 1819.

Wheat, 68s. 5d.—Rye, 51s. 8d.—Barley, 48s. 7d.—Oats, 29s. 1d.—Beans, 49s. 11d.—Pease, 50s. 7d.—Oatmeal, 25s. 10d.—Beer or Big, 41s. 6d.

EDINBURGH.—FEBRUARY 3.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....40s. 0d.	1st,.....42s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 6d.	1st,.....27s. 0d.
2d,.....37s. 6d.	2d,.....—s. 0d.	2d,.....—s. 0d.	2d,.....—s. 0d.
3d,.....31s. 6d.	3d,.....32s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 17 : 6 : 8-12ths.

Tuesday, February 3.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	Os. 5d. to Os. 8d.	Quartern Loaf	Os. 11d. to Os. 0d.
Mutton	Os. 6d. to Os. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	Os. 10d. to Os. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	Os. 0d. to Os. 0d.	Butter, per lb.	1s. 3d. to 1s. 3d.
Veal	Os. 8d. to 1s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone	20s. 0d. to 24s. 0d.
Pork	Os. 6d. to Os. 8d.	Ditto per lb.	1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d.
Tallow, per stone	12s. 0d. to Os. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	1s. 0d. to Os. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—FEBRUARY 5.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....40s. Od.	1st,.....39s. Od.	1st,.....25s. 6d.	1st,.....25s. Od.	1st,.....25s. Od.
2d,.....37s. Od.	2d,.....37s. Od.	2d,.....22s. Od.	2d,.....21s. Od.	2d,.....21s. Od.
3d,.....34s. Od.	3d,.....34s. Od.	3d,.....19s. Od.	3d,.....18s. Od.	3d,.....18s. Od.

Average of Wheat, £0 : 0 : 0-0ths.

Note.—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st January 1819, extracted from the London Gazette.

Alum, R. Chatham, Kent, builder Andrews, R. Bristol, baker Atkinson, J. Dalston, Cumberland, cotton-manufacturer Aubert, N. B. Lloyd's Coffee-house, and Harleyford-place, Kennington, insurance-broker Atherton, T. Liverpool, tanner Burgis, J. Southampton-street, Covent-Garden, ornamental paper-manufacturer Barker, J. Stratford-Common, brewer Bradley, J. St Johns, Worcester, coal-master Baylin, D. Strand, Gloucestershire, clothier Ball, J. Church-street, Spitalfields, bombazeen-manufacturer Brown, J. Leeds, straw hat manufacturer Budden, J. Bristol, liquor-merchant Booth, J. Oxford-street, grocer Brocklebank, S. Liverpool, merchant Bryant, W. Greenwich, coach-master Bomerly, W. Bolton, cotton-manufacturer Bellis, W. Knight, Radnorshire, Woolstapler Bradshaw, R. Manchester, check-manufacturer Brunner, J. Birmingham, patten-manufacturer Backborn, Witham, Essex, corn-factor Collins, R. Maidstone, dealer in hops Cater, S. and J. Home, Watling-street, warehouseman Chapman, R. Hammersmith, surgeon Cassels, R. St. Swithin's-lane, merchant Churchill, J. Stanhope-street, Clare-market, common-brewer Collins, F. New-Fishbourne, Sussex Cole, E. Shrewsbury, hop-merchant Cooper, T. Kennet-wharf, Upper Thames-street, merchant Carver, J. and W. Peet, Basinghall-street, merchants Cowley, T. Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, warehouseman Durham, J. Shadwell-street, carcass-butcher Davis, N. Gloucester Terrace, New-road, White-chapel, merchant David, J. Threadneedle-street, merchant Dunn, W. Threadneedle-street, wine-merchant Daniels, W. jun. Bishop's Stortford, malt-factor Davey, J. Foulsham, Norfolk, ironmonger Everett, W. Cambridge, corn-merchant Finders, J. Nottingham, hosier Friday, R. Islesworth, barge-master Flint, W. Old-Bailey, printer Fitzgerald, T. St Catherine-street, ship-owner Force, J. Walcot, Somersetshire, dealer Greenslade, R. Plymouth, builder Gleeson, J. Cockhill, Ratcliff, potato-merchant Gardner, N. and H. Gloucester, bankers and corn-dealers Gittsohn, R. Bawtrey, Yorkshire Gurdiner, D. Chiswell-street, hatter Hort, A. Dean-street, Finsbury-square, merchant Hewitt, P. Bold, Lancashire Horrocks, S. Bolton, manufacturer Hogg, J. E. Broad-street, warehouseman Hayward, H. Great Portland-street, paper-hanger Hudson, H. and G. Liverpool, sloop-sellers	Herm, J. Birmingham, screw-maker Hardie, A. Union-court, Broad-street, merchant Hudson, W. Upper Thames-street, earthen-ware-man Hughes, S. Liverpool, liquor-merchant Hulme, W. Leek, Staffordshire, grocer Harman, G. Norwich, manufacturer Ingram, L. Cheapside, hatter Johnson, R. Plymouth, grocer Jacob, J. Gravel-lane, Houndsditch, tobacconist Jennings, J. C. Catherine-street, dealer Jay, J. Old-Jewry, wine-merchant Jones, J. and H. Hughes, Liverpool, merchants Jones, E. Great Sutton-street, Clerkenwell, coal-merchant J. Kernot, Castle-street, Leicester-fields, druggist Keats, T. M. Poultry, hat-manufacturer Kendrick, J. Chaddesley Corbett, Worcestershire, miller Longman, F. G. Norwich, malster Lumley, W. Jernyn-street, wine-merchant Lucy, H. Tupsley, Herefordshire, builder Lush, E. Sherborne, linen-draper Lloyd, T. and J. Winter, Blue Bell Yard, St James-street, wine-merchants Lutey, T. Wapping, master-mariner M'Leod, T. H. Pinners-hall, Winchester-street, wine-merchants Merchant, J. Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, inn-keeper Morris, J. Woolwich, cordwainer Morgan W. Bristol, victualler Noble, M. Lancaster, chemist Oulett, J. Charlott-street, Fitzroy-square, jeweller Oxenham, J. T. Oxford-street, mangle-maker Phillips, R. Exeter, chemist Perkins, C. Perkins Rents, Peter-street, Westminster, victualler Price, D. Watford, Herts, linen-draper Pidding, J. J. High-Holborn, Stock-broker Parsons, S. Hanover-street, Long-Acre, coach-plater Peet, W. Basinghall-street, merchant Payton, W. Lincoln's-inn-fields, wine-merchant Perry, J. sen. Stockport, muslin-manufacturer Phillips, T. Bread-street-hill, merchant Paterson, M. Halifax, dyer Perkins, J. Tiverton, timber-merchant Power, J. and R. Warwick, Finsbury-square, merchants Ridley, T. Seaton-sluiice, Northumberland, brewer Rogers, J. Old Broad-street, merchant Ritchie, T. Air-street, Piccadilly, merchant Robinson, J. Holywell, butcher Reddal, T. Liverpool, merchant Reddal, W. do. do. Richards, D. Mann's-row, Bow-common, manufacturing chemist Richards, H. Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, carpenter Russell, J. Lambeth, timber-merchant Russell, A. Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, linen-draper Salter, C. jun. Portsea, grocer
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Swan, R. Gainsborough, Lincoln, merchant
 Still, J. South Island-place, Brixton, Surrey, merchant
 Smith, W. Moffat-street, City-road, corn-dealer
 Sumner, T. Preston, corn-merchant
 Stiff, W. Borthwick, Hampshire, dealer
 Tully, F. Bristol, baker
 Thomas, W. Cheapside, draper
 Thompson, W. H. Liverpool, merchant
 Taylor, W. jun. Liverpool, merchant
 Terral, J. Birmingham, printer
 Thomson, E. Globe-stairs, Rotherhithe, ship-builder
 Unwin, R. Chapel en le Frith, timber-merchant
 Venus, J. Lower Shadwell, vintner

Vertue, S. Mark-lane, corn-merchant
 Williams, H. Duke-street, Bloomsbury, wine-merchant
 Wadley, J. Coventry-street, Hay-market, cheese-monger
 Walker, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer
 Wardle, G. and T. All-hallows Wharf, Upper-Thames-street, oil-crushers
 Wattson, J. Gravesend, Kent, coach-master
 White, W. Chalford, Gloucestershire, linen-draper
 Wheeler, D. Hyde-street, Bloomsbury, colouring manufacturer
 Wilson, J. H. jun. Upper Belgrave-place, Pimlico, picture-dealer
 Young, T. Paddington, Mary-le-bone, grocer

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 31st January 1819, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Bourne, John, bookseller and publisher, Hill-place, Edinburgh
 Hendry, John, and Co. muslin manufacturers, Glasgow; and John Hendry, and John McNeil, the individual partners of that company
 Loudon, George, and Co. merchants, Glasgow; and George Loudon, merchant there, an individual partner of that company
 McGouns, Watson, and Co. merchants, Greenock; carrying on business there under that firm; and at St Thomas, under the firm of James Blair and Co.
 McGregor, Alexander, carrier and trader between Perth and Aberfeldy
 McIlquham, James, victualler and spirit-dealer, Glasgow
 Saunders and Melliss, merchants, Aberdeen; and John Saunders, and Peter Melliss, the individual partners of said company

DIVIDENDS.

Anderson, Robert, late merchant, Wick; by John Kirk, merchant there
 Brown, William, hardware merchant, Edinburgh; by David Brown; 2s. 6d. per pound
 Brown, William, jun. merchant, Edinburgh; by George Todd, jun. writer there
 Brown, William, late of Longbedholm; by the trustee
 Cublick, William, draper, Greenock; by David Limint, merchant, Glasgow; 5s. 3d. per pound
 Campbell, William, grocer and spirit-dealer, Argyle-street, Glasgow, 23d March
 Fleming, William, merchant, Glasgow; by John McIntosh, merchant there, 24th January

Gray, David, shipbuilder, Kincardine; by James Teurcum, ship-owner, there
 Johnston, Peter, upholsterer, Port-Glasgow; with William Millar, clerk to the Port-Glasgow smith-work company
 Johnston, Walter, merchant, Bank hill; by Martin and Thomson, writers, Lockerby
 McNicol, Donald, merchant, Inverary; by Claud Chessel, accountant, Edinburgh; a final one, 24th February
 McDonald, John, timber merchant, Greenock; by Morrison and McDowall, writers, Glasgow; a final one
 Murray, William, merchant, Forres, by John Forsyth, writer there
 Paterson, Allan, and James, grocers, Edinburgh; by Henry Potts, grocer, Catharine-street, Edinburgh; a final one
 Russell, David, late merchant and founder, Durie-foundry, near Leven; by Thomas Dryburgh, writer, Cupar
 Scott and Balmanno, merchants, Glasgow, and who carried on business in the West Indies under the firm of James Jacque and Co.; by John McGavin, accountant there, 5th March
 Scott, Allan, and Son, wood-merchants, Glasgow; by Dugald Bannatyne there
 Turnbull, David, late in Carfrae-mill; by Thomas Scott, writer, Lauder, 1st March
 Webster and Finlay, merchants, Montrose; by Charles Barclay, merchant there
 Wood, James, merchant Lundiemill; by Alexander Watson, Kirkcaldy, 4s. per pound, on 2d February

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

MILITARY.

Army. Maj. Hugonin, 4 Dr. to be Lt.-Cl. Jan. 21, 19.
 — Belli, 16 Dr. do. do.
 — Hutchins, 3 Dr. do. do.
 — Mitchell, Rifle Brigade do. do.
 — Wemyss, 50 F. do. do.
 — Gabriel, 2 Dr. Gds. do. do.
 — Thomas, 27 F. do. do.
 — Peebles, 9 F. do. do.
 — Cameron, 3 F. do. do.
 — Rowan, 52 F. do. do.
 — Campbell, 45 F. do. do.
 — Walsh, 91 F. do. do.
 — Clements, 18 Dr. do. do.
 — Shaw, h. p. 43 F. do. do.
 — Lord C. Fitzroy, Gren. Gds. do. do.
 — Lord A. Hill, 2 Dr. do. do.
 — Browne, h. p. 23 F. do. do.
 — Fitz Clarence, h. p. 24 Dr. do. do.
 Capt. Wilkie, 92 F. to be Major do. do.
 — Lane, R. Art. do. do.
 — Wood, 4 F. do. do.
 — Shaw, 4 F. do. do.
 — Baynes, R. Art. do. do.

Capt. Pidgeon, 71 F. to be Major. Jan. 21, 19.
 — Macpherson, 42 F. do. do.
 — Gray, Rifle Brigade do. do.
 — Nickle, 88 F. do. do.
 — Sandilands, Coldst. Gds. do. do.
 — Knight, 35 F. do. do.
 — Barton, 12 Dr. do. do.
 — Shedden, 52 F. do. do.
 — Townsend, 14 Dr. do. do.
 — Dundas, R. Art. do. do.
 — Weyland, 16 Dr. do. do.
 — Stewart, h. p. 96 F. do. do.
 — Wedderburn, Coldst. Gds. do. do.
 — Badoock, 14 Dr. do. do.
 — Mackay, 68 F. do. do.
 — Hamerton, 7 F. do. do.
 — Tomkinson, 16 Dr. do. do.
 — Napier, R. Art. do. do.
 — Webber, do. do. do.
 — Wells, R. Eng. do. do.
 — Mackworth, 13 Dr. do. do.
 — Thomson, R. Eng. do. do.
 — Lord Hotham, Coldst. Gds. do. do.
 — Moore, Gren. Gds. do. do.
 — Freeth, R. Staff Corps do. do.
 — Hon. F. Russell, 52 F. do. do.
 — Hon. C. Gore, 85 F. do. do.

- Capt. Cameron, 21 F. to be Maj Jan. 21, 19.
 — Orde, h. p. R. Art. do. do.
 — Breton, R. Art. do. do.
 — Stewart, h. p. Rifle Brigade do. do.
- 2 Life Gds. Lieut. C. Barton, to be Capt. by purch.
 vice Morton, retires 26 Dec. 1818
 Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Collins, to be
 Lieut. by purch. do.
 C. Phillips, Gent. to be Cornet and Sub-
 Lieut. by purch. do.
- 3 Dr. Lieut. Fraser to be Capt. by purch. vice
 Brittain 7 Jan. 1819
 Gent. Cadet Sir Fra. Vincent, Bt. from
 Mil. Coll. to be Cornet by purch. vice
 Ellis, 20 Dr. 17 Dec. 1818
- 11 Brevet Major Blanckley, from 25 F. to
 be Capt. vice Bowers 50 do.
 Capt. Crawford, from h. p. to be Capt.
 vice Duberly, cancelled 17 do.
 Cornet Mallory to be Lieut. by purch.
 vice Hoskins, 97 F. 6 Jan. 1819
 A. W. Bishop to be Cornet by purch.
 vice Clark, prom. 17 Dec. 1818
 C. S. Malet to be Cornet vice Mallory
 6 Jan. 1819
- 13 Lieut. A. T. Maclean to be Capt. by
 purch. vice Lt. Col. Lawrence, ret.
 23 Dec. 1818
 Cornet Pott to be Lieut. by purch. vice
 Maclean do.
 C. Fancourt to be Cornet, vice Brown do.
 N. Nash to be Cornet, vice Cockburn
 24 do.
 Gent. Cadet W. Elton, from Mil. Coll.
 to be Cornet, vice Pott 51 do.
- 14 M. Milligan to be Cornet by purch. vice
 Petrie 17 do.
- 16 Lieut. Cureton, from 20 Dr. to be Adj.
 and Lieut. vice Barra 7 Jan. 1819
- 18 B. Walrond to be Cornet by purch. vice
 Hunter 17 Dec. 1818
- 20 Cornet C. A. F. Ellis, from 9 Dr. to be
 Lieut. by purch. vice Atkinson do.
 S. Cook to be Cornet by purch. vice
 Douglas, prom. 14 Jan. 1819
- 4 F. Ensign M'Don. Mathews to be Lieut.
 vice Richardson, dead 7 do.
 William Bellingham to be Ensign do.
 S. Bonham to be Ensign by purch. vice
 Scott 17 Dec. 1818
- 9 Major Verner, from 7 Dr. to be Lieut.
 Col. by purch. vice Carnie, ret. 24 do.
- 12 Gent. Cadet J. Robinson, from Mil. Coll.
 to be Ensign, vice Moffat, cash. do.
- 19 Major South to be Lieut. Col. by purch.
 vice Stevens, ret. do.
 Capt. Hogg to be Major by purch. do.
 Lieut. Rotton to be Capt. by purch. do.
 Ensign South to be Lieut. by purch. do.
 M. Dalrymple to be Ensign by purch. do.
- 21 Capt. D. M'Gregor, from 95 F. vice
 Waller, h. p. do.
 Lieut. Creser, from h. p. 7 F. to be Pay-
 master, vice Mackay ret. 14 Jan. 1819
- 32 Capt. Dillon to be Major by purch. vice
 Calvert, prom. 72 F. do.
 Lieut. Belcher to be Capt. by purch. do.
 Ensign Eirtwistle to be Lieut. by purch.
 do. do.
- 35 J. Palk to be Ensign by purch. do.
 Capt. M'Intyre to be Major, vice Col-
 elough, dead 7 do.
 Lieut. Baraillier to be Capt. do.
 Ensign Summers to be Lieut. by purch.
 do. do.
- 41 Wm. Kelly to be Ensign by purch. do.
 E. Warren to be Ensign by purch. vice
 Butterfield 26 Nov. 1818
- 42 Alex. Aitken to be Paym. vice Home,
 ret. 25 Dec.
- 43 Serj. Major Ring to be Quarter Master,
 vice M'Intosh, ret. list 31 do.
- 44 Ensign Mahon to be Lieut. by purch.
 vice M'Pherson, dead 24 do.
 Gent. Cadet Campbell, from Mil. Coll.
 to be Ensign, vice Mahon do.
- 46 Lieut. Johnston, from 58 F. to be Lieut.
 vice Jones, h. p. 25 do.
- 53 Assist. Surg. Dr. Mouat, from 21 Dr. to
 be Assist. Surg. vice Pollock, h. p. do.
- 60 Lieut. Van Batenburg to be Capt. by
 purch. vice Jordan, ret. 24 Dec.
- 62 W. Balfour to be Ensign by purch. vice
 Sayer, ret. 21 do.
- 71 Quarter Master Coulson, from h. p. to be
 Quarter Master, vice Ross, ret. on full
 pay 25 do.
- 78 Lieut. Cameron to be Capt. by purch.
 vice Forbes, ret. 31 do.
- 82 Capt. Montague, to be Major by purch.
 vice Fitzgerald, ret. 10 do.
 Surg. Kell, from 96 F. to be Surg. vice
 Flanagan, h. p. 96 F. 17 do.
- 88 E. Kirwan to be Ensign by purch. vice
 Campbell do.
 Lieut. Soutar to be Adjutant, vice Mit-
 chell, res. Adjutant only 7 Jan. 1819
- 90 2d Lieut. Peele, from R. Brig. to be
 Lieut. by purch. vice Myddleton
 31 Dec. 1818
- 92 Lieut. Macdonald to be Capt. by purch.
 vice Maxwell, ret. do.
 Ensign Macdonald to be Lieut. by purch.
 do. do.
- 97 J. Mackintosh to be Ensign by purch. do.
 Lieut. T. Hoskins, from 11 Dr. to be
 Capt. by purch. vice Hare, ret. 24 do.
- Rifle Brig. 2d Lieut. Brownrigg to be 1st Lieut. by
 purch. vice Stewart 25 do.
- 1 W. I. R. Lt. Col. Torrens to be Lt. Col. by
 purch. vice Clifton, ret. 24 do.
 Bt. Major Vyse, from 2 Life G. to be
 Major by purch. vice Torrens
 14 Jan. 1819
- Capt. Mills, from R. York R. to be Capt.
 vice M'Donald, h. p. 17 Dec. 1818
 Gent. Cadet C. Maclean, from Mil. Coll.
 to be Ensign, vice Field, cashiered
 31 do.
- Capt. M'Intyre, from 3 W. I. R. to be
 Capt. vice Cradock, h. p. 7 Jan. 1819

Staff.

Major H. B. Harris, h. p. 86 F. to be D.
 A. Gen. in Nova Scotia, with rank of
 Lieut. Col. vice Duke, dead
 17 Dec. 1818

Garrison.

Lieut. P. Stuart, late Adj. of York Hos-
 pital, to be Town Major of Belfast,
 vice Fox, dead 24 do.

Commissary Department.

Acting Dep. Com. Gen. W. Booth, to be
 Dep. Com. Gen. 18 do.

Medical Department.

Hosp. Assist. R. Russell, from h. p. to
 be Hosp. Assist. 25 do.

— R. Leslie, from h. p. to be
 Hosp. Assist. do.

— J. Steele, from h. p. to be
 Hosp. Assist. do.

— C. Ward, from h. p. to be
 Hosp. Assist. do.

— J. Crawford, from h. p. to
 be Hosp. Assist. do.

Exchanges.

Brev. Major Blanckley, from 25 F. with Capt.
 Bowers, 13 Dr.

Capt. Meares, from 2 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Capt.
 Visc. Barnard, 60 F.

— Gladwin, from 19 Dr. with Capt. Doherty,
 13 Dr.

— Pinckney, from h. p. 99 F. with Capt. Ham-
 milton, 5 F.

— Cameron, from h. p. 79 F. with Capt. Dar-
 rah, 21 F.

— Hay, from 45 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Le
 Blanc, Rifle Brig.

— Gascoyne, from h. p. 5 Garr. Bn. with Capt.
 Campbell, 54 F.

— Macworth, from 7 F. with Capt. Major,
 13 Dr.

— M'Intyre, from 71 F. rec. diff. with Capt.
 Myddleton, h. p. 56 F.

— Stack, from 54 F. with Capt. Fitz Gerald,
 h. p. 88 F.

Lieut. Lang, from h. p. 56 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Lawrence, 13 Dr.

— Mackay, from 21 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Ibbotson, h. p. 103 F.

Lieut. Major, from 55 F. with Lt. Craigie, 30 F.
 — O'Halloran, from 50 F. rec. diff. with Lt.
 Ramus, h. p. 22 F.
 — Shadwell, from 35 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Rainforth, h. p.
 — Ellis, from 20 Dr. with Lieut. Norris, 9 Dr.
 — Collins, from 4 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Gregg,
 h. p. 6 W. I. R.
 — Bushell, from 4 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Irving, h. p. 5 W. I. R.
 — Sabine, from 21 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Hammill, R. African Corps
 — Orme, from 11 Dr. with Lieut. Allingham,
 6 Dr.
 — O'Brien, 89 F. with Lieut. Kelly, 87 F.
 — Lloyd, from 88 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Sou-
 tar, h. p. 71 F.
 — Polhill, from 1 Life Gds. with Lt. Bullock,
 h. p. 23 Dr.
 — Mallory, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 L. M. Cooper, h. p. 20 Dr.
 — Hannam, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Graves, h. p.
 — Reynett, from 45 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Schonfeldt, 73 F.
 Cornet Bonnor, from 3 Dr. Gds. with Ensign and
 Lieut. Abercromby, 3 F. G.
 — Trollope, from 2 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet
 Clark, h. p. 4 Dr. Gds.
 Ensign Tudor, from 9 F. with Ensign Mahon, 50 F.
 — Clandinen, from h. p. 50 F. with Ensign
 Clarke, 43 F.
 — Holland, from 4 F. rec. diff. with Ensign
 Warre, h. p. 85 F.
 — Gordon, from 65 F. with Ensign Stewart,
 92 F.
 — Young, from 83 F. rec. diff. with 2d Lieut.
 Driberg, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.
 — Stewart, from 92 F. with Ensign Gordon,
 65 F.
 Qua. Mast. Hall, 11 Dr. with Qua. Mast. Hender-
 son, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
 Assist. Surg. Dr Ducat, from h. p. Meuron's R.
 with Assist. Surg. Napier, Sup. As. Surg. in East
 Indies
 — Lukin, from 55 F. with Assist. Surg.
 Dr Macdonnell, h. p. 50 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lt. Col. Lawrence, 15 Dr.
 — Carnie, 12 F.
 — Stevens, 20 F.
 — Jordan, 60 F.
 — Clifton, 1 W. I. R.
 Major Fitz Gerald, 82 F.
 — Maxwell, 92 F.
 Capt. Moreton, 2 Life Gds.
 — Forbes, 20 F.
 — Hare, 97 F.

Deaths.

Major General Wilson, late 4 Ceylon R. 18 Jan. 1819
 Col. Earl of Poulett, 1 Somerset Mil. 14 do.
 Major Colcough, 55 F.
 Capt. Carter, 8 Dr. 14 June 1818
 — Jones, 19 F.
 — Langton, do.
 — Parker, 53 F. 15 Feb.
 — Russell, do. 6 June
 — Gray, 1 Ceylon Regt.
 — Strattan, Royal Art. 22 Oct.
 — Wynecken, Foreign, h. p. late Germ. Leg. 18 do.
 Lieut. Richardson, 4 F. 27 do.
 — D. Campbell, 49 F. 9 Jan. 1819
 — D. McDonald, h. p. 30 F. 8 Feb. 1818
 — Taylor, 53 F. 22 May
 — J. Mackay, do. 17 June
 — Holmes 59 F. 22 July
 — Nason, 60 F. 27 Deco.
 — Curtwell, 85 F.
 — Munden, 84 F. 1 April
 — Morgan, 1 W. I. R. 22 Oct.
 — Studdy, R. W. In. Ra. 25 Sept.
 Ensign Baldwin, 17 F. 1 July
 — Bulkeley, 34 F. 13 June
 — Ingleby, 55 F. 4 do.
 Qua. Mast. Fortesquieu, 21 Dr. 15 do.

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. Van Malsen
 Assist. Surg. Hooper, 19 F.
 Hosp. Assist. Pickell 8 Nov.
 Chaplain—Rev. R. B. Verchild, at St. Kitt's 17 Oct.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 11, 1818. At Castlehill, Ireland, the lady
 of Major N. Gledstones, 68th regiment, a son.
 — In Townsend-street, Dublin, the wife of W.
 Singleton, beadle of St. Mark's parish, three sons,
 who, with the mother, are doing well.
 22. At Tavistock-square, London, the lady of
 Duncan Campbell, Esq. a daughter.
 On Christmas Eve, the wife of Mr Saunders,
 shoemaker, No 1, Bull's-head-court, Snow-hill,
 was delivered of twins: she is in the 50th year of
 her age, and had no children for 35 years before.
 Jan. 1. At Woodburn, Canaan, the lady of
 George Ross, Esq. advocate, a daughter.
 3. At Wykham Park, Oxfordshire, the lady of
 Daniel Stuart, Esq. a daughter.
 5. At Edinburgh, Mrs Irvine, Prince's-street, a
 son.
 — At Inveresk, the lady of R. D. Horn Elphin-
 stone of Horn and Logie Elphinstone, a son.
 8. At Abbotrule, the lady of Robert Henderson,
 Esq. a daughter.
 — At George-street, Edinburgh, the lady of Cap-
 tain Menzies, a son.
 10. In Maitland-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Callan-
 der, a daughter.
 — At Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, Mrs H.
 Currie, a daughter.
 — Mrs George Robertson, Albany-street, Edin-
 burgh, a son.
 — Mrs Thomson, Dundas street, Edinburgh, a
 daughter.
 12. At Pinkie House, the lady of Sir John Hope
 of Craighall, Bart. a son.
 13. At Buccleuch-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Clark,
 a son.
 — At Gilmour-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Harbourn
 Gibbs Straghan, a son.
 14. At Kilbagie, Mrs Stein, a son.
 16. The lady of James Hunter, Esq. of Thur-
 ston, a daughter.
 19. Mrs F. Walker, a son.

— At Bonnington-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Mori-
 son, a daughter.
 21. Right Honourable Lady Janet Buchanan, a
 daughter.
 — At Pitt-street, Edinburgh, Mrs J. S. Robert-
 son, a son.

MARRIAGES.

April 15, 1818. At Calcutta, at the house of
 John Hunter, Esq. James Bathgate, Esq. surgeon,
 to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late James Scott,
 Esq.
 May 30. At Penang, John Anderson, Esq. High
 Sheriff of Prince of Wales' Island, and second son
 of Robert Anderson, Esq. of Stroquanan, to Miss
 Mary Alison Carnegie, second daughter of James
 Carnegie, Esq. merchant in Penang.
 June 18. At Gurruckpore, in the East Indies,
 Montague Ainslie, eldest son of Dr Ainslie of
 Dover-street, Register and Joint Magistrate of
 Azeemphur, to Sophia, eldest daughter of the late
 George Poyntz Ricketts, and niece to Charles Mil-
 ner Ricketts, member of the Supreme Council of
 Bengal, and first cousin to the Earl of Liverpool.
 Dec. 24. At Stockton, Henry Beckwith, Esq. to
 Miss Elizabeth Cowan, daughter of Mr Cowan,
 late schoolmaster, Old Monkland.
 28. At Glasgow, Mr Samuel Cochran, merchant,
 Dublin, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late David
 Wardrop, Esq. surgeon, royal navy.
 29. At Ford, Fath-head, Captain Ronaldson,
 Edinburgh militia, to Frances, daughter of the late
 Mr James Torrance.
 Jan. 5, 1819. At Edinburgh, Mr Joseph Chip-
 man, of the Ordnance, to Mary Stanley, daughter
 of the late John Stirling, Esq. merchant, Port Glas-
 gow.
 7. At Leith, Captain J. M'Luckie, to Elizabeth,
 third daughter of the late Captain Andrew Scott of
 Airth.

8. At Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Howien, Lawhead, to Agnes, younger daughter of the late Mr Alexander Sawers, Hallhill.

11. At Edinburgh, Mr John Finlayson, student of divinity, to Christina, daughter of the late reverend John Hoyes, minister at Kinloss.

— At the parish church, Leeds, Thomas Kinnear, Esq. eldest son of George Kinnear, Esq. banker, Edinburgh, to Susannah, third daughter of Benjamin Gott, Esq. of Armley House.

— At St George's church, Hanover-square, London, the most noble George, Marquis of Blandford, to the right honourable Lady Jane Stewart, eldest daughter of the Earl of Galloway.

— The reverend Thomas Easton of Kerry-muir, to Janet, only daughter of Mr Cruickshanks, supervisor of Excise.

12. At St Andrew's, Sir David Moncreiffe of Moncreiffe, Bart. to Miss Helen Mackay, daughter of the late Aeneas Mackay, Esq. of Scotston.

— In St Paul's chapel, Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel George McKonochie, in the service of the Honourable East India Company, on the Bombay establishment, to Miss Isabella Alison, youngest daughter of the late James Alison, Esq. of the royal navy.

14. At London, Lieutenant-colonel Charles Tryon, of the 88th regiment, to Miss Sheridan, daughter of the late J. Sheridan, Esq.

16. Richard Paterson, Esq. of Woburn-place, Russell-square, London, to Caroline Frances, youngest daughter of the late Robert Cattley, Esq. of Wandsworth Common and Lime-street.

— Lieutenant Alexander Quarrier, Royal Scots, to Miss Ann Auriol, daughter of the late Dr Robert Lawson, Edinburgh.

18. At Edinburgh, Dr Charles Stewart of Duneearn, to Miss Margaret Parlane, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Parlane, Esq. surgeon in Glasgow.

21. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant G. G. Monro, 42d regiment, to Mary, eldest daughter of Captain Kingdon, 94th regiment.

DEATHS.

Feb. 19, 1818. On board the Thomas Coutts East Indianan, on the passage to Bombay, Crauford Swinton, son of Mr Swinton, merchant in Grange-mouth.

At Calcutta, in May last, Lieutenant Cathcart Taylor, 53d regiment, youngest son of the late Colonel Cathcart Taylor, 3d dragoons.

May 15. At Jaulnah, Lieutenant John Stodart, 5d regiment native infantry, Madras establishment.

July 18. At Samarang, in the island of Java, near Batavia, Mr William Robertson, second mate of the ship Commerce of Liverpool, and eldest son of the late Mr James Robertson, spirit-dealer, Chessel's Court, Canongate. He had gone into the sea to bathe on the evening of the 18th July, when unfortunately a shark got hold of him, and tore all the flesh of his left thigh, in consequence of which he died in a few minutes thereafter.

Nov. 15. At his house in Red Lion square, London, after a long and painful illness, George Sandeman, M.D. in the 72d year of his age.

— 14. At Trinity estate, St Mary's, Jamaica, Mr Charles Oman, eldest son of Mr Charles Oman, West Register-street, Edinburgh.

19. Suddenly at his house in Crail, Mr James McMin, school-master, aged 69, the benefit of whose superior talents has long been experienced in Crail, where he has taught the principal school for forty years.

25. At his seat in Union, South Carolina, George P. B. Hasell, Esq. M.D.

29. At Paris, Mr Hayter. This reverend and learned gentleman died suddenly. He had been at church in the afternoon, and returned home quite as well as usual; he went to bed, was seized with apoplexy, and expired almost instantly. He had been employed by the Prince Regent for many years in unrolling and deciphering the manuscripts found at Herculanum. For this purpose he went to Naples in the year 1800, and remained many years in Italy. He was an excellent Greek scholar, and the manner in which he supplied the parts of words, or sentences, that were totally destroyed in the manuscripts, was very ingenious, and evinced great skill and ability.

Dec. 8. At Stanwix, near Carlisle, aged 85, Mary, the wife of Mr John Carruthers. This woman

bore ten children at four births, namely, four, three, two, and one.

12. At his mother's house, George Thompson, Esq.

15. At Edinburgh, after four days' illness of a scarlet fever, Alithia Roddom Eliza, wife to Captain Bunworth, 88th regiment, and sister to the late Commodore Sir James Lucas Yeo, R. N.

18. At his house, No 5, Murray-street, Edinburgh, in the 60th year of his age, Mr William Sinclair, father of Mr Sinclair of Covent-Garden, Theatre.

— At Auchtermuchty, the Rev. John Fraser, late minister of the Associate Burgher Congregation in that place, in the 74th year of his age, and 51st of his ministry.

19. At Woodhouse, parish of Manor, Mrs Ballantine of Sunyacres, in her 99th year. She has left alive 6 children, 27 grandchildren, 44 great grandchildren, and has buried 1 child, 20 grandchildren, and 4 great grandchildren. The number of her remaining descendants is 77, and, including the deceased, amounts to not less than 102.

20. At Hastings, Mrs Montgomery of Irvine.

— Of an apoplectic fit, the Marquis de Perigon, Peer and Marshal of France, &c.

21. At Stirling, Mr Patrick Murray Tovey.

— Mary Harrison, aged 108 years. She had lived, as nurse, in Mr Madon's family, at Bascins, in Lancashire, upwards of 95 years.

22. At Kew, Surrey, aged 84, Mrs Popham, relict of the late Joseph Popham, Esq. father of Lieutenant-General and of Rear-Admiral Sir Home Popham.

— At Bathgate, Mrs Isabella, Wardlaw, relict of the late Thomas Mair, Esq. of Pottieshaw.

24. At Polmont Park, Mrs Spiers, relict of Alexander Spiers, Esq. of Eldersly.

— At Nagpore, from excessive fatigue, Major C. Addison, of the honourable East India Company's 2d regiment N. I. Madras presidency.

— At Sherborne, aged 46, Mr James Crutwell, proprietor of the Dorchester and Sherborne Journal.

— At Anstruther, Mr John Roger, merchant there.

25. At Comrie, Mr Peter Comrie, surgeon in Comrie, much regretted.

— At Abden, Mrs Sibbald of Abden.

— Margaret Young, wife of Mr John Robertson, teacher, Burntsfield Links, Edinburgh.

— At Plymouth, Mrs Francis Fullertina Crow, daughter of the late John Crow, Esq. of Gladshot, writer in Haddington, and wife of Lieutenant Henry Spry, royal marines.

26. At Edinburgh, Bain Whyte, Esq. W.S. deeply and justly regretted.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Charles Scott, late tanner there, aged 77.

27. At Mound-place, Edinburgh, in the 80th year of her age, Mrs Margaret Duncan, relict of the late Mr William Tait, merchant in Glasgow, and sister to the late Admiral Viscount Lord Duncan.

— At London, Daniel Lovell, Esq. proprietor and editor of the Statesman Newspaper.

28. At Carron-bank, Dumfriesshire, Mr John Gracif.

— At Edinburgh, William Scott, teacher of dancing.

— At Haddington, Mr James Grieve, a young man of promising abilities, and of a mild and amiable disposition.

— At Glasgow, Elizabeth, daughter of the deceased George Buchanan, Jun. Esq. late one of the magistrates of Glasgow.

29. At his country seat, near Paris, in the 52d year of his age, Adrian Hope, Esq. second son of the late John Hope, Esq. of Hartley-street, formerly of Amsterdam.

30. At Raeburn-place, Edinburgh, Neil, third son of Mr Alexander Somerville.

31. At Corstorphine, Mr Thomas Cuddie, post-master there.

Jan. 1. At Kildblan, in the parish of Southend, Argyllshire, Grace Watson, at the advanced age of 105 years. She was only once married, and was the mother of 13 children.

— At Edinburgh, John Brown, Esq. of Prat-house, W. S.

— At Dumfries, at an advanced age, William Martin, Esq. of Highlaw.

2. At Bath, Dame Sarah Gordon, relict of the late Sir William Gordon of Embo, Bart.

— At his house, 42, George's-square, James Home of Linhouse, Esq. W. S.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Montagu Home, third daughter of Mr David Home of Homefield, in the county of Berwick.

3. At Seafield, Mrs Elizabeth Lett, in the 108th year of her age. Out of 56 children and grandchildren, deceased was present at the birth of 40.

— Frances, third daughter of William Keir, Esq. St John-street, Canongate, Edinburgh.

— At Hamilton, after a short illness, Mr Hugh Fallov, late quartermaster in the 2d or Queen's Dragoon Guards.

4. At London, Mrs Hamilton Ann Hathorn Stewart, widow of the late Dr William Cunningham, physician at Bristol.

— At Strokestown-house, county of Roscommon, in the 81st year of his age, the Right Honourable Maurice, Lord Baron Hartland.

— At Musselburgh, after a short illness, Margaret, eldest daughter of the Rev. Alexander Black, aged 19.

— At No 52, Bristo Street, Edinburgh, Miss Helen Somerville, aged 83.

5. At Dumfries, Mr Robert Threshie of Bloomfield.

— At Kilmarnock, after a short illness, George Rutherford, Esq. cashier, and one of the partners of the Kilmarnock bank.

— At Edinburgh, in the 28th year of her age, Mrs Catherine Rachel Dove, wife of James Dove, Esq. and daughter of Archibald Douglas, Esq. of Adderstone, in the county of Roxburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Mary Patoun, daughter of the late Francis Patoun, Esq.

— At Palmerston, near Dumfries, Mr Megget, aged 80.—He breakfasted with his family in his usual good health, and in two hours was a corpse.

6. At her house, Castle-street, Edinburgh, the honourable Miss Henrietta Napier, daughter of the late William Lord Napier.

— At Gilmour-place, Jane, third daughter of John Hamilton, Esq. deputy-receiver-general of the Customs.

7. At Brae of Fordie, Perthshire, Catherine MacCallum, spouse of the late Duncan Campbell, farmer there.

— Archibald Alison, son of Mr Nathaniel Grant, New Street, Edinburgh.

8. At Edinburgh, Mr David Guthrie, printer.

9. In consequence of a determination of blood towards the head, which produced violent derangement, and baffled the medical art, Mr Tokely, a celebrated actor on the metropolitan boards.

— At Colzium, Grace, eldest daughter of James Davidson, Esq. W. S.

10. At Glasgow, Marion, eldest daughter of James Reddie, Esq. advocate.

— At her father's house, Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, Anne Maria Mair, daughter of Colonel Mair, deputy-governor of Fort-George.

12. At Edinburgh, Mr James M'Culloch, of the Royal Hotel.

— At Edinburgh, Mary Clementine, youngest daughter of William Colville Learmouth, Esq.

13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Charlotte Watson, wife of Mr Allan Grant, Messenger at Arms.

— At his apartments in Somerset-town, after a lingering illness, which confined him to his bed, Dr John Walcot, so well known to the literary world under the name of "*Peter Pindar*," in the 81st year of his age.

— At Perth, Robert Marshall, Esq.

— At Duddingstone-Manse, Mary Helen, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Thomson.

14. At his house, Warriston-crescent, Canonmills, George Forsyth, Esq. master, royal navy.

— At Jedburgh, in the 69th year of her age, Mrs Betty Home, wife of James Murray, Esq. second daughter of the Honourable George Home, and grand-daughter of Charles, Earl of Home.

— At West Maitland-street, William Jane, youngest daughter of the late William Robertson, Esq. of Demerare.

15. At Edinburgh, Mr Isaac Salter, late brewer.

— At Melbury House, Dorsetshire, the Countess of Hechester.

— At Edinburgh, the infant daughter of Mrs Cochran, 21, St James's-street.

16. At Dundee, Mrs Elizabeth Lawson, wife of the Rev. J. Lawson, minister of the gospel there.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Smeeton, aged 80, relict of Mr William Donaldson.

19. At Kelso, Mrs Sarah Nasmyth, widow of the Rev. William Paton, minister of Ecksford, in the 89th year of her age.

20. At Edinburgh, after a long and painful illness, Margaret Robson, wife of Mr M. Corrie, professor of music.

21. At Rockvale, Toryburn, Walter Turnbull, Esq. late of the island of Jamaica.

23. At his house in Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, London, Colonel James Robertson, of the late Royal Westminster Volunteers.

Lately—At Laurieston, near Edinburgh, in the flower of his age, Mr Robert Bishop, compositor. He transcribed for the press the whole of the popular novels, "*Tales of my Landlord*," &c. which have of late years created so much speculation in Scotland, as well as in England, Ireland, and the United States of America.

At Paris, the Count de Beauclerc, formerly a senator, father of the Grand Duchess of Baden, and cousin to the Empress Josephine.

At his seat, Ballyvoan, county of Wicklow, Charles William Quinn, Esq. for 30 years physician-general to his Majesty's forces in Ireland.

At Aberdeen, Dr Yeats. He was a young gentleman preparing to go to the East Indies; but in the mean time, took an active part in assisting the poor labouring under typhus fever, which he caught.

At the Kentish Town assembly rooms, where he was conveyed, being taken suddenly ill on his way from Hatton-garden police-office, Thomas Leach, Esq. one of the magistrates of that office for near 20 years. His death was occasioned by a cold palsy.

Of an apoplexy, at Hinton St George, Somerset, the right honourable Earl Paulet, in his 66d year.

At No 9, Buccleuch-street, Edinburgh, Captain Alexander M'Intyre.

In the East Indies, Brigadier-general Philip D'Auvergne, of the 26th regt. of native infantry.

Sir Philip Francis, K.B. He was born in Dublin, on the 22d October, 1740, old style. Dr Francis, the translator of Horace, was his father. Sir Philip originally possessed a situation in the War Office, and afterwards went to India, where his talents raised him to a distinguished situation. It was his misfortune to differ with the late Mr Hastings, while in that country, and to engage in a duel with that gentleman. Sir Philip was a member of the House of Commons in several Parliaments, and received his baronetage during the administration of Lord Grenville and Mr Fox. No man, who, like him, was for half a century perpetually in the press, was ever so little known by the public at large. Scarcely a year elapsed, even after he had passed the age allotted to him, without a production from his pen; and he was known, and perhaps only known, in political circles, as the ablest pamphlet writer of the age. A MS. of an historical character, relating to the persons and personages who have figured in the present reign, occupied his care and attention to the latest period. Whenever it appears, it will be found marked by many of the characteristics which so distinguish the best delineations of Tacitus. The works of Sir Philip resemble, in one particular, those of Lord Bacon, of whom it was said, that "no man crammed so much meaning into so few words." In a book, lately published, the letters of Junius have been ascribed to him, but we avoid giving any opinion on the question of Junius. Of the work entitled "*Junius Identified*," a very learned judge observed—"If there is any dependence on the law of presumptive evidence, the case is made out." The article on this subject in the Edinburgh Review seemed to put the question at rest in the affirmative, as it did the work of the ingenious discoverer, and all further public debate about the matter. It was an *enigma* found out, and all interest had ceased. Whether the conclusion came to be right or wrong, will, in all probability, be decided by documents which personal motives may now no longer operate to conceal.

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VOL. IV.

ON THE STATE OF LEARNING IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

LEARNING, in its limited and appropriate sense, is not to be found in America; the business of a scholar is not among the occupations of life; every man of liberal education must have a profession, and, as there are no fellow or scholarships in the colleges, and no exemption from regular professional labours for any portion of the clergy, it is evident there can be no class in society, who have leisure for the cultivation of science and general literature. The professors in the universities form the only body of men of letters, and from them alone could learned works be reasonably expected. But their situation, it will be recollected, is not like that of professors in this country; instead of half or more of the year in vacations, they have but a small portion of it; their duties are more laborious, being divided among a much smaller number; they have no good libraries to consult, and, above all, they are obliged to work through life, to repair the defects of early education. It may be added, in further explanation of the difference between the literary communities of America and of this country, that there, two other classes are nearly wanting, which here furnish no inconsiderable portion of the stock of literature, which are the army and navy. In consequence of thus confining the talents of the country to the circumscribed limits of professional duties, the absurd opinion has arisen of the inferiority of American intellect. It was a French philosopher who made the discovery; and it gratified him

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exceedingly, no doubt, to find that English blood could degenerate. This opinion will appear erroneous, by examining the grounds upon which it is formed. The display of talent always depends upon the situation of the country, in which it is called forth. One state of society demands practical cleverness and business men; another closet speculations, scholars, poets, and artists. In respect to the first, the Americans are equal to any people whatever, ancient or modern, as is fully proved by their ingenuity in the mechanic arts, their commercial enterprise, their activity in the field, their acuteness at the bar, and their eloquence in the senate. For a certain time, this direction of their powers was not only justifiable, but necessary; they could not cultivate flower gardens, before they had cut down the forests and planted corn fields; nor erect temples to Apollo and the Muses, before they had built habitations for their own shelter. These reasons, however, no longer exist; the country is rich and powerful, and secure both from savage and foreign foes, and necessity cannot now be offered in justification of their neglect of learning; still its continuance may be explained, and the fewness of their contributions to science and literature accounted for, without supposing any deficiency of genius. It was a confession of Socrates, that the charm of knowledge consists in the fame it gives to its possessor; and the same confession would probably be made by every honest man, who has spent his life in the acquisition of it.

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Ambition accompanies active talent, as uniformly as heat does combustion, and directs its efforts to the attainment of the most desirable honour within its reach. In America, this honour is public office or professional distinction, and, therefore, all the talent of the country is drawn into the current, which sweeps in one of these directions. To establish the truth of the opinion we have advanced, and prove, that the low literary reputation of America, and the small show she makes in our libraries, are owing to bad education, want of learning, and the peculiar use to which talent is there applied, and not to any deficiency of it, we must trace its display in the course, which we say it takes.

The bar is the profession, which attracts the greatest number and the highest talents, and, notwithstanding the wretched state of preparation, in which most young men are when called to it, the country may well boast of the lawyers it has produced. In this profession, the deficiencies of education must be made up by after diligence; no man can attain to a high rank in it without legal learning; in spite of all the prejudices of the country, and the general disposition to reduce the system of jurisprudence to a few maxims of common sense, the common law of England remains, for the most part, the law of the land; and a knowledge of that, every one knows, cannot be acquired without laborious study, by the mere force of genius, however great. In all the states where this system still continues in force, we find a learned bar; and, although the lawyers entitled to this distinction are few, these few are eminently so; and, to prove it, we refer to the common law reports of the cases adjudged in the courts of final jurisdiction in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. In some of the states, the issue of a suit depends chiefly upon the jury, and then the pleas of the counsel are of course rather appeals to popular feeling, than legal arguments; these are admirable schools, in which, to acquire a readiness of extemporaneous speaking, and great powers of that kind are often displayed in them; but as courts of justice, they deserve not to be named. The learning of the American bar has been displayed principally in their courts; and the only written evidence of it is contained in the

reports. Blackstone's Commentaries, and many other of the English elementary treatises, have been reprinted in the country, with notes, pointing out the alterations or modifications of the English law by their statutes. The civil law is not used at all, and not studied but by a very small number of curious scholars; and, in general, the English books are the only authorities cited, except in the admiralty courts, where the early Italian, Spanish, French, and Dutch writers upon maritime law are often referred to. It is difficult to draw a just parallel between the American and English bars, for two reasons; *first*, because in the former, the various departments of legal business are united in the same individual; and, *secondly*, because their period of preparatory study is much shorter, and their means and system of education greatly inferior; if proper allowance be made for these disadvantages, the first class of lawyers in America may be considered equal to the same class in England, in point of legal learning, and superior in extemporaneous speaking. We need not repeat what we stated so explicitly in the first division of our subject, that the well educated lawyers form but a small part of the whole number; it is of this small part that we have been speaking, and upon them the whole character and credit of the bar must rest.

The intimate connexion, which exists in America between the bar and the senate, leads us, in the next place, to consider the character of the latter. No country ever had occasion for a greater proportion of statesmen, and in none was political education ever less attended to. Three thousand five hundred legislators are constantly required for the general and state governments; and, in the whole country, there is not a course of lectures, either upon their own constitutions, the law of nations, political economy, statistics, or history, and very little public instruction of any kind in these important departments of science and learning. The bar is the school in which the greatest, and almost the only requisite for a statesman is acquired, fluency in speaking. Want of the necessary knowledge is not the greatest evil arising from the want of proper political education; a far greater one is, that men who have been pursuing a profession for a

long time, are very apt to have their minds somewhat narrowed by it, and are therefore not capable of taking such extensive views as politicians, as ought to be done by those, who are legislating for the whole community, and not for a particular class of it. Notwithstanding this defect, the Congress of the United States has generally been distinguished for the wisdom of its political measures, and always for a large proportion of powerful and eloquent speakers. It is not surprising that the latter characteristic should mark this body; the Americans are eminently a speech-making people; the practice begins in childhood; their colleges are full of clubs for exercise in this art; the frequent recurrence of elections, and of the *caucuses* which precede them, is continually nourishing this passion for haranguing; and it is in this way that a young man of talent always brings himself into notice. Nearly every thing is done by direct appeal to the people; a short speech has more effect than ever so many written volumes upon the same subject; and, therefore, the talent is cultivated as the great engine of political power. Thus we see how general is the habit of public speaking, and we may infer from the use, which is made of it, what must be its character; the genius it calls forth is as rich and luxuriant as the vegetation upon the great rivers of the west, and, at the same time, as wild and unpruned. The speeches of the members of Congress might be referred to, if they had ever been published collectively, as the best proof the country has given of the talents, which it possesses. Journals of both houses are regularly printed, but they do not contain full reports of the debates. American eloquence has its own peculiar character; it is not British eloquence; it is neither so dignified, chaste, nor learned, but it is bolder and more rapid in its flights, and more impassioned in style and manner. It somewhat resembles the Irish, but it is far less laboured and artificial. The striking defect, both in the forensic and parliamentary eloquence, is bad taste, a defect which evidently arises from neglect of classic reading. We are told in the beautiful biographical sketch of Fisher Ames, one of the finest geniuses and most eloquent orators which the country has produced, that he read Virgil in the

original, and Homer in Pope; and even this is a degree of erudition far greater than is possessed by many of the best speakers in the land. The occasions, which have called forth the greatest exercise of talent, were the discussions in the state legislature of the proposed federal constitution; the debates in congress upon the treaty made with this country by Mr Jay, in 1794; and those upon the repeal of the judiciary bill, and the other changes made by the friends of Mr Jefferson, when they first came into power, in 1801. Most of the speeches upon these great questions have been published, and should be read by any one, who wishes to form a just opinion of American eloquence. Those of Mr Ames, upon the two former, are contained in his works, a book which makes every reader regret, that such superior talent and genius should have been wasted upon subjects of party politics, which, from their very nature, can be but of local and momentary interest. But with him there was only one object of ambition, and that was to serve his country; to this he sacrificed the more extended fame, which he certainly must have gained, if he had written for the world. The same period presents us with another strong testimonial in favour of American intellect; it produced the federalist a work, which saved the constitution from being strangled in its infancy. These papers, written by Hamilton, Jay, and Madison, but mostly by the former, contain a remarkably clear and able defence of that constitution, and may be regarded as a perfect commentary upon its principles; could they but have conferred upon it the immortality they have procured for the country, we believe none of its friends would have cause to fear for its fate.

The observations we made upon Mr Ames, might be extended to the country in general; the writing talent is all expended upon short desultory compositions; newspaper essays, and orations upon the anniversary of their national independence, make up the whole body of political literature. The love of this kind of political food commences in childhood, and grows with the growth; the extent of it may be inferred from the number of different newspapers published in the country, which at present exceeds five hundred.

The medical profession does not exhibit such a mass of talent as the bar ; but, from the superior means of education provided for it, in point of learning, it is by far the first. We have before said, and we here repeat, that in regard to medical schools, America cannot justly be charged with neglect ; the fault now consists in not preventing, by law, ignorant quacks from practising the art. The colleges of physicians assume the right to give licences, but their licence is a mere certificate of recommendation, and not a commission, without which a man cannot enter upon the practice ; and, as ignorant people are always jealous of learning, in many parts of the country, charlatans are much more encouraged than those whose education entitles them to this certificate. But the regularly bred physicians do full justice to the advantages they enjoy ; in no country is greater practical skill discovered among the faculty ; and this, we think, is a strong proof of the truth of our opinion, that the bad system of early education in America is the cause of all their supposed intellectual inferiority. The loss is comparatively little felt in this profession, and, perhaps, it may be even advantageous to neglect the cultivation of the mind, and the acquisition of a fine taste, when one is destined for a pursuit in life, in which these qualities are rarely called for ; but, however this may be, classical learning is not an indispensable requisite for a good physician ; for it is quite certain, that better are to be found no where than in America ; and as certain, that very few of them could read Hippocrates and Galen, or even Celsus, in the original. Still the medical faculty has done more for the literary and scientific character of the country, than all the others together. The college of physicians at Philadelphia, and the Massachusetts medical society at Boston, publish their transactions regularly ; and very respectable medical journals are published in Boston and New York, under the direction of private individuals. Several works in high esteem, have appeared from the professors of the Philadelphia school, on anatomy, surgery, *materia medica*, and the diseases most frequent in the United States. In New York, the medical writings have been more in the nature of dissertations, and are to be found chiefly in the medical re-

pository of Drs Mitchell and Miller, and the medical register of Dr Hosack. In Boston, a fund has been placed at the disposal of the medical society, out of which prizes are annually given for the best treatises on the subject proposed ; this has had a very beneficial effect in directing the attention of students and young physicians to the most important inquiries, and has produced many valuable dissertations. On the whole then medical science may be considered in a very respectable state in America, and requiring only some extension of its present means, and a power of excluding ignorant pretenders from the profession to perfect its character.

Before we proceed to speak of the American clergy, we must make a few observations on the state of religion. There being no established church, and, in general, no obligation to provide religious instruction, a great part of the country is either entirely destitute of it, or dependent upon itinerant preachers for all they receive. The whole number of religious teachers being five thousand, as shewn by the latest accounts, it appears that only about two thousand of them have received any kind of preparatory education, all the rest being fanatics and pretenders to immediate inspiration ; and of this two thousand one-half at least are in New England, and of the remaining thousand, but about two hundred in the great district of country south and west of the Chesapeake, containing a population of more than four million souls. Thus we see, that, in speaking of the clerical profession, we are obliged to leave out of consideration very nearly one-half of the country, and certainly that half, which is most distinguished for talent and genius. In fact the profession is never thought of by any of the native young men of the South, all the supplies it receives are from the North. It must not be inferred from this, that the sacred office is held in no respect ; that is not the case, but it is a respect which ambitious men never covet. If we were to proceed in this inquiry, we should find, that the clerical profession must hold out the least inducement to men of talent, and that, more particularly, in those parts of the country of which the growth is the most rapid. It is the least lucrative, most laborious, and offers no honours.

in expectation. Its comparative decline has been very great for the last twenty years, and it must be still greater for the future, unless some change should be made to place it more upon an equality with law and medicine; and how this could be done, it would be difficult to say;—there are no orders of clergy, and hence there can be no hope of preferment to act upon the ambitious, and no promise of leisure to tempt the scholar. Itinerant preachers are continually gaining upon the educated clergy, even in New England, where the people are the soberest, and in the other states they have almost succeeded in extirpating them. If farther proof be necessary that the profession is losing its attractions for young men of talent, the fact, that the only parishes now sought for, or accepted by such, are those of the cities, affords a conclusive one; and a stronger even than this is shewn by the records of the annual academic degrees; Harvard College first conferred degrees in 1642; for the next succeeding eighty-eight years, one-half of the whole number educated there entered the church; but, during the last equal period of time, the proportion has been only one out of five. To confirm this fact, we refer to the catalogue of the graduates, in which the clergy are printed in italics. This picture must be particularly pleasing to the admirers of the anti-church establishment system; and it was for their gratification that we sketched it. We now return to the subject, which more properly belongs to us here to consider, and proceed to give an account of the state of learning among the clergy. Critical learning was not introduced into the study of theology, until within a very few years. The old American divines, notwithstanding their superiority to the modern, as classical scholars, relied entirely upon the English version of the Scriptures, and English commentators. Of late the German system has prevailed, and the doctrine of inspiration, being now renounced by many, the Bible is subjected to the common rules of criticism, and hence must be studied in the original languages. The character of the leading clergy is therefore essentially changed; theological controversy, which was heretofore purely metaphysical, is now reduced to mere Biblical criticism; their learning is

more exclusively professional; and their sermons more in the style of exegetical lectures. This applies particularly to the Unitarians; the orthodox clergy are not so learned, but they retain more of the old stamp; their tendency, however, is the same way, as all the new theological schools now adopt this system of critical enquiry. For a long time after the settlement of America, the clergy were the only men of letters in the country; education was as wholly in their hands as it now is in the hands of the ecclesiastics in Italy and Spain; literature and science also looked to them alone for support. That period produced a number of curious and important works, which are far less known in this country than they deserve. The most remarkable among them are, Cotton Mather's History of New England, and the writings of his father Increase Mather; Ward's Simple Cobbler of Agawam in America; Hubbard's Indian Wars; Cotton and Norton's Theological Works; and Eliot's Indian Grammar; and his Translation of the Bible into the language of the Massachusetts Indians—a work which gained him the title of the Indian apostle. During the greater part of the last century also, the clergy continued as before, almost the sole protectors of literature and science; but the latter received more attention from the physicians after the establishment of the medical schools at Philadelphia and Cambridge in 1764 and in 1783. Their writings in this period were chiefly sermons and local history, and in neither of these departments of literature did any thing very remarkable appear; but, in controversial divinity, a powerful Coryphæus stepped forth; as a metaphysical theologian, Edwards has never been surpassed, if equalled; it is scarcely in the power of the mind to reason with greater closeness and force, than he has done throughout his works. He is the very Euclid of divines; and the Americans would do well, in claiming due honour for their geniuses, to put him at the head of the list; for the country never produced a greater. If we were to bring the history down to the present day, we should find many names that deserve to be mentioned. Within the last twenty years America has produced full as great a number of good sermons, in proportion to her educated

clergy, as Britain, but then the same body has not produced much other literature, as they are continually doing here; the reasons for which have before been given. From the views we have now taken, it appears that the whole number of religious teachers in America is but about half what is requisite for the population—that of these, three-fifths are ignorant deluded fanatics, who possess almost exclusively one great portion of the country—that the proportion of regular clergy is diminishing, and the profession daily becoming less respectable—and that the spirit of controversy and sectarianism extends to all classes, who interest themselves at all in religion. Massachusetts and Connecticut generally, and several of the cities in the other states, are still favoured with a respectable, and, for the most part, well-instructed clergy, but the residue of the land is a prey to delusion.

Having shewn that there is no class of society in America devoted exclusively to letters, and that the professions afford little or no leisure for other studies, it cannot be expected that literature and science should be successfully cultivated there. Certain it is, they have hitherto done very little for either. Franklin is their only philosopher whose discoveries have been of much importance to mankind; and if the whole stock of their literature were set on fire to-morrow, no scholar would feel the loss. We do not mean to say, that they have produced nothing worthy of being preserved; we have already mentioned several professional works of high value, and we might add others to the list; but they are not the master productions of the mind, in whose preservation all the world is interested. Mr Irving has shewn much talent and great humour in his *Salmagundi* and *Knickerbocker*, and they are exceedingly pleasant books, especially to one who understands the local allusions. Belknap, Minot, Ramsay, and Jefferson, have written valuable histories of different portions of the country; and Marshall of the Revolutionary War, and of the hero who commanded in it. Freeman, Buckminster and Channing's Sermons are specimens of great elegance and fine taste in writing; in essays and the lighter kind of composition, Franklin, Dennie, and Wirt, were uncommonly successful; in the literary journals, a

great deal of talent has often been displayed, and the little patronage they have received is a strong proof of the want of literary taste in the public. The *Portfolio*, formerly conducted by Dennie, was one of the most amusing and best edited journals of the kind ever published in any country; Walsh's *American Review* displayed talent enough to entitle it to the highest patronage; and the *Cambridge Repository* was a work of learning that would have done credit to any body of critics; but none of these received the support they deserved. At present this complaint could not be made with equal justice; the *North American Review*, printed at Boston; the *Analectic Magazine* at New York; and the *American Register* at Philadelphia all receive a good share of public patronage; from these journals the best knowledge of the progress of literature in the country is now to be gained. In works of imagination and taste, very little has been produced. Mr Warden, in his Chapter upon the Literature of the Country, mentions a long list of original dramatic productions; but he is careful to express no opinion of their merits, and we are quite sure he would have omitted them altogether, if he had but have taken the pains to read them. In romance and novel writing their success has been about the same; Brown's *Wieland* and Arthur Mervyn are the only ones whose fame is likely to survive the life of their authors. The poetic muse has been more fruitful; but her offspring do not indicate a great degree of vigour in the parents. Barlow's *Columbiad* is a long heroic, and Trumbull's *MacFingal*, or, as it was once cited in the *Quarterly Review*, "a Poem by a Mr Fingal," is a Hudibrastic quite as respectable for the number as for the excellence of its lines. There was also an Epic called the *Conquest of Canaan*, by Dr Dwight; and as he is the only American, whom Campbell has admitted into the company of English bards, he seems entitled from that honour alone to a more particular notice than the rest; especially as the editor complains that he was unable to learn one word of his history. This gentleman, who had the misfortune to be called by "the baptismal name of Timothy," and in consequence thereof to have become an object of derision to the Edinburgh

Reviewers, was at one time a distinguished clergyman at Greenfield in Connecticut, and afterwards president of Yale College; as a pulpit orator, and a writer of sermons, he had a high reputation in his own country. For a long while he was at the head of the Calvinistic clergy of New England; and, from the infallibility claimed for him by his disciples, he received the name of Pope Dwight from his opposers. His two poems, the *Conquest of Canaan* and *Greenfield Hill*, were the productions of his early life, and were surely not the most favourable proofs he gave of talent. He died two years since, at the age of sixty or thereabouts. A better taste and a more genuine spirit of poetry has been discovered in some of the smaller and later productions. Alston's *Sylph of the Seasons*, Pierpont's *Airs of Palestine*, and the *Bridal of Vaumond*, are decidedly the finest transatlantic poetic compositions we have seen. It will no doubt be thought more difficult to account for American barrenness in creative literature, than in works of learned industry, allowing them to possess a common share of genius; but even here we do not look upon the attempt as desperate. Admitting that genius is too subtle to be confined by any covering in which ignorance may wrap it—that it comes into life at its own call from the brain in which it exists—it does not follow that it may not afterward suffer some deforming compression, like the flattening of the heads of the Indian children. Indeed precisely this effect is produced upon it in America; the instant it appears, it is forced into some professional refrigerator, where it undergoes the process of condensation, and is then turned out for ordinary use, as a common preparation of the shops. There is nothing to awaken fancy in that land of dull realities; it contains no objects that carry back the mind to the contemplation of early antiquity; no mouldering ruins to excite curiosity in the history of past ages; no memorials, commemorative of glorious deeds, to call forth patriotic enthusiasm and reverence; it has no traditions and legends and fables to afford materials for romance and poetry; no peasantry of original and various costume and character for the sketches of the pencil and the subjects of song; it has gone through no period of in-

fancy; no pastoral state in which poetry grows out of the simplicity of language, and beautiful and picturesque descriptions of nature are produced by the constant contemplation of her. The whole course of life is a round of practical duties; for every day there is a task for every person; all are pressing forward in the hurry of business; no man stops to admire the heavens over his head, or the charms of creation around him; no time is allowed for the study of nature, and no taste for her beauties is ever acquired. It is astonishing how little there is of the ideal and poetic in life there—what neglect of every thing intellectual—what indifference to all that belongs to imagination—and what perfect concentration of the whole faculties in the pursuit of wealth, and the prosecution of the calling or profession, be it what it may. If this affords no solution of the difficulty, we know of nothing that will; the fact is undeniable, that hitherto they have given no proof whatever of genius in works of invention and fancy, and unless we allow that the failure is owing to the want of proper subjects to awaken it, and proper materials to nourish it, in the manner above shewn; or that it is displayed in a different sphere, we must agree with Buffon and Raynal, that the human mind has suffered a deterioration by being transported across the Atlantic. As Englishmen, we should not feel much pride in this belief of the degradation of American intellect; we would rather hope that they will one day reflect lustre upon their ancestors, and add to the glories of the common language.

To complete our view of this subject, we have now to add a few remarks on the state of science and the arts. We have a right to expect that America will do a great deal for science; for it is comparatively little affected by the obstacles, which retard her literary advancement, and, in many of its departments, it directly assists in perfecting that practical talent for which she is so eminently distinguished. They have not yet furnished many names to be entered upon this catalogue of fame. Franklin's is the only one whose right is undisputed; Rittenhouse can hardly be considered more than an ingenious mechanic; and Rumford's claim rests rather upon his successful application

of science to practical uses, than upon his own original discoveries in it. One more might be added, whose right must be allowed whenever it is sufficiently known; we allude to Dr Bowditch, the astronomer, to whose merits the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh have lately borne testimony by receiving him as a member. For the proofs which this gentleman has given of his profound science, we refer to the Transactions of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, published at Boston, particularly to the fourth volume, which contains several articles by him. Natural history appears to be the subject, which now receives the most attention, and that is cultivated with great zeal. In this branch of science they have produced several valuable works, within a few years: Wilson's Ornithology is a splendid book, and we can conceive no reason but its high price (30 guineas) which has prevented it from finding its way into more of our libraries; Cleaveland's Mineralogy is generally known, and as generally esteemed; Maclure's little work on the Geology of the United States is a very interesting view of the great outlines of the formation of the country; Bigelow's Medical Botany, and Elliott's Carolina Flora, both now publishing in numbers, are executed with great abilities and correctness, and promise to be important additions to the science; and Nuttall's Genera of the North American plants is a useful catalogue, particularly as a supplement to the larger Flora of Pursh. Other works of the same kind are now preparing for publication: Professor Cleaveland's Geology of Maine, Bigelow and Boot's New England Flora, Hosack's Flora of North America, and Muhlenberg Flora Lancastriensis, edited by Collins, may shortly be expected. The scientific expedition up the Missouri, and its tributary streams, cannot fail to add a vast deal to our present knowledge of the kingdoms of nature; and the very undertaking of it is a proof of a good spirit in the cause. Another indication of the increasing attention to science is seen in the improved character of the learned societies: the papers now published in their transactions are far more respectable than formerly. The fourth volume of the Memoirs of the American Academy at Boston, recently

received here, would better stand the ordeal of the reviewers, than a volume of the Transactions of the Philosophical Society at Philadelphia did about sixteen years since. This last-named society seems hardly so active as some others in the country, which, probably, is owing to the establishment of a new society in the same city, the Academy of Natural Sciences, which has already published several very interesting papers on zoology, botany, and geology. It must be highly pleasing, to all the friends of natural history, to hear of this attention to it in a country, which lays open such a field for research. We hope that reparation for past unpardonable neglect may be made by future activity and zeal. Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Charleston, Carolina, are all making spirited exertions, through the instrumentality of societies, for its promotion. In this last city, by the influence of a single individual, a taste for botany has been created, and liberal patronage extended to the sciences;—a garden has been established, which should, and, we hope, will be made a depository for all the plants of the tropics, for which it is so admirably fitted by the mildness of the climate. We know of no other scientific associations which have not been mentioned, except the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York. There are several for the promotion of agriculture and the useful arts, and two for aiding inquiries into their own history. The oldest of these two was established at Boston about thirty years since, and has published sixteen volumes of historical papers, which are for the most part important materials for history. It is called the Massachusetts Historical Society. The other, at New York, was formed in 1809, and has published two volumes of the same kind as that at Boston. Both of these societies have considerable libraries of books connected with the objects they are designed to promote.

As to the fine arts, America is just about where she was when first discovered by Columbus. She is evidently in no danger, from what De Pradt considers as a mark of decaying liberties, a taste for these luxuries. She might have painters if she would, for she has given birth to several of the most distinguished of the age. West, Copely,

Trumbull, Vanderlyn, Allston, and Leslie, are all her sons, and would probably now be her honours, if she had given proper encouragement to their talents. Sculpture is not likely to make much progress in a land, where there are no models, and in which the ideal has no existence; nor architecture, where utility is always preferred to beauty; nor music, where the common labours of life would hardly be stopt to listen even to the lyre of Orpheus. In these respects, however, they cannot be charged with having degenerated; they possess quite as much taste in either of them, as they inherited from their ancestors.

From the imperfect account, which we have now given of the state of intellectual cultivation in America, we may draw the following general conclusions: First, that classical learning is there generally undervalued, and of course neglected; secondly, that knowledge of any kind is regarded only as a requisite preparation for the intended vocation in life, and not cultivated as a source of enjoyment, or a means of refining the character; and thirdly, that the demand for active talent is so great, and the reward it receives so sure and so tempting, as invariably to draw it away from retired study, and the cultivation of letters. It is not, therefore, to be expected, that she will

very soon produce any critical classical scholars, or great poets, or superior dramatic writers, or fine works of fiction; in a word, any extraordinary productions of learning or taste. But mind is not inactive there; it is continually wrought upon by the most powerful excitements, and it must display itself in a manner worthy of its field of action. In enterprise, personal intrepidity, force of individual character, adroitness in the management of business, quickness in execution, ingenuity of mechanical invention, and all the qualities which constitute physical talent, if the expression may be used, England never had a rival but America. These are the faculties first called forth, because first needed. If in these she has proved herself worthy of the stock from which she sprung, may it not be expected that she will exhibit a like equality in powers of a higher order, when a more improved and refined state of society shall bring them into action. We do not believe that America is *the most enlightened nation on earth*, although it has been so enacted by the authority of her legislative assembly; but we do believe, that she will disprove the charge of intellectual inferiority, whenever proper cultivation of the mind shall cause it fully to develop its faculties.

REMARKS ON KEEPING IN REMEMBRANCE THE CAPACITIES OF HUMAN NATURE.

Books are loved by some merely as elegant combinations of thought; by others as a means of exercising the intellect. By some they are considered as the engines by which to propagate opinions; and by others they are only deemed worthy of serious regard, when they constitute repositories of matters of fact. But perhaps the most important use of literature has been pointed out by those who consider it as a record of the respective modes of moral and intellectual existence that have prevailed in successive ages, and who value literary performances in proportion as they preserve a memorial of the spirit which was at work in real life, during the times when they were written. Considered in this point of view, books can no longer be slighted as fanciful tissues of thought, proceeding from

the solitary brains of insulated poets or metaphysicians. They are the shadows of what has formerly occupied the minds of mankind, and of what once determined the tenor of existence. The narrator who details political events, does no more than indicate a few of the external effects, or casual concomitants, of what was stirring during the times of which he professes to be the historian. As the generations change on the face of the globe, different energies are evolved with new strength, or sink into torpor; faculties are brightened into perfection, or lose themselves in gradual blindness and oblivion. No age concentrates within itself all advantages. The knowledge of what has been is necessary, in addition to the knowledge of the present, to enable us to conceive the full extent of human

powers and capacities; or, to speak more correctly, this knowledge is necessary to enable us to become acquainted with the varieties of talent and energy, with which beings of the same general nature with ourselves have, in past times, been endowed.

The three principal bequests which men receive from past ages are, *science* and the mechanical powers it confers—*history*, which, in exhibiting the sequence of events, affords materials for the philosophy of experience—and the *inspiration* emanated from the literary monuments of past habits of thought and feeling. The first is a certain legacy. The use made of the second depends upon the degree of intellectual activity with which the receiving generation is endowed. The efficacy of the last depends upon the degree of moral life continuing to pervade the minds of mankind; for a nation, although alive to the investigation of causes and effects, may sink into such a state of moral darkness and stupidity, as to be unable to perceive any meaning in the memorials of former genius. When this takes place, the noblest compositions appear to be only a rhapsody of words, because the feelings which ought to correspond to them have no longer any existence. Helvetius or Holbach would probably see nothing but a dreary blank in the pages of Dante or Milton; and for the same reason, in the society in which they lived, the highest works of art would be valued only for the mechanical merits of their execution. The mind which they express would be a dead letter. The knowledge which relates to objects of sense is of a nature which can hardly be lost sight of. Certain qualities are said to belong to certain objects; and as the objects have a permanent existence independent of human habits, they remain always extant for examination. But the case is totally different with regard to mental qualities, which, when they disappear, leave behind them only the remembrance of actions afterwards reckoned strange, perhaps, and the result of barbarous prejudices—or endeavour to stamp traces of themselves upon literary compositions, which subsequent generations may, if they chuse, in order to preserve a low self-complacency, interpret by a shallow and imputed import quite different from the real one, or throw aside as dull

and ineffective. Whether the literary records of past ages happen for a time to be regarded with interest or not, few improprieties can be more palpable than that of sneering at the painstaking of antiquarians and philologists, who make it their study to preserve or restore these vehicles, in which the pedigree of human thoughts and feelings is retained for future examination.

As society advances through its different stages, the external circumstances of life, and the objects about which men are engaged, become such as no longer to task or exercise more than a small part of the general aggregate of human energies and capacities. The vivifying heat of external inspiration ceases to dart its rays through the mind; and if the deeper feelings still continue to bestir themselves of their own accord, it is in vain that they search among outward circumstances for objects upon which to spend their force. Even if a project, romantic in its end, were then to be conceived, the means employed for its accomplishment would still require to be prosaic, to adapt them to act in concert with the other causes at work for the time. The degree of sentiment with which ordinary wars are contemplated by the nations engaged in them, is not likely to increase, but diminish, and sink into that species of interest which attends a game of cards when the stakes are deep.

If the modes of existence are likely to assume forms so barren and monotonous, as no longer to draw forth and exercise the range of human sentiments, then the great problem to be determined is, how far the power of thought is capable of carrying life into the recesses of the mind, and maintaining it there with the assistance of the imagination. Even mere reflection, if sufficiently profound and earnest, has its greatness; and, in the midst of the most monotonous and mechanical circle of events, human nature is still noble, if it remembers the extent of its own faculties, and confides in its high destination. Events, indeed, are of no importance, if those movements of the mind, which they should chiefly be valued for producing, can take place without them. It is evident, from the position which external circumstances are assuming, that it is only by what happens in the

world of thought, that any farther development of the human mind can take place. Not that any important discoveries are likely to be made in the fluctuating world of intellectual speculation and opinion, whose barren deductions leave the mind as torpid as they find it. Warmth and vitality can only be expected from the sphere of poetry and the arts, whose object is to attain to an exhibition of the external relations of thought and sentiment. But the perceptions which are arrived at in this sphere will depend entirely upon what is taken for granted, or, to speak more correctly, upon what mankind have the strength of soul to feel and to believe; for here the suggestions of their own nature are the subject of investigation, and if their nature is silent, or is made so by voluntary obtuseness or levity, no process of logic will be able to discover any one of its secrets. Of course, poetry and the arts are here spoken of, not as merely imitative and graphical, but as the means of approximating to beauty, and of expressing the truly fine and perfect relations of thought and sentiment. When all romantic achievements, and other subjects of poetry, have vanished from external life, there still remains for man the most sublime, pathetic, and inexhaustible of all subjects, namely, the struggle of evil propensions with the divine affections in his own mind. The endless variety of outward forms, in which this fundamental idea may be clothed, affords room for the exercise of every species of talent, and for the expenditure of the brightest, as well as of the most sombre colours of imagination. The number of elementary conceptions that strongly interest us, is much smaller than is generally supposed. Their application to different circumstances suffices to produce a multiplicity of aspects, which is equally useful for exemplification and for gratifying the fancy. In treating the class of subjects above mentioned, the object of poetry, however, should not be to express in a literal, or what is called psychological manner, the relations of the different feelings, or to exhibit mechanically their stirrings as they actually take place. The nature of language is at variance with such an exhibition, and the imagination receives no impulse from it. Even sympathy ceases to regard with interest

what partakes so much of the dryness of mere observation. The object of poetry should be to express the characteristics and tendencies of the different mental elements, together with their contrasts and collisions, under shapes, and in events, presenting a graphical aspect to the imagination. No doubt verisimilitude would be destroyed, if separate characters were to be invented, and held up as the representatives and vehicles, each of a single mental propension. This would be to exchange nature for the insipidity of allegory. The very conception of an individual implies the presence of the whole component qualities of human nature, in whatever proportions they may exist. The way to avoid both allegorical improbability and psychological dryness, would be to render individuals symbolical of different feelings, not so much by the permanent qualities attributed to them, as by the circumstances in which they were placed, and the relations in which they stood to each other for the time. The studied exhibition of character (that is to say, the exhibition of the proportions in which qualities are possessed by individuals, and of the consequences resulting from their combination) has always a tendency to lead the mind out of the region of true poetry into that of intellectual scrutiny. The spectacle presented is of a mixed nature, which rather excites curiosity and reflection, than occasions within us any progressive enchantment, or climax of feeling. If we wish to be filled with the highest species of enjoyment which poetry can afford, we must not sit down to investigate philosophically the nature of individuals, as we would do that of machines, whose powers we wish to understand. On the contrary, we must think of nothing but the living feelings that are drawn out, for the time, by the situations in which characters are placed. It is not here meant to speak of situations that interest by the vulgar sensation of suspended curiosity, but of those which, being unattended with doubt, draw their interest from the nature of the feelings which acquire ascendancy in the persons placed in them. A situation that can inspire only one feeling may still be impressive; but, in contemplating it, we experience but a passive sympathy. The highest poetical charm

proceeds from that exultation and enthusiasm which is felt in seeing one sentiment for its moral beauty preferred to another, and in the awakening of hope which follows such a choice—a hope not connected with events, but with the bias which has been acquired by the feelings. If true dramatic genius ever revives in this country, it will probably accomplish its triumphs in a different direction from that pursued by Shakspeare, who, in carrying to such perfection the drama founded on character, and on the blind natural impulses of human affections in their

mixed state, has yet left room for others to succeed, in employing that new class of materials which is generated by contrasting the divine elements of our nature with the human ones, and exhibiting their relations and respective tendencies—a class of materials upon which imagination will find it easier to spread forth pure and brilliant colours, than upon subjects partaking less of the aerial nature of romance, and more of the hardness and opaqueness of the produce of observation.

HINTS CONCERNING THE COLONIZATION OF AFRICA.

MR EDITOR,

THE society of Encouragement for National Industry in France, has granted prizes for various discoveries in the arts and sciences, but I wish government, or some society of our own country, would offer a liberal prize for the best mode of colonizing Africa, and for ameliorating the condition of the inhabitants of that vast but little known continent.

A well digested plan for the discovery of this continent might be followed by the most desirable events. The efforts of the African Association, to say the least, have been lamentably disastrous; little good can be anticipated from the efforts of solitary or scientific travellers, in a country where science is not cultivated, and when the travellers know little or nothing of the general language of Africa, nor of the manners and dispositions of the natives. A knowledge, therefore, of the African Arabic appears indispensable to this great undertaking, and it should seem, that a commercial adventurer is much more likely to obtain his object than a scientific traveller; for this plain reason, because it is much easier to persuade the Africans, that we travel through their country for the purposes of commerce, and its ordinary result, *profit*, than to persuade them that we are so anxious to ascertain the course of their rivers.

Accordingly, it was aptly observed

by the natives of Congo, when they learned that Major Peddie came not to make war nor to trade. "*What then come for? only to take walk and make book?*"

I do not mean now to lay down a plan for the colonization of Africa, nor for opening an extensive commerce with that vast continent, but I would suggest the propriety of the method by which the East India Company govern their immense territory. I would wish to see an *African company formed, on an extensive scale, with a large capital*. I am convinced that such a company would be of more service to the commerce of this country than the present *East India trade*, where the natives, without being in want of many of our manufactures, surpass us in ingenuity; but the Africans, on the contrary, are *in want* of our manufactured goods, and give immense sums for them.

According to a late author, who has given us the † fullest description of ‡ Timbuctoo and its vicinity, a plattelia is there worth 50 Mexico dollars, or 20 mizans of gold, each mizan being worth two and a half Mexico dollars. A piece of Irish linen of ordinary quality, and measuring 25 yards, is worth 75 Mexico dollars; and a quintal of loaf sugar is worth 100 Mexico dollars.

Now, if we investigate the parsimonious mode of traversing the desert by

* The general language of Africa, is the western Arabic; with a knowledge of which language, a traveller may make himself intelligible wherever he may go, either in the negro countries of Sudan, in Egypt, Abyssinia, Sahara, or Barbary.

† See New Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, article, Africa, page 98.

‡ See the account of Timbuctoo, appended to Jackson's account of Morocco, published by Cadell and Davies, London, chapter 13th.

the Arabs, we shall find (by the same author's notes and manuscripts, collected during his residence, as agent for Holland, and general merchant at *Agaleer*, in *Suse*, which manuscripts I have been allowed to inspect) that a journey of 1500 English miles is performed from *Fas* to *Timbuctoo*, at the rate of 40s. Sterling per quintal, so that loaf sugar (a weighty and bulky article) can be rendered from *London* at *Timbuctoo*, through *Tetuan* and *Fas*, including the expense of a land carriage of 1500 miles, at about £6 per quintal, thus:

	Per Cwt.
Refined sugar, price of, at <i>London</i> , aboard, - - -	70s. 0d.
Duty on importation at <i>Tetuan</i> , <i>Rabat</i> , <i>Mogodore</i> , or any port in the dominions of the Emperor of <i>Morocco</i> , 10 p. cent.	7 0
Freight, &c. 5 per cent.	3 6
Land carriage to <i>Timbuctoo</i> ,	40 0

Shillings 120 6d.

So that, if 100lb. loaf sugar, rendered at *Timbuctoo*, cost 120s. 6d. and sells there for 100 Mexico dollars, at 4s. 6d. each, or for £22, 5s., there will result a profit of 270 per cent.

The profit on fine goods, such as the linens before-mentioned, is still more considerable, being not subject to so heavy a charge, or per centage for carriage. The immense quantity of gold dust and gold bars that would be brought from *Timbuctoo*, *Wangara*, and *Gana*, in exchange for our merchandize, would be incalculable, and perhaps has never yet been contemplated by Europeans.

In the same work above noticed, third edition, page 289, will be found a list of the various merchandize exportable from Great Britain, which suit the market of the interior of Africa or Sudan, and also a list of the articles which we should receive in return for those goods.

Plans to penetrate to the mart of *Timbuctoo* (which would supply *Houssa*, *Wangara*, *Gana*, and other districts of Sudan, with European merchandize) have been formed, but if a treaty of commerce were made with any of the negro kings, these plans would be subject to various impediments.

The goods, in passing through hostile territories (these sovereigns living in a state of continual warfare with each other), would be subject to in-

numerable imposts, not to say impositions; it might therefore be expedient to form a plan whereby the goods should reach *Timbuctoo*, through an eligible part of the desert. But some persons who have been in the habit of trading for gum at *Portendic*, have declared the inhabitants of the *Sahara* to be a wild and savage race, untractable, and not to be civilized by commerce, or by any other means. This I must beg leave to contradict. *The Arabs of Sahara*, from their wandering habits of life, are certainly wild, and they are hostile to all who do not understand their language; but if two or three Europeans, capable of holding colloquial intercourse with them, were to go and establish a factory on their coast, at an eligible spot, and then suggest to them the benefits they would derive, being the barriers of such a trade as is here contemplated, their ferocity would forthwith be transferred into that virtue, in the practice of which they so eminently excel, hospitality, and the most inviolable alliance might be formed with such a people.

I speak not from the knowledge derived from books, but from an actual intercourse with these people, and from the experience derived from having passed many years of my youth among them.

An advantageous spot might be fixed upon on the western coast, from whence the caravans would have to pass through only one tribe with perfect safety, and subject to no impost whatever, neither would they be subject to any duty on entering the town of *Timbuctoo*, as they would enter at the *Bab Sahara*, or gate of *Sahara*, which would exempt them from toll, duty, or impost.

That civilization would be the result of commerce, and that the trade in slaves would gradually decrease, with the increase of our commerce with these people, there can be little doubt, and, independent of the advantages of an extensive commerce, the consolation would be great to the christian and to the philanthropist, of having converted millions of brethren made in the perfection of God's image, and endowed with reason, from barbarism to civilization.

Let us hope, then, that some of the intelligent readers of your interesting pages will direct their attention to this great national object, and produce an

eligible and well digested plan for the cultivation of a mutual intercourse, through the medium of commerce with Africa, and for the civilization of that hitherto neglected continent.

The encouragement of such a bene-

ficial and philanthropic intercourse would immortalize the prince who should cherish it to its maturity. I am, Sir, your most obedient,

VASCO DE GAMA.

Edon, Feb. 9, 1819.

ACCOUNT OF AN ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF JAMAICA.

"The Blue-Mountains of Jamaica have never yet, that I have heard, been fully explored. Neither curiosity nor avarice has hitherto ventured to invade the topmost of those lofty regions."—BRYAN EDWARDS' *History of the West Indies*, Book 1st, page 20.

BEING stimulated by the too common opinion of the impossibility of exploring the cold ridge of the Blue-Mountains, and by a desire to ascertain if the different peaks contained any thing that could add to the store of natural history, three gentlemen from this city arrived by way of the Botanic Garden, Hagley Gap, and Duckworth, at the plantation of Samuel Francis, Esq. situate on the first rise of mountains, at the head of Blue-Mountain-Valley, St Thomas's in the east, on the afternoon of the 24th ult. where the thermometer stood at 70°, and barometer 27.20, making its elevation 2817 feet above the level of the sea. Next morning, accompanied by a fourth person, the necessary means, supplies, &c. proceeded N. E. having Wild Cane-River on the left, and Morgan's on the right, with a view of the spot where Three-Fingered Jack was killed, up a steep and narrow ridge, well wooded with the Santa Maria (*Calophyllum Calaba*), the Beefwood (*Achras Xylobocion*), Rod Wood (*Lætia Guidonia*), Guava Mountain (*Psidium Montanum*), Mammee-Apple (*Mammea Americana*), Naseberry Bully-Tree (*Achras Mamosa*), Red Bully-Tree (*Achras Anona*), White ditto, or Galimeta Wood (*Achras Salicifolia*), varieties of Bastard Figs (*Ficus Americana*), ditto of Cane Peppers (*Piper longum*), and gigantic Juniper Cedars (*Juniperus Bermudiensis*), some dead from age, but from its incorruptible wood, standing in despite of storms, &c. &c. By twelve o'clock reached a high knoll, which was pointed out as the spot where his Grace the Duke of Manchester, a few years ago, was forced, by the badness of the weather, to terminate his intended journey to the east peak: Thermome-

ter here was 60°, barometer 24.60, elevation 5682 feet. Weather foggy, with occasional rain; proceeded till near two o'clock, when, taking some refreshment, the sun burst from under a cloud, and displayed to their enraptured view, as if raised by magic, the conclusion of the ridge, and a beautiful cone like a gigantic sugar-loaf, as if barring their further progress. This being an opportunity not to be lost, the laborious steep was surmounted, when the grandeur and sublimity of the view amply repaid the toil, though, from the constant passing of the mist, generally the case in Alpine regions, it was partially restricted; the Swift and Back Rivers arising immediately below, the former making its rapid but winding course, through thousands of acres of native forest, to the sea, at Low-Layton, and the latter, with its numerous ramifications, joining the majestic Rio-Grande, and both, through well cultivated banks, coursing to the sea. Dalvey pen and morass, forming the East end of the island, Manchioneal, Port Antonio, with its east and west harbours, fort, &c.—Hope-Bay, Orange-Bay, with Spanish-River, Buff-Bay with its river, and Annotto-Bay with Wag-Water, &c. full in view on the one hand, and on the other, Plantain-Garden-River, Port-Morant, Morant-Bay with the shipping, and Yallahs-River, Port-Royal and shipping, Portland-Point, &c. and due west, immediately across the impassable ravine, another grand ridge, with its cones and peaks, higher than the one on which they stood, and ending in a north-west direction at a deep chasm. Sowed several seeds assimilated to a cold clime; placed a journal of proceedings so far in a bottle, with copies of four other journals found there, the origi-

nal being too far injured to be intelligible much longer, viz. by Messrs Delprat, Hering, and Campbell, in 1802; T. H. Adams and Charles Macneal, 21st March 1807; Alexander Garden, Samuel R. Whitmore, and Thomas Barker, on survey by order of the Hon. House of Assembly, 19th July 1810; and James Henry, John Wiles, David Fanning, Edward Telfer, and Charles Ford, 18th January 1813, which bottle was sealed up, and placed conspicuously under an African yew-tree (*Taxus elongata*), on which had been cut several initials, and they added WC and TH. This beautiful wood, commonly called Yacca, and in high repute for cabinet ware, most abounds on all these steepes, with a large and several smaller species of *Andromeda*, viz. *Fasciculata*, *Jamaicensis*, and *Oc-tandra*; five species of *Myrtle* (*Myrtus*), viz. *Buxifolia*, *Monticola*, and *Azillaris*, the other two not known; the Candleberry *Myrtle* (*Myrica cerifera*); an unknown shrubby *Digitalis*; several varieties of the Cockroach Tree (*Melastomad*), one, the *Coccinea*, in flower; a beautiful *Lysianthus* (*a bicolor*); all which, together with the Wild Pine (*Tillandsia lingulata*), the Felix Arboreus and other Ferns (*Felices*), and Mosses (*Musci*), the varieties too numerous to enumerate here; great Fox-Tailed Grass (*Alopecurus Indicus*), a Goose Grass (*Dactylus major*), and lastly, that very troublesome climbing reed (*Arundo scandens*), vulgarly called Traveller's Joy, which, though it retards his progress, imbibing less humidity, and being somewhat elastic, is the best thing for his bed; besides innumerable *Euphorbias*; form the principal plants on this peak, whose top stratum consists of a light yellow argil, with a thin covering of vegetable mould; and the only fossils that could be seen on the journey were precipices of Rock Cos and Schistus. On the road up, a black snake (*Coleuber major*) was killed, but no other reptile, rat, insect, or bird, was seen. Thermometer, 48°, barometer 23. 70, elevation 6621 feet. Night approximating, descended and huddled at its foot, with continued rain all night, and till twelve o'clock next day. It then cleared up, removed a considerable way back to where the western ridge before seen branched off, and the remainder of the day occupied in open-

ing a N. W. track on it, rebuilding hut, &c. All night piercing cold, and in the morning thermometer as low as 46°. Having the promise of a fine day, set off with renewed vigour, but without water, expecting to obtain it from the wild pines, or water wythe (*Vitis fruter*), but to their utter disappointment, though on higher steepes than the preceding evening, neither were to be found, but having two bottles of beer the want was in part obviated. After about one mile had been passed, not a mark or vestige of human footsteps having ever trod there before could be traced; however, proceeded on along ridges steep and craggy, over swelling hills, cones, and dells, some swampy, where the European crow-foot (*Ranunculus flammula*) was in blossom; and to which wild hog tracks led, till the summit of the majestic peak, seen from the east was gained; thermometer 50°, barometer 23. 20, elevation 7232 feet. Plants similar to those before, only an increased variety of *Myrtles* and *Andromedas*; on a considerable sized tree, with fleshy thick bark and hardwood, much like the Bastard Locust Tree of Sloane, but very tomentose, cut the initials WC. THN, 1818, RS, 1818, and IWB: but another cone still appearing north-west, of doubtful height, proceeded to it, which disclosed another of gigantic swell, after which the ridge declined by a steep declivity, forming the east of Portland Gap. This last being clearly the north peak of Robertson, and the conclusion of all the higher ridges and peaks, found the thermometer at 50°, and barometer 23. 18, making the elevation 7255 feet. From hence saw all the east end of the island, and occasionally, as the flitting fog admitted, the sea-girt land of the west, with evanescent views of shipping, conjectured to be at Falmouth, being in a direction N. W.

Thus having penetrated over the whole of these stupendous steepes, a final detail, for the guide of future travellers, was put into another bottle, placed there under a similar tree, and with the same initials as the last; and as an agreeable conclusion, they, by continued exertion, gained the house of their hospitable host that night, leaving to others, actuated by more interested motives, the pleasure of

more minutely exploring the Alpine forest lands of St George's, Portland, and St Thomas's in the east, of which there appeared some thousands of acres

comparatively level and capable of cultivation.

Kingston, March 2d, 1818.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE JOHN SACKEOUSE, THE ESQUIMAUX.

JOHN SACKEOUSE was born in 1797, on the west coast of Greenland, in latitude about 70° north: In 1816, when the whale ships of the season were about to return home, he contrived to get on board the Thomas and Ann, Captain Newton, of the port of Leith. Having made friends of all the sailors, he found no difficulty in concealing himself, and in stowing away his canoe: when the ship was well clear of the land, he made himself known to the captain, who, supposing that he had been carried away by accident, very kindly offered to return and put him on shore. But John entreated that this might not be done, declaring that he wished to go to England with the ship, and to abandon his own country. He was accordingly permitted to remain. During the voyage he learned a little English, and made himself a tolerably expert seaman. At Leith, during the winter of 1816-17, he frequently exhibited in his canoe in the docks, and excited, in this neighbourhood, a good deal of notice by his extraordinary dexterity.

He went to Davis' Straits again in the Thomas and Ann in 1817, upon which occasion, Captain Newton was strictly enjoined by his owners, Messrs P. Wood, Weddell, & Co. of Leith, to treat the Esquimaux with the greatest kindness; to give him an opportunity of rejoining his friends; and not, on any account, to bring him away from his own country again, unless at his own particular request.

It is due to these gentlemen, as well as to Captain Newton and his son, to state, that, from the earliest period of John's acquaintance with them, till his last moments, he was treated by them with a kindness, and a liberality, which do them the more honour, from being bestowed at a time when he was unknown; and had no claims to their notice but his being far from home, and without friends; claims which, however, to such generous minds, are the most powerful of all.

On reaching Greenland, in the sea-

son of 1817, John found that his only remaining relation, his sister, had died in his absence. Upon receiving this afflicting news, he said that he would revisit his country no more. What his objects were in making this resolution, it is difficult to say. Probably he did not distinctly know himself; though, perhaps, having acquired a taste for enjoyments which he knew were not to be found at home, and having notions of kindred to bind him to the place of his birth, he would easily resolve, for a time at least, to follow the new line of life which accident had thrown in his way.

About the beginning of 1818, Mr Nasmyth, the eminent artist of this city, accidentally met John Sackeouse in the streets of Leith, and having some years before been engaged to execute a set of drawings of the Esquimaux costume, he was naturally attracted by his appearance, although his dress was a good deal modified by his European habits. Mr Nasmyth brought him up to Edinburgh, and finding that he had not only a taste for drawing, but considerable readiness of execution, very kindly offered to give him instructions. It soon occurred to Mr Nasmyth, that the Esquimaux might be useful to the expedition then about to sail under Captain Ross, and this idea being communicated to Sir James Hall, President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and John's merits being found, upon examination, to promise very well, a letter was written to Mr Barrow, secretary of the Admiralty, who instantly desired that the Esquimaux, if he were willing to join the expedition, should be sent to town. Very liberal offers from the Admiralty Board accompanied this invitation, and he at once agreed to go; appearing, however, to care very little about the proffered compensation, and only bargaining very explicitly, that he was not to be left in his own country.

We must look to Captain Ross's account of the voyage for the details of

John's proceedings. It may suffice here to say, that he behaved not only with great address, but with much courage and presence of mind, on some trying occasions; and, throughout, gave entire satisfaction to the officers employed on that service.

On the return of the expedition, the Esquimaux became an object of great interest in London, and was so much noticed, that there was reason to apprehend, either that the poor fellow's head would be turned, or that he might get into company, which would give him dissipated habits, and render him unfit for further service on the next expedition. Soon tiring of London, however, he was sent, at his own request, to Edinburgh, and placed under the charge of some of his old friends.

The Admiralty Board being fully sensible of the importance which it might prove to the expedition to have a good interpreter, gave directions for John's being educated in as liberal a manner as possible. He concurred in these views, and engaged in a number of pursuits with an ardour and a steadiness truly astonishing. His friend, Mr Nasmyth, resumed his drawing lessons, in a more methodical manner, however, than at first; and was of still greater service to him by teaching him English, and by introducing him to his family, all of whom took the warmest interest in his improvement.—As John wished to learn writing, Mr Steven, of this town, was engaged to teach him: and Mr Cameron, a learned student of divinity, who was desirous of acquiring the Esquimaux language, undertook to give him regular lessons in English. He was fond of modelling and of carving canoes; and he took much pleasure in walking about, and paying visits. He had great delight also in society; and being himself very entertaining, his circle of acquaintance soon extended itself, so that his evenings passed cheerfully, and profitably.

But in the midst of all this, he was seized with an inflammatory complaint, from which, in a few days, he in a great measure recovered, but relapsed, and died on Sunday evening, the 14th February. He was attended with the utmost assiduity by Mr George Bell, and several other eminent medical gentlemen. He had many friends, too,

who attended him during his illness, with the most anxious care.

John Sackeouse was about five feet eight inches high, broad in the chest, and well set, with a very wide face, and a great quantity of coarse black straight hair. The expression of his countenance, however, was remarkably pleasing and good-humoured, and not in the least degree savage. There was at all times great simplicity and absence of pretension in his manners. His modesty was great: when asked his opinion of the elephant he had seen in London, he said, with great naïvete, and with a look of deep humility, "Elephant more sense me." His disposition was gentle and obliging; he was grateful for the least kindness shewn to him, and, upon several occasions, exhibited a goodness of heart, and a consideration for the wishes and the feelings of others, which would have done honour to any country. His fondness for and kindness to children was very striking. In a snowy day, last winter, he met two children at some distance from Leith, and observing them to be suffering from the cold, he took off his jacket, and having carefully wrapped them in it, brought them safely home: he would take no reward, and seemed to be quite unconscious that he had been doing any thing remarkable. He was temperate in all his habits; he was docile, and was always open to conviction; shewing, however, the greatest desire to be treated with confidence, and of this he never proved himself unworthy.

He had a quick sense of insult, and one evening being attacked in a most ungenerous and cowardly way in the streets, he resented the indignities put upon him in a very summary manner, by fairly knocking several of the party down: but though the insult was thus resented, so nice were his feelings, that many days elapsed, before he subsided into his wonted quiet state of mind. It is due to poor John to state, that upon this occasion, he behaved for a long time with great forbearance; but upon being struck, he was roused to exert his strength, which was prodigious. The whole party were carried to the watch-house—a measure which the Esquimaux could never be made to comprehend.

Nothing could exceed his industry

and his desire to learn, yet he made but slow advances. He certainly did improve, however, in all that he undertook, particularly in drawing. He was easily pleased, and took great delight in relating his adventures with the Northmen, as he called the people recently discovered in Baffins Bay. Speaking of the barbarism of these people, he once adverted, with great good humour, to his own ignorance on first landing in this country. He imagined the first cow which he saw to be a wild and dangerous animal, and instantly retreated to the boat for his harpoon, that he might defend himself and his companions from this ferocious looking beast!—His curiosity was lively, and he sought for information with great perseverance. But he never expressed any of that idiotic surprise which savages sometimes evince, on seeing any thing very different from what they have been accustomed to. When he was placed, for the first time, before a large mirror, he gazed at it for several minutes with evident satisfaction, and then turning round, exclaimed, “fine, fine! two pair rooms!” He played on the flute, and danced very well, so that wherever he went he was a most welcome guest. He looked forward with the utmost keenness and anxiety to the sailing of the expedition, now fitting out; being perfectly aware, at the same time, of his own value upon the occasion.

During the height of his first illness, he was very obedient; but when he was freed from pain, and began to gain strength, he by no means liked the discipline to which he was subjected, but more than all the rest the prescribed regimen displeased him. One day when the surgeon called, John’s door was found locked. No intreaties could prevail upon him to open it. “No, no,” said he; “no want more physic—no want doctor—not sick now.” After a time, finding him resolute, the doctor took John at his word, and went away. One of his friends called to remonstrate with him on this pro-

ceeding; when it came out that he had no objection to seeing the doctor;—“but,” added he, “doctor say—John, you no eat fish (Yakees* man no like, no eat fish)—I go out buy little fish—doctor come—I make fry fish on fire—no like doctor see fish—lock door!”

His dying moments were soothed by the anxious attendance of his friends. He felt and acknowledged this attention, but said it was of no use, for his sister had appeared to him and called to him to come away. It must not be supposed, however, that this arose from superstition, or was any thing more than the effect of the fever under which he was then suffering; for he was unaffectedly pious; and having been early instructed in the Christian faith, continued to derive support and consolation from this source, to the last hour of his life. He held in his hand an Icelandic catechism,† till his strength and sight failed him, when the book dropped from his grasp, and he shortly afterwards expired.

He was followed to the grave by a numerous company, among whom were not only his old friends and patrons from Leith, but many gentlemen of high respectability in this city.

It is pleasing, in every point of view, to see such attentions, and honours, paid to so humble and insulated an individual as John Sackeouse. It is also worthy of remark, as affording a striking example of the distinction between a civilized, and a savage state of society. To the rude tribe to which this man belonged, all this might appear very insignificant;—but with what satisfaction should we not hear (what, alas, we can never hope to hear!) that our unfortunate countryman, the enterprising—the philosophical Park, had been cheered in his last moments, or honoured after his death, with half the attention which was here so freely bestowed upon a poor Esquimaux Indian.

* His name for the Esquimaux nation.

† Copenhagen, 1777.

PATRICK HUME’S AND MR CALLENDER OF CRAIGFORTH’S NOTES ON MILTON.

IN the year 1695, Jacob Tonson published the sixth edition of *Paradise Lost*, in folio, and to this edition were added a very large collection of “annotations,” or notes, by P. H. *φιλολογιστής*. This P. H. was Patrick Hume, a Scotsman, of whom very little is known; but judging by his notes, which are exceedingly curious and learned, he appears to have been a man of cultivated

taste, and very extensive erudition. In the 1750, the Foulis' of Glasgow published the First Book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, with notes by Mr Callender of Craigforth. This gentleman, who was certainly also an accomplished scholar, has however borrowed, without the slightest acknowledgment, a great deal from these annotations of his countryman, Hume. A plagiarism so close in its nature, yet so concealed in its origin, is worthy of notice. I shall mark some of the passages of Hume's notes, in which Callender has evidently borrowed his illustrations from this older commentator.

PATRICK HUME.

Thus, in annotations on verse 11th,—“And Siloa's brook that flowed,”—Hume says: “Siloa was a small brook, as appears by Isaiah 8. 6. arising on the east side of the temple in Jerusalem, of which the tower our Saviour mentions, Luc. 13. 4. probably took its name.”

Verse 16.

“Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.”

“In prose or rhyme, either in prose or poetry, *prosa. lat.* for that free and easy way of writing and speaking, unshackled and unconfin'd in its parts and periods, used by orators, historians, and men in common conversation, styled ‘*soluta oratio*,’ as opposite to rhyme, derived of the Greek *Ρυθμος*, consisting of a more exact measure and quantity of syllables, of which Aristotle says, *ρυθμὸν δὲ χαίρομεν διὰ το γινώσκον, καὶ μεταγινώσκον ἀριθμὸν ἔχον καὶ κινῆν ἡμᾶς τὴν ἀρχήν.* in prob. *καλονοῖται* autem longitudo et altitudines vocis emetitur longior mensura vocis *Ρυθμος* dicitur, altior *μελὸς*. Aul. Gell. b. 15. c. 18. *Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber.* Pers. Sat. 1.”

Another similarity will be found in the coincidence between the notes of Hume and of Callender, on verse 33. “Who first seduced them to that foul revolt.”—Again, in verse 34. “Th' infernal serpent,” Hume's note is as follows:

“Th' infernal serpent. The devil, who entered into the serpent, and, actuating his organs, deceived our Mother Eve. Therefore called the ‘Old Serpent.’ Rev. 12. 9. Moses, in the relation of Satan's attempt, takes no notice of the arch fiend, but barely reports the matter of fact, the serpent entertaining and tempting Eve, who discovered not the sly seducer. Gen. 3. 1.”

In his notes on verse 48. “In adamantine chains,” Hume adverts to the passage of Lucan, b. 6. “*Durum vinculis adamantina paratque pœnam victori;*” and to that of Horace, “*Figit adamantinos dira Necessitas clavos.*”

Verse 50.

“Nine times the space. A certain for an uncertain time is usual with the poets, who are fond of the number nine, whether in respect to that of the Muses, or as being the square of the ternary, made famous by Pythagoras, and by Arist. and Plut. styled the most excellent of all numbers, as containing in itself the beginning, middle, and end; to Christians much more renowned, as expressive of the Mysterious Trinity.

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Callender begins: “This was a small brook rising from the east of the temple. Possibly the tower mentioned by our Saviour might have taken its name from thence. After which he proceeds to make some additional observations on the invocations made by the poets to the deities of classical mythology.

Callender, after remarking the parallel line in Ariosto,

“*Cosa non detta in prosa mai, ne in rima,*”

proceeds thus:—“Milton here uses the word rhyme not in the common acceptation, in contradistinction to blank verse, but by this word he means verse in opposition to prose; this being its ancient and original signification, as derived from *Ρυθμος*, denoting a line consisting of a more exact measure and proper quantity of syllables, of which Aristotle says, *ρυθμὸν δὲ χαίρομεν*, &c.

In the same sense, Perseus: “*Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber.*”

“Serpent. The devil, who, entering into the serpent, made use of this form to deceive Eve. Hence he is called, by St John, the Old Serpent. Moses, in his relation of the fall of man, takes no notice of the arch fiend. He relates barely the matter of fact.”

In Callender the exact same passages are quoted (with the addition of one from *Æschylus*) in illustration of the same epithet.

“Nine times. The poets seem particularly fond of this number; whether because it was that of the Muses, or because it was imagined to be a perfect number, containing the beginning, middle, and end, we shall not determine. Homer has often mentioned it.

Εννέα. μὲν, &c.

Εννέα. ξενισσε. &c.

Εννέα. μὲν. ὅπως. &c.

HUME.

Εννημαρ μιν ανα στρατον οχρετο κηλα θεοιο.

Il. α'.

Εννημαρ μιν ομαῖς πλεομεν, νυκτας τε και ημαρ.

Od. κ'.

Εννημαρ ζανισσε, και εννα βας κρευσεν. Il. ζ'.

Verse 77.

"Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire."

A noble expression of the flaming hurricane of hell, taken, doubtless, from Psalm 11. 6.

"Fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest."

Verse 74.

"As from the center thrice."

Hume remarks, that this is an imitation of Homer :

ποσσον ενερθ. Αιδω, οσον θρανος ες' απο γαιης.

And of Virgil :

"Tam Tartarus ipse.

Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque sub
unbras

Quantus ad Ætherium Cœli suspectus Olympum." Æneid 6.

Verse 84.

"If thou beest he."

Here the same parallel passage from Virgil—

"Hei mihi qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo." Æn. b. 2.

is quoted by both authors.

Verse 99.

"To contend."

To strive with. Contendo, I. at. to make earnest opposition ; so contention for strife, encounter.

Quis talia demens

Abnuat aut tecum malit contendere bello.

Æneid 4.

Verse 105.

His throne. His royal seat ; his kingdom, Θερονος. Heaven is called Διος θερονος. Jove's throne.

Ζανος επι θερονον αγαγε φαρμα. Theoc. Idyll, ζ'. But more truly, by our Saviour, the throne of God. Mat. 5. 34.

Verse 116.

"Since by fate."

"Fate, by the ancients, was used to express that unchangeable and eternal series of things, which the gods themselves could not disturb or alter." Thus Juno :

"Hoc regnum dea gentibus esse, si qua fata sinant." Æn. 1.

Verse 126.

"Vaunting aloud."

Compare Hume's note on this with Callender's. The same passage of Virgil is

CALLENDER.

"Tempestuous fire."

This is a noble expression, and conveys a very strong idea of what the poet before calls a fiery deluge. The phrase seems borrowed from these words of the Psalmist : "Upon the wicked the Lord will rain fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest."

Verse 74. Callender remarks, that the thought is originally Homer's, though it has been carried farther by Virgil and Milton, and he quotes the same passages.

Contend. To strive. This is properly a Latinism ; the Romans using the word in the same sense, contendere, applying it to war. Thus Virgil :

Quis talia demens

Abnuat aut tecum malit contendere bello.

His throne. Heaven ; his royal seat ; his kingdom. So Theocritus calls heaven Ζανος Θερονον, "Jove's throne."

Τα πα και Ζανος επι θερονον αγαγε φαρμα.

Our Saviour uses the same expression. "Swear not by heaven, for it is God's throne." θερονος επι τα θεα. (6.) Mat. 5. 34.

Fate. Our poet here uses fate in the sense of the ancient heathens, who, by this word, expressed that eternal and unchangeable series of events, which the gods themselves could not reverse. This is Virgil's meaning when he makes Jupiter say,

"Fata viam inveniunt."

And again,

"Hoc regnum dea gentibus esse,
Si qua fata sinant."

And a little below,

"Mene incepto desistere victam
Nec posse Italia Teucrorum avertere Regem.
Quippe vetor. Fatis."

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employed by both, as illustrative of Milton's text. Compare also the note on the 129th verse, "Th' imbattled seraphim," where Callender borrows a scriptural quotation from 104th Psalm.

In some instances, Callender, making full use of the note of Hume, transposes or changes some of the words, retaining the same classical illustrations, but destroying and diluting the fine nervous style of the old commentator by his own interpolations.—Thus Hume, in note on

Verse 141.

"Tho' all our glory extinct."

"Notwithstanding all our glory be decay'd and lost. Extinct, extinctus, Lat. put out as a flame, or any thing that burns and shines; a word well expressing the loss of that angelick beauty, which, like a glory, attended on their innocency, which, by their foild rebellion, they had forfeited, covered now with shame and black confusion.—Extinctus is used in the same metaphorical manner by Virgil:

Te propter eundem

Extinctus pudor. *Æn.* 4.

In note on verses 149, 157, and 169; in one, the same obsolete phrase; in another, the same English expressions; in the third, the same Latin quotation is employed.

Verse 175.

"Wing'd with red lightning."

The poets give the thunder wings to denote its swiftness and suddenness. Fulminis ocyor alis. *Æn.* 5. And Virgil, describing the Cyclops forging a thunder-bolt:

—Radios—

Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et alitis austri
Folgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque

Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.

A noble description—yet is our poet very short, and very significant.

Callender, in his note of explanation upon v. 182. "livid flames;" in the note on v. 186. "Our afflicted powers;" and in that on verse 199. "Briarcos," has evidently been indebted to the three corresponding notes on the same passages by Hume.—Again, in

Verse 200.

"By ancient Tarsus,"

Hume remarks: "By ancient Tarsus, the chief city of Cilicia, in Asia the Lesser, near which, in the mountain Arethus, was a cave called Typhon's Den."

Εἰς Ἀρμενίᾳ οὗ καλεῖται Τάρταρος ἐρμηνεύει εὐνας.

Il. β.

Translated by Virgil:

"Durumque cubile.

In urime, Jovis Imperiis, Imposta Typhoeo.
Æneid 9.

Verse 102.

"Th' ocean stream."

The sea; the vast mass of water that en-

Extinct. As a flame put out and extinguished for ever. This word is very properly applied to their irrecoverable loss of that angelick beauty which accompanied them when in a state of innocence. The Latins have used the word extinctus in the same metaphorical sense:

"Te propter eundem

Extinctus pudor et qua sidera adibam
Fama prior."

And Apuleius—"Restinqueres pudoris ignaviam." *Met.* l. 2.

"Wing'd with red lightning."

'Tis common for the poets to give thunder and lightning wings. Thus Virgil:

Fulminis ocyor alis.

The same poet gives us a noble description of thunder in another place:

Radios, &c.

"By ancient Tarsus."

Our poet here alludes to a fable we find in Homer, that in the mountain Arethus, near Tarsus, was a cave said to be Typhon's Den.

Εἰς Ἀρμενίᾳ, &c.

Which verse Virgil has thus translated:

"Durumque cubile, &c.

In the same way, Æschylus calls him,

Κιλικίῳ οἰκητοῦρα ἀνθρώπων,

inhabitant of the Cilician dens.

"Ocean stream."

In imitation of Homer, who uses the

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compasseth the earth, and with it makes one globe. *Ὠκεανός*, Greek. *Επ. Ὠκεανόιο*. *Ροσσαν* ad oceanii fluenta. *Iliad* i'.

Compare also the corresponding notes of these two authors on verse 203. "On the Norway foam."

Verse 204.

"Night-founder'd skiff."

Some little boat, whose pilot dares not proceed in his course, for fear of the dark night; a metaphor taken from a founder'd horse, that can go no farther; or night-founder'd, in danger of sinking at night; from *fondre*, Fr. to sink to the bottom; the meaning of a ship's foundering at sea. I prefer the former, as being our author's aim. Skiff, from the Greek *σκαφη*, a little boat.

Verse 205. Deeming

CALLENDER.

same expression in describing a flight of cranes.

πτόνται, επ. οκεανόιο ροσσαν.

Callender then subjoins additional illustrations from the poet Memnrmus, Quintus Calaber, and Virgil.

"Night-founder'd."

Some little boat, whose pilot dares not proceed in his course, amid the darkness of the night, for fear of sinking; or, to use the sea term, foundering at sea. Milton here alludes to some stories told by seamen, of their mistaking whales, when lying asleep on the waters, for rocks. Sir W. Monson, in his naval tracts, speaks of such an accident that happened to himself, by which he had near been drowned.

These parallel passages shew how very frequently, even in the small part of the first book which we have examined, the modern commentator has, without any acknowledgment whatever, been indebted for his etymologies, his classical illustrations, his general criticisms, and, in several instances, his very language, to the older annotator, Patrick Hume. Who Hume was, I have not been able to discover. His notes are always curious; his observations on some of the finer passages of the poet, evince a mind deeply smit with an admiration for the sublime genius of their author; and there is often a masterly nervousness in his style, which is very remarkable for this age. He was the first who published notes on the *Paradise Lost*, to which, with much modesty, he has subjoined only the initials of his name, P. H. *φιλοποιητης*. He is mentioned by Warton in his notes to the edition of Milton's lesser poems, and in the following passage by Tod, in his preface to his edition, published in 1801. "The first annotator on the poet was Patrick Hume, a Scotchman. He published, in 1695, a copious commentary on the *Paradise Lost*; to which some of his successors, in the same province," says Mr Warton, "apprehending no danger of detection from a work rarely inspected, and too pedantic and cumbersome to attract many readers, have been often amply indebted, without even the most distant hint of acknowledgment."

Tod also mentions the publication of the first book of *Paradise Lost*, with notes by Mr Callender, in the following passage. "In the year after the publication of Dr Newton's edition of *Paradise Lost*, there was published, at Glasgow, the first book of that poem, with a large and very learned commentary, from which some notes are selected in this edition. They who are acquainted with this commentary will concur with the present editor in wishing that the annotator had continued his ingenious and elaborate criticisms on the whole poem." It is evident, from this passage, that Tod was not aware that the author of this commentary was one of those annotators mentioned by Warton, "who, apprehending no danger of detection from a work rarely inspected, and too pedantick and cumbersome to attract many readers, have been often amply indebted to the notes of Patrick Hume, without even the most distant hint of acknowledgment."

The truth is, that this now-unknown and forgotten individual, who would not even place his name before his work, deserves, in point of erudition, good taste, and richness of classical illustration, to be ranked as the father of that style of comparative criticism, which has been so much employed, during these later days, in illustrating the works of our great poet.

NARRATIVE ILLUSTRATING THE PASTORAL LIFE.

MR EDITOR,

I SEND you what appeared to me an affecting narrative, which you are free to make whatever use of you please. I have often thought, that people in a remote part of the country, would do well to preserve every interesting fact connected with natural history, and every interesting occurrence in common life. The use of the former is obvious to all; the latter are the food of the poet, the dramatist, and the writer of fictitious history.

I made my second daughter (whom you know we allege is not altogether free of a tinge of blue in her apparel) translate the following from the mouth of old Alistair M'Cra, my forester. He had asked me to allow him a few days to visit some relations in Sky, where he had not been for many years, and where he was detained so long by the very uncommon fall of snow, that we became much alarmed on his account, thinking it not unlikely that the spirit of the old man might have prompted him to venture too much, and that he might have perished in the mountains. I think you must have seen Alistair? However, he is a very stout hale man, verging upon seventy-two; but few men fifteen years younger are capable of so much labour or fatigue. I may notice, too, that he is a professed storyteller, and, of course, garrulous; and is, besides, infected with a turn for poetry, and is apt to throw a dash of it into his stories; but which, I observe, Mary has taken care to avoid as much as possible in her translation. Yours, &c. W. L.

* * * *

When I left the Black Isle, said Alistair, I dreamed not of being kept a prisoner so long in Skye. But I became at last, as my friends told me, as restless as a sea eagle; for I knew that nobody would lift an axe to a growing tree while I was absent, and the laird would be for the new wood thinned during the frost.

My two nephews brought me all the way to the head of Loch Brerachan in a boat, and, as I ascended Glen Thargan, there was no snow for a mile or two; the neighbourhood of the salt water had prevented it from lying in the valley, but every mountain that I turned, and every cove that I came

in sight of, shewed me, as I came along, that I would find enough of snow before I passed the Belloch of Garve.

I stayed the first night at the house of my cousin Alistair, who became a shepherd to Red Angus, when his brothers went to America, that their father, who was an old man, might be buried at Kilkenneth. The old man is yet alive: He has seen sixteen winters more than I have, and he told me, there had not been such wreaths on Schururan, nor had the snow lain so long on Dun Pheag, since the year before the prince landed, and that is seventy-four years ago. He was then a boy, he said, but he remembered it well. One half of his father's cattle died that year, before the fern sprung in Corry Culruach, and the remainder were only kept in life by giving a salted herring and a small quantity of sea weed to each of them, twice a-day; and he recollected well, being sent regularly to the shore, as the tide answered, with two poneys, to bring the sea-weed.

I set out by day-light in the morning: The road I came leads from Glen Pheagan, by a belloch, or deep opening through the mountains, into the head of Glen Fruive (which falls towards the east sea), so that there is no very elevated summit to ascend; yet it took me three hours deep wading through the snow, before I could look back from the Pass of Belloch Garve. I need not go over all the difficulties of my journey. It is enough to say, that the last thaw had begun to melt the snows in good earnest, and the rivulets had been running full to the brim for a whole night; but the frost had returned more severe than ever, accompanied with a great fall of snow, and a high wind through the night, and the streams from the mountains were choked up and saturated by the drift.

After I had passed the Belloch, the white clouds of spring did not tower beyond one another with greater majesty than the mountains of Glen Fruive. They were dappled in the pale and watery sunshine, for the stormy west wind was filling all the lesser hollows on the sides of the mountains with drift, while it swept the old hard snow, and left it bare,

and of a different shade of white. The road here is, in summer, but a track, and now it was quite covered, and I sunk to the knee every step. As I came on, I had a view of the glen for some miles before me. I saw shepherd's houses at great distances apart, but there was neither cow, nor goat, nor sheep, nor shepherd, nor any living thing. It was indeed deserted and desolate-like. Sometimes I observed the drift rise from the peaks of the mountains, carried upwards by sudden gusts of wind, and appearing like streams of smoke, upon which the sun shining, gave it a glaring and dazzling brightness; while descending into the deep calm valley, it fell in a flickering shower.

When I came in sight of Glen Guis, with its narrow loch and the old scattered fir wood above it, along the base of Mam Torchal, I cannot wish you had been with me, but neither can I help wishing you had seen it as I did. The loch was calm as a mirror, and though the tops of the old fir trees were still covered, and their tall trunks encrusted by the last night's snow, yet, when they were reflected on the loch, it seemed as if it had been all over spotted with small black clouds. I cannot tell you how it should have happened, but when I saw this strange appearance, when all around was deadly white, and no living creature to be seen, I thought the shepherds had all perished with the sheep; and imagined that the horrors of the second sight had been coming over my mind, and that I had got a view of the valley of the shadow of death. I thought I should never see the Black Isle, or Dalsarren Wood more. When I considered afterwards these dark shadows, while the trees were mostly covered with snow, I perceived, that although the upperside of the broad and close foliage of the firs was no doubt covered white, yet, to any person who might have been on the loch below them, in a boat, they must have appeared black; for he could only have seen the under sides of the branches as he looked up towards the mountain.

About an hour after I had passed the opening of Glen Guis, I came to a shepherd's house on a little plain, by the side of the rivulet. All around the cottage the ground was covered with boards of ice, and, although it appeared to be without the

reach of any ordinary flood, yet, as it was nearer to the level of the water than was quite prudent, I concluded it to be the shiel of some Sassenach, or south country shepherd; and, as no dog came out to bark at me, I could have thought they had been all drowned, only that a slight smoke was issuing from it.

Before I had entered the door, I knew I had guessed rightly; but a young Highland lad was sleeping by the fire with his elbows on his knees. A pair of bag-pipes lay on a stool beside him, on which he had probably been playing until he was weary of listening alone to his own music.

"What do you here," said I, "alone in the dwelling of the stranger?"

"The strangers are fled to the strath, and to the sea," said the lad; "for their flocks were perishing in Glen Fruive. He loves to see the snow disappear on the mountain, but he knew not that his children were in danger."

"I asked if they were drowned in the flood?" He said, "that their mother fled with the children from the waters, but she had to leave them dying on the snow."

He told me he had been assisting the shepherds in getting the sheep removed to the low country, when it was found that they could exist no longer upon the mountains; and he had been sent back with a supply of meal to his uncle's family, who lived in a cottage about two miles farther down the glen. The day that he arrived, it came fresh, with wind and rain, which continued all night. The snow began to melt half way up the mountains, the streams were much swollen, and the roar of them through the darkness was dreadful. An old woman, a relation of his aunt's, went often out, and stood in the door of the cottage, as if compelled to listen to what struck her with awe and terror, and she several times asserted, that she saw a dead light, and heard cries of distress. Next morning he was preparing to return to the low country, when a woman with an infant in her arms entered the cottage. She was hurried, and looked alarmed and wild, and dropping on her knees, held out her child, "Oh! take that bairn and warm him!" she said, "he is all that I have now!" and as one of the women caught hold of the child, its mother fainted upon the floor. When

she recovered, and saw the lad, she called out with frightful eagerness, "O run! O run! they were still breathing when I left them, but they could not speak to me, they will never speak to me more!" and she again fainted upon the floor.

"It is her children she means, Duncan," cried the old woman, "she has other two, she has left them to procure help; they must be some where in danger, follow her tract among the snow, and we will take care of her."

Duncan caught the thoughts of the old woman: He recognised the stranger to be the shepherd's wife at Corry Bay, and rushed from the house. As he followed her track, he observed she had often fallen, from her hurry to obtain assistance to her dying children, and once, where she had fallen, he noticed the print of the infant's face upon the snow.

On approaching the house, he was astonished to see it surrounded by the river. There had been an ice flood, it appeared, and it had stopped opposite the house, and formed a dam, by which the water was raised many feet above the usual course. Duncan instantly saw, as he thought, the cause of alarm, and, disregarding the woman's track, he ran towards the cottage, never doubting that he would find the children, whom he was surprised their mother had not been able to remove. When he entered the house, the water was still a foot deep on the floor; but he could not find the children. Some clothes were floating about, and a tame duck; and a weak sheep, that had been brought into the house to be fed by the children, and made a pet of, was lying drowned near the fire-place; but Duncan could nowhere discover the poor children. He now cursed himself and the old woman, as the cause of his heedless haste, and, with deep regret, saw he would most likely have to return to their mother for information.

As he gained the dry ground, he again came upon the woman's track. It had been as she fled from the house; for Duncan soon observed the print of the little foot, and the short steps of a child. By following this a little way, he came to the children, lying in a hole that their mother had dug for them with her hands, in a large wreath of snow, that they might be somewhat

sheltered from the wind and driving rain. They were wrapped in a blanket, and apparently asleep. The oldest girl had taken her young sister in her arms, but the grasp had become gradually more feeble, and the little creature had rolled away, and its face was turned towards the snow. He felt their faces, their hands, and limbs, but they were cold and stiff. Duncan took them gently in his arms, and soon observed that one of them still breathed, and that the body of the other still retained warmth. His first thought was, that of getting the children to the house and kindling a fire, but he remembered it was filled with water. He then resolved to carry them to their mother, but his uncle's cottage was two miles off, and could there be the least hope of reviving the children, life would undoubtedly have become extinct before they could be carried so far. He therefore took them to the house, full of water as it was, that they might in the meantime be out of the cold wind, although all hope seemed to depart as he again waded to the house.

But he had once been a night there, and he recollected that he slept in a bed upon a kind of loft that the shepherd had constructed of spars and turf; and, upon ascending a ladder with the children still in his arms, he was overjoyed to find a bed, with plenty of blankets. He lost no time in stripping off their wet clothes, put them in the bed, and laying himself down beside them, continued to rub them alternately for more than an hour; and, as he confessed, often weeping like a child himself, from his anxiety that they should recover, and regret, that, as he thought, he could do so little for them.

Although the younger one shewed at first least signs of life, yet she recovered first, which Duncan thought was owing to his bestowing upon her greater attention. He gave a long and particular description of the gradual recovery of the children to a state of animation; for he had been strongly affected by the situation in which he had found them. He had been observing that the water had receded from the floor: and so soon as he thought the mutual warmth of the children would prevent them from relapsing, he wrapped them up together and left them; got some peats that had been without reach of the water, struck a light, and

soon kindled a good fire, at which he warmed the children. In a little time they began to talk, and then cry, and call upon their mother, and complain of hunger. This, Duncan said, distressed him greatly, for he had heard of people recovering from the effects of cold and hunger, who had died afterwards in consequence of taking food. In the midst of his perplexity, he recollected the cow; and putting the children again to bed, he soon brought them some warm milk, which revived them greatly. He likewise discovered the meal quite safe, and so was enabled to provide food both for them and himself, during two days, before I came so providentially to his aid.

It had not yet been in his power to inform the distressed mother that her children were still alive. Duncan now left his little charge with me, and went to fulfil this pleasant part of his duty.

He returned in about two hours. Their mother, he said, had been very ill; and although the account of the safety of her children lightened her heart, yet her feet and legs were greatly swelled, and she was quite unable to walk.

She told Duncan, that when her husband had to go with his flock to the low country, and leave her alone with the three infant children, she felt very lowly at any rate; and when the wind came to rage with such violence, accompanied with thunder and lightning, the dreadful noise of the ice flood, when it dammed up and made the water flow over the haugh, and

into the house, so terrified her, that she imagined there was no chance of saving the lives of the children, except by flying from the house, which she very soon bitterly repented. For while she waded through the flood, carrying the two youngest children wrapped in part of the bed clothes, and leading the other in her hand, the masses of frozen snow and boards of ice struck upon her legs, and endangered her being overturned in the water, and very much hurt the child; and, besides, the rain soon wet them all through, and from the first, she had great fear that the children could not live until the morning. She could not pretend to describe her situation during the night, only she recollected that the children cried incessantly from the cold, and their voices became gradually weaker, until they ceased altogether. And after she left them lying speechless in the snow, she could recollect nothing more until she arrived at his uncle's cottage.

Duncan had the foresight to bring with him a bottle of whisky (for the sassenach shepherd had positively no such thing in his house), and he put his pipes in tune, and, with the one and the other, we passed away a good part of the night.

I was altogether so much pleased with honest Duncan, that, had it not been necessary for me to find out the father of this distressed family on my way home, and tell him of the misfortune that had befallen his wife and children, I would have left Glen Fruive as happy as the laird himself.

SELECTIONS FROM ATHENEUS. BOOK II.

No IV.

THIS book has a very imperfect beginning; the subject of wine is continued. The poet says,

"The gods, O Menelaus, first gave wine
To cheer the heart of man, and to disperse
Corroding cares."

"The comic poet, Diphilus, thus addresses Bacchus,

"Hail, Bacchus, ever good and kind,
The friend, the guardian of mankind!
By thy delicious transports led
See lowly merit lifts his head;
The wrinkled front and brow severe
Are smooth'd to joy when thou art near;

The weak, to manly prowess grow,
And cowards feel the martial glow."*

"The tragic poet Chæremón asserts, that they who drink wine find pleasure, wisdom, eloquence, and discretion."

"Mnesitheus has the following lines in praise of the temperate use of wine:

"Wine is the choicest gift bestow'd on man
By the immortal gods, if rightly us'd;
But taken to excess the greatest curse.

* Vide Hor. Carm. Lib. 3. Ode 21.

If temperately drank, it leads to health,
And strengthens both the body and the mind.
In sickness 'tis a cordial; even wounds,
Such its salubrious nature, soon are heal'd
Bath'd with this wholesome and delicious
juice;

Then at our daily board, and social meetings,
Wine taken moderately clears the mind,
And gives a double relish to our joys.
But if intemp'rate use provoke excess,
It causes strife, and stimulates to madness,
By which the mind and body are enfeebled."

"Eubulus makes Bacchus speak thus,

"Three cups alone I mingle for the wise,
One for the sake of health, and that the first;
The next for love and pleasure, and the third
For sleep. Having drank these, the truly
wise

Then hie them to their several homes. The
fourth,

If added, but engenders insolence;*
The fifth breeds clamour and promiscuous
riot;

The sixth intoxicates; the seventh cup adds
The burning cheek, and fire-inflamed eye;
The eighth alarms the watch; the ninth
provokes

To anger, and the tenth to madness leads;
And he who drinks sinks down a senseless
brute."

Epicharmus has the following pas-
sage:

"Fresh from the temple to the festal board,
They sit, and eat, and drink and laugh their
fill;

Excess soon grows upon repletion; then
Promiscuous riot comes, quarrels and strife;
The legal process and commitment, next
The dark and loathsome prison, where, in
chains

That fret and wear him to the bone, he lies
Till he has paid the forfeit of his crimes."

"Panyasis,† an heroic poet, gives the

* The severe and moral Plato forbids
young men the indulgence of wine, but al-
lows it to old. Till the age of eighteen, he
allows no wine, for to drink it at that time
of life, he says "is adding fire to fire both
in body and mind." At forty and after, it
might be used in a jolly kind of way;—
"Wine," says he, "was given to man as
medicine to soothe the austerity of old age."

Twining's Notes on Aristotle, p. 512.

So the good Samaritan poured oil and
wine on the wounds of the distressed Jew;
wine, cleansing and somewhat astringent,
proper for a fresh wound; oil mollifying
and healing.

† Panyasis, an heroic poet, who lived
about the time of Euripides. He was the un-
cle, or cousin-german of Herodotus, and
one of those six, according to the inter-
preter of Cyprian, who were called, by way of
eminence, "The Poets." The other five

first cup to the Graces, the Hours, and
Bacchus, the second to Venus and
Bacchus conjointly, the third to Inso-
lence and the Furies."

Alexis makes the following compa-
rison:

"Man in his nature much resembles wine,
Which newly made, ferments, is full of froth,
And, till the fiery spirit is allayed,
Is scarcely fit for use; just so with youth,
Of effervescence similar, till time
Has soften'd, and refined its roughness; then,
When its asperities are purg'd away,
And all its bubbles are dispers'd, succeeds
A mellow sweetness; its mad follies cease;
The headstrong passions are at rest, the man
Breaks forth with all his virtues, and becomes
The choice associate and the gentle friend."

"The Cyrenæan poet (Callimachus)
says,

"Wine, with the force of elemental fire,
Courses through man, and, as the blust'ring
north

Or stormy south ploughs up the Libyan sea,
And shows its hidden treasures, so does wine,
Disclose the secrets of the human heart."

"Alexis, who had before stated the
resemblance between the nature of
man and the qualities of wine, in the
following passage asserts the contrary
opinion:

"Wine bears to man no colour of resem-
blance,

His nature is the opposite extreme;
When he grows old he's peevish and morose,
Snappish and quarrelsome; but good old wine,
Mellow'd by age, is soft, and smooth, and
sweet,

Exhilarates the heart, and cheers the mind;
Whereas old age is rigid and severe."

Panyasis says,

"No greater blessings have the gods bestow'd
On mortal man than wine and fire, alike
Useful and necessary. What are feasts
And merry meetings, sweet society
Of equal friends, the sprightly dance, the
song,

If wine be wanting? Therefore drink, my
friend,

Enjoy the circling glass, and take thy fill;
Nor like the vulture stuff thy greedy paunch,

being Homer, Eupolis, Hesiod, Antimachus,
and Meander.

* Callimachus, an historian and poet of
Cyrene, in great favour and esteem with
Ptolemy Philadelphus and his son Everge-
tes, in honour of whose queen he wrote his
poem called *Coma Berenices*; he also wrote
hymns, elegies, and epigrams. Apollonius
of Rhodes was his pupil, whose ingratitude
induced him to write his satirical poem call-
ed *Ibis*. The *Ibis* of Ovid is an imitation
of this poem. He wrote a work in 120
books on famous men, besides treatises on
birds, &c. &c. &c.

Till thy o'erloaded stomach weighs thee down
A senseless block, incapable of joy."

The same poet adds,

"The richest gift the gods have e'er bestow'd
Upon the human race is sparkling wine,
Rich and salubrious, for with it comes
The song, the dance, social and sweet discourse,

With all the blandishments that cherish life.
If temperately taken, it relieves
The care-worn spirit of its load, and makes
E'en stubborn sorrow to relax and wear
A momentary smile; but if excess
Succeeds, it turns the blessing to a curse."

"Timæus of Taurominum informs us that a certain house at Agrigentum was called the galley for the following reason:*

"A set of young men were so inflamed with wine, that they became quite deranged, and took the house for a galley, supposing that they were floating about, driven by a furious tempest. They carried their extravagance so far, as to throw the cups, dishes, and furniture out at the windows, believing they were directed so to do by the pilot, in order to lighten the ship, that she might the better ride out the storm. Many people gather about the house to secure the furniture which had been thrown out. The extravagant folly continues during the next day, when the magistrates come to the house and find the young men lying about, as if they were sea sick. They interrogate them, and receive for answer 'that they had met with a terrible storm, and were obliged to throw into the sea that part of the cargo which could best be spared.' The magistrates were astonished at this strange delusion, when one of the oldest of the young men thus addressed them, "Illustrious Tritons! I was seized with so sudden a fear, that I threw myself as far into the hold as possible." The magistrates, considering the delusion under which they acted, pardoned them with a gentle reprimand, desiring them to be cautious in future, and to indulge themselves with more moderation. The young men thanked them, and added, "If we can save ourselves from this tempest, and get safe into port, we shall consider that we owe

our preservation to your sudden appearance, (still addressing them as Tritons,) and shall erect altars to you when we arrive in our own country, by the side of those dedicated to our marine gods. This strange adventure was the cause of the house being called the galley.

Antiphanes has the following passage;

"We may conceal my Phædia from the world

All things but two, and those are love and wine;

A word, a look, discover both; the more
We strive to hide them, still the more, by signs

Which may not be mistaken or denied,
They show their empire o'er us."

"Philochorus relates that it was Amphietyon, king of Athens, who first introduced the custom of diluting the wine with water, in which he had been instructed by Bacchus: and that the men who drank it thus mixed, walked erect, whereas before, by drinking the pure wine, they walked with their bodies bent or crooked. For so great a benefit they raised an altar, ἀγθαὺ Διονυσίου, to "Bacchus erect," in the temple of the Hours,* because by the hour the vine was nourished and rendered fruitful. Near to which he erected another to the Nymphs, to indicate to those who drank, that the wine should be so tempered because the nymphs were the nurses of Bacchus. Amphietyon likewise established it as a law, that pure wine should be served to the guests to taste during the repast, in acknowledgment of the power of this beneficent deity; but that afterwards it should be mixed with water, and drunk with the usual invocation to Jupiter the preserver, in order that they who drank might remember that thus taken it contributed to health."

"Plato, in the second book of his laws, tells us, that the use of wine conduces to health; but that, notwithstanding, the ancients, considering the ferocity which drunkenness inspires, and the corruption of morals it was likely to produce, compared Bacchus to the bull and the panther."

* Thomas Heywood, the dramatic poet, has introduced this anecdote in one of his comedies called the "English Traveller."

* Or the seasons, which were represented by a rose, an ear of corn, and an apple. This theory had its origin in Egypt, where there are only three seasons.

"It is well said by Ariston of Chios, that the most agreeable wine is that which to gentle softness of flavour adds the most delicious fragrance. With this view the people of Lydia, in the neighbourhood of Mount Olympus, prepare what they call nectar, which is made by mixing with the wine honey and sweet smelling flowers. I am not, however, ignorant that Anaxandrides considered nectar as the food and not the liquor of the gods. He makes Ganimede say,

I feed myself with nectar, which I bruise
Between my teeth. Ambrosia is my drink.
I wait on Jupiter, and chat with Juno,
And to crown all, I sit me down by Venus."

"Alcman likewise asserts *το νεκταρ
δαιτνιαυτος* that the gods eat nectar.

"Homer, however, makes nectar the beverage of the gods.

"In Achaia they honour *Διςπρον*, from *δισπρον* supper, as a god."

The following lines are somewhat freely translated from Bacchylides :

"When by sweet compulsion led,
Gaily I quaff the sparkling bowl,
Fragrant roses bind my head,
Pleasing thoughts possess my soul ;
No corroding cares are nigh,
Angry Venus I defy,
And I breathe from torments free,
All my soul is ecstasy.
What are crowns and empires then ?
What the mighty works of men ?
He who drinks, above them all
Rules at will the pendent ball ;
Wheresoe'er he turns his eyes
What delicious prospects rise ?
Palaces of lofty state,
Iv'ry, gold, and massy plate.
Granaries of hoarded corn
O'er the white waves proudly borne,
Num'rous vessels wafting by
All that Egypt can supply ;
Such delicious dreams are mine,
When inspir'd by rosy wine."

"Antiphanes says,

"He who drinks deep, and often drains the
bowl,
Thinks little of the cares of life ; but he
Who only wets his lips with the rich juice,
And fears to take his fill, becomes a wretch,
A moping, melancholy, thinking wretch."

From Euripides,

"The poor man's offering, with a grateful
heart
And pious mind, will more delight the gods
'Than clouds of incense, and the stall-fed
ox."

"Alexis speaks thus of rich and
fortunate persons:

They who have riches should live splendidly,
In grateful honour of the god, who gives
Such ample means ; it shows a proper sense
And due regard for favours thus bestow'd.
The niggard soul who only eats to live,
Who hides, and chuckles o'er his hoarded
gold,

Bearing th' exterior form of abject need,
Him will the god deprive of their rich gifts,
Unworthy of the blessing and the trust.

"Hesiod in his *Melampodia*,

"After a splendid feast, the guests well
fill'd
With most delicious dainties ; then how
sweet !

The cheerful board, and dear society
Of a few liberal and enlighten'd friends."

Amongst many curious observations concerning water, I select the following :

"Theophrastus, in his treatise on this subject, says, that the water of the Nile is sweet and prolific, but has a laxative quality, being impregnated with a certain quantity of nitre." He reports elsewhere, that a great drought having taken place along the course of the Nile, the waters became poisonous, and many of the inhabitants of Egypt were destroyed by the use of them."

"The water which flows from the mines of Pangæus, weighs in the winter 96 drams the cotyle (somewhat less than a pint), and in the summer 46 drams only. This increase of weight proceeds from the contraction and increase of density occasioned by extreme cold. From the same cause the clepsydra is not correct in marking the hours in winter, which are prolonged in consequence of the water passing more slowly, and this slowness is produced by the increased density of the fluid. The same fact is noticed in Egypt, where there is a milder temperature."

"The springs which are found on mountains are of better quality than the water on plains, because they contain a lesser quantity of terrene particles."

"In the neighbourhood of Carthage is a spring or fountain, on the surface of which is found a substance floating resembling oil*, but of a darker colour ; the people of the country collect it in globules, which they

* Bitumen, or fossil oil, possibly the same with what is called vegetable tar—a very appropriate term.

apply as a remedy to distempered sheep and working cattle. There are similar springs in other countries, such as that in Asia, which Alexander describes in a letter on the subject, supposing that he had discovered a spring or fountain of oil."

"Antiphanes extols the water of Attica:

How much our happy Attica excels
All other countries, in its various gifts!
What most delicious honey, bread, and
figs!
Good Jupiter such figs! then cattle, wool,
Sweet myrtle berries, fragrant thyme, and
cheese,
All excellent! the water too so pure
And good, that, soon as tasted, you pronounce,
That Attica alone could furnish it."

"Phylarchus writes, that, in the neighbourhood of Clitorus there is a fountain or spring, which, when drunk, creates an aversion to the very odour of wine."

"Eubulus adds, that the drinkers of water have quick inventions, but that wine dulls and obscures the imagination*."

"Mago of Carthage is said to have three times crossed the sandy desert of Africa, without drinking, living solely upon barley cake†."

"Euphorion of Chalcidion gives the following anecdote: he says, "that Lasyrtas of Lacyonium did not feel, in common with other men, the necessity of drinking to support life, though in this, as in other respects, his evacuations were similar. Certain curious persons, who would not believe this fact on the evidence of others, undertook to watch him. They passed thirty days in continual observation; they found that he did not abstain even from salted meats; that his evacuations were regular; and, in consequence, no longer doubted the truth of what had been related. He would sometimes drink, but he did not feel any necessity to do so."

"Ptolemy II. surnamed Philadelphus, having married his daughter Berénice to Antiochus, king of Syria,

took particular care to send the water of the Nile to this princess, that she should not be obliged to drink any other."

"Possidonius says, that we should not drink healths after the manner of the Carmanians. To show a particular and friendly attachment to any one at their entertainments, it was their custom to open a vein in the forehead, then to mingle the blood with whatever liquor they drank, and offer it to the person they intended to honour. Thus reciprocally to drink of each other's blood was considered as the greatest proof of friendship. After this potation they rubbed their head with some sweet-smelling unguent, such as that of roses, to prevent the fumes of the wine from being offensive."

"It is said, that Democritus, being of a great age, thought it proper to die, for which purpose he every day lessened the quantity of his food; the feast of Ceres happening at this time, the females in his house wished to assist at the celebration of them, and begged him to delay his purpose, and to live for a few days. He consented to their desire, telling them to place a pot of honey near him, and he lived for some time on the smell of this honey. The feast being over, the pot of honey was removed, and he died. Some person inquired of him one day, what was the best method of enjoying good health?—"moisten," said he, "your inside with honey, and your outside with oil."

"Lycus says, that the Corsicans live to a great age from their continual use of honey."

"After some further discourse, the guests risé, and, without any order, throw themselves on the couches or beds at the table, not waiting for the master of the ceremonies to assign them their respective places."

"The following passage from Anaxandrides gives a pleasant picture of domestic comfort:

"Let the Triclinium be at once prepar'd,
And the musicians call'd, to sooth the cares
Of reverend age: throw open wide the doors
Of the guest-chamber, let it be swept clean,
Spread well the couches, make a cheerful
fire,
Then fill the goblet with the choicest wine."

"One of the Cynics, speaking of maple tables, makes use of the word

* This is contrary to the precept of Horace—

Nulla manere diu nec vivere carmina possunt,

Quæ scribuntur aquæ potioribus—

† Vide Strabo, lib. 17. Libya.

τριπόδα. Ulpian, who sat near, was displeased with the term, and requested to know on what authority he used it, and supposed it was from the staff of Diogenes with his two legs, which might with propriety be called a tripod, but that the proper term was *τραπέζα*, a table. The Cynic answered, "That Hesiod, in the marriage of Ceyx (which is a genuine ancient poem, notwithstanding you grammarians consider it as spurious), calls tables tripods; and the elegant Xenophon uses the same term in the 7th book of his *Anabasis*, thus—"They placed tripods, *Τριπόδας*, before the guests, and there were in the whole about twenty laden with delicacies."

"He (Xenophon), adds soon after, "that it was to strangers that *τραπέζαι*, or tables with four legs, were brought."

"It was the custom when the guests were seated at table, that a bill of fare should be brought to the master of the feast, that he might know what was to be served up."

An account follows, of damsons, cherries, the fruit of the lote tree, the dwarf cherry, the berry of the arbutus, the mulberry, nuts, almonds, and chick-pease.

"On the subject of cherries Laurentius speaks; he says, that Lucullus, after having conquered Mithridates and Tigranes, first brought this fruit into Italy from Cerasontum, a town in Pontus, and gave it the name of *κεράσιον*, *cerasum*."

"Daphnus replies;" but Diphilus of Siphnium, a man very famous in his time, and who lived many years before Lucullus, under Lysimachus, one of the successors of Alexander, speaks of cherries thus—"cherries are grateful to the stomach, of good juice, but not very nourishing. When dipped in cold water they have an agreeable flavour. Those of the deepest red are preferred, as well as those of Milesia, because they have a diuretic quality."

"Pythermus, according to Hege-sander, says, that in his time the mulberry trees bore no fruit for twenty years, and that the gout became so epidemical, as to attack not only grown persons, but children male and female, women, eunuchs, and even the beasts of the field were not spared, particularly the sheep, two-thirds of them being affected by this disorder."

VOL. IV.

"Plutarch of Chæronea says,* that Drusus, the Emperor Tiberius' son, had a physician, who exceeded all the drinkers of his time. It was observed, that before he sat down to table, he eat five or six bitter almonds; forbidden to eat these, he was incapable of bearing the smallest quantity of wine. We must look, therefore, for the cause in the desiccative quality of the bitter almonds."†

"On the subject of chick-pease, we have the following lines from the parodies of Xenophanes of Colophon:‡

"Such questions would best suit a winter's night,

Reclin'd at ease on the soft couch, full fed,
Quaffing sweet wine, and gaily munching
chick-pease;§

Who are you, friend? What aye? from
whence arriv'd?

And of what size, when the modes took
their flight?"

N. B.—In the above passage, the chick-pease seem to have been taken in a kind of luxurious indolence, an indulgence of the rich, somewhat similar to the use of olives or chesnuts with us; but in the following beautiful and pathetic lines from Alexis, they are spoken of as making part of the hard and scanty sustenance of the poor.

"My husband, a poor man, myself advanc'd
In years, a son and daughter, and this girl,
A good kind creature, make up five in all.
Three only sup; the other two partake,
For their scant fare, a mouldy wheaten cake.
Sometimes, indeed, there's nothing left to eat,
And then we sit and weep in silent sadness;
While on each cheek a sickly paleness hangs,

* Symph. l. 1. q. 6.

† "It is said that our lusty tosse-pots and swil-bols, if they eat four or five bitter almonds before they sit them down to drink, shall beare their liquor well, and never be drunk, quaffe they and poure they downe as much as they will." Pliny's Nat. Hist. by Philemon Holland, b. 23. c. 18.

This circumstance is well understood at the present day, and I believe the effect is certain, but did not think the practice was of such antiquity.

‡ Xenophanes of Colophon, a philosophical poet, or rather poetical philosopher, about the time of Pythagoras. He wrote against the theology of Homer and Hesiod, vid. Diag. Laert. ix. 18. Bayle art. Xenophanes.

§ Chick-pease were generally roasted over the fire, as we do chesnuts. Phesecrates says, *πρωγὰν ἐρεσίνδος ἀπὸ πύργου πεφρογμένους*. He was choked eating roasted chick-pease.

4 Q

A wan debility, from frequent fasting.
 All the variety of food we know,
 Consists of a few beans, some simple herbs,
 Lupines and turnips, chick-pease, mast, and
 onions,
 Wild pears and grasshoppers.—For dainty
 fare,
 Dried lenten Phrygian figs—food for the
 gods.”

Under the article of lupines; the following passage from Diphilus is given :

“ I know not under heaven a worse employment,
 Than to hold commerce with a set of vixens;
 F'd rather daily trudge the streets, and cry
 My wares for sale, sweet roses, or fresh lupines.
 Nay, e'en stale radishes, or the dry coats
 Of well press'd olives; any thing, in fact,
 Rather than serve such slippery jades as
 these.”

“ Zeno of Citium (the founder of the Stoics), naturally morose and passionate with his friends, became a most agreeable companion after he had taken a certain quantity of wine; being asked the reason of this alteration in his character, he replied, that in this respect he resembled lupines, which were always sour before they were well soaked, but then became mild and sweet.”

“ That part of the house which we now call the upper story (or garret) was formerly by the Greeks named *ᾠα*, or the egg, as Clearchus mentions in his amatory poems. From hence the fable, that Helen, who was brought up in these upper apartments (or literally born in a garret), was produced from an egg. Neocles of Crotona therefore embellishes, when he says, that Helen was produced from an egg which fell from the moon. The same Neocles declares, that the women in the moon lay eggs, and that the men produced from them are five times the size of us mortals; which is likewise affirmed by Herodotus of Heraclæum.”

“ Nicomachus, speaking of eggs, says,

“ My father left me a snug property,
 Which, like an egg, I soon contriv'd to bring
 Within a narrow compass; then at once,
 Breaking the shell, I swallowed it outright.”

The *πεποτα* was a beverage composed of wine and honey, eggs, oysters, &c. usually handed round to the guests immediately before supper. Speaking of the *καλαμπύκη*, or gourd, we have the following passage from the

comic poet, Epicrates,* which gives a ludicrous description of the frivolous discussions at the academy, very similar to the employment of the scholars of Socrates in the clouds of Aristophanes.

“ A. Then Plato, Menedemus, and Speusippus,
 Say how were they employed? with whom?
 and what

Was then the subject of their grave discussion?
 The object of inquiry? You are just
 Return'd from Athens, pr'ythee tell us all
 You've heard or seen of these same wisacres?
 By Ceres, I beseech you let us know—

B. I soon can tell you all you wish to hear,
 For I was lately present at the feasts
 In honour of Minerva, where I saw,
 In the gymnasium of th' academy,
 The youths collected, and I heard such strange
 And such inexplicable nonsense, that
 You scarcely will believe what I relate.
 With grave and solemn accent they discuss
 Th' economy of nature in the lives
 Of animals, the use and properties
 Of various trees, of herbs, and fruits, and
 plants;

Which ended in the question, to what genus
 The gourd should properly belong?

A. And how
 Did they determine? what was the result
 Of this most grave inquiry? to what genus
 Have they assign'd the gourd? I pr'ythee say?

B. They first preserv'd a kind of solemn
 silence,

Held down their heads, as if absorb'd in deep
 And abstract speculation; on a sudden,
 One of the students, while the rest remain'd
 Wrapp'd up in meditation, gravely said,
 The gourd was certainly a plant, whose fruit
 Was round. Another said it was an herb;
 A third assur'd us 'twas a tree. On this
 A certain medical practitioner,
 From Sicily, no longer could contain
 His spleen, but laugh'd aloud, and somewhat
 rudely,

By other signs, express'd his sharp contempt.
 Our wise men grew outrageous and provok'd
 At such an insult to their wisdom-ships,
 And keen derision at their learn'd debates.
 The youths were nothing mov'd. Plato
 stepp'd forth

With graceful air, and in smooth gentle terms
 Recall'd their strict attention to the question,
 Which they at once obey'd.”†

* Epicrates was a native of the city of Ambrosia, the capital of Epirus; his reputation is high amongst the writers of the middle comedy; he was somewhat junior, in point of time, to Aristophanes, and was an imitator of that poet's manner. It is said that he went so far as to copy certain passages out of his comedies, and introduce them into his own.

† These lines of Epicrates are translated by Cumberland in his *Observer*. He calls the plant a cabbage, which may agree pret-

It is to be observed, that the supper was the principal meal among the Greeks. It had usually three distinct parts, the *Δείπνε προσιμιον*, or *Προπομα*, being the antecœnium, or cœnæ-præfatio, which usually consisted of herbs, coleworts, eggs, oysters, and wine mixed with honey, and other things likely to create an appetite; *Δείπνον*, the supper itself, when the table was more plentifully furnished; *Δευτέρα τραπεζα*, the second course, which consisted of sweet things, and was furnished with the greatest splendour.

Alexis is quite lavish in his praises of the *προπομα*.

"I came, as chance directed, to the supper: First we were serv'd with water for the hands; A table then was brought, where neither cheese,

Nor olives, nor sweet-scented herbs, were seen, Nor any of those trifles to provoke And stir the languid appetite; but soon A most superb and costly dish was plac'd, Hollow and round, on which the hours, the months,

The seasons, and the zodiac complete, With all its signs, in order due were seen; For Scorpio here stretch'd forth his length, and there

Pisces and Capricorn; and each bright star That decks the hemisphere, replete with nice And delicate refreshments. We began To lay our hands upon these vagrant stars: But at my side the master of the feast Attended, to explain, by words and signs, The order of the whole. This for a time Perplex'd me sadly. I escap'd, at length, And soon made up for my lost time, nor left A thing untouched, till we had emptied all, And what remain'd appear'd a hollow sieve."

Speaking of mushrooms, Poliochus says,

"Twice in the day, for our scant meal, we have

A little oaten cake, quite black, and full Of chaff; some wretched figs, with now and then

A roasted mushroom; and, if the dew falls, We search for snails, and for such herbs as grow

Spontaneous in the borders; olives, too, Bruis'd; and, to crown the whole, some wine half sour."

Nicander, in his *Georgics*, speaking of mushrooms, says,

"For from the fig-tree's root, enrich'd with dung,

And duly water'd, mushrooms will spring up,

ty well with *λαχαναν σφαγγυλον*, but he would have found, by consulting the Lexicon Aristophanicum of Sanxay, that *κολοκυνθη* is a gourd, and on this authority I have so translated it.

Of wholesome quality; but pluck not those Which spring from roots that creep along the ground."

Speaking of the *μικλη*, or thrush, it is said that a small poem, entitled, *Επικηλιδης*, was, according to Menæchmus, attributed to Homer, and had that title given to it, because he usually sung it to children, and received from them thrushes as a recompence.

Under the word *Σπινος*, or chaff-finch, we have the following passage from Eubulus:

"'Twas at the feast of Amphidromia,* When, as old custom warrants, our kind guests Were plentifully serv'd with toasted cheese, Brought from the Chersonesus; and to this Was added cabbage stew'd with oil; lambs' fry,

And pigeons nicely pluck'd, finches and larks, Herrings and cuttle-fish, and from his cave The polypus with many feet, dragg'd forth. Unwillingly, with plenty of good wine To crown the feast."

Nicostratus, or Philetærus, says, "A. What shall I buy?

B. Be cautious to avoid Needless expense, but mind, let all be good. If you should see a hare, why, purchase that, And ducklings too, as many as you please; Blackbirds and larks, and other dainty birds, That haunt the woods—farewell!"

"The philosophers forbid the eating of the brains of the pig, as they did beans; saying, that you might as well feast on your father or mother's head, or any other execrable thing. They added, that the ancients never eat the brains of animals, considering that part as the source and seat of all sensation."

"Apollodorus of Athens goes still further: he says that the ancients avoided even to pronounce the word *ἱερὸφαλον*, as something sacred or mysterious. Sophocles, therefore, in *Trachiniis*, speaking of Hercules, who threw Licas into the sea, calls the

* *ΑΜΦΙΔΡΟΜΙΑ*, a festival observed by private families, at Athens, upon the fifth day after the birth of every child. It was so called, *απο τοσδ αμφιδραμειν*, from running round, because it was customary for the midwives to run round the fire with the infant in their arms, thereby, as it were, entering it into the family, and putting it under the protection of the household gods, to whom the hearth served instead of an altar. It was celebrated with great expressions of joy:—they received gifts from their friends. If the child was a male, their doors were deck'd with an olive garland; if a female, with wool, in token of the work women were to be employed about.—Potter.

brain white marrow, λευκον μυελον εν κλεινῷ το μη ονομαζομενον, thus avoiding to name what it was unlawful to utter."

"Euripides likewise represents Hecuba lamenting the death of Astyana, whom the Greeks had precipitated from a turret. She describes his fractured head, and hair clotted with blood, and then stops short; *ν' αἰσχρομὴ λεγῶ*, that I may not speak of things forbidden to utter."

"That the ancients considered the head as sacred, may be shewn by their custom of swearing by it. When a person sneez'd, they bowed the head out of respect. What they approved or assented to, they confirmed by an inclination of the head. Jupiter, in the first book of the Iliad, conveys his assent by the motion of his head, *Εἰ δ' ἄγε, τοι κεφαλῇ σπινεύσομαι*.

BANKS OF THE RHINE.

Brissac in Alsace.

13th. Sept.—I was awakened this morning at an early hour by the merry voices of the German peasantry, from both sides of the Rhine. On looking out of the window I found that my abode was situated in the great square of the town, or public market-place. It was filled with carts and chars-a-banc, and little booths, containing vegetables, eggs, butter, numerous cheeses, and various kinds of fruit. Good-will and mutual confidence seemed to reign among the people, and the bargains were accordingly concluded with great celerity. All things, indeed, were expressive of life, health, industry, and happiness; and from the varied, though homely, attire of the peasants, the scene was not only pleasing but highly picturesque. A few asses yoked to the panniers, instead of the small melancholy bankrupt looking horses, would have had a good effect, for although these last had all the roughness and angular inequalities essential to the picturesque, yet there was, in a few instances, rather too evident a relation between cause and effect. In fact they looked too much like old Poulter's mare, and did not harmonize in spirit with the "sunny spots of greenery" with which they were surrounded. Upon the whole, however, this was an interesting and amusing sight. There is a sensible, sedate, rational good humour, in the countenances of the natives here, which seems to result more from an internal consciousness of the probity of their manners, and the innocence of their lives, than from the desire of attracting the notice, or exciting the admiration of bystanders. There is none of that grimace which is so common in many other parts of the French kingdom, and which is so apt to induce the belief, that the feel-

ings of those in whom it is observable, never sink below the surface of the skin. The men are handsome, not unlike the Cumbrian mountaineers; but the eyes of the women have not the lustre of those of France. The external character of the females, however, appeared to me to approach nearer to the French than that of the men. This may arise from the circumstance of their seldom crossing the Rhine, and being much engaged in cultivating the vineyards towards the base of the mountains of Lorraine. The river is here very rapid, and the navigation being troublesome, if not difficult, it is seldom crossed except when necessity requires it. On the other hand, the men are much employed on the river fishing, and as ferrymen, as well as in transporting the productions of Alsace to the more distant frontier towns of Germany, by which means their communication with the other side is constant, and a necessity thereby created of their retaining unimpaired their knowledge of the German tongue.

Having studied the physiognomy of the peasants for an hour or two, I again bent my steps towards the river, for the purpose of crossing into Germany. I procured a boat and boatmen accordingly, and after rowing cautiously up the edge of the river for some time, so as to be some hundred feet above the spot where we desired to land on the other side, we launched into the current. For the first second or two I felt an instinctive impulse to plunge over board, supposing that the boat was in the act of sinking to the bottom; but as soon as the oar which was fastened to the side further down the river, began to act upon the water, I perceived that we were shooting rapidly across, though in a very sloping

direction. The boatmen seemed perfectly acquainted with the current, and with all the steps necessary to be taken to avoid its power, except in as far as it could be rendered subservient to our use. In a few minutes I stood on German ground.

I now ascended to the fortress of Alt-Brissac, from which I enjoyed a fine view of the winding course of the Rhine, through the plains of Alsace, appearing sometimes like an American rapid, at other times like a series of small and tranquil lakes. The landscape was indeed a glorious one. The magnificent vineyard of Alsace, and the most rapid part of the river, with its bright green islands in the foreground,—the romantic mountains of Lorraine, with wreaths of snow resting among their gray summits,—the osprey, with its eagle eye sailing among the clouds of mist above the river, watching for an opportunity of transfixing with its talons some unwary individual of the finny race, and the perilous situation of the light canoes occasionally crossing the Rhine in the most impetuous and apparently dangerous quarters, rendered the scene one of the most interesting I had ever witnessed.

Leaving Alt-Brissac, I re-crossed the river, and returned to the French town of the same name, where, having arranged matters to our mutual satisfaction, I set out in a neat char-a-banc with one strong athletic horse, under the guidance of a Frenchman who had had the honour of being one of Bonaparte's postillions during the Russian campaign. We travelled along the banks of the Rhine, through a district of finely varied aspect, sometimes close to the river, at other times at some distance from it, and reached the confines of Switzerland about sunset. It was a beautiful calm evening, with a sky such as Claude would have painted. All things lay in the still reposing beauty which characterizes the works of that famous artist, and subdued and mellowed by the almost visible air which hung around them. It is this aerial and transparent veil which, to my mind, forms the pervading spirit of landscape; and the difficulty of representing it, or its influence and effects, may be one great cause of the rarity with which any thing like a perfect triumph has hitherto accompanied the efforts of the

painter. He can bring together an untroubled sky, a serene ocean, a smiling landscape; but that forming spirit which pervades and encircles the appearances of nature, can scarcely be regarded as an attribute of human genius. Indeed, what imagination can conjure up scenes so enchanting as those which nature displays with such lavish profusion in every region of the earth? In the most inspired dream of creative fancy, or the most successful effort of imitative art, the objects, lovely though they may often be, always possess some qualities which hinder them from blending together into one just proportioned picture, and the scene thus raised or depicted partakes of the narrowness of mortal power. It is otherwise, however, with the representations of the human face divine; for this branch of the art seems to bear away the palm from nature herself. How many beautiful countenances are visible in every large town in Europe; but where is the one among them all which can bear a comparison with a fine madonna of Raphael? Yet what landscape painter has ever given the far-receding splendour of the western sky which almost every fine summer evening affords? At the same time Claude, Turner, and Thomson are each an honour to his age and country; there are some fine conceptions of aerial grandeur in the wild combinations of cloud and vapour in some of Schetky's skies, and I have little doubt, that when Williams returns to his native land, the contents of his port-folio will create associations in the breast of every true lover of nature, not unworthy the calm glory of a Grecian autumn, or the evening splendour which invests the blue mountains of Friuli.

But I forget my own picture while reflecting on those of others. I have said that the sky was such as Claude would have rejoiced to imitate. There was a mild and almost breathless stillness in the air, which he alone knew how to represent, although all who have studied the finest features of landscape must be aware, that it is to this we owe some of our most delightful and harmonious perceptions, while contemplating the beauty of external nature.

“A harmony,
So do I call it, though it be the hand
Of silence, though there be no voice.”—

The battlements of a strongly forti-

fied city were seen at some height in the distance, their square lines broken by deep masses of wood ; while in the nearer ground there were open groves, with green fields intersected by irregular footpaths, and scattered cottages partly concealed by large single trees. We were in the neighbourhood of Basle, the frontier town ; but the gates were unfortunately closed for the night, so we were forced to remain in a small village on the outside of the walls. My excursion this day, considered geographically, was rather curious, as I had passed the morning in France, the forenoon in Germany, and the evening in Switzerland.

Having solaced myself with a good supper, and a bottle of Burgundy, and not feeling inclined to sleep, I thought it better to take a ramble for an hour or two, though it was now not far from midnight. I accordingly set out, and having walked several miles, I at last found myself by the side of an ancient ruin of simple structure, which, I immediately convinced myself, must be the remains of a druidical temple. A few pale withered stumps of the mountain ash stood together in a row like the remains of some forlorn hope, and accorded well with the fancy which had entered my mind, as these trees are known to have been in ancient times religiously dedicated to protect and overshadow such buildings. Every thing around me was bleak and desolate, and scarcely one relic of ancient grandeur assisted the imagination in peopling it with the spirits of the elder time. Yet the very idea of being upon the spot where the hoary Druid ruminated the mysteries of his religion, where the Cromlek streamed with human blood, where the shady grove moaned with the cries of convulsive death, or where the sword of the Roman soldier put a period to the reign of this horrid infatuation—the very idea of this, even when entering the mind amid scenery ill calculated to excite emotions of any kind, contained something that awakened many a long train of recollected thought, and subjected the soul to the temporary dominion of superstitious awe. I had already walked several cheerless miles, with my imagination full of those images which solitude and fancy suggest, and was now resting on an old mouldering ruin, which, whether druidical or not, had doubtless one

day witnessed many a fearful sight. Not a soul was near—the Rhine was heard wailing in the distance, the night-wind moaned through the chinks of the wall, and the moon, almost hid in clouds, gave a wild and uncertain light. What rendered my thoughts more solemn, was my ignorance of the part of the country I was in ; for I had left the main road, and wandered over heaths and commons for some time. A peculiar creaking noise attracted my attention, and my astonishment and horror may be more easily imagined than described, when on looking up I beheld within a few yards the ghastly spectre of a human body. My fancied druids vanished into thin air, and I sat for some moments rooted to the spot. Ere long, however, my resolution returned, and on investigating this horrible phantom, I discovered it to be no “ unreal mockery,” but the skeleton of a man in chains. I returned to the village with some difficulty, and got to bed about day light.

14th.—After a few hours repose, of a rather feverish kind, my dreams being haunted by the anatomical phenomenon of the preceding night, I entered Basle, and took up my abode in an apartment which commanded a fine view of the Rhine.

During my short residence in this town, I visited a fashionable garden, which is handsome and laid out with some taste. It belongs to a lover of the arts, a man of fortune in Basle, who possesses extensive estates in Switzerland. It contains aviaries, fish-ponds, Chinese temples, Roman antiquities from a colony of Augustus in the vicinity, and many other incongruous things—but the whole placed before the eye in a pleasing, unobtrusive, and rather picturesque manner. This garden is open to the public at all times, and there are no faithful old domestics, or other myrmidons of a similar nature, permitted to pester one who is journeying through the land. Enjoying some fine views from different quarters of the city, I afterwards entered an old cathedral, which is the principal place of worship here, and well worthy of inspection. It contains the tomb of Erasmus, with a long Latin inscription, the room in which was held the famous council of Basle, many old grave stones, with curious epitaphs in

Latin and German; and singular statues in relief, the work of the middle ages. It is one of the oldest churches in the country, and what is of greater importance, there is a superb view of the Rhine from the top of its spire.

16th.—In this country the works of nature are formed on such a magnificent scale, that one feels the less inclined to bestow much attention on those of art. Indeed, though I have now only crossed the barriers of Switzerland, I imagine that there is already something different, even in the “liberal air,” from what I have elsewhere experienced, and this makes me the more anxious to enjoy it as much as possible among the open fields. As Cowper says—

“God made the country, but man made the town—”

and I was never before so deeply impressed with the truth of the observation. I certainly feel every inclination to behave like a zealous tourist; that is, to describe the shape of the streets, the number of the houses, and the size of the doors and windows—to sketch old crosses, or copy inscriptions from fountains and market-places—and to ascertain the precise periods at which the different charitable institutions were founded. All this, however, I am prevented from doing, by an accident which befel me one calm Sabbath evening. I happened to walk a few miles from Basle, up a small and silent valley, by the side of a beautiful stream. Towards the head of it, I ascended a vine-clad hill of considerable height, and enjoyed as usual a most delightful view. But one night I shall never cease to remember,

“While memory holds her seat in this distracted globe.”

On turning towards the Swiss side, I beheld for the first time, with astonishment and joy, the snow-covered summits of the Alps at a vast distance, towering beyond the line of perpetual congelation. The sun had almost sunk, at least the vallies and lower ranges of hills were obscured; but these gigantic mountains still reflected the golden beams from their snowy scalps, which glittered in the distant twilight like glorious diadems; and contrasted with the increasing darkness of the still vallies below, were grand as it was possible for the imagination to picture. The majestic Rhine, too, shone in

the great valley, and appeared here and there in the distant plain spreading its bosom into a lovely lake. Now, whenever I endeavour to particularize the works of human skill, these icy peaks, the “palaces of nature,” rise up before me, and have made so strong an impression, that I find myself incapable of attending to any thing else. During supper, a German artist favoured us with a critique on the *Dance of Death*, and other works of Holbein, some of which it seems are preserved here.

16th.—On leaving Basle I need not say how sorry I was. I had there only passed two little days, but they were pleasant and happy ones; and though I should live many a long year, I don’t think I shall ever forget them. My regret, however, at leaving it, gradually wore away as I proceeded on my journey to Lauffenburg; for every step I took discovered some new beauty. The road winds along a number of little vallies, caused by the wooded hills which form the banks of the Rhine; and as often as the traveller turns about, he beholds a beautiful extent of country behind him, covered with hanging woods, and either swelling into lofty hills, or sinking into deep dells with the most delightful variety. A number of lovely cottages scattered through the vales, and glimmering amid the trees, present continual objects for admiration—and each one becomes envied till a more beautiful one appears. So delighted was I with this walk, that though many leagues long, I scarcely knew where I was till it was over, and then I could not help wishing that I had to perform it again. There is certainly something in the noise and motion of a carriage, which prevents the mind from feeling excited by rural scenery in the way in which I feel mine to be when my body is unconfined. That calm and placid breathing of nature, which every one must have seen and felt who has walked alone through a fine country, cannot be enjoyed except on foot. The face of nature bears a different aspect, and the cracking of the coachman’s whip is sufficient to dissolve the charm, and cause

“The silence that is in the starry sky—
The sleep that is among the lonely hills—”

to vanish. But on foot every thing makes an impression—every winding of a river, and each beautiful tree,

“And the shrill matin song
Of birds from every bough,”
make the soul feel all the intoxication
of delight. These are intellectual pleasures
of a high and noble order; but
there are others of a less dignified,
though equally essential nature. I
mean the delight of finding one’s-self
in a comfortable inn, after a long walk,
the fatigue of which, though by no
means painfully perceptible at the time,
is generally quite sufficient to render
bodily repose most grateful—and the
increased relish which is bestowed on
every thing which reminds one of the
immortal Beauvilliers, and the peerless
Robert.

Proceeding along the banks of the
Rhine, the first place I stopped at was
the well known colony of the Romans,
called Augusta Rauracorum, or
Augst, (pronounced by the natives
Owst.) The ruins are extensive,
though much dilapidated. There still
remains a fine marble pillar, which
formed part of the temple of Jupiter.
The scite of the temple is evident from
other relics besides the pillar; and
there is a bath and aqueduct, neither
of which, however, are at all interesting
in their appearance, resembling
more one of the sunk fences where the
bears are kept in the garden of plants
in Paris, than any thing else I at present
remember. The situation of the
colony is well chosen. It is built on
a small eminence, in the centre of a
green valley, surrounded with lofty
hills well wooded, and topped with
loose crags and overhanging precipices,
with here and there a solitary pine,
contrasting its sombre top with the
blue heavens. At present, however,
instead of the solemn tone of the
priest, proclaiming the auspicious sacrifice,
you may hear the glad notes of the
children of the valley, or the untutored
voice of the mountain bard chanting
to the surrounding shepherds the famous
song of the wild Tyrolese.

Towards noon, I stopped at Rhin-
felden, a singular village, where I took
some refreshment, the day being ex-
ceedingly hot. This place is situated
on both sides of the Rhine;—the bed
of the river is very rocky, and assumes
quite the aspect of a mountain-stream
in every thing but in size and colour.
Half-way across, and in the centre of
the town, there rises a rocky island,
and on this stand the remains of a
once powerful, and no doubt impreg-

nable castle, the scene of many an act
of feudal tyranny and oppression. This
island is connected with the town, on
either side, by two bridges—the one
of stone, and uncovered—the other of
wood, and ornamented with a roof and
walls of the same material. The river
runs here with frightful rapidity—the
wooden-bridge vibrates and trembles
for ever—and the first step a passenger
takes on it, he feels as it were a
slight electric shock. How the founda-
tions of such an affair could have
been laid I do not at all conceive, in
the present state of my architectural
knowledge. It must have been a perilous
undertaking; for man or beast
falling into the water, at this spot,
would never be seen or heard of till
he or it reached Rotterdam. In the
course of half an hour I proceeded on
my journey, and about eight in the
evening I arrived at Lauffenburg, my
resting place for the night. It was
now too dark to see any thing out of
doors, so I contented myself with a
very elegant supper, the description of
which would occupy me a much longer
time now than I then took to discuss
it; and having written some of the
preceding pages, I retired to rest, and
was soon lulled asleep by the ceaseless
flow of the mighty river.

17th.—Of Lauffenburg, where I now
am, what shall I say? That it is by
far the most delightful little spot I
ever saw. When I entered it, I
thought, have I lived so long and never
heard of this Paradise? During those
dreams of the soul, which our hopes
and wishes create, and our reason is
unable to destroy—when we wish to
retire from the loud and stirring world,
and among the loveliness of some far-
removed valley to pass the days that
fate may have assigned us—when the
mind endeavours to combine, in one
scene, every beautiful image that me-
mory can supply, or imagination pic-
ture, it would be impossible to con-
ceive the existence of a more lovely
landscape. So sweet is this spot, that
the very winds of heaven seem slowly
and fondly to float over it, and the
little summer birds sing more cheerily
amid its holy solitude. Since I have
seen it, I have not been conscious of
feeling any emotion allied to evil. In-
deed, what could make the heart evil-
disposed among such general peace and
happiness? No mind can withstand
the influence of fair and lovely scenery,

and the calmness of a fine summer evening, when there is nothing to prevent it sinking into the farthest recesses of the heart. For myself at least I can say, that I never walked with my face towards a fine setting sun, without feeling it to be, as our own most majestic poet has expressed it, "a heavenly destiny." Nothing tends so powerfully to extinguish all bad passions as the contemplation of the still majesty of Nature. Perhaps time so spent might ere long fill up the void even of a desolate heart, and cause it to wonder why it should ever have been wretched. Peace has visited the cell where the hermit retired to die in sorrow.

But what relation do such speculations bear to Lauffenburg? I rose with the lark, and descended to the river side, having heard a good deal of a fall of the Rhine here. I was not disappointed with the scene, but there is no fall. The river for some hundred yards passes along a rocky bed, and is confined within one half of its natural channel; there is also a great declivity for nearly a quarter of a mile, so that it has here exactly the appearance of an American rapid. The rushing of the water is prodigious, and the surrounding scenery is quite in unison with the voice of the destroyer. Every thing seems rent, uprooted, and overthrown, and placed exactly in a situation the most different from that which nature must have originally intended it should occupy. If you glance your eye over a sheet of water, or a chain of rocks, you have not proceeded a few yards before you find the water and the rocks in opposition to each other, and turning, "with aspect malign," in a direction quite contrary to that which you at first expected them to take. The banks are steep, and shaggy, and romantic in the extreme; indeed, upon the whole, this little town of Lauffenburg possesses the most picturesque situation I have ever beheld. It has the merit, also, of originality—at least I never saw any other to which it bore the slightest resemblance. Immediately above the rapid, and at the head of the town, the river is very broad and spacious, like a little lake—it appears, in fact, as if collecting its utmost strength to effect the passage through the rocks. The waters of the Rhine hitherto have not been clear.

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I am informed that towards Schaffhausen they are so; but from Brissac to Basle, and somewhat farther up, they are of a clay colour, with a shade of green. Here, however, they begin to brighten; the clay colour is less visible, and the green is like that of a shallow sea. Such, however, is the opposition the waters meet with in this rapid, that the whole is one sheet of foam of the most snowy whiteness. When first I beheld this glorious pass, the rays of the sun had just fallen on the river, while the steep bank on the eastern side was dark and obscure. The river shone like liquid silver, and the waving tops of the birches and weeping willows constantly bending their long drooping branches into the stream, "stooping as if to drink," gave a character of life and beauty to the scene, which passeth speech. Above that part of the river which has the appearance of a little lake, the mountains are lofty, and ranged like an immense amphitheatre, adorned with vineyards and cottages, and terminated by precipitous crags and old romantic pine-trees.

18th.—I found the last-mentioned village so delightful, that I was almost rivetted to the spot, and wished that I had so arranged my plans as to allow me to pass a couple of months there. This, however, could not well be; so I left it this forenoon, and proceeded onwards by the left side of the Rhine. The greater part of my journey this day lay in Germany. The road proceeds for many miles close to the river, and a little elevated above it. The banks on either side are green and sloping—the river is smooth and rapid, and seems in some parts almost to overflow its banks. It would be difficult to fancy any thing more beautiful than many parts of my walk at this time. Passing through Albrugg and Waldshut, towards evening I arrived at Little Coblenz, below which is the junction of the Rhine, with its great branch the Aar, which river has a long and continuous course through Switzerland, and is fed by streams from Neuchâtel, the country to the north-east of the lake of Geneva, and from the cantons of Berne and Zurich. It is nearly as large as the other branch; but, running at an angle with the united waters, it loses its own name, and assumes that of the Rhine. My favourite river, therefore, though

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still magnificent, is now much diminished, but it is beautifully clear, of a fine bluish green colour, and the surrounding country is as delightful as ever.

After passing the village of Coblenz, we lose sight of the Rhine, though, in the stillness of a fine autumnal evening, its sonorous flow was distinctly audible for some time after it became invisible to the eye. About nightfall I found myself in the town of Thungen; but not liking its appearance, I determined to proceed another league to Luchingen, —having previously ascertained that there were no walls, or other hostile barriers, around the last-mentioned city. There I arrived, accordingly, in good time, and regaled myself with an excellent bottle of hock. I was treated with great civility, though it is rather an ill-regulated place, and not to compare with Lauffenburg—but indeed what other spot deserves to be so?

19th.—On Wednesday I departed, before the mists of the morning had risen from the valley, and pursued my route to Schaffhausen. An old ruined castle was seen on the brow of a steep hill, with white clouds breaking around it in a very picturesque style. I crossed one or two small streams, with antique mossy bridges, but the majestic river was inaudible. During my walk this day, I recollected that I was within a few days' journey of the source of the Danube; and being suddenly inspired with the desire of beholding the parent of that famous river, I struck off to the leftward, and entered the Black Forest, with the intention of crossing the Suabian mountains next day. After walking, however, for several hours, without meeting a single being, and seeing nothing but bare hills before me, I began to think it might be as well to sleep beneath a human roof, particularly as I felt both fatigued and feverish; so turning to the right, I again directed my steps towards the Rhine, the course of which could easily be traced by the fine woods and cultivated fields on either side—and thus ingloriously terminated my excursion to the Danube. I arrived at Schaffhausen in the evening, having taken a near cut through a small forest in the neighbourhood, at the instigation of, and in company with, a Ger-

man peasant. We descended upon the town from an elevated ridge of land, from which I had a noble view of the old Rhine and the surrounding country. About a quarter of a mile from Schaffhausen, I passed close by a small mount surrounded by a stone wall, which altogether reminded me of the druidical temple I had erected near Basle. My attention was more particularly attracted to it by a group of children on the top, who seemed intently examining something on its surface. I accordingly ascended, and found, to my surprise, the verdant sod covered with blood. On inquiry, I found that this place was what the natives call the *Rappenstein*, which is the place of public execution. The blood I saw was possibly still warm, as an unhappy malefactor had been executed that afternoon. Their heads are chopped off with a two-handed sword, and this, by a dextrous executioner, is accomplished by a single blow.

During this day, I had not much enjoyment. The scenery, no doubt, was fine, but the weather was oppressively hot, the sky being without a cloud, and the greater part of my walk without a tree—and the refreshing flow of the river, which had so long delighted both eye and ear, with its mighty melody, was far distant.

19th.—Schaffhausen is a considerable town, but dirty and ill paved. Within a mile or two of this place, is the famous fall of the Rhine, by many thought the finest cataract in Europe. It is certainly a glorious sight. The river, owing to a rapid immediately above the fall, rushes with prodigious velocity—the body of water is very great, the breadth being nearly 200 feet, and it falls from the height of 80 feet. There are two or three high castellated rocks in the centre, finely wooded. These divide the fall, but the spray rising from below, conceals their bases entirely, and produces an appearance towards the lower part, of one continued mass of water. But the scenery is really so superb, and the weather so delightful, that all description is set at defiance; and I sit down more from a praiseworthy habit which I have got into of writing for a few minutes every evening, than from any hope, or even intention, of recording either my own feelings, or the general features of this heavenly country.

Many times since I entered Switzerland, I have found, that those things which delight us most, are those concerning which not a single intelligible sentence could be written, even by those who command the copious and appropriate imagery suggested by poetic genius, far less by one who is so little versed "in the set phrase of peace." Besides, in the present case, my mind is so pervaded by a noble passage of "the grand infernal peer," that any attempt at original description would be alike vain and presumptuous. The quotation is longer than those with which I usually indulge myself, but after writing the first line, it would be almost as impossible to refrain from the remainder, as it would be to arrest the progress of the vast torrent which it so well describes.

"The roar of waters! from the headlong height,

Velino cleaves the wave worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss;
The hellos of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, rung out from this
Their phlethegon, curls round the rocks of
jet

That gird the gulph profound, in pitiless
horror set,

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence
again

Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald; how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs which downward worn
and rent

With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a
fearful vent,

To the broad column which rolls on, and
shews

More like the fountain of an infant sea,
Torn from the womb of mountains by the
throes

Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers which flow gushingly
With many windings, thro' the vale: Look
back!

Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread, a matchless
cataract."

Immediately below this fall, the circling waters of the river form a broad expanse, in which there is a little island. On this there is a house,

one room of which is fitted up with an excellent camera obscura. This gives a beautiful picture of the foaming cataract, with its gray rocks and rich underwood, as well as of the vineyards which encompass it, and their white cottages. The continual descent of the enormous river, the waving of the adjoining woods, and the dark shadows of the clouds floating over the vine-clad hills, produce the most complete deception I ever witnessed. Indeed, I could scarcely believe that it was only a reflection of nature, and not nature's self, and when the light was admitted, the whole appeared to vanish rather by the hand of enchantment than from natural causes. I would certainly advise any one visiting this neighbourhood, to make a point of seeing the camera, for I really think I derived as much pleasure from it as from the scene itself. The roaring voice of the river renders the delusion perfect.

I saw this fall from many different points of view, each successively appearing finer than the other; and though I arrived at the foot of it about eleven in the forenoon, it was half-past eight in the evening before I returned to the Auberge. One view from a pine wood opposite, is particularly fine, and it was at this time adorned by a bright and magnificent rainbow. About eight o'clock, when every thing was obscure except the foaming cataract, I was still seated by the river side, enjoying its tremendous melody. Suddenly a stream of fire shot up from the rock close by, and threw a flood of stars among the silvery waters. For a few seconds I was a good deal astonished at this apparent phenomenon, and the unceasing voice of the river deadening all other sounds, it was some little time before I discovered that a smith's forge was built near the foot of the fall. It produced a singularly beautiful effect, as this stream of light "sprung upward like a pyramid of fire," or gently bending across the water, rose and fell like a magnificent plume of gold; and sometimes, when it was about to expire, the bright flickering flames gave a meteoric appearance to the columns of spray similar to that so frequently observed in a ship's wake at sea. Salmon, and other migratory fish, advance no higher up the Rhine than the large pool below the fall.

ON THE DECLINE OF A TASTE FOR METAPHYSICS.

Nothing is more remarkable in the literature of the day, than the substitution, which has been accomplished, of its lighter branches, for the more severe studies by which the preceding century was distinguished. This important revolution is more palpable in the departments of metaphysics and moral science, than in any other branch of learning. There is reason to believe, that notwithstanding the outward deference still paid to the prescriptive celebrity of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, these illustrious men are secretly rated in public opinion, far beneath even the popular favourites of the day. Their works are not now perused with that intense admiration which they commanded half a century ago, and which the decided bias of literary taste, towards the toils and delights of abstract speculations, can alone explain. If an occasional effort be made to recal attention to this deserted region, where, in former times, no small share of the glory which belongs to our national literature was achieved, the attempt is in so feeble and faulty a style, as to disgust every ingenuous student of the old masters, and to convince him, that the depth of thought and comprehensiveness of views for which the philosophers of England stood unrivalled, have almost wholly abandoned those who now attempt a vain competition with the strength and originality of their genius.

We are aware, that there exist illustrious exceptions to the absolute truth of these remarks; but we speak at present not so much with reference to the merits of individuals as to the general state of public thought and feeling. If it be true that we have yet among us a metaphysician of great talents and accomplishments, it is no less certain, that even the lustre of *his* genius has been unable to win the public regard to that course of study in which he has himself embarked with enthusiastic and boundless devotion. Mr Stewart is almost a solitary example of high talent and fine accomplishment, wasted (as many even of his admirers may imagine) on the thorny and barren track of metaphysical speculation. He has been

repeatedly admonished, through the organs of popular criticism, that the nature of his undertaking accords not with the taste or fashion of these times; and has had the unmerited mortification, we are afraid, to find, that the fruits of his profound and elevated toil have not been appreciated with that ardent fondness which is the best stimulus and the most grateful reward of high and liberal exertion.

This is indeed a striking revolution in the literary taste of a country which has been distinguished above all others for depth of thought and gravity of philosophical speculation. It was in England that the national foundations of moral and metaphysical philosophy were first laid—the trammels of scholastic form and fruitless subtlety first vigorously burst—and the true objects and just boundaries of science first delineated, with a sagacity and precision to which the learned of all nations have offered their tribute of reverence and admiration. It was in England that the genius of Bacon was nursed, in whose immortal works may be traced the outlines of all that science and philosophy have since achieved, splendid as their triumphs have been in almost every country of Europe. It was under the same cloudy sky, that Locke, exploring by the chart which his wonderful precursor had left him, the yet untravelled region of metaphysics, constructed a firm and massive fabric, from the very fragments of which new systems have been reared, and new honours gained, for the secondary genius which has advanced in the magnificent track of his invention. For *him* the consenting admiration of every learned people conceded the high honour of having fixed an æra in the most abstruse, but yet the most interesting and sublime of the sciences—of having cleared the foundations, marked the laws, and defined the limits of human thought—of having laid deep in the rational and experimental philosophy of the human mind, the basis of moral and political obligation—of having explored the remotest principles of abstract speculation—and of having given

a rational and imperishable form to that science to which a powerful instinct had attracted the elevated curiosity of every age, but of which it was given to him alone to fathom all the depths, and unfold the hitherto impenetrable mysteries. He alone carried the solidity of reason into the recesses of that branch of philosophy, which had in all former times been filled with the successive but perishable shadows of the imagination.

The supremacy of Locke is universally confessed; but there were others also, to whose genius this department of knowledge is profoundly indebted. The subtle but amiable scepticism of Berkeley, who, in the high confidence of an original and comprehensive mind, meditated the destruction of popular infidelity, by expunging the material world from the catalogue of philosophical realities, gave an impulse, in spite of its startling extravagance, to the spirit of intellectual philosophy, such as a great and inventive genius can alone impart. His theory, derided by wits and stared at by the vulgar, in equal ignorance of its aim, was admired by philosophers for the depth, subtlety, and vigour of understanding which it displayed, and the bold and original cast of thought which this amiable and enlightened ecclesiastic pre-eminently discovered.

The philosophical spirit which predominated in England, and which communicated its depth and precision to the various departments of literature, was soon caught by the literary men of Scotland, and followed with their characteristic perseverance into very splendid results. It was then that the quiet, frigid, incredulous, but subtle and profound intellect of Hume—attracted to the study of metaphysics by the blaze of reputation which encircled the philosophy of England—attempted to push the principles of the pure and pious Locke to conclusions which would have struck their author with horror; and to construct upon the foundation laid by a most christian philosopher, a splendid and imposing fabric of philosophical scepticism. The road, to literary distinction, thus trodden by this eminent apostle of unbelief, was pursued, though with very different feelings, and far other views, by Campbell,

Beattie, and Reid—names still among the most illustrious that occur in Scottish literature, and whose fortune it was to raise the philosophical fame of their country to a pitch of unrivalled eminence.

The influence and renown of English philosophy were not limited to this Island. It is the privilege of this high department of intellectual exertion, that its honours are not confined to the narrow boundaries which policy, laws, and manners prescribe to the other triumphs of learning; but that, transcending the limits assigned to a literature purely local and popular, it unites in one illustrious school all that is lofty or profound in the genius of the civilized world. The light and airy, but liberal spirit of Voltaire, perceived the grandeur of a system which it wanted strength to have constructed; and with a noble surrender of national prejudice, this singular man descended to the humble toil of familiarising the philosophy of England to the nations of the continent. He made his universal language the instrument of expounding, in a popular form, the sublime system of Newton; with the armour of his wit he covered the name of Locke from the assaults of scholastic pedantry and envenomed dulness; he spread throughout Europe the philosophical reputation of England, and gave, even to the name of philosopher, a high degree of popular estimation, by the zeal with which he ever vindicated it for himself as the proudest of all his literary distinctions.

It thus happened, that during the last century the spirit of a rational and profound philosophy made greater progress throughout Europe than it had done at any former period. The same principles of a wary and inductive logic—the same precision of experiment and accuracy of observation—the same stern rejection of mere hypothesis and gratuitous conjecture which had wrought so many wonders in physical science, were found no less efficient in accelerating the progress of intellectual philosophy. The effects of the magnificent system which the genius of Bacon had created, and of the fresh impulse which the progress of events had communicated to the human mind, were not limited to that profound and interesting science which treats of the

intellectual laws and faculties, for that capacity and love of abstract speculation—of comprehensive and philosophical reasoning—which had become the prominent feature of the literature of the age, expanded itself through every branch of moral and political science—leading original and inquisitive minds to ascend from the humble level of a narrow and contracted experience to the lofty region of principle—and to subdue the coarse resistance of vulgar prejudice, before the spirit of a predominating reason. Happy had it been for mankind if baser spirits had never interposed in this high intellectual cause, to disturb and disgust the world by contaminating the oracles of truth and of reason with the blasphemies of atheism and the atrocities of revolution.

The philosophy of the modern school is the philosophy of reason, not that of imagination. Hostile alike to the seductive dreams of fancy and the presumptuous arrogance of system, and disdaining every other support but the solid basis of experiment and observation, it aspires to raise the study of human nature—which had in all former ages been a tasteless aggregate of insulated facts, and fascinating but unsatisfactory visions—to the dignity of a science. The sublime mysticism and charmed reveries of Plato, which cast an air and aspect of divinity around the aberrations of human intellect—the ambitious, subtle, and comprehensive scheme of Aristotle, which, aspiring to chain the universe of matter and of mind within the limits of a system, lost all reality in the expansion of its grasp, and retained, in syllogistic fetters, only the forms and shadows of existence—the wild visions of a speculative superstition and corrupted theology—and the spirit of barren but laborious subtlety which usurped the honour of genius during the long night of barbarian ignorance, were alike denounced and condemned in the bright era of European intellect. Reason alone was obeyed in the plenitude of her restored empire. The imperative demands of the inductive logic were scrupulously complied with—the necessity of founding the generalizations of philosophy upon a large experience, and of resting systems of knowledge upon a wide survey of nature, was re-

cognised; and the result was not only a vast accession to the neglected province of moral and intellectual philosophy, to which the works of Locke, and Montesquieu, and Smith, and Hume, and Reid, bear ample testimony, but the formation of a loftier and more philosophical cast of thinking throughout all the instructed classes of society, which is yet visible in the general state of opinion, and even in the most ordinary efforts of literary composition. The humblest of them all now breathes an affectation, at least, of general principle, and a disdain of vulgar prejudice, such as could have been generated only in the triumph of a profound and rational philosophy.

It is true there was a coldness in this system—a sternness of abstraction which a vigorous intellect alone could sustain; it spoke neither to the imagination nor the heart, and presented no other charm, but the sublime and simple beauty of truth. Such are the profound and masterly discussions of Locke, Berkeley, Smith, and Reid, and of all the illustrious writers who are now neglected as too subtle and frigid for the impassioned character of the age.

It must be owned, indeed, that the tendency of this cold and vigorous system of reasoning—ambitious as it was inflexible—penetrating, without scruple, into the darkest mysteries connected with the origin, the condition, and the destinies of the species—and proud of sporting on the very brink of that abyss where the energy of human reason is extinguished, and the light of philosophy expires—was but too favourable to that spirit of scepticism which was the disgrace of the last age. But it is on secondary minds alone that modern philosophy produces this baneful effect. Witness the profound and unshaken piety of Bacon, which was on a high level with all the other elements of his intellectual greatness—with his grave and awful cast of thought—with the sobriety and majesty of his feeling and comprehensive soul, which was too near an emanation from the Deity to forget for a moment its celestial descent. Witness also the venerable names of Locke and of Newton, to whom it was not given to range over the universe of mind and of matter in

ignorance of the divine Author, of the mighty gifts with which they were endued, and of the magnificent scenes spread out for their employment. The master spirits of every age have towered above the seductions of scepticism; firm in the purity and stability of their own character—exalted by the privileges of a larger capacity, and a wider range of contemplation—by the susceptibility of graver and loftier feeling—by a clearer perception of the limits imposed by nature on the audacity of human speculation—and a deeper and more intense humility in the mingled consciousness of their own gifts and frailties—they abandoned to the minor race of cold and contemptuous sophists the odious distinction of a daring and reckless unbelief. The progress of physical science, and the multiplied power of matter which have been developed to its researches, cannot seduce their calm and considerate minds into the puny sophism, that matter is, therefore, *all*—that a cold and repulsive scepticism is the natural creed of an impassioned and aspiring soul, that the magnificent triumphs of human intellect warrant a denial of its existence, or a doubt as to the supreme and presiding power of that Spirit in whose might alone all that is great or good must be achieved.

In politics, the influence of abstract philosophy was still more variable. Men of great genius, wholly occupied with their own speculations, seldom engage with much ardour in political discussion, unless they are dragged from their beloved retirement by the unexpected approach of persecution, or the arrival of some great public convulsion, which sweeps every thing within its baleful and degrading vortex. They are naturally calm and submissive; and it must be the fault of governments if they are ever roused to disturb them by their opposition. What to them are the petty intrigues—the vulgar jealousies—the warring factions—the ostentatious bustle—the pigmy magnificence of the actors—or the fugitive importance of the ordinary events which agitate and distract the world—compared with the grandeur of their own enduring speculations? If they be men of mere theory, strangers to the business and the cares of the world, such will be their feel-

ing and their creed; but if they are read in history, and familiar with the horrors which it records, *that* system must be bad indeed, which shall not appear to them tolerable in the comparison. In the rashness and obstinacy of their spirit of generalization, they will, on contemplating such mournful records, pronounce upon the irremediable depravity of the species, and repose contented in the arms of a mild and mitigated despotism. *They* expect no sudden renovation of mankind,—no rapid movement which should enable the intellect of the crowd to rival the velocity of their own enlightened career. Who can, upon this subject, forget the despotic prejudices of Hobbes, one of the greatest intellects of modern times, or the memorable servility of Bacon, who, with a deep sense of his own intellectual omnipotence, and a lofty presage of the miracles which knowledge was to work in after times, exemplified in his own person, a submissive and boundless obedience to power, revolting even to the slavish spirit of his own fettered age? What, again, could have roused the mild and placid spirit of Newton to resistance, or seduced it from the sublime harmony of the spheres to the vulgar discord of earthly turbulence and faction? Locke was cast on distracted times—he was in his person the victim of persecution—he was compelled, in self-defence, to weigh the claims of freedom against the arrogance of power—and to become a liberal theorist in matters of policy, that he might baffle with effect the vengeance of an odious despotism. Hume again, phlegmatic by nature, became slavish by learning; he was a man of the world, and had studied much of its history; and every page spoke so much of actual tyranny, that he came at last to think freedom but a dream, which could never be realized, but through scenes of blood, from which the timidity of his nature recoiled. Voltaire and Rousseau, persecuted by power, by pedantry, and by superstition, resisted accordingly; and the warfare once begun was perpetuated by the pride of wit, and the quenchless enthusiasm of perverted genius.

The passion for abstract science which distinguished the last age, has perished before the power of that very spirit which was generated by its a-

buse. The bold and frequent dissections of the inmost frame of society, which were conducted with unflinching hand, under the auspices, and in the name of philosophy,—the contemptuous triumph which it arrogated over many of the salutary prejudices of mankind,—the unsparing ferocity with which its later and perverted disciples vowed, and in part accomplished the destruction of religion and of government,—have generated a series of events of a new and oppressive interest, before which its own refined abstractions have disappeared. The long train of stupendous occurrences—the swift and regular succession of appalling realities, which it has been our fortune to witness, has forcibly withdrawn every mind from all other contemplations but that of the passing scene; and by inverting the ordinary vulgarities of political discussion with an interest and importance which they never attained in any former age, has attracted to them the intense regard, and almost undivided sympathy of mankind.

The mightiest of all modern revolutions, indeed, is that which has been accomplished in the state of the public mind. Forms may be revived, and institutions may be restored; but the restoration of intellect and feeling to their former level, is beyond the power of armies, and above the scope of alliances. An intellectual movement *has* been made, whether for good or for evil signifies not, and it cannot be arrested; for the progress of knowledge, with the existing safeguards for its perpetuity, scorns all impediment. It advances by a myriad of avenues, which no vigilance can secure,—it is buried deep in the human heart, and the freezing severity of despotism cannot reach the sacred recess. But the consequence of this diffused knowledge is to alter the standard of literary taste,—to change the distributors of favour, and vary the objects of reward,—to establish a real democracy of literature, in which the candidate for its envied honours must appeal, not to the few, but to the many,—to vulgarize philosophy and learning,—and to extinguish in all, but the noblest bosoms, the old longing after immortality for which the tumultuous applause of the moment is in most cases felt to be not only a prompt but a

grateful compensation. Have not some profound metaphysicians verified the justice of these remarks in the history of their philosophical career? Have they not sometimes been over-ambitious of popularity, and feeling with anguish, that the tide of public sentiment was turning against their favourite pursuits, have they not occasionally made abortive efforts to accommodate themselves to the light and fickle taste of the multitude; to lower the dignity of science to the prejudices of the vulgar; to transplant the smaller graces which the public taste affects to demand, into regions where they are either stunted in their growth, or pernicious in their luxuriance; to mimic the language of feeling, where they ought to have aspired, only at the strength of argument; and to compromise the lofty character of the science by a feigned contempt for its profounder branches, and a feeble preference of its more tasteful appendages? And what has been the result? Even with the aid of their impolitic condescension they have been wholly eclipsed by lighter and inferior spirits, who, by the exclusive devotion of their slenderer talent to its appropriate pursuits, have ever vindicated for themselves the literary honours in which a competition so unwise had been attempted with them.

The philosophers have had themselves to blame, indeed, for a portion of that neglect with which they have of late been visited. They have long rejected, it is true, the embarrassing formality of the syllogism in the structure of their dissertations; but they are often no less insipid than if they yet adhered to the tedious rigour of that obsolete appendage. The method of induction is indeed excellent; but it is by no means a talisman against drivelling enumerations and operose and unfruitful disquisitions. The effect of writing a great deal about that which all understand at a glance, even although the entire gravity of the Baconian method should be scrupulously kept up—of descanting upon commonplaces, and demonstrating truisms—of setting out from the very beginning, when every one is more than half advanced on the road, is extremely unpropitious to the credit of the philosopher, and of the science, however profound and ingenious, which he pro-

fesses to teach. But it is an error into which philosophers are too apt to fall, and which their readers never fail to visit with unsparing derision. It is from this failing of their own, rather than from the insignificant effect of the dissertations lately written to prove that intellectual science is not the field of *discovery*, that we must reckon the melancholy decline of their reputation. For what can be meant in this absurd argument by *discovery*? The *general* laws of nature are familiar to the most vulgar experience in physics as well as in morals; discoveries of such laws therefore are, and ever have been, in both cases, out of the question; but if it be the exclusive province, and the highest boast of philosophy to generalize,—to detect a latent principle pervading a large class of phenomena, although invisible to vulgar eyes,—to seize analogies, and mark distinctions that have no existence for vulgar curiosity,—to exhibit a rational and magnificent classification of the various elements which nature scatters around, and philosophy alone can arrange,—then do the spiritual faculties and infinitely varied operations of intellectual nature, afford a much loftier employment to the curiosity of a great and penetrating mind, than the phenomena of the material world in all their variety of brightness and of wonder.

There has, upon the whole, therefore, been a very marked, and as we apprehend, not a very favourable change of late years in the genius of our national literature. In poetry, perhaps, there has been a great improvement; for the depth of feeling, and energy of sentiment, which characterize one or two of the very greatest poets of the day, have no prototype in the cold, elegant, constrained, and derisive compositions of the preceding age. But if poetry has had a triumph, philosophy has visibly declined; the taste for abstract speculation has perished in the intensity of feeling and the blaze of sentiment. The mighty masters of reason are now postponed without scruple to the experienced ministers of enjoyment; and the toils of deep and

anxious speculation are willingly exchanged for the charm of a momentary impulse, and the attractions of an immediate but transitory reputation. There is much unmeaning pedantry, to be sure, much idle, and tasteless, and drivelling speculation in books which profess to teach philosophy; but still the very grandeur of their scheme, which endeavours to rise above the vulgarity of ordinary discussion; to ascend to the loftier regions of thought, and to penetrate the ultimate recesses of principle, has a powerful tendency to check the commonplace arrogance, and expand the narrow grasp of uninstructed intellect. The preponderating influence of the crowd, an influence essentially vulgar in the distribution of literary honours, has wrought the momentous change which we have remarked; a change which has taken from philosophical literature its highest aims, and all the spirit of its most original enterprises, and substituted, towards the general edification, the superficial intelligence, and sophistical levity of periodical and perishable disquisition, for the massive and enduring fabrics of original discussion. It is well that philosophy should be familiarized to the general capacity,—it is well that the public should be educated to receive it, and should be stirred up to the ambition of literary attainment; but it is not so fortunate for the interests of learning or of truth, that this influence should predominate so far as to reduce science to the capacity of the multitude, instead of raising the latter, by suitable gradations, to the standard of superior minds. We rejoice that philosophy now descends by a thousand streams, and overflows the surface of society; but we should wish also to see the fountain more frequently stirred by the higher genius to which the guardianship of its purity is entrusted, and to which alone we can look for that regular and increasing supply which the wants and interests, and even the caprice of human nature imperiously demands.

THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

From Goethe.

I.

A STRANGER youth from Athens came
 To Corinth—tho' himself unknown,
 Relying on his father's name ;—
 Nor hospitable ties alone
 Secured him a Corinthian friend,
 For, plighted by his father's vows,
 He longed to see his plighted spouse,
 And hence his journey's aim and end.

II.

But shall the stranger welcome be ?
 Or must her love be dearly bought ?
 Alas ! a heathen still is he,
 And they the Christian faith are taught !
 And when new forms of faith arise,
 How soon love's tender blossom dies,
 Without a sigh, without a thought !

III.

The house in midnight silence lies,
 Father and daughters, all at rest !
 Sleep only shuns the mother's eyes—
 She rises to receive the guest—
 She leads him to a chamber bright,
 And wine and bread before him laid ;
 She bows, and wishes him " Good night !"

IV.

He thought not of the wine and bread,
 He only felt a wish for rest—
 At once he flung him on the bed—
 His weary limb's scarce feel repose,
 When, hush ! the chamber doors unclosed,
 And in there steals a timid guest.

V.

He wakes—and by the lamp's faint light,
 Behold a maiden tall and fair !
 Her veil is white—her robes are white—
 Black is the band that twines her hair ;
 'Tis black, but streaked with lines of gold—
 She screams, and shudders to behold
 The stranger youth reclining there,
 And, lifting her white arm in air,

VI.

Exclaims, " then am I nothing here !
 Guests come and go, and none tells me !
 Dark is my chamber, lone and drear,
 And here to come is infamy.
 To wander here is scathe and shame,
 Sleep on, young stranger, quietly,
 And I will vanish as I came !"

VII.

" Stay," cries the youth, " stay maiden dear,"
 As lightly from the couch springs he,
 CERES and BACCHUS, lo ! are here,
 And LOVE, sweet maid, hath come with thee,
 Ah ! thou art pale with idle fear,
 The Gods are good, and blest are we !"—

VIII.

" Away—young man—stand far away,
 What pleasure is, I feel not now—
 Joy hath forever fled from me,
 Scared by a mother's gloomy vow ;—
 She feared to die,—my youthful bloom—
 My hopes of love—her stern decree
 Hath destined to a living tomb !

IX.

" Our ancient Gods no longer deign,
 In this dull mansion to reside—
 But one, who dwells in heaven unseen,
 And one, upon the cross who died,
 Are worshipped with sad rite severe ;
 No offering falls of lamb or steer,
 But human victims suffer here !"

X.

He ponders with a trembling heart,
 Each word that falls upon his ear,
 " And art thou then—ah ! sure thou art
 My plighted spouse, that meets me here ?
 Be mine, my love, our father's vow
 Hath blessed our loves—be mine even now !"

XI.

" Have they not told thee then," she cried,
 " That I thy consort may not be—
 My sister is thy destined bride ;
 But in her arms, ah ! think of me,
 Who in my cell will think of thee,
 Who pine and die with love of thee,
 The cold earth soon my woes will hide."

XII.

" No !—never !—by this lamp I swear,
 That glowing emblems Hymen's torch,
 Thou shalt not perish thus from me.
 Oh ! we will seek my father's porch,
 And from this home of sorrow flee ;
 Be mine, my love, be mine to-night,
 To-morrow's sun will guide our flight."

XIII.

She reached to him a chain of gold,
 Of deathless love a token fair ;
 He reached to her a silver cup,
 Adorned with gravings rich and rare ;
 " The cup, my love, I may not take,
 But give me, for thine own dear sake,
 One only ringlet of thy hair !"

XIV.

Damp strikes the hour that spirits know—
 Her eyes with eager pleasure shine,
 Her cheek assumes a sparkling glow,
 Her pale lips quaff the blood-red wine ;
 But vainly may the youth entreat,
 The wheaten bread she will not eat !

XV.

She reached the wine-cup to his hand,
 Like her, with eager joy, he drinks,
 He speaks to her with words of love ;
 On love, on love alone he thinks ;
 In vain his warm intreaties prove
 No words have charms her breast to move—
 In tears, upon the bed he sinks !

XVI.

She leans above him o'er the couch,
 " Thy pangs I mourn but cannot heal—
 What !—ha !—my limbs have met thy touch,
 And tell thee what I would conceal ;
 White, white as snow ! cold, cold as sleet,
 Is she whose love thou dost entreat !"

XVII.

He strains her in his closing arm
 With strength that youth and passion gave ;
 " Cold as thou art, thy blood shall warm,
 Even if thy dwelling were the grave."
 With frenzied clasp of wild desire,
 He strains her to his breast of fire.

XVIII.

Strange was, I ween, that bridal scene,
 For with their kisses mingle tears ;
 But what is coldness, what are fears,
 While in her lover's bosom prest,
 The blood that stirs
 In his veins warms hers,
 But, oh ! no heart throbs in her breast !

XIX.

Without the door the mother stood,
 That under-voice what may it be,
 She knows not—and she lingers there,
 She listens long and anxiously ;
 Oh, is it, that she hears aright,
 Voices like lovers', low and light ?

XX.

Breathless she stands, and motionless,
 Till of these low words satisfied—
 The vows of lisping tenderness,
 The words of lover and of bride—
 " Hark ! the cock crows—day soon will shine,
 To-morrow night, again, my love,
 To-morrow night thou wilt be mine."

XXI.

The mother hears no more—in wrath
 She bursts into the stranger's room ;—
 " And is there in my house a maid
 Thus shameless, who can thus presume
 To wanton—with a stranger too ?"—
 Thus thinks she angrily —when, lo !
 By the lamp's decaying glow,
 Her own—her daughter meets her view !

XXII.

In the first impulse of his fear
 He strove to hide the maiden's face—
 In vain he drew the curtain's fold,
 In vain he strove her veil to place,
 Still from his reaching hand she rose,
 Tall and more tall her stature grows.

XXIII.

" Oh, mother ! mother !" hollow sounds,
 Unearthly, formed each fearful word ;
 " Thou enviest me this bridal night,
 These few short moments of delight,
 To pain am I again restored !
 And is it not enough that I
 For thee in funeral pall should lie ?
 For thee in youth should fade and die ?

XXIV.

" Me, from my narrow silent bed,
 Hither a wondrous doom hath driven :
 Your priests, their mummery song have said,
 But, oh ! it hath no weight in heaven !
 In vain your mystic spells ye prove !
 The grave is cold—but chills not love !

XXV.

" I was his doomed and destined bride
 In days, while Venus' fane still stood,
 But ye your former vows belied,
 And sealed your late-learned creed in blood ;
 Alas ! no heavenly power stood by,
 When thou didst doom thy child to die !

XXVI.

" And hither from the grave I roam
 To seek the joys denied in life ;
 Hither, to seek my spouse I come
 To drain his veins, a vampire wife !
 His doom is past—his fate severe—
 For Madness hath been Bride-maid here !

XXVII.

" Young man, thy life is o'er—the pain
 Is on thee that must end in death ;
 Round thee still hangs my fatal chain—
 Thy ringlet I must bear beneath.
 Farewell ! farewell ! away ! away !
 Yonder the morning rises gray !

XXVIII.

" Hear, mother, hear a last request,
 Build high for us a funeral pile ;
 Oh, from that narrow cell released,
 My spirit shall rejoicing smile ;
 And when the embers fall away,
 And when the funeral flames arise,
 We'll journey to a home of rest,—
 Our ancient gods !—our ancient skies !"

ON THE INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MENTAL IMPRESSIONS.

The beings of the mind are not of clay,
Essentially immortal.—CHILDE HAROLD.

IN your Number for last September there is a paper entitled, "David Hume charged by Mr Coleridge with plagiarism from St Thomas Aquinas." It is on the first part of this paper, the one in which neither David Hume nor St Thomas Aquinas is referred to, that we would make some remarks. It contains the following paragraph:

"Mr Coleridge, therefore, thinks it probable, that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable, and that, if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization; the body celestial, instead of the body terrestrial, to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And all this," he adds, "perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded."

The idea suggested in this last clause regarding the book of judgment is striking, and we think, that as well as by other circumstances, it is considerably favoured by an expression in scripture. It is said, Rev. xx. 12. "That when the small and great stand before God the books shall be opened." We do not see how the plural number *books* would have been used unless it were meant as a figurative expression for the minds or memories of those who are to appear in judgment.*

The mere probability, however, of this, taken in connection with the imperishableness of our ideas, is enough to make the most inconsiderate pause, and is greatly calculated to excite to moral circumspection.

The consideration, that the soul is, in its every movement, subjected to a strict and indelible registry, is surely appalling; but it is still more so to learn, that the process of recording is effected

by one of our own faculties, one independent of the will; that the very act of the mind in thinking is the act of registry; and consequently, that every man bears about in his own bosom the growing chronicle of his shame or glory. It is painful to anticipate the scrutiny of an omniscient judge; but it is an aggravation of that feeling, to think that our own minds will be the instrument of revealing and exposing all. That every circumstance of our then past life, whether mental or outward, will, at the dictate of the Almighty, rush forth and stand as apparent as our outward forms or features now do to each other.

It is not of this however, but of the doctrine of the imperishableness of our ideas alone, that we would speak.

To demonstrate that our ideas are imperishable, is, of course, impossible. The nature of such a subject does not admit of any one perfectly decisive argument; still, however, it is an opinion which, under slight limitations, we are inclined to maintain.

Impressions which the mind receives in sleep, and in some kinds of madness, often, we have no doubt, pass forever away like the forms of vapour; but we conceive, that all moral ideas at least, if not all ideas whatever which a man receives whilst awake, and in a state of perfect rationality, are indelibly impressed on the mind, and are perishable only so far as the mind is so.

Amongst others the following are the best reasons we can give for such an article of faith.*

1st, The circumstance of our not being able by any effort to recall a forgotten idea is no proof, forms indeed no presumption that the idea is altogether lost; for often after endeavouring long, but wholly in vain, to recall what we once knew, by and bye it spontaneously presents itself to the mind.

2dly, Often ideas and impressions long forgotten return suddenly and unexpectedly upon us, and quickly

* It may be mentioned, that Jeremy Taylor entertained this opinion as to the book of remembrance out of which we are to be judged; for in his sermon, his awful sermon, on "Christ's Advent to Judgment," in alluding to the dead he says, "Their debt-books are sealed up till the day of account." Again, "Our conscience shall be our accuser; but this signifies these two things, 1st, That we shall be condemned for the evil which we have done, and shall then remember God by his power wiping away the dust from the tables of our memory."

* We have not read Mr Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, where Mr C. adduces perhaps better arguments on this point than have occurred to us.

again vanish without our being able to retain them. They seem to be out of the controul of the will, coming and passing away like the wind, as they list, without our being able to tell how. What we allude to will be best understood by the following passage from the original and energetic Foster :

"In some occasional states of mind, we can look back much more clearly, and to a much greater distance, than at other times. I would advise to seize those short intervals of illumination which sometimes occur without our knowing the cause, and in which the genuine aspect of some remote event, or long-forgotten image, is recovered with extreme distinctness by vivid spontaneous glimpses of thought, such as no effort could have commanded ; as the sombre features and minute objects of a distant ridge of hills become strikingly visible in the strong gleams of light which transiently fall on them. An instance of this kind occurred to me but a few hours since, while reading what had no perceptible connection with a circumstance of my early youth, which probably I have not recollected for many years, and which had no unusual interest at the time that it happened. That circumstance came suddenly to my mind with a clearness of representation which I was not able to retain for the length of an hour, and which I could not, by the strongest effort, at this instant renew. I seemed almost to *see* the walls and windows of a particular room, with four or five persons in it, who were so perfectly restored to my imagination, that I could recognise not only the features, but even the momentary expressions of their countenances, and the tones of their voices."

Every man must have experienced in himself instances like this of involuntary resuscitation of mental images. Such instances show that there are images and ideas existing in the mind of which it is unconscious, but which, like the electric fluid unsuspectingly concealed in a summer evening cloud, requires only an appropriate medium of attraction to gleam forth. This being the case, may we not say, that if one set of ideas, which seemed to have gone for ever from the mind, is recalled by some accidental or external circumstance, all ideas, whose impressions were originally at least as strong, would recur, were but their respective associations by some object or occurrence awakened.

3dly, By a man of ordinary information, a small proportion only, out of the vast multitude of ideas which

he meets with in conversation, or in the course of his reading, are felt as quite *new*, the remaining great majority then are not new to him from their being of the nature of reminiscences, or ideas already existing in the mind, though it may be long forgotten, and which perhaps never would have been remembered again in life, but for their being resuggested ; this shews, if not that ideas are imperishable, at least that a vast proportion of that knowledge which we imagine ourselves to have lost, has not perished, but remains, though in a latent state, in the mind.

4thly, We are to be judged at last by every action, and word, and thought, and feeling of our life,* at least by those that have a moral character or relation. Many of these, however, we have in the meanwhile quite forgot, and may never again remember here ; many which will go perhaps considerably to influence our ultimate destiny ; but if they are not merely forgotten, but actually effaced from the tablets of the mind, how are they to be recognised as our own when arrayed either for or against us, at the great bar of judgment. To say that the Almighty, by some arbitrary miraculous act, if we may so express ourselves, can give the consciousness of their being our own, is to say what is true ; but surely it is more agreeable to the general analogy of the means by which the Almighty effects his purposes, to suppose, that the ideas are *not* effaced from the mind ; and that the soul, in another state of existence, will be so far delivered from its present impediments, and deadening influences, as to be alive to every impression ever made upon it†, or be able distinctly, and at

* Matthew xii. 36. Rom. ii. 6. and 16. 2 Cor. v. 10. Eccles. xii. 14.

† We know a person who experienced on one occasion an approach to this superinduced energy of mind, in regard to past impressions and emotions. He had fallen into a river, and being unable to swim, was in great danger of being drowned. In the first plunge under water, from which he recovered almost immediately, it seemed as every thing, according to his own declaration, in his previous life, that was in any way improper, had rushed upon his memory in all its original vividness. Many an occurrence and circumstance flashed upon him in the lightning of that moment which he had long forgot.

* On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself, Letter I.

once, to remember every circumstance of its existence here when stated.

These arguments, however, amount only to the probable, and one stubborn fact directly opposed to them would set them all aside.

Your correspondent adduces what he considers to be such a fact. A case in which he reckons the deepest impressions upon the mind were wiped away. We allude to the story of the woman who was executed at Oxford. We were told lately of an occurrence nearly similar in its main circumstances to that event.

In Sheffield, about the year 1740, a man, after being executed, was placed in a coffin, and conveyed so far in a cart towards the place where it was proposed to inter the body. When not far from the spot, the attendants dispersed to shelter themselves from a heavy shower of rain which had overtaken them. On their return to the cart, the coffin was empty, and, after a little search, the deserter from the grave was found alive in a neighbouring house. The man had conducted himself on the day of execution very much as others do on like occasions; but on being questioned by those who afterwards visited him, among whom was the father of the gentleman who narrated the story to us, as to his feelings on that day, he said that he remembered being brought out of prison, but had not the least recollection of being taken to the place of execution,* or of what took place there. Here then, as in the affair mentioned by your correspondent, there seems to be a complete effacement of the deepest impressions.

I shall now state a case which, in its nature, is evidently the same with these two, but which is just so far varied in its circumstances, as to enable us to assign a different cause for the phenomenon in question than that given by your correspondent.

The late Dr S. of Paisley, at one period of his life was struck with the palsy, which made him for some time quite an invalid. In that situation his mind seemed unimpaired. He conversed just as at other times with his friends, and particularly reasoned much and ingeniously on the nature of his disease. In the course of about a month he had much recovered in

health, but, to the astonishment of his friends, they found that the Doctor was then unconscious of any one thing that had occurred from the time he was first affected.*

Now, in this instance, whatever shock there was to affect the mind happened at the commencement of the period unretained by the memory; so that in place of ideas being, in a natural way, received into the mind, and afterwards annihilated, it appears that, in consequence of bodily disease, the mind was so peculiarly affected as to be unable to retain any impressions made upon it; although that circumstance had so little impeded the exercise of the other faculties, during the short continuance of the disease, as to have remained unobserved by the Doctor's attendants and friends. In a word, the case comes under the head of partial mental derangement. It is on the same principle that we would explain the fact of the woman at Oxford and the man at Sheffield, forgetting even that they had been hanged. The woman seems, on the day of her trial, most likely on hearing the result of it, to have been so far overcome as to fall into that peculiar mental incapacity which Dr S. had experienced, and which is compatible, for a time at least, with apparent soundness of mind. The man seems to have been overpowered in a similar manner in the act of taking him from prison for execution.

This surely is a more natural account of matters than that proposed by your correspondent, who imagines that the memory, by some great and sudden shock, lost its more recent and deepest impressions, whilst it remained, as to every former one, unimpaired. We know that, from various causes, the memory is often much injured, sometimes nearly destroyed, but that, by any violence, a few of its most impressive ideas should be obliterated, whilst the rest, even the faintest, remained unaffected, is what we cannot conceive.

But the following fact we think to be still more decisive in the question.

A gentleman now deceased, who resided in the neighbourhood of Dublin, some years before his death sud-

* Formerly the place of execution was at some distance from that of confinement.

* The gentleman upon whose authority this is narrated, was Dr S.'s intimate friend, and was often with him in his sickness.

denly lost all capability of receiving, or at least of retaining any additional conception. His memory remained unimpaired, as to every thing impressed upon it, previous to his becoming so incapacitated, but from that time it was sealed against all farther impressions; for he died in that melancholy state.

In conversing with him about past circumstances or events, you found him a rational and well informed man, up to the day or hour of his misfortunes, but beyond that he knew nothing, and you might as well attempt to "imprint the torrent," as to fix upon his mind an idea beyond what he then possessed. In the language of Lavater, he was isolated.

In this situation there was, of course, no mental progress felt; and as a curious yet necessary consequence of this, he had no sense of the progress of time. He imagined himself living still in one particular day, realizing almost the *eternal now* of the poets.*

We remember, a good many years ago, of observing, in a religious periodical work, a very curious account of a person having lost all recollection of his past life, and afterwards suddenly regaining it. The substance of the statement is given as follows:

The Rev. William Tennant of Freehold in the state of New Jersey, America,† being in a bad state of health at the time, "was one morning conversing with his brother in Latin, when he fainted and apparently died away. After the usual time he was laid out on a board, according to the custom of the country, and the neighbourhood were invited to attend his funeral next day." His physician, returning from the country in the evening, examined the body, and was

* Is not the justness of Mr Locke's explanation, how we have our notion of succession and duration, confirmed by such an instance as this?

† To the paper from which this is taken is attached the following note:—"We understand that this memoir, which we abridge from the Assembly's Missionary Magazine, printed in America, is from the pen of a learned Layman, the intimate friend of Mr Tennant. This narrative may, therefore, be relied on as authentic."

not satisfied of its being exanimate; and on being told that "one of the persons who had assisted in laying it out, thought he had observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, he endeavoured to ascertain the truth," and was so far convinced that some life yet remained, that "he insisted that the people, who had been invited to the funeral should be requested not to attend." Mr T. continued in this state of suspended animation for three days. On the third day the people again assembled to the funeral, when Mr T. showed evident signs of life, opened his eyes, and gave a heavy groan. He was gradually restored, but it was long ere he regained good health. A considerable time after his resuscitation, and when able to take notice of what passed around him, he observed his sister one day reading, and asked her what she had in her hands. She answered that she was reading the bible. He replied, what is the bible? I know not what you mean. She reported this to her other brother, and

"Mr T. was found, on examination, to be totally ignorant of every transaction of his past life. He could not read a word, nor did he seem to have any idea of what it meant. As soon as he became capable of attention, he was taught to read and write, as children usually are taught, and afterwards began to learn the Latin language under the tuition of his brother. One day as he was reciting a lesson in Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly started, clapped his hands to his head, as if something had hurt him, and made a pause. His brother asked him what was the matter. He said, that he felt a sudden shock in his head, and it now seemed to him as if he had read that book before. By degrees his recollection was restored, and he could speak the Latin as fluently as before his sickness. His memory so completely revived, that he regained a perfect knowledge of the past transactions of his life."

Admitting the truth of this statement, for which we by no means vouch, it shows that there might be no actual obliteration of ideas in the case of the resuscitated criminal at Oxford, even though it had been proved that the effect on her memory had been occasioned wholly by the violence sustained in the act of execution.

NOTICE OF A PERPETUAL KALENDAR.

MR EDITOR,

It has astonished me beyond measure, that that laborious, and generally dull class of compilers, who receive the learned name of bibliographers, when they ransack every hidden or dusty corner to discover some object worthy of their regard, should have altogether overlooked a very extensive, as well as interesting description of works that have exercised no small influence on the science and literature of their country—I mean those useful, popular, and widely-diffused publications, ALMANACKS. I lament that I have not sufficient erudition fully to describe the vast variety of works that fall under this department of literature. It would be necessary to speak of the tables usually met with in old missals and prayer-books, where rules for preserving the health, and regulating the temperament of the body, preceded the more important forms of spiritual instruction—of the predictions of astrologers—the prognostications of diviners—the ephemerides of astronomers—the kalendars of shepherds—and of innumerable other works. But I would observe, that old almanacks, in general, contain verses, or short pieces of poetry, worthy of more lasting celebrity than they are often destined to enjoy. Scotland has long been celebrated for her almanacks; though the superior claims to popular utility of those issued annually by Aberdeen be forcibly opposed by those which cross the Irish Channel from Belfast; and we yet remain in doubtful perplexity as to the termination of this great national contest. I believe, however, that our northern capital can boast of having given birth to almanacks before one trowel was heard to tick where Belfast town now stands. The glorious names of Messrs Whyte, Swallow, and Mackcoulty—the deathless Abenezra, the Wandering Jew, and his rival James Paterson, Philomath—the illustrious John Man, teacher of mathematics, and his more formidable opponent, Merry Andrew, Professor of predictions by star-gazing at Tamtallan, (who by the way, in these lines, on the titles of one of his “almanacks after a new fashion,” shews his ingenuity in the address he

makes, and gives a foretaste of the method he used to please his admirers :

“Hail mighty critics! come and hear
The strange predictions of this year :
Which having read, you’ll say I can
Make almanacks *with any man,*”)”

with a whole host of other names of equal celebrity, rise up to attest the fame of the ancient almanacks of Caledonia.

The poetic varieties alluded to, shew how widely the *Metromanie* raged in Scotland in those distant days. Every thing was taught or explained in verse. Not only was the Bible epitomized in metre, for the benefit of youth, and their grammar instilled into them by elegant and appropriate verse (the proof of such instruction may be traced in their innumerable proverbs)—but even the rules of arithmetic were transformed into lines of an equal number of syllables. I may adduce an instance or two of this from a curious work of great value now lying by me, entitled, “*The Scots Arithmetician,*” by the celebrated James Paterson, who advertises in it his readiness to instruct in all the liberal sciences, at his house in the Cowgate, at the sign of the Cross Staff and Quadrant. For the Rule of Reduction, the mode recommended (the reader must not fail to place the accent on the last syllable)—is this :

“For fractions of a fraction,
Work as multiplication.”

Nothing can be more simple than this. The direction for performing the Golden Rule of Three backwards (an exploit which no scholar of the present day can achieve within the first year of his studies)—runs thus :

“To work reverse, there needs no more
But work with third, as first before.”

To prevent any misconception being caused in the scholar by such extreme conciseness, the author invariably subjoins to each rule what he emphatically calls “*the sense,*” in plain prose. In his rule for “Supposition,” he offers an excuse for the chance of some occasional misconception. It begins—

“For single supposition,
Suppose and work as truth were known,
And if you err, which well may be.”

In that case, the shortest mode is just to try it over again with greater accuracy.

The great advantages of this metrical method of study is thus stated by one of the students themselves, whose name does not appear :

“ Think not we toil with idle exercise,
And spend our pains to gain an useless prize,

When bairnes we have learnt to poetize, &c.”

With regard to the higher branches of poetry, the following verses, by one of the tuneful tribe, is worth notice—as it shews their persevering attachment to their art, in spite of ridicule and abuse seemingly directed against their more ambitious flights. We cannot sufficiently regret, that, like those of too many aspirants, the author's name has not been preserved :

“ When poets write of soaring high,
On Pegase' wing to Mount Parnassus,
Worldlings with laughing almost die,
And call us fools, and brain-sick asses.
“ Oh ! let them rail—their grovelling sight
Ne'er had a glimpse of our moon's rays ;
or,

Their seared hearts such high delight
Ne'er felt, as those misnamed star-
gazers.”

We may observe that the rhyme of this stanza is far from being correct ; nor would it be permitted to pass, in our days, without reprehension, except perhaps in the Cockney School.—The two last stanzas run thus :

“ Though heavenly sounds salute our ears—
’Tis not so much to meet Apollo—
As th' enchanting nymphs amid the spheres,
’Tis them who tempt us—they we follow.
“ Ah ! ravished there, no joys we miss,
Such favours though of rapturous feeling,
Words dare not tell ; ev'n of earthly bliss,
Honour approves not our revealing.”

The infinite superiority of ancient almanacks over those of the present day, is thus to be sought for in the fund of fine poetry which they contain ; and as a farther proof of this, I shall give you a few extracts from the “ Perpetuum Kalendarium Astronomicum ; or, a Perpetual Astronomical Kalendar &c. &c. continued to Infinity,” &c.—The length of the whole title is too great to be given entire, and concludes with the modest assertion—“ The like not extant. By Thomas Todd, Philomath, Edinburgh. Printed in the year 1738 ;”—of a quarto size, and containing 72 pages. At p. 19. occur some verses in explanation of a

table, “ which shews the hour of the day, by the length of your shadow, measured by your feet,” &c.—These begin boldly—

“ Here I do stand on level ground,
My shadow to survey ;—

but I refrain copying them, as modern art could hardly do justice to the necessary accompaniment of an elegant portraiture of “ Tho. Todd, his conical shadow—(if this be not a mistake for comical ?)—There are other verses illustrative of various tables and calculations. For instance, the rules given for observing “ The Position of the Moon in Signs,” and with these lines containing the enunciation of a general truth ; and perhaps some of your readers may regret not seeing the whole, as the moon is now acknowledged to have no small influence, not only in husbandry, but over the human faculties :

“ For ev'ry thing there is a time
And season under heaven,
So by the moon, in every sign,
The times above are given.”

The verses upon the tides, beginning

“ The sea hath fits, much like this giddy
age,”

might almost bear a comparison with Lord Byron's sublime Apostrophe to the Ocean. I prefer, however, extracting the following Epigram, as being more independent of Mr Todd's calculations, and pointing out to disputatious litigants, the treatment they may finally expect even when successful. It has, I believe, been modernized a little, and passed off for a jeu d'esprit of our own age :

“ Two lawyers, when a knotty cause was
o'er,
Shook hands, altho' they quarrell'd hard
before ;
Oh ! say their clients, Pray come tell us how
Can you be friends, that were such foes
just now ?
They answer'd quickly, These things we do
screen,
Like sheers, don't cut ourselves, but what's
between.”

The prologue to Mr Todd's “ Perpetual Kalendar,” is, on the whole, most worthy of our admiration. The author's intention was evidently to rival Spenser's Valedictory Address to the Shepherd's Kalendar ; and I shall enable the reader to determine how

far he has succeeded. After a spirit-ed invocation to this effect,

"Come, mighty muse, my soul to heav'n inspire!
Touch thou my cranium with poetic fire,"
&c.;

he proceeds more in the style of the immortal predecessor, whom he emulates :

"An everlasting kalendar is here,
For it is made for full ten thousand year ;
And thrice ten thousand more (if time do hold)."

This proviso must be allowed to be judicious, whether we regard the duration of Mr Todd's book, or that of the world we inhabit. He goes on in a strain of humble trust in the immortality of his fame since unequalled, except in the lyrics of a Hunt or a Thurlow. This book, indeed, is worth its weight in gold.

"I shall forbear (being needless for to praise),
This work, I know the worth, its name will raise.

In this projection, I sev'n years did spend,
Nor do I think the like was ever penn'd."

But it is full time I should close my epistle ; and I cannot take better leave of this work, or of your readers, than by using Mr Todd's own words, which are certainly both affectionate and striking :

"Farewell my pretty book, thy work is done,
From thence throughout the world thou my sun," &c.

and then passes on to his reader :

Now, friendly reader, this I've penn'd for you,

When your dispos'd 'tis present to your view.

May Heav'n protect you by Almighty GOD,
I rest your humble servant, THOMAS TODD.
God bless the Sovereign our King,
And royal race of his offspring.

Hoping that these extracts will divert the attention of some of your more learned correspondents to the subject of the almanacks of the days gone by, I am, &c. L. G.

ON MR CAMPBELL'S SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

THESE volumes will greatly delight all lovers of English Poetry. A work on poetry, from the hand of a poet, always promises gratification. We know of certainty, that in such a case, no clouded dissatisfaction of intellect—no shut up sense—no narrow and restricted belief in the privileges of genius will cross and perplex the clear vision of the mind which delivers to us its precepts, or descants in illustration of power and beauty. Nor do we ever doubt, that along with pleasure, we must also derive instruction from such a critic. We know that, although our own minds are sensible to poetry, and may even be able to give some account to themselves of the delights which it inspires, yet that he who speaks of that divine art in which he excels, must speak of all its most hidden mysteries with a clearer intuition, and with the unflinching voice of one clothed with authority. We know that our own feelings and conceptions, thus shown to us brightened and magnified, return with trebled impressions, and a more fixed form upon our hearts ;—and that the exposition which is so given by the poet of

his feelings and our own, can be acknowledged by our intelligence as a portion of the philosophy of self-knowledge.

During no period of our literature was there ever more need than at present of philosophical criticism on poetry by poets. Professed critics, from the highest to the lowest, have set themselves by far too much in defiance and hostility to the great masters of the art, whose principles they have taken it upon themselves to expound ; and an arrogant tone of assumed superiority almost universally pervades the body of our periodical criticism. This arrogance, which is sometimes the delusion of self-ignorant vanity, and sometimes the defence of self-conscious weakness, is too often communicated by such writers to their readers ; so that instead of a genial, free-hearted, pure, loving and reverent spirit towards the works of men of genius, and towards the men themselves, the youth of the present age may without injustice be said to be very generally characterized either by a careless insensibility, or what is still worse, a supercilious disdain towards

intellects and compositions of the very first order.

The person who now-a-days takes the chair, or mounts the rostrum of the critic, must, above all things, keep at arm's-length all the living poets—he must speak of them as wholly inferior to himself in real strength and endowment—or at least as men whom he is entitled to rate soundly whenever they have the temerity to depart from those rules which he has, in the plenitude of his wisdom, chosen to lay down for the regulation of their art. An Aristarchus is now-a-days looked on by many as a nobler being than a Homer—and the critic who writes rashly and blindly of poetry, enjoys with many a higher fame than the bard whose lips have been touched with a coal from heaven.

It is not impossible that such criticism as this may have a baleful influence on poetry. We think that it has, in some remarkable instances, affected the minds of poets, in a manner of which they are themselves perhaps unconscious. Perceiving that the banner of criticism is unfurled, not to grace their triumphs, but rather to wave over their defeats, it is not to be wondered at, if they too come to feel a spirit of hostility towards their aggressors;—and if a sort of perpetual warfare be thus carried on between them, which renders the spirit of criticism more bitter, and disturbs, with the expression of angry passion, the faces of the muses themselves, which ought ever to be

“Not of this noisy world, but silent and divine.”

Surely there is something unnatural in this opposition. There is no cause of rivalry—much less of hatred between good poets and good critics. Both must, in order to produce any thing truly great, write in the spirit of love—nor can we imagine any thing more painfully humiliating, than the spectacle of a critic seeking to found for himself a reputation for talents on the ruins wrought by his own hand, of what he must yet love and admire in his heart—except, perhaps, it be that of a poet, who suffers his powers to be disturbed, and, consequently, weakened, by such unprincipled aggression.

We think that few of our readers will dissent from the opinion we have now expressed of the reigning spirit of the criticism of the age. Men of real talents have led the way—and now we

hear on all sides, from the veriest quacks and pretenders, the same lofty and authoritative tone of decision that is unbecoming from the lips, even of gifted men, but from that other class altogether disgusting and intolerable.

One of the most striking exhibitions of this cold, captious spirit, is in the contrast of its language, when speaking of the living and of the dead. It would seem beneath its dignity to allow greatness to a contemporary. This earth would not be pleasant to such critics, if they thought it was trodden by a poet, before the ascendancy of whose genius they were forced to bow. They do not wish that there should be any giants in the land during their days. But when time has set the dead poet at a distance from themselves—they no longer feel as if there were any danger of their being dwindled into dwarfs by far-off and shadowy phantoms—and then, they who withhold, with a jealous niggardliness, the smallest pittance of praise from the most illustrious of the living, break out into inflated and hollow eulogies, equally unreasonable and disproportionate, of the dead. Thus an ingenious sophist of these days, who speaks of Spenser in the language of adoration, has not been ashamed to declare before the public, in a course of lectures on English poetry, that he has only a dim recollection of the Thalaba, Madoc, and Roderic, of Southey, as being heavy and long poems, destitute of beauty, and altogether worthless.

Criticism, whatever may be its occasional brilliance and acumen—nay, even its occasional truth—can be of no value, when thus inconsistent and insincere. It is no unusual thing to see men of great talents under the dominion of strong prejudices. But the true love of beauty and of grandeur shews itself in uniform and consistent display—it durst not, for the spirit within it, irreverently treat objects of reverence—it does not prodigally lavish itself upon some fair and worthy spiritual things, and then perversely scowl upon others—but holding all things sacred which contribute to its own pure and ethereal enjoyment, it considers as sacrilege against nature, any insult imagined or offered to works created in her spirit.

There is no extravagance in saying that poetry is religion—and that pure-souled and high-minded poets are its

ministers. The critic who knows how wide is the empire of the imagination—and who also knows how awful is the power which it exerts over human life, its virtues and its happiness—will consider the duties and the character of a true poet, with something of a “holy fear”—and he will be cautious how he impairs either his own reverence, or the reverence of others, towards those who are emphatically the benefactors of mankind, so long as they dedicate themselves to pure ministrations—and to the vindication of the dignity of human desires and human faculties.

A singleness of heart would seem to be as essential to our admiration and love of true beauty in the fine arts, as of true moral worth in the practice of life. All great philosophers and critics have been remarkable for a dignified simplicity of thought and feeling, by which they seem to have been guided to truth; they have ever preferred looking on the works of man or of nature through the sunny atmosphere of love and admiration; and we have seen them well-contented in their wisdom with what little men have in their folly glanced at with the peevish eye of dissatisfaction and scorn. Our own Stewart—the greatest philosopher of his age, possesses much of this happy character, and has instructed us in language so beautiful, that it could only be breathed from a soul having its chosen dwelling-place in beauty,—that true wisdom searches only for what is fair, or great, or glorious; and that despondency, rather than exultation, should ever attend the unwilling perception of frailty, imperfection, or error in the creations of genius.

We have been led into these reflections by the first delightful merit which struck us in Mr Campbell's book. There is great pleasure in observing the interest with which this great poet, who has undertaken to be our guide, recognises poetry wherever he finds it; and the pure and gentle affection towards all the productions of poetry with which he traverses his various regions, and pursues his various researches. There is a lenient disposition towards all genuine acts of the poetical spirit, however humble or disguised, and not only a zeal for the vindication of poets from the aspersions of criticism, but a desire to re-

deem them from their own impurities—to strip from merit the incumbering and disguising mantle in which it has sometimes shrouded itself—and to make excellence permanently visible and known—leaving the faults that dishonoured or obscured it to fall into natural oblivion.

The first volume is occupied with a historical “Essay on English poetry,” taking up the subject from the earliest time in which the language became English, and carrying it down to the age of Pope. This essay is very remarkable by the ease and pleasure with which it leads along the mind of the reader through periods and subjects often in themselves, it might be thought, dark, perplexing, tedious, and sometimes repulsive. For splendid as the great æras of English poetry have been, and delightful as the contemplation is, in every form, of the works, the life, the memory of the great writers who have adorned them—yet every reader knows, who has gone back at all into our poetical antiquities, how dreary and barren long periods are—what a confined, multifarious, and oppressive mass of composition the industry of the lesser writers of English poetry has bequeathed, in spite of oblivion, to posterity. Even the formation of poetry—a refreshing and lovely sight in some countries, like the freshness of nature in the morning's spring—has not this character in our own. The burst of poetry among the Troubadours of southern France, was like the flush of flowers that brightens the dawning year. The early written poetry of the German nations is full of the same vigour of life, which we may believe swelled in the forgotten songs of their ancient bards. Delight breathed inspiration into the fancy of Italian poets in the origin of the art, and music into the sounds of their verse. But in England the early history of the art scarcely affords poetical pleasure. With the exception of the great Chaucer, who stands in wonderful separation from his own, from the preceding, and from the following age, it shews us a dreary prospect of toilsome invention and compilation, of which the merits are any thing but those of a poet's mind. And assuredly, in running down the course of English poetry, a strange feeling of perplexity and wonder continually fixes itself on

the mind, that the genius of the nation should have been so unlike itself; that, producing minds of such surpassing genius in poetry, it should yet present such barren tracts—periods in which the whole life and soul of poetical feeling seem extinguished in her literature. The phenomenon might, perhaps, be reasonably explained, and the poetical character of the English genius vindicated, if it were necessary, from this seeming disparagement. But the chief object of these observations in this place was to mark the first quality that strongly strikes us in the perusal of the Essay, namely, the singular happiness of Mr Campbell's method or style of criticism and narrative, which, conducting his reader through a period of very long duration, and often of so unpromising a complexion, does nevertheless carry him on throughout with continual lively interest and new gratification. There is in fact a spirit in Mr Campbell's style, a springing force of life, which never suffers the mind to tire, and with great conciseness and precision of expression, a quick flashing play of fancy, which, never drooping, though often silent, starts up at unexpected turns, and seizes upon the imagination with the fascination of a poet's spell; so that it is not wonderful, however unattractive the ground may be on which he is sometimes forced to tread, that he should lead his reader over it with steps as light as his own. Indeed, he will not dwell on that which does not please him. And not undertaking a full and formal exposition of the history of our poetry, but rather to mark out its æras, its changes, its various character, it is enough for him, with a bold and rapid pencil, to sketch and indicate its form and features, without working up into diligent detail the full portraiture. It is neither a history nor a philosophical disquisition; but it is such a view of English poetry as a mind of quick and clear intelligence, gifted with exquisite discernment alike of the highest and most beautiful qualities of poetry, and glancing in its own knowledge, down the history of the people and their works of poetry, might fling back from its own thoughts upon the eye of others. The reader who takes up this volume must not go to it to immerse himself in learned research; he must not look for such fulness of information as will super-

sede his further study; he must not expect such development of the beauty and power of the great works that will be shewn him, as shall leave no after-work for his own indolent understanding to perform in the study of its own impressions. He gives his hand into the hand of a delightful guide, who will traverse with him with rapid step various regions—some of magnificence and beauty—some rugged and bare—who will direct his attention to every thing worthy of it—who will lift up his steps in air, when they might stumble on earth—but who, whether among beauty or barrenness, will bear him along, with unreposing and untired speed, till he relinquishes him delighted with the course he has run, and the scenes he has beheld, and longing to turn again and revisit them, and to sit alone in the midst of them, in the solitude of his own enjoyment.

Such a work is really precious to those who, with the love of poetry, and the desire to possess their minds with the riches of our own literature in this kind, have not the leisure, or not the exclusive application of their studies to poetry, which would enable or warrant them to search out these riches through the numerous, and often rare, and even obscure volumes in which they lie scattered. The man of letters only dare devote himself to the research, through the extensive fields of literature, of all that is excellent, or characteristic, or for any other reason interesting in the literary productions of the genius of his country; and even of these, not many, perhaps, have that patient love of the subject, and that quick and unwearied perception of the qualities of literature, which would make such research of full avail. But there are humbler students, in great number, to whom the poetry and the genius of their country are dear, who, delighted with its greater and more wonderful works, bear affection and desire to all its genuine productions—are glad to meet its spirit in any of its forms—feel themselves drawn by a strong and natural interest to every thing that bears the just name of poetry—and would extend their acquaintance with the poetry they love, and nourish their sensibility to its various excellence, by conversing with all whom the spirit of poetical

sensibility has ever animated. To them such a body of the beauties of English poetry is indeed a treasure. They turn over its changeful pages, and discover name after name unknown to them before, and find annexed to many a name, the memorials of a spirit, which was quickened with their own sensibility to beauty,—to whom the appearances of the world, or the workings of thought, were cast in a peculiar mould; they find the powerful spirit of poetry working in bosoms which had to them no existence before; they meet it in dark times, like the sudden flash of a broad stream in gloomy woods; they find its lowly, modest flowers stealing themselves from sight, yet breathing up, as the incense of nature, their own exquisite perfume. Whether we read with this tender love to poetry which is the natural endowment of multitudes of minds, or with that temper in which more of observation and philosophy is mingled, with the interest and curiosity to note the various character which the genius of a nation has in different ages put on, or with which, in the same age, nature has gifted individual genius—to both alike such volumes as these, which bring together, from all quarters, the objects of love, or the materials of speculation and inquiry, have a rich interest; but the interest, it need not be said, is effected not by the purpose, but by the execution of the work. The natural interest attached to such a work, has at different times occasioned the attempt of accomplishing it. And our own language is not without interesting collections of the kind. But neither have they been as wide-ranging and copious as this which is now given to us; nor has the genius of poetry in them been brought to its selection. The student must, in this, place much reliance upon his guide. He trusts to possess a concentrated representation of the poetical genius of his country, a cabinet of its natural productions, and it is essential that this representation be just. If it is to shew him the excellence of poetry in his own tongue, the specimens must be culled by a hand that is most conversant with excellence; if it is to shew him its character, they must be selected by an eye of most discriminating discernment of characteristic feature. It is pleasant to be able to rely implicitly, and to know that the unlaboured study

which we bring to such chosen volumes as these, bears with it the truth and fidelity which belonged to the laborious studies of a mind of clear discernment and high faculties.

Mr Campbell, as we have observed, does not intend to enter at large into the critical disquisitions which may belong to his subject; but when he has chosen to engage in them, he shews a singular nicety and precision of examination. The Essay sets out with some consideration of the formation of the English language under the power of the Norman conquest: and the subject, though of the kind commonly felt to be unattractive, and though pursued with some critical argument, serves well to illustrate what we have said of the happiness or skill with which Mr Campbell takes his readers over the most unpromising ground—the first sixteen pages nearly being occupied with the consideration of a position of Mr Ellis, respecting the proper era of the formation of this new language. We shall quote the beginning, because it is a fair example of the language of the whole—shewing, that though the writer does not fear to use boldly his own language as a poet, for more powerful illustration even in matters of argumentative discussion; yet, in general, there is great simplicity, clearness, and precision of style—not merely an absence of superfluous ornament, but an unusual closeness of expression, which would almost seem bare, if it were not for that ease and spirit, that inherent life in the words which never for a moment ceases to animate the mind of the reader.

“The influence of the Norman conquest upon the language of England, was like that of a great inundation, which at first buries the face of the landscape under its waters, but which at last subsiding, leaves behind it the elements of new beauty and fertility. Its first effect was to degrade the Anglo-Saxon tongue to the exclusive use of the inferior orders; and by the transference of estates, ecclesiastical benefices, and civil dignities, to Norman possessors, to give the French language, which had begun to prevail at Court from the time of Edward the Confessor, a more complete predominance among the higher classes of society. The native gentry of England were either driven into exile, or depressed into a state of dependence on their conqueror, which habituated them to speak his language. On the other hand, we received from the Normans the first germs of romantic poetry; and our language was ultimately indebted

to them for a wealth and compass of expression, which it probably would not have otherwise possessed."

"The Saxon language, we are told, had ceased to be poetically cultivated for some time previous to the conquest. This might be the case with regard to lofty efforts of composition; but Ingulphus, the secretary of William the Conqueror, speaks of the popular ballads of the English, in praise of their heroes, which were sung about the streets; and William of Malmesbury, in the twelfth century, continues to make mention of them. The pretensions of these ballads to the name of poetry we are unhappily, from the loss of them, unable to estimate. For a long time after the conquest, the native minstrelsy, though it probably was never altogether extinct, may be supposed to have sunk to the lowest ebb. No human pursuit is more sensible than poetry to national pride or mortification, and a race of peasants, like the Saxons, struggling for bare subsistence, under all the dependence, and without the protection of the feudal system, were in a state the most ungenial to feelings of poetical enthusiasm. For more than one century after the conquest, as we are informed, an Englishman was a term of contempt. So much has time altered the associations attached to a name, which we should now employ as the first appeal to the pride or intrepidity of those who bear it. By degrees, however, the Norman and native races began to coalesce, and their patriotism and political interests to be identified. The crown and aristocracy having become during their struggles, to a certain degree, candidates for the favour of the people, and rivals in affording them protection, free burghs and chartered corporations were increased, and commerce and social intercourse began to quicken. Mr Ellis alludes to an Anglo-Norman jargon having been spoken in commercial intercourse, from which he conceives our synonyms to have been derived. That individuals, imperfectly understanding each other, might accidentally speak a broken jargon may be easily conceived; but that such a *lingua Franca* was ever the distinct dialect, even of a mercantile class, Mr Ellis proves neither by specimens nor historical evidence. The synonyms in our language may certainly be accounted for by the gradual entrance of French words, without supposing an intermediate jargon. The national speech, it is true, received a vast influx of French words; but it received them by degrees, and subdued them, as they came in, to its own idioms and grammar.

"Yet, difficult as it may be to pronounce precisely when Saxon can be said to have ceased and English to have begun, it must be supposed that the progress and improvement of the national speech was most considerable at those epochs, which tended to restore the importance of the people. The hypothesis of a sudden transmutation of

Saxon into English appears, on the whole, not to be distinctly made out. At the same time, some public events might be highly favourable to the progress and cultivation of the language. Of those events, the establishment of municipal governments and of elective magistrates in the towns, must have been very important, as they furnished materials and incentives for daily discussion and popular eloquence. As property and security increased among the people, we may also suppose the native minstrelsy to have revived. The minstrels, or those who wrote for them, translated or imitated Norman romances; and, in so doing, enriched the language with many new words, which they borrowed from the originals, either from want of corresponding terms in their own vocabulary, or from the words appearing to be more agreeable. Thus, in a general view, we may say that, amidst the early growth of her commerce, literature, and civilization, England acquired the new form of her language, which was destined to carry to the ends of the earth the blessings from which it sprang."

The following passage shews how well Mr Campbell has known, without any air of studied philosophy, and without assuming the weightiness of a historian, to involve both philosophical speculation and political history in his story of literature; and how well his style can preserve the graver tone of such subjects without losing in the least degree its own native spirit and grace.

"The most liberal patronage was afforded to Norman minstrelsy in England by the first kings of the new dynasty. This encouragement, and the consequent cultivation of the northern dialect of French, gave it so much the superiority over the southern or troubadour dialect, that the French language, according to the acknowledgment of its best informed antiquaries, received from England and Normandy the first of its works which deserve to be cited. The Norman *trouveurs*, it is allowed, were more eminent narrative poets than the Provençal troubadours. No people had a better right to be the founders of chivalrous poetry than the Normans. They were the most energetic generation of modern men. Their leader, by the conquest of England in the eleventh century, consolidated the feudal system upon a broader basis than it ever had before possessed. Before the end of the same century, chivalry rose to its full growth as an institution, by the circumstance of martial zeal being enlisted under the banners of superstition. The crusades, though they certainly did not give birth to jousts and tournaments, must have imparted to them a new spirit and interest, as the preparatory images of a consecrated warfare. And those spectacles constituted a source of

description to the romancers, to which no exact counterpart is to be found in the heroic poetry of antiquity. But the growth of what may properly be called romantic poetry, was not instantaneous after the conquest; and it was not till "English Richard ploughed the deep," that the crusaders seem to have found a place among the heroes of romance. Till the middle of the twelfth century, or possibly later, no work of professed fiction, or bearing any semblance to epic fable, can be traced in Norman verse—nothing but songs, satires, chronicles, or didactic works, to all of which, however, the name of romance, derived from the Roman descent of the French tongue, was applied in the early and wide acceptance of the word. To these succeeded the genuine metrical romance, which, though often rhapsodical and desultory, had still invention, ingenuity, and design, sufficient to distinguish it from the dry and dreary chronicle. The reign of French metrical romance may be chiefly assigned to the latter part of the twelfth, and the whole of the thirteenth century; that of English metrical romance, to the latter part of the thirteenth, and the whole of the fourteenth century. Those ages of chivalrous song were, in the meantime, fraught with events which, while they undermined the feudal system, gradually prepared the way for the decline of chivalry itself. Literature and science were commencing, and even in the improvement of the mechanical skill, employed to heighten chivalrous or superstitious magnificence, the seeds of arts, industry, and plebeian independence were unconsciously sown. One invention, that of gun-powder, is eminently marked out as the cause of the extinction of chivalry; but even if that invention had not taken place, it may well be conjectured that the contrivance of other means of missile destruction in war, and the improvement of tactics, would have narrowed that scope for the prominence of individual prowess, which was necessary for the chivalrous character, and that the progress of civilization must have ultimately levelled its romantic consequence. But to anticipate the remote effects of such causes, if scarcely within the ken of philosophy, was still less within the reach of poetry. Chivalry was still in all its glory; and to the eye of the poet appeared as likely as ever to be immortal. The progress of civilization even ministered to its external importance. The early arts made chivalrous life, with all its pomp and ceremonies, more august and imposing, and more picturesque as a subject for description. Literature, for a time, contributed to the same effect, by her jejune and fabulous efforts at history, in which the athletic worthies of classical story and of modern romance were gravely connected by an ideal genealogy. Thus the dawn of human improvement smiled on the fabric which it was ultimately to destroy, as the morning sun gilds and

beautifies those masses of frost-work, which are to melt before its noon-day heat."

It is not our intention to give an analysis of this Essay. We wish to set before our readers some such idea of its contents as may excite their desire to read it at large. The *Early History of English Poetry*, which follows the last passage we have quoted, is given very succinctly—shewing very critical consideration of what has been best written, and is best known of the subject; but not requiring much critical consideration from the reader, whose labour the author has taken upon himself, presenting, in a distinct and quick succession, the chief and characteristic features of our growing or proceeding poetry. We quote the following passage for the simplicity, clearness, and force, with which it brings in the matter of national history in connexion with national literature—a quality which we may be permitted to say, will surprise many of those who, having known Mr Campbell only in his poetry, may have been disposed to accuse him of too elaborate and diligent contrivance of ornamented expression. It is that which introduces the mention of the first two decidedly original poets of the English language—Langlande and CHAUCER.

"The reign of Edward III. was illustrious not for military achievements alone; it was a period when the English character displayed its first intellectual boldness. It is true that the history of the times presents a striking contrast between the light of intelligence which began to open on men's minds, and the frightful evils which were still permitted to darken the face of society. In the scandalous avarice of the church, in the corruptions of the courts of judicature, and in the licentiousness of a nobility, who countenanced disorders and robbery, we trace the unbanished remains of barbarism; but, on the other hand, we may refer to this period, for the genuine commencement of our literature, for the earliest diffusion of free inquiry, and for the first great movement of the national mind towards emancipation from spiritual tyranny. The abuses of religion were, from their nature, the most powerfully calculated to arrest the public attention; and Poetry was not deficient in contributing its influence, to expose those abuses, both as subjects of ridicule and of serious indignation. Two poets of this period, with very different powers of genius, and probably addressing themselves to different classes of society, made the corruptions of the clergy the objects of their satire—taking satire not in its mean and personal acceptance, but understanding it as the mo-

ral warfare of indignation and ridicule against turpitude and absurdity. Those writers were Langlande and Chaucer, both of whom have been claimed, as primitive reformers, by some of the zealous historians of the Reformation. At the idea of a full separation from the Catholic Church, both Langlande and Chaucer would possibly have been struck with horror. The doctrine of predestination, which was a leading tenet of the first Protestants, is not, I believe, avowed in any of Chaucer's writings, and it is expressly reprobated by Langlande. It is, nevertheless, very likely that their works contributed to promote the Reformation. Langlande, especially, who was an earlier satirist and painter of manners than Chaucer, is undaunted in reprobating the corruptions of the papal government. He prays to Heaven to amend the Pope, whom he charges with pillaging the Church, interfering unjustly with the King, and causing the blood of Christians to be wantonly shed; and it is a curious circumstance, that he predicts the existence of a king, who, in his vengeance, would destroy the monasteries."

Langlande, the supposed author of the *Visions of Piers Plowman*, is thus characterized :

"The verse of Langlande is alliterative, without rhyme, and of triple time. In modern pronunciation it divides the ear between an anapaestic and dactylic cadence; though some of the verses are reducible to no perceptible metre. Mr Mitford, in his *Harmony of Languages*, thinks that the more we accommodate the reading of it to ancient pronunciation, the more generally we shall find it run in an anapaestic measure. His style, even making allowance for its antiquity, has a vulgar air, and seems to indicate a mind that would have been coarse, though strong, in any state of society. But, on the other hand, his work, with all its tiresome homilies, illustrations from school divinity, and uncouth phraseology, has some interesting features of originality. He employs no borrowed materials; he is the earliest of our writers in whom there is a tone of moral reflection, and his sentiments are those of bold and solid integrity. The zeal of truth was in him; and his vehement manner sometimes rises to eloquence, when he denounces hypocrisy and imposture. The mind is struck with his rude voice, proclaiming independent and popular sentiments, from an age of slavery and superstition, and thundering a prediction in the ear of papacy, which was doomed to be literally fulfilled at the distance of nearly two hundred years. His allusions to contemporary life afford some amusing glimpses of its manners. There is room to suspect that Spenser was acquainted with his works; and Milton, either from accident or design, has the appearance of having had one of Langlande's passages in his mind, when he wrote the sublime description of the lazaret-house, in *Paradise Lost*."

The following is his account of Chaucer :

"The simple old narrative romance had become too familiar in Chaucer's time, to invite him to its beaten track. The poverty of his native tongue obliged him to look round for subsidiary materials to his fancy, both in the Latin language, and in some modern foreign source that should not appear to be trite and exhausted. His age was, unfortunately, little conversant with the best Latin classics. Ovid, Claudian, and Statius, were the chief favourites in poetry, and Boethius in prose. The allegorical style of the last of those authors, seems to have given an early bias to the taste of Chaucer. In modern poetry, his first, and long continued predilection was attracted by the new and allegorical style of romance, which had sprung up in France in the thirteenth century, under William de Lorris. We find him, accordingly, during a great part of his poetical career, engaged among the dreams, emblems, flower-worshippings, and amatory parliaments, of that visionary school. This, we may say, was a gymnasium of rather too light and playful exercise for so strong a genius; and it must be owned, that his allegorical poetry is often puerile and prolix. Yet, even in this walk of fiction, we never entirely lose sight of that peculiar grace and gaiety which distinguish the Muse of Chaucer; and no one who remembers his productions of the *House of Fame*, and the *Flower and the Leaf*, will regret that he sported for a season in the field of allegory. Even his pieces of this description, the most fantastic in design, and tedious in execution, are generally interspersed with fresh and joyous descriptions of external nature.

"In this new species of romance, we perceive the youthful Muse of the language, in love with mystical meanings and forms of fancy, more remote, if possible, from reality, than those of the chivalrous fable itself; and we could sometimes wish her back from her emblematic castles, to the more solid ones of the elder fable; but still she moves in pursuit of those shadows with an impulse of novelty, and an exuberance of spirit, that is not wholly without its attraction and delight.

"Chaucer was afterwards happily drawn to the more natural style of Boccaccio, and from him he derived the hint of a subject, in which, besides his own original portraits of contemporary life, he could introduce stories of every description, from the most heroic to the most familiar."

Surely the reader misses something here. He expects that when the first mighty name of English Poetry is brought before him, the author will dwell with some plenitude of description on the great faculties and powers of a spirit, which, if the age in which it lived among men had left of itself

no other memorial than the works that spirit produced, could still have avouched to us the existence, at that day, in its young native vigour, of the whole character of the English mind. The existence of the works of Chaucer changes, it may be said, to our apprehension, the whole character of the age—raising up to our mind an image of thoughtful intellectual cultivation, and of natural and tender happiness in the simplicity of life, which would otherwise be wanting in the dark stern picture of warlike greatness and power. As a philosophical critic, Mr Campbell ought, we think, to have said something more adequate to just expectation, respecting an event which was a phenomenon in itself, and the cause of subsequent phenomena.

The second part of the Essay opens with the following philosophical account of the decay of poetry in the 15th century:

“Warton, with great beauty and justice, compares the appearance of Chaucer in our language, to a premature day in an English spring; after which the gloom of winter returns, and the buds and blossoms, which have been called forth by a transient sunshine, are nipped by frosts and scattered by storms. The cause of the relapse of our poetry, after Chaucer, seem but too apparent in the annals of English history, which, during five reigns of the fifteenth century, continue to display but a tissue of conspiracies, proscriptions, and bloodshed. Inferior even to France in literary progress, England displays in the fifteenth century a still more mortifying contrast with Italy. Italy too had her religious schisms and public distractions; but her arts and literature had always a sheltering place. They were even cherished by the rivalry of independent communities, and received encouragement from the opposite sources of commercial and ecclesiastical wealth. But we had no Nicholas the Fifth, nor house of Medicis. In England, the evils of civil war agitated society as one mass. There was no refuge from them—no inclosure to fence in the field of improvement—no mound to stem the torrent of public troubles. Before the death of Henry VI. it is said that one half of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom had perished in the field, or on the scaffold. Whilst in England the public spirit was thus brutalized, whilst the value and security of life were abridged, whilst the wealth of the rich was employed only in war, and the chance of patronage taken from the scholar; in Italy, princes and magistrates vied with each other in calling men of genius around them, as the brightest ornaments of their states and courts. The art of printing came to Italy to record the trea-

asures of its literary attainments; but when it came to England, with a very few exceptions, it could not be said, for the purpose of diffusing native literature, to be a necessary art. A circumstance, additionally hostile to the national genius, may certainly be traced in the executions for religion, which sprung up as a horrible novelty in our country in the fifteenth century. The clergy were determined to indemnify themselves for the exposures which they had met with in the preceding age, and the unhalloed compromise which Henry IV. made with them, in return for supporting his accession, armed them, in an evil hour, with the torch of persecution. In one point of improvement, namely, in the boldness of religious inquiry, the North of Europe might already boast of being superior to the South, with all its learning, wealth, and elegant acquirements. The Scriptures had been opened by Wickliff, but they were again to become “a fountain sealed, and a spring shut up.” Amidst the progress of letters in Italy, the fine arts threw enchantment around superstition; and the warm imagination of the South was congenial with the nature of catholic institutions. But the English mind had already shewn, even amidst its comparative barbarism, a stern independent spirit of religion; and from this single proud and elevated point of its character, it was now to be crushed and beaten down. Sometimes a baffled struggle against oppression is more depressing to the human faculties than continued submission.

“Our natural hatred of tyranny, and we may safely add, the general test of history and experience, would dispose us to believe religious persecution to be necessarily and essentially baneful to the elegant arts, no less than to the intellectual pursuits of mankind. It is natural to think, that when punishments are let loose upon men’s opinions, they will spread a contagious alarm from the understanding to the imagination. They will make the heart grow close and insensible to generous feelings, where it is unaccustomed to express them freely; and the graces and gaiety of fancy will be dejected and appalled. In an age of persecution, even the living study of his own species must be comparatively darkened to the poet. He looks round on the characters and countenances of his fellow-creatures, and instead of the naturally cheerful and eccentric variety of their humours, he reads only a sullen and oppressed uniformity. To the spirit of poetry we should conceive such a period to be an impassable Avernus, where she would drop her wings and expire.”

Over this dreary tract Mr Campbell swiftly passes, and his heart seems to leap within him, while he hails the approach of the Elizabethan age, as if,

“Far off its coming shone.”

“But better days were at hand. In the reign of Elizabeth, the English mind put

forth its energies in every direction, exalted by a purer religion, and enlarged by new views of truth. This was an age of loyalty, adventure, and generous emulation. The chivalrous character was softened by intellectual pursuits, while the genius of chivalry itself still lingered, as if unwilling to depart, and paid his last homage to a warlike and female reign. A degree of romantic fancy remained in the manners and superstitions of the people; and allegory might be said to parade the streets in their public pageants and festivities. Quaint and pedantic as those allegorical exhibitions might often be, they were nevertheless more expressive of erudition, ingenuity, and moral meaning, than they had been in former times. The philosophy of the highest minds still partook of a visionary character. A poetical spirit infused itself into the practical heroism of the age; and some of the worthies of that period seem less like ordinary men, than like beings called forth out of fiction, and arrayed in the brightness of her dreams. They had "High thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy." The life of Sir Philip Sydney was poetry put into action."

We looked anxiously for Mr Campbell's picture of Spenser's mind; and it certainly is impossible to conceive any thing more delicately characteristic.

"He brought to the subject of 'The Fairy Queen,' a new and enlarged structure of stanza, elaborate and intricate, but well contrived for sustaining the attention of the ear, and concluding with a majestic cadence. In the other poets of Spenser's age we chiefly admire their language, when it seems casually to advance into modern polish and succinctness. But the antiquity of Spenser's style has a peculiar charm. The mistaken opinion that Ben Jonson censured the antiquity of the diction in the 'Fairy Queen,' has been corrected by Mr Malone, who pronounces it to be exactly that of his contemporaries. His authority is weighty; still, however, without reviving the exploded error respecting Jonson's censure, one might imagine the difference of Spenser's style from that of Shakespeare's, whom he so shortly preceded, to indicate that his gothic subject and story made him lean towards words of the elder time. At all events, much of his expression is now become antiquated; though it is beautiful in its antiquity, and like the moss and ivy on some majestic building, covers the fabric of his language with romantic and venerable associations.

"His command of imagery is wide, easy, and luxuriant. He threw the soul of harmony into our verse, and made it more warmly, tenderly, and magnificently descriptive, than it ever was before, or, with a few exceptions, than it has ever been since. It must certainly be owned, that in description he exhibits nothing of the brief strokes

and robust power which characterise the very greatest poets; but we shall nowhere find more airy and expansive images of visionary things, a sweeter tone of sentiment, or a finer flush in the colours of language, than in this Rubens of English poetry. His fancy teems exuberantly in minuteness of circumstance, like a fertile soil sending bloom and verdure through the utmost extremities of the foliage which it nourishes. On a comprehensive view of the whole work, we certainly miss the charm of strength, symmetry, and rapid or interesting progress; for, though the plan which the poet designed is not completed, it is easy to see that no additional cantos could have rendered it less perplexed. But still there is a richness in his materials, even where their coherence is loose, and their disposition confused. The clouds of his allegory may seem to spread into shapeless forms, but they are still the clouds of a glowing atmosphere. Though his story grows desultory, the sweetness and grace of his manner still abide by him. He is like a speaker whose tones continue to be pleasing, though he may speak too long; or like a painter who makes us forget the defect of his design, by the magic of his colouring. We always rise from perusing him with melody in the mind's ear, and with pictures of romantic beauty impressed on the imagination."

After a few strictures on the defects of the *Fairy Queen*, expressed with a manly decision, but with the utmost courtesy towards the image of the matchless poet, Mr Campbell thus puts the finishing touches to his picture.

"Upon the whole, if I may presume to measure the imperfections of so great and venerable a genius, I think we may say, that if his popularity be less than universal and complete, it is not so much owing to his obsolete language, nor to degeneracy of modern taste, nor to his choice of allegory as a subject, as to the want of that consolidating and crowning strength, which alone can establish works of fiction in the favour of all readers and of all ages. This want of strength, it is but justice to say, is either solely or chiefly apparent when we examine the entire structure of his poem, or so large a portion of it as to feel that it does not impel or sustain our curiosity in proportion to its length. To the beauty of insulated passages who can be blind? The sublime description of "*Him who with the Night durst ride*," "*The House of Riches*," "*The Canto of Jealousy*," "*The Masque of Cupid*," and other parts, too many to enumerate, are so splendid, that after reading them, we feel it for the moment invidious to ask if they are symmetrically united into a whole. Succeeding generations have acknowledged the pathos and richness of his strains, and the new contour and enlarged dimensions of grace which he gave to English poetry. He is the poetical father of a

Milton and a Thomson. Gray habitually read him when he wished to frame his thoughts for composition, and there are few eminent poets in the language who have not been essentially indebted to him.

"Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repair, and in their urns draw golden light."

We have no wish to qualify our praises of such writing as this; yet we have a most decided objection to calling Spenser a Rubens. There is in those fine spirits, no doubt, some points of resemblance—a prodigality of genius—a rich and lavish exuberance of invention—a wealth inexhaustible—a wand of enchantment under which airy fabrics spring up as fast as spirits can build them. In both, too, there is a character of imagination changing the aspect of the world that is shewn from the reality of existence, and marking it with the impression of the poet's or painter's individual genius; and, both of them, which is a point of more individual resemblance, are fond of Ideal Impersonations. But such features of resemblance as these leave yet wide room for unlikeness in the essential principles of character, and in the form that invests it. Of Spenser's spirit, it may be said, that the essential principle is love—love in its soft ethereal essence, and heavenly beauty. The principle (if it be not presumptuous to speak in this way of such minds) of Rubens' genius would rather appear to us power—and that not perhaps the very highest—on fire with the ungovernable action of its own impetuous energies. A visionary softness of beauty, with celestial gleams brightening through, invests the offspring of Spenser's muse; but stern and unassailable strength, and dark and tumultuous force, and blazes of richest splendour are the form and appearance in which we are used to know the giant-progeny of the imagination of Rubens. It therefore does not appear to us, that two minds, of which the works and powers can, with any degree of justice, be so differently charactered, may, with any propriety, be brought under the identity of a name.

Mr Campbell touches very lightly on the dramatic writers previous to Shakspeare. Of these his favourites justly are—"Brave Marlow bathed in the Thespian springs," and Peele, whose "David and Bethsabe" is, in his opinion, "the earliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced

in our dramatic poetry. His fancy is rich and tender, and his conceptions of dramatic character have no inconsiderable mixture of solid vivacity and ideal beauty. There is no such sweetness of versification and imagery to be found in our blank verse anterior to Shakspeare." Mr Campbell then speaks of the Swan of Avon; and notwithstanding all that has lately been written about him by Schlegel, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Jeffrey, and other men of talents, perhaps our readers will agree with us in thinking, that there is a delicately discriminating admiration in the following observations that has not been exhibited by any other critic:

"Among these precursors of Shakspeare we may trace, in Peele and Marlowe, a pleasing dawn of the drama, though it was by no means a dawn corresponding to so bright a sunrise as the appearance of his mighty genius. He created our *romantic* drama, or if the assertion is to be qualified, it requires but a small qualification. There were undoubtedly prior occupants of the dramatic ground in our language: but they appear only like unprosperous settlers on the patches and skirts of a wilderness, which he converted into a garden. He is therefore never compared with his native predecessors. Criticism goes back for names worthy of being put in competition with his, to the first great masters of dramatic invention; and even in the points of dissimilarity between them and him, discovers some of the highest indications of his genius. Compared with the classical composers of antiquity, he is to our conceptions nearer the character of an universal poet; more acquainted with man in the real world, and more terrific and bewitching in the preternatural. He expanded the magic circle of the drama beyond the limits that belonged to it in antiquity; made it embrace more time and locality, filled it with larger business and action, with vicissitudes of gay and serious emotion, which classical taste had kept divided; with characters which developed humanity in stronger lights and subtler movements, and with a language more wildly, more playfully diversified by fancy and passion, than was ever spoken on any stage. Like nature herself, he presents alternations of the gay and the tragic; and his mutability, like the suspense and precariousness of real existence, often deepens the force of our impressions. He converted invitation into illusion. To say that, magician as he was, he was not faultless, is only to recal the flat and stale truism, that every thing human is imperfect. But how to estimate his imperfections! To praise him is easy—*In facili causa cecis livet esse disertis*—But to make a special, full, and accurate estimate of his imperfections, would require a delicate and comprehensive discrimination,

ard an authority which are almost as seldom united in one man as the powers of Shakspeare himself. He is the poet of the world. The magnitude of his genius puts it beyond all private opinion to set defined limits to the admiration which is due to it. We know, upon the whole, that the sum of blemishes to be deducted from his merits is not great, and we should scarcely be thankful to one who should be anxious to make it. No other poet triumphs so anomalously over eccentricities and peculiarities in composition, which would appear blemishes in others; so that his blemishes and beauties have an affinity which we are jealous of trusting any hand with the task of separating. We dread the interference of criticism with a fascination so often inexplicable by critical laws, and justly apprehend that any man in standing between us and Shakspeare may shew for pretended spots upon his disk only the shadows of his own opacity.

"Still it is not a part even of that enthusiastic creed, to believe that he has no excessive mixture of the tragic and comic, no blemishes of language in the elliptical throng and impatient pressure of his images, no irregularities of plot and action, which another Shakspeare would avoid, if "nature had not broken the mould in which she made him," or if he should come back into the world to blend experience with inspiration.

"The bare name of the dramatic unities is apt to excite revolting ideas of pedantry, arts of poetry, and French criticism. With none of these do I wish to annoy the reader. I conceive that it may be said of those unities as of fire and water, that they are good servants but bad masters. In perfect rigour they were never imposed by the Greeks, and they would be still heavier shackles if they were closely rivetted on our own drama. It would be worse than useless to confine dramatic action literally and immovably to one spot, or its imaginary time to the time in which it is represented. On the other hand, dramatic time and place cannot surely admit of indefinite expansion. It would be better, for the sake of illusion and probability, to change the scene from Windsor to London, than from London to Pekin; it would look more like reality, if a messenger, who went and returned in the course of the play, told us of having performed a journey of ten or twenty, rather than of a thousand miles, and if the spectator had neither that nor any other circumstance to make him ask how so much could be performed in so short a time.

"In an abstract view of dramatic art, its principles must appear to lie nearer to unity than to the opposite extreme of disunion, in our conceptions of time and place. Giving up the law of unity in its literal rigour, there is still a latitude of its application which may preserve proportion and harmony in the drama.

"The brilliant and able Schlegel has

traced the principles of what he denominates the romantic, in opposition to the classical drama; and conceives that Shakspeare's theatre, when tried by those principles, will be found not to have violated any of the unities, if they are largely and liberally understood. I have no doubt that Mr Schlegel's criticism will be found to have proved this point in a considerable number of the works of our mighty poet. There are traits, however, in Shakspeare, which, I must own, appear to my humble judgment incapable of being illustrated by any system or principles of art. I do not allude to his historical plays, which, expressly from being historical, may be called a privileged class. But in those of purer fiction, it strikes me that there are licences conceded indeed to imagination's "charter'd libertine," but anomalous with regard to any thing which can be recognized as principles in dramatic art. When Perdita, for instance, grows from the cradle to the marriage altar in the course of the play, I can perceive no unity in the design of the piece, and take refuge in the supposition of Shakspeare's genius triumphing and trampling over art. Yet Mr Schlegel, as far as I have observed, makes no exception to this breach of temporal unity; nor, in proving Shakspeare a regular artist on a mighty scale, does he deign to notice this circumstance, even as the *ultima Thule* of his licence. If a man contends that dramatic laws are all idle restrictions, I can understand him; or if he says that Perdita's growth on the stage is a trespass on art, but that Shakspeare's fascination over and over again redeems it, I can both understand and agree with him. But when I am left to infer that all this is right on romantic principles, I confess that those principles become too romantic for my conception. If Perdita may be born and married on the stage, why may not Webster's Duchess of Malfy lie in between the acts, and produce a fine family of tragic children? Her Grace actually does so in Webster's drama, and he is a poet of some genius, though it is not quite so sufficient as Shakspeare's, to give a "sweet oblivious antidote" to such "perilous stuff." It is not, however, either in favour of Shakspeare's or of Webster's genius that we shall be called on to make allowance, if we justify in the drama the lapse of such a number of years as may change the apparent identity of an individual. If romantic unity is to be so largely interpreted, the old Spanish dramas, where youths grow greybeards upon the stage, the mysteries and moralities, and productions teeming with the wildest anachronism, might all come in with their grave or laughable claims to romantic legitimacy.

Nam sic

Et Laberi mimos ut pulchra poemata mires.
Hor.

On a general view, I conceive it may be

said, that Shakspeare nobly and legitimately enlarged the boundaries of time and place in the drama; but, in extreme cases, I would rather agree with Cumberland, to waive all mention of his name in speaking of dramatic laws, than accept of those licences for art which are not art, and designate irregularity by the name of order."

We probably shall devote another article to the consideration of the re-

mainder of Mr Campbell's Essay, and a third to his biographical and critical notices of the Poets of England. We shall, in that way, be enabled to shew what Mr Campbell has done for literature; and, afterwards, we shall enter into various discussions and speculations suggested by this admirable work.

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN LONDON.

No VIII.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

*Evadne, or the Statue.**

SINCE his last tragedy of the Apostate, Mr Sheil appears to have been studying the old drama; and it has produced,—as it was sure to do upon a mind like his,—a most excellent effect. That love of violent and unnatural excitation, and that diseased appetite for mere *effect*, which were so conspicuous in his two former works, have in a great measure given place, in the present, to a more faithful leaning on the power of unassisted nature, and a more full and trusting reliance on gentleness as opposed to force, in swaying the movements of the human heart.—A more intimate acquaintance with the female characters of Fletcher, Ford, and Shirley, has also given Mr Sheil, what he did not seem to possess before, a true insight into the nature of Miss O'Neill's powers, and a true feeling as to the purposes for which they are adapted. And, accordingly, he has now produced a tragedy much more creditable to his own genius than either of his preceding ones, and much better adapted to display her's.

The following is a sketch of the plot of *Evadne*:

Ludovico (Mr Macready), chief Minister and favourite of the King of Naples (Mr Abbot), conceives the design of destroying his master's life, and raising himself to the throne. With this view he begins by exciting in the *King* a guilty passion for *Evadne* (Miss O'Neill), sister of *Colonna* (Mr Young), a nobleman of Naples, and engages his promise that the brother himself shall consent to the sister's shame. The traitor himself has no intention of sacrificing *Evadne*, whom he secretly loves, to the *King*, but sets the plot in movement

to destroy the *King*, by *Colonna's* hand. It is further necessary that, to obtain *Evadne*, her lover, *Vicentio* (Mr C. Kemble) should be disposed of, by marriage, to *Olivia* (Mrs Faucit), *Ludovico's* kinswoman, who loves him. *Vicentio* is recalled from a foreign embassy; and, upon his return, is told by *Ludovico* that *Evadne* was false, and had become the mistress of the *King*. *Vicentio* is persuaded to believe his mistress faithless, on the evidence of a letter written by *Evadne*, containing the most passionate avowal of tenderness, really intended for *Vicentio*, but by the change of name, contrived by *Ludovico*, to appear addressed to the *King*. *Vicentio* meets *Evadne*, reproaches her with her falsehood, is half persuaded by her protestations of her innocence; but asks, as the last means of removing his suspicions, that she should let him see whether she still wore round her neck his picture, which he had given her at his departure. She is overjoyed, produces the picture, and gives it to him; it is the picture of the *King*. *Vicentio* now becomes furious and inexorable.—*Colonna* enters, insults, and challenges *Vicentio*, and they go out to fight. *Olivia* comes in, and confesses to *Evadne* that she had contrived the false letter, and substituted the picture of the *King* for that of *Vicentio* round *Evadne's* neck, at the instigation of *Ludovico*, who engaged to reward her by making *Vicentio* her husband. *Colonna* and *Vicentio* fight; the latter is supposed dead, and the former confined in a dungeon. *Ludovico* visits him, gives him his freedom, tells him that the *King* demanded his sister's shame, and his own acquiescence, as the price of his pardon, and persuades him, by artfully working on his feelings, to give a seeming consent; to invite the *King* to his palace, and at the moment when he expects the brother's base sacrifice of the sister's honour, to murder him. The *King* is invited and feasted by *Colonna*. The hour of rest approaches, and the *King* retires to his chamber. *Colonna* enters an adjoining apartment and proceeds to the door of that in which he was waiting the coming of *Evadne*. He unsheaths the dagger, and is about to open the door, when he hears a voice. It is *Evadne*; she knew his purpose, and persuades him to let her meet the *King*. He consents, but suspect-

* *Evadne, or the Statue; a Tragedy*, by Richard Sheil, Esq. Murray, London. 1819.

ing her weakness, conceals himself so as to overhear what passes. The *King* enters and finds *Evadne*; she evades his dishonourable propositions, by calling his attention, with mysterious and solemn pathos, to the statues of her family, which stood in the chamber. At length she comes to one statue, and asks the *King* if he knew it. It was her father's, who had been the *King's* tutor, and died by a stroke aimed at the *King* in battle. She embraces the statue, and invokes the spirit of her father. The *King* is moved—abandons his base wishes—*Colonna* comes forth, embraces his sister, and is reconciled to the *King*. *Ludovico* is approaching—*Colonna* places the *King* behind the statues, and *Evadne* retires. *Ludovico* enters, and is told by *Colonna* that the *King* is dead. His joy and ambition burst forth tumultuously. He tells *Colonna* he shall die the death of a murderer, orders the guards to advance and seize him, when suddenly the *King* appears before him; *Ludovico* is confounded—recovers himself—and tries the success of hypocrisy. He is spurned by the *King*—is roused to the vengeance of despair—makes an attempt to kill the *King*, and is himself killed by *Colonna*, and the play concludes.

This sketch, which is otherwise tolerably distinct and intelligible, omits to mention, that in the last scene we are made to understand that *Vicentio* was not killed, and that the lovers are to be united under the auspices of the repentant king, who takes *Colonna* to his counsels in the place of *Ludovico*.

To the plot of this play, and the incidents by which it is worked out, it gives us great pleasure to be able to offer almost unqualified praise. It has quite enough of unity for all the purposes of the drama. The guilty ambition of *Ludovico* is the spring which sets every part in motion—every incident flows naturally and intelligibly from its immediate and assigned cause, and all conduce to bear him on nearer and nearer towards the object of his desires—the crown—till at length, in the last scene, he is on the point of seizing it—but at the very moment when he seems to feel its golden round upon his brow, and in imagination presses the sceptre in his grasp, retribution falls on him like a thunderbolt, and closes his career.—The events on which the chief interest of the piece depends are brought about with great skill. They are every one made “probable to thinking.” It is impossible for *Vicentio* to resist the evidence which *Ludovico*

offers him of *Evadne's* falsehood, when coupled with the changing of the picture—it is impossible for *Colonna* to refuse the office which *Ludovico* forces upon him of killing the king—and it is impossible for the king himself,—young and not wholly depraved as he is,—to withstand the appeal which *Evadne* makes to him, in the shadowy presence of her great and glorious ancestors. The minor incidents, too—the treachery of *Olivia*—the combat between *Colonna* and *Vicentio*—the intended sacrifice of his hand which *Vicentio* makes to *Olivia*, &c., all are absolutely essential to the progress of the plot, and yet none have the appearance of being forced or out of place.

But we must here repeat an opinion we have before expressed, that plot should be quite a secondary consideration in appreciating the value of a tragedy as a literary work—and a tragedy that does not aspire to rank as a literary work is not worthy the name, and its author, whatever they may call him in the green-room, is not a poet. In a tragedy, properly so called, we require a language perfectly sensible and unaffected, particularly in the more passionate parts—and yet, at the same time, lifted above the ordinary forms of speech by the musical arrangement of its words and phrases, by the presence of lofty and appropriate poetical imagery, and by the total absence of every thing vulgar or conventional. We require a just and vigorous conception of character, and a passionate and consistent development of it—and, lastly, a tone of sentiment not caught from observation of the actual feelings of our “visible diurnal” life, but formed by deep and silent meditation on the mysterious world which exists in the poet's own soul, and on the ultimate destinies of our common nature. Give us but these and we can compound for the absence of all minor perfections, such as plot, unity of time and place, probability, and so forth. Nobody seeks for, or cares to point out the innumerable petty sins of Shakspeare and the elder dramatists in this sort, because the nobler essentials existed in them in all their power and glory—and where these are absent, nobody, but French critics and managers of theatres, cares a jot for any thing else.

We have seen that Mr Sheil's plot

is excellent; and, certainly, for the mere purposes of theatrical representation, this is a very important point. It remains for us to examine how far he has fulfilled the other and more essential demands on a tragic poet. And first with respect to his characters:—Under this head we are happy to offer him nearly as much praise as is due for the construction of his plot. Though they are not conceived with much depth or originality, they are all, without exception, delineated and brought out with considerable truth, distinctness, and variety; and all his persons *have* characters—which is, comparatively, saying a great deal for them in the present state of our dramatic literature. Ludovico is a proud and aspiring, but subtle and calculating villain; full of strong passions, but making them all subserve to his ruling one—ambition. Colonna is high-minded by nature and education; but rash and inconsiderate in his love, as well as his hatred. Proud, and even vain, of his noble ancestry; but loving his sister, and eager to revenge her wrongs, more for herself than for the name she bears. Vicentio is a lover, but an Italian. Devoted to Evadne, while he believes that she is true to him; but when he thinks her false, more anxious to vindicate his fame than to remember his affection. But Evadne is the charm of the piece. She is a woman in the truest and strictest yet most delightful sense of the term. Love, trusting and enduring love, is the very breath of her existence. She has deliberately chosen Vicentio to be the lord of her life—the home and temple of her thoughts and affections—and nothing can turn them aside from their course. He may discard her, but she cannot forsake him. Her love is not to be put on or off like an opinion or a garment. It is not a thing subject to the chances and changes of time and circumstances. It is as permanent as her life, because a part of it. Vicentio inflicts upon her the deepest injury that such a woman can suffer,—he doubts and disbelieves her faith. After this, insult and desertion are but secondary griefs. Still, however, she does not love him the less—perhaps the more. At least, her love becomes more apparent the less apparent hope there is of its requital. Her being is more than ever absorbed in it; be-

cause, before, it could lean happily and securely upon him, but now it has no strength or support but within itself.—This character has nothing new in it. It belongs, we believe, exclusively to the dramatists of the age of Elizabeth—the only period of our own literature, or perhaps of any other, in which the female character was properly appreciated and understood. But we sincerely thank Mr Sheil for bringing it forward now. It was never more wanted before the public eye. Reason and refinement have become temporary lords of the ascendant, and banished it from towns and cities; but nothing can destroy it, because its ideal image is enshrined in the breast of every true poet that lives, and its living and perennial roots are fixed in the very heart of nature herself.

Of the remaining part of this tragedy, we are sorry not to be able to speak with so much praise as we have done of the plot and characters. Of the tone of sentiment by which it is pervaded, it would carry us much beyond our limits if we were to do more than speak negatively. It has no decided character—not sufficient elevation of thought—it is not pitched in a lofty key—it gives no echo to the imagination;—in one word, it is not *poetical*—we mean with reference to tragedy: its music is not *tragic*. We fear to be unintelligible or misunderstood in saying no more than this—but we cannot go more deeply into the subject at present.

Of the language of this play we are obliged to speak with still more censure. It is every where disfigured by marks of feebleness and haste, and in parts sinks into mere vulgarity. The imagery is frequently harsh and extravagant, or far-fetched and affected, or made up of mere common-places. There is very little of that native power and originality, which is so conspicuous in the elder dramatists; and still less of that noble simplicity, that free and full reliance on nature, which gives to their works such inexhaustible freshness and beauty. Mr Sheil has undoubtedly a poetical mind; but he appears, at present, to owe all his fund of available and practical poetry (if we may so speak) to books—and those not the best. But his language is not without beauties. We shall give a few examples of these,

as well as of its characteristic defects ; and close our remarks by noticing the use which he has made of a fine old play of Shirley's—the *Traytor*.

Nothing can be more extravagant, or in worse taste, than such passages as the following. On hearing that the king has demanded his sister's honour as the price of his life, Colonna exclaims :

—“ Thou hast plunged into mine ear
A sword of fire, and draw'st it to and fro
Atwart my brain ! ”—p. 63.

And again,

“ —I do not think
In hell there is a time-glass ; if the damned
E'er ask what time it is—I've heard priests
say,
That conscience answers—'Tis eternity ! ”—

As examples of mere silliness and affectation, Vicentio says of Evadne :

“ —Those lips
Wear the *small smile* of sleeping infancy,
They are so innocent.”

And Evadne tells Vicentio, that if every one were as happy at his return as she,

“ Flowers should be strewed before your
passing steps

The very dust made of the leaves of roses.”

We have also occasionally whole passages of the merest common-place, such as—

“ She was as pure as an untasted fountain,
Fresh as an April blossom, kind as love,
As meek as patience, as religion holy,
And good as infants giving charity ! ”—

p. 40.

“ —Vicentio !
My lord ! my bosom's throb !—my pulse
of life !

My soul ! my joy ! my love !—my all the
world ! ” p. 57.

It would be much more easy than it would be pleasant or necessary, to multiply examples of this kind. But we are compelled to give a few, in proof of the justice of our censure ; and because they are exactly characteristic of the defects of Mr Shell's style. Besides these, we meet with such mere vulgarisms as “ You have got a heart,” &c. 24. “ Ha ! hast thou got a soul ? ” 81. And again, “ Whose hearts are a *large heap* of cankers.”

p. 5.

“ —This testimony has conjured
All other circumstances in *one vast heap*
Of damned certainty.”

Both these expressions are repeated in several other places.

We now most willingly quit the ungracious task of pointing out defects, and hasten to contrast them

with beauties.—The following is our first introduction to Evadne, who is anxiously expecting the arrival of Vicentio.

“ EVADNE discovered looking at a picture.

Evad. 'Tis strange he comes not ! thro'
the city's gates

His panting courser passed, before the sun
Had climbed to his meridian, yet he comes
not !—

Methinks the very throbbings of my heart
With slow distinctness mete the hours away,
As heavily as to a sick man's ear
Time's monitor beneath his pillow strikes,
Before the dawn of daylight.—Ah ! Vicentio,
To know thee near me, yet behold thee not,
Is sadder than to think thee far away ;
For I had rather that a thousand leagues
Of mountain ocean should dis sever us,
Than thine own heart, Vicentio.” p. 22.

This is very pleasingly written—the rhythm strikes us as being very graceful and melodious.—What follows is still better. Evadne is not yet aware that Vicentio thinks her false to him, and she says,

“ —You look altered.

Vic. But you do not look altered—would
you did !

Let me peruse the face where loveliness
Stays, like the light after the sun is set.
Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue
eyes,

The soul sits beautiful ; the high white front,
Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple
Sacred to holy-thinking ! ”—

p. 26.

We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing Evadne's prayer for the happiness of Vicentio and Olivia, to whom he is about to be united.

Evad. May you be happy with that happier maid,
That never could have loved you more than
I do,

But may deserve you better. May your days,
Like a long stormless summer, glide away.
And peace and trust be with you. May
you be

The after patterns of felicity,
That lovers, when they wed, may only wish
To be as blest as you were. Loveliness
Dwell round about you like an atmosphere
Of our soft southern air, where every flower
In Hymen's yellow wreath may bloom and
blow.

Let nature with the strong domestic bond
Of parent tenderness unite your hearts
In holier harmony ; and when you see
What you both love, more ardently adore !
And when at last you close your gentle lives,
Blameless as they were blessed, may you fall
Into the grave as softly as the leaves
Of two sweet roses on an autumn eve,
Beneath the small sighs of the western wind,
Drop to the earth together ! ”

"For myself," she continues afterwards,

"——I will but pray

The maker of the lonely beds of peace

To open one of his deep hollow ones,

Where misery goes to sleep, and let me in.
pp. 42. 43.

The first of these passages is delightfully tender and touching, and the last exquisitely simple and pathetic. It is quite in the style of Fletcher, and they are both not unworthy of him. If Mr Sheil would always write in this manner, we should receive nothing but pleasure from his works, and should be delighted to offer him unmingled praise in return. We had marked several other passages for commendation, but our limits compel us to proceed at once to the last scene, which is very finely conceived, and, in parts, powerfully written. Evadne becomes acquainted with the intention of the enraged Colonna to assassinate the king, whom he has invited to his palace for that purpose—the latter having, at the instigation of Ludovico, made Evadne's honour the price of her brother's forfeit life. She persuades Colonna to let her meet the king alone, on the spot where they then are—a hall surrounded with the statues of their ancestry. The king enters, expecting that she has been induced to yield herself up to his guilty passion. She at first, apparently for the purpose of delaying the time, directs his attention to the statues by which they are surrounded. At length she comes to the last.

"——Look here, my lord,

Know you this statue?

King. No, in sooth, I do not.

Evad. Nay—look again—for I shall think but ill

Of princely memories, if you can find,
Within the inmost chambers of your heart,
No image like to this—look at that smile—
That smile, my liege—look at it!

King. It is your father!"

She describes his character, and then demands of the king,

"Who was my father?

King. One whom I confess
Of high and many virtues.

Evad. Is that all?

I'll help your memory, and tell you first,
That the late King of Naples looked among
The noblest in his realm for that good man
To whom he might intrust your opening
youth,
And found him worthiest. In the eagle's
nest

Early he placed you, and beside his wing
You learned to mount to glory! Underneath

His precious care you grew, and you were
once

Thought grateful for his service. His whole
life

Was given to your uses, and his death—

Ha! do you start, my lord?—On Milan's
plain

He fought beside you, and when he beheld
A sword thrust at your bosom, rushed—it
pierced him!

He fell down at your feet,—he died, my
lord!

He perished to preserve you! (*Rushes to
the statue.*) Breathless image,

Altho' no heart doth beat within your breast,
No blood is in those veins, let me enclasp thee,
And feel thee at my bosom.—Now, sir, I
am ready—

Come and unloose these feeble arms, and
take me!—

Aye—take me from this neck of senseless
stone,—

And to reward the father with the meet
And wonted recompence that princes give,
Make me as foul as blotted pestilence," &c.

"*King.* ——She has smitten

Companion thro' my soul!

Evad. Approach, my lord!

Come in the midst of all mine ancestry,

Come and unloose me from my father's arms—

Come, IF YOU DARE, and in his daughter's
shame

Reward him for the last drops of the blood
Shed for his prince's life!—Come!"—

p. 81.

Though this scene is much too long in the representation, we repeat, it is very boldly and poetically conceived, and extremely well conducted throughout; and is, as far as we know, quite original.

In his preface, Mr Sheil says, that he "has employed a part of the fable of Shirley's Traitor in the construction of his plot. In that tragedy, a kinsman and favourite of the Duke of Florence contrives to excite in him a dishonourable passion for the sister of a Florentine nobleman, as the means of procuring the murder of the Duke by the hand of the injured brother, and thus opening the way for his own elevation to the throne." We should have been better pleased if Mr Sheil had added, generally, that he had taken *hints* from this play for some other parts of his plot, and also for one or two passages of the dialogue. Colonna's inviting the king to his palace for the purpose of destroying him there; and Evadne's project to save the life of the king, and to turn him from his guilty purpose, (though not the means by which she effects it;) and also the concealment of Colonna

during their interview, and afterwards of the king, in order to prove to him the treachery of Ludovico;—all these circumstances of the plot are constructed on hints furnished by Shirley's play. One or two such coincidences as the following also occur in the dialogue. When Colonna hears of the king's meditated dishonour of his sister, he exclaims:

"My fathers! do you hear it in your tombs?
Do not your mouldering remnants of the earth
Feel horrid animation in the grave,
And strive to burst the ponderous sepulchre,
And throw it off?"

p. 67.

Sciarrha, in the old play, exclaims on the same occasion,

"I do not think but all the ashes of
My ancestors do swell in their dark urns,
At this report of Amidea's shame:—
It is their cause as well as mine; and should
Heaven suffer the Duke's sin to pass unpunished,

Their dust must of necessity conspire
To make an earthquake in the temple."

Act II. Scene I.

We point out these coincidences without the slightest intention of detracting from Mr Sheil's claims to originality. Indeed they, and the others which occur, are of too little importance to have any effect of that kind. And, to say the truth, we can hardly tell what our own object is in pointing them out at all; unless, indeed, we should venture to confess—(for we cannot keep a secret)—that we thought it might give a more *critical* air to the conclusion of our remarks—for it has always been part of the *metier* of a critic, to at least *seem* to know more than his neighbours.

We have scarcely left ourselves room to say a word of the performers in this tragedy, and yet they deserve the very highest praise. It would be difficult for a play to be better acted throughout. Mr Macready's Ludovico displayed finished judgment in every part; and some passages of it were very fine—particularly those in which he resumes his naturally haughty and ambitious character, after he has been hypocritically humble before the king. There were some bursts of passion, too, in which his fine, rich, sepulchral voice produced an admirable effect.—Mr Young played Colonna in a fine, free, loose oriental style; and he gave the declamatory parts with great power. If we must find fault, his performance was perhaps rather too careless and off-hand.—The young and

high-spirited Vicentio was also extremely well adapted to Mr C. Kemble.—But Miss O'Neil in Evadne, was really and truly herself—which can seldom be said of her now, from the nature of the characters she plays. This, however, was in every respect suited to her exquisite but limited powers. By the epithet "limited," we mean to strengthen rather than qualify our praise. A perfect woman is one who possesses all the better qualities of her nature, *and no more*. As her form would be less lovely if it had wings to lift it from the earth, so her mind and manners are less attractive when they possess powers and qualities that belong to another sex, and, consequently, to another nature. Mrs Siddons was a glorious godlike creature, to be gazed and wondered at like the stars of heaven. We looked at her, as we do at them, with a mysterious and distant reverence, as a thing beyond our proper sphere. But Miss O'Neil is something perhaps still better. She, like ourselves, is "of the earth, earthly"—but, like the flowers about our path, she beautifies the ground on which we walk;—and we need not fear to gaze on her, as we do on them, with mere human feelings of delight and love.—We do not know how it is that we have put off, from time to time, giving our opinion at length, on this charming actress—unless it be, that we doubt our power of doing justice to what we feel on the subject. We must shortly endeavour to devote a separate paper to it, when we shall have to speak of this character in particular, which is better suited to her powers than any she has yet played, except, perhaps, Juliet and Desdemona.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

BRUTUS continues to attract an audience to this theatre, which is saying more of it than could be said of any other drama on the list of stock-pieces, if the experiment were to be tried. We have seen it two or three times, and are confirmed in the opinion we expressed of its merits. They are all confined to the character of Brutus, and even that owes all its attractions to the acting of Mr Kean. His splendid talents make us consent to a falsification both of history and of nature—of Roman nature: for *his* Brutus, it

must be confessed, is not the Brutus of history, and could never have been the Brutus of Rome.

There have been several other novelties produced at this theatre, but they have all been more or less unsuccessful, and merit very little notice.

Switzerland.

A tragedy was produced under this title, written by Miss Jane Porter; and we are sorry to report, that it received the most decided condemnation, and that it is generally considered as having deserved it.—The public opinion of it was so strong, and so unequivocally expressed, that the manager was obliged to come forward, after much awkward delay, and announce that it should be withdrawn.—Not having been present, we are unable to give an opinion as to the justice of this decision. We have been told, that Mr Kean walked through the principal character in a most extraordinary manner. In fact, that he did nothing, because he had nothing to do. If this was the case, we think he was quite right; and are glad to find that he knows the value of his own powers in something more than a pecuniary point of view; and will not consent to waste or fritter them away in endeavouring to further any interests inconsistent with those of nature. She made him for a great tragic actor, and he will not be degraded into any thing less.

High Notions, or a Trip to Exmouth.

As we happened to sit in the next box to a great lord, who seemed to be mightily pleased with this farce, we shall not presume to say, that it is very tedious, vulgar, and commonplace; but we are at liberty to think as we please.—Mr Munden, a ci-devant cheesemonger in the Borough, succeeds to the title and estate of a brother who was a baronet, and, together with his family, becomes infected with “High Notions,” which they go to Exmouth to indulge in. To this place they are followed by Mr T. Cooke, the lover of the niece, who willingly joins in a plot to deceive her uncle—which every theatrical niece is in duty bound to do; and, by means of the tricks and disguises of his servant, Mr Russell,

the lover succeeds in gaining the old gentleman’s consent to their marriage. The farce was quite successful—which is all that can be said in its praise; and it was quite undeserving of success—which is all that it deserves to have said in censure of it.

The Heroine, or a Daughter’s Courage.

The managers of this theatre, ever assiduous (as they tell us themselves) in the production of novelty, brought forward what they call a melo-dramatic play, with the above title.—It was probably intended for an after-piece; but, in consequence of the failure of Miss Porter’s tragedy, it seems to have been expanded into a first piece: a process which, from their elastic nature, is very easily performed on works of this kind.—It is said to be written by Mr R. Phillips, a retainer of this theatre; and as he does not deny the charge, we are bound to believe it of him; though we should have been glad if he could have transferred it to any one else—for he already labours under the imputation of being a very indifferent actor. Could he not contrive to persuade one of the chorus singers or figure dancers to take this new load of reputation off his shoulders?—The Heroine is a melo-drama in the most extended sense of the word—that is to say, it occupies three long acts. It is, as usual, an affair of palaces and dungeons, sighs and tears, curses and exclamations—of fainting, fighting, and setting houses on fire. The entrances and exits, the incidents, speeches, &c. are introduced by soft, solemn, or discordant music, as the nature of the case may require; and the whole ends to the satisfaction of all parties—particularly the audience.

We must really beg to be excused, if we leave the detailed criticism of such productions as these to Mr S. Kemble himself—who appears desirous of taking the affair out of our hands. He seems to have established a daily magazine for that purpose, at the foot of the play-bills. We confess that he is much better qualified for the task than we are, and the place he has chosen is much better fitted for it than this. We are, therefore, very much disposed to say to him, “Take mine office:” for though “to be di-

rect and honest," is "safe" enough in these cases, it is by no means either pleasant or profitable.—Mr S. Kemble tells us every day, that this drama has met with extraordinary success, and that it is applauded by the "whole audience." We cannot deny the fact. Indeed, he had the best means of judging, if he chose to employ them—for when we saw the piece on its second performance, there was plenty of room even for *him* to have gone about at his ease, and collected the opinion of every body in the house. This at once cradle, temple, and tomb, of the "legitimate drama," now generally answers to Milton's exquisite description of a very different place—it is,

—"A pillar'd shade, high over-arch'd,
With echoing walks between."—

This state of things cannot last long. The concern could hardly keep its head above water last season; and now that the precious committee who conduct its affairs have slung Mr S. Kemble, like a dead weight about its neck, it must sink:—and what is worse, it deserves to sink. It would be a disgrace to the taste and judgment of the metropolis, if a theatre managed as this is,* should continue to be patronised or frequented. Its company of performers would, after making two or three exceptions, disgrace a third rate country town; the novelties it

brings forward are, generally speaking, totally worthless and contemptible; and the means it employs to attract the public attention are (to say the least of them) mean and disreputable. The managers commenced last season, by putting forth an enormous puff, for the purpose of puffing their intention of not puffing any more. In the depth of their play-bill learning, they had discovered that Garrick, after the performance of a successful play—much less of an unsuccessful one—did not underline the bills with a puffing panegyric on its merits—and therefore (not on account of the taste or reason of the thing, but, therefore) they pledge themselves to discontinue the practice. It was disrespectful to the public, they said, and disreputable to themselves. They were quite right. But how have they kept their words? By now putting forth more extravagant puffs than ever, with the addition of their being written in the most vulgar and illiterate style. After the success of *Brutus*, we used to meet, at every turning, men bearing about placards upon a pole, stating, that "the magnificently splendid" tragedy of *Brutus* was performing every night, &c.—and we have scarcely seen a play bill this season, that has not contained addresses to the public, which were absolutely false in grammar and in fact, and which would have been highly impertinent and disgusting, even if they had been well-written and true.—We have hastily glanced at this subject, and as willingly quit it.

* We refer to its general management—not to Mr K.'s stage management in particular.

THE OPERA.

No I.

King's Theatre.—THE success of the two last seasons is, we believe, unprecedented in the history of this establishment, and the cause is obviously the great eminence of the performers. The music of Mozart, which has occasioned a kind of epidemic, could never alone have produced this revolution in public feeling: the people of England will have their eyes, as well as their ears, gratified; it is not enough that an air shall be performed in the very finest style, they will know why it is sung at all; in short, unless the entertainment be, in every sense of the word, *dramatic*, it has but little chance of pleasing the British taste. It is on this account

that the works of Mozart *alone* are popular, and that concerts are exclusively frequented by the higher classes of society. The production of Don Giovanni did more for the proprietors than all the efforts of several years. Every one knew the story of this celebrated drama, therefore all pretended to judge of the excellence of the music. Never before had so much talent been combined to give effect to an opera; managers were formerly content to have a primo Tenore and a prima Donna for every piece, serious or comic, and the subordinate characters were almost invariably beneath notice. But as soon as this absurd system was abandoned, the

opera acquired *popularity*. The house was, on every night of performance, filled with people who seldom, if ever, had thought of going before ; and that music, which had hitherto been confined to the admiration of the select circles, became familiar even to vulgarity in all. That the genius of the composer had not a principal share in this revolution no one will attempt to deny ; unaided, however, by excellent acting, as well as singing, it never could have produced the same effects. We are old enough to remember the first public performance of Mozart's music in London.

Mrs Billington produced "La Clemeza di Tito" for her benefit, and we have for that divine work all the attachment of a first love. That opera, however, with the exception of her own part of Vitellia, was very ill performed ; even Braham was tame, and maudlin in the extreme, in the character of Sesto ; and it is impossible to recollect, with becoming gravity, the gentleman who used to enact the noble-minded Titus. This opera should have been reserved for the season 1817 ; no one who then saw will ever forget it. The admirable performance of Crivelli in the part of the emperor, and Madame Camporesi's Sesto—were, to our thinking, the perfection of the lyric art. Every other character was sustained with almost equal excellence ; it was therefore, in all its parts, the only complete opera we ever witnessed. We have now lost, with one exception, all those performers with whom we were so much gratified during that season. Crivelli has been replaced by Garcia, and perhaps by Placci—for Madame Camporesi, Miss Corri has been substituted—and Madame Fodor has given place to Madame Georgi Bellochi. Why all this *radical reform* has taken place, we shall not presume to determine, but it will, in the course of the season, appear to have been exceedingly impolitic in the manager to break up such a company. Already have the subscribers become dissatisfied ; meetings have been called, and statements required and obtained. The extravagant demands of singers and dancers, have been the topic of common animadversion,—the improvements on the *outside* of the house have however assumed a most formidable aspect—the *inside* has likewise been daubed over in a manner which is

equally at variance with good sense and good taste ; and, after some delays, the season commenced on the night of Tuesday, 26th January, with *L'Italiana in Algieri*, composed by the celebrated Rossini. This is a piece which we cannot suppose to be tolerable in any country, without the assistance of excellent music ; it is an awkward combination of the farce of *the Sultan*, with an excellent scene in "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," which is in this opera as absurd as it is absurdly managed. As it is quite indispensable to have a young gentleman in love, we have, of course, Sig. Garcia, who sings very amorously, and very beautifully. A lively Italian lady, who is a captive at Algiers, like Roxalana, makes a fool of the silly sultan of the place ; and therefore, Madame Georgi Bellochi makes her first appearance in England to torment Sig. Placci, who sings very seriously for the first time, through his cold. Ambrogetti is, as in duty bound, a buffoon-admirer of the same lady, and is, somehow or other, constituted by the aforesaid bey, or sultan, a *papataci*, a sort of dignity which is not very well understood, or defined, and Mesdemoiselles Corri and Mori enact the very insipid sultana and confidante.

All this nothingness, however, gives occasion to some excellent acting, and we shall, as shortly as possible, notice what appeared to us most worthy of remark. The newspapers had, as usual, in some degree prepared us for what we were to expect from the Debutante Bellochi, and aware as we are, from our knowledge of the springs by which they are moved, how faithful are those *honest chroniclers*, we must cordially confess that we were agreeably disappointed. This lady sings much better than we had been told she did, and her acting was superior to any thing we have at present on our national stage. It would be difficult perhaps to characterise it ; it is in fact a style, and not a *manner*, of acting, and is peculiar, as far as we know, to the foreign stage. It is, at the same time, so sensible, so true, that perhaps the very rarity of its occurrence induced us to form a higher estimate of its merit. Madame Bellochi is, without doubt, in broad comedy, the best actress we have seen on the Italian stage ; but the part which she sustains in this opera, although it be that on which

the whole of the plot depends, is in fact very poor, and the music, albeit gay and brilliant, is not such as we can dwell upon with any thing like affectionate remembrance. There are, however, here and there several fine airs, and the trio which concludes the first act, beginning "*Pria di dividerci da voi Signori*," although it appears to us to be almost the same with a finale by the same composer, in the self-same place in the *Barbiere di Seviglia*, is altogether so cheerful—so peculiar—so uproarious, if we may be allowed the expression, that it pleased us beyond any thing of that kind we have heard for a considerable time. A Bravura in the second act,

"Pensa alla patria é intrepido
Il tuo dovere adempi," &c.

was admirably executed by Madame Bellocchi; indeed, we never heard any thing which could more completely answer the wishes of both the author and composer.

The part of *Lindoro*, the lover of this volatile lady, was very seriously performed by Sig. Garcia, who, dressed in the very appropriate costume of an officer in the Coldstream regiment of foot guards, warbled, on his entrance, a caratina, a stanza of which we shall gratify our readers by quoting, it runs thus:

"Languir per una bella,
E star lontano da quella
E il piu crudel tormento,
Che provar possa un cuor."

This singularly happy and original thought is spun out into the usual number of verses, which go to make a legitimate full length fashionable love song. The music is composed expressly for the Signor, who does it so much justice in the performance. Garcia and Rossini are happily made for each other—the compositions of the latter invariably remind us of something we have heard before. We are not, however, learned enough on this subject to be able to state from whom he borrows with such freedom; but we are like the Vicar of Wakefield, disposed ever and anon to exclaim, "Surely we have heard something of this before;" although we are seldom fortunate enough to light upon the identical Ephraim Jenkinson. The truth appears to be, that Rossini seldom takes the trouble of thinking for himself; he takes most of his ideas from the compositions of others, and by a happy adaptation, in the manner

of the dear defunct Michael Kelly of happy memory, he bestows it all as original upon his wondering admirers. There is however a wide difference between these two gentlemen—Rossini is a man of genius and Kelly was not. The original compositions of the former are invariably beautiful, while those of the latter, if they ever occur, are always so questionable, that we know not if he has ever had credit for what actually belongs to him. The forte of Rossini is in his concerted pieces, and in that, as well as in every other respect, this opera is decidedly inferior to the *Barbiere di Seviglia*.

Garcia is the perfection of the Florid; his embellishments, of the most simple air, are infinite; and we will go so far as to say, that it appears to us he has adopted that style to conceal the want of power and *sostenuto* in his voice. There is no recognising an air as sung by him. We remember his performance last year of one of the finest tenor songs in existence, "*Pria che spunti in ciel l'Aurora*," by Cimarosa; we then felt like David in the *Rivals*, "If we had not been at the dressing, we should not have known the dish again." This gentleman is however a good comic actor, and in his style an accomplished singer, consequently a great acquisition to this theatre. We do protest, however, against his being engaged at the expense of Crivelli. Of Signor Placci we shall say nothing until he has recovered from his cold; he appears, as far as we have been able to judge, a sensible actor—he is, at any rate, a good looking man.

If we were to judge from the frequency of repetition, the opera we are next to mention must be in high estimation. Of "*La Modista Raggiatrice*," our contemporaries have almost universally spoken in terms of unqualified reprobation. The materials of the piece are indeed of the slightest kind, and such as would scarcely constitute a farce on our own stage. It is briefly this: a very engaging lady keeps a milliner's shop; she has two pretty apprentices (Corri and Mori), and two lovers, the one a fencing master (Garcia), and the other an apothecary (Angrisani); there is likewise a third gentleman (Ambrogetti), who is the parish schoolmaster, simple in wit and manners, to whom the aforesaid milliner is attached, but who has no idea of

his own happiness; and who is most intent upon teaching his little boys their accidence. This personage is at once the butt of the lady, and the instrument by which she effects her purpose of marrying the two young ladies to her rejected lovers. He is at last, by the plain dealing of the lady, aware of his own importance, and in a manner, peculiar, we believe, to the stage, he becomes the impassioned husband of the fair intriguante, and the other two gentlemen transfer, in the happiest manner, all their affections to the two apprentices.

There was one scene in this play which we confess was not much to our taste, in which Madame Perlina, the *Modista* in question, substitutes her lovers for three blocks, which she adorns with caps and bonnets, in the last and most approved taste. We have not seen any thing which appeared to us more ludicrous or ridiculous; the opera, however, went off with considerable effect. Madame Bellocchi was the soul of whim and intrigue; she personated the milliner with the happiest effect; indeed, without the excellent acting of herself, and Ambrogetti in the schoolmaster, the piece would not have been suffered. We cannot say that the music of Paisiello is in fault, for very little of it was retained; the principal, and certainly the most effective airs, were taken from other authors; that, for instance, in which Bellocchi was so loudly applauded, "*Di piacer mi balza il cor*," is from *La Garza Ladra*, by Rossini; it is one of the happiest efforts of this composer—joyous and full of heart—and it communicated to the audience a great portion of that delight which was so evidently felt by the singer, whose apparent enjoyment of her own performance could not be mistaken—it was enthusiastic, and as remote from conceit as truth is from falsehood. Notwithstanding that this could be understood comparatively by few (as, most assuredly, eight-tenths of those who attend the opera do not understand even the language), it was thoroughly appreciated, and applause was never more heartily or more deservedly bestowed; the conclusion of this piece is ill defined and abrupt.

Ambrogetti's acting surpassed any thing we have hitherto seen him do—his quiet unconsciousness when Perlina, his mistress, is making the

most direct attacks upon his heart, his total abandonment to his fate when he is made the object of her ridicule, and invested with a woman's cap, his serious apostrophe to the "Shade of Cicero," while in this situation, were worthy of a better cause. It is in such characters that this gentleman is very great. He here appeared to have given up his excessive propensity to buffoonery, and to have raised himself very high in the estimation of all those who were capable of feeling what he did: he had little indeed to sing, but that was well done, and in perfect keeping.

On Saturday, 27th February, a very full house was, as usual, attracted by the announcement of *Il Don Giovanni*. This was generally supposed (although there be in fact nothing in her part to justify the opinion), a trial of Bellocchi's strength. She had a bad cold (indeed we never knew a capital singer without one). She delighted, although from our knowledge of her talents, she by no means surprised us. In *Zerlina*, Madame Fodor was lively, engaging, nay, even in some measure, elegant; but there was always in every thing she did a marked attention to her dress, or to her own person, which was paramount, and she was indebted to her sweet and true voice, and comely appearance, for the great portion of applause she uniformly obtained. In personal qualifications we are not disposed to compare the two ladies; but in point of talent, there is the same difference between them that there was between Mrs Jordan and any comic actress of her time, or since. Madame Bellocchi possesses, in an eminent degree, that downright, sensible, apparently thoughtless and hearty manner which was the *inimitable* charm of Mrs Jordan; this is obviously the greatest compliment we can pay to any actress, and it is that which renders Bellocchi decidedly superior to Fodor. In the part now under consideration, Madame Fodor was considered as supreme, from the natural prejudice in favour of the person who originally plays a part successfully. Every one who succeeds is looked upon as invading that ground which is prescriptively the right of another. Popular feeling was therefore a spring-tide in favour of Madame Fodor, and yet Madame Bellocchi had both the courage and the talent to turn these disadvan-

tages of her situation to account. Here, as in the two parts she had previously acted, her thorough knowledge of her profession was conspicuous. Ever busy—ever attentive, there was no pause—no blank left; her songs came trippingly off the tongue, and those who knew best what she did were the best pleased. The very dress she wore was at once so characteristic and becoming, that she did away that impression of want of taste which her first appearance seemed so astoundingly to announce. So well did her manners and character correspond, that even the curtsies she made upon the repetition of her every song, were those of a lively unabashed country girl. We may be accused of over-weening admiration of this lady; but the occasion justifies it. When Don Giovanni accosts her, the whole soul of Bellocchi appeared to be absorbed in admiration of his fine feathers and gay clothes; when he took her by the hand and began talking his usual soft nonsense, her wonder and delight broke out in little half-uttered exclamations, and her happiness seemed at its height, when, pointing off, he says—

“ Quel Casinetto é mio—solì saremo,
E là grogello mio, ci sposeremo.”

The duetto of *Là ce darem, la mano* followed with its usual effect; it is perhaps more in character than any thing of this kind in existence; and the more we know of life, the more we are convinced of this fact. We are unwilling to detain our readers by extending our remarks on this subject; but we hope to be excused while we trespass for a moment to point out the contrast between Bellocchi and her predecessor in the whole business of the part. The one was all attention and animation even while she listened, and the other appeared always pettish and sullen if any one sung except herself. But what shall we say of the Leporello of Signior Romero? If this gentleman be intended as the legitimate successor of Naldi, we have only to say, that we did not think he could have had a successor inferior to himself in the part; the present incumbent has the rare merit of being incomparably the worst singer we ever heard, and the worst actor ever inflicted upon us; he was perfectly appreciated, and we shall not add to his or the manager's mortification. Public

feeling has induced Naldi to quit the stage, and we, in the simplicity of our ignorance, thought that Placci was to replace him—but it seems we are wide of the mark. From first to last Naldi was overrated; the late Mr Goold announced him in the bills of 1806 as “the first Buffo Caricato in Europe;” for many years he was a great favourite, and in certain comic old gentlemen, he might be truly said to be without a rival; of late years, however, he has become so insufferably careless, or indifferent, (to say nothing of the failure of his voice) that we must confess our satisfaction on his retirement.

His Leporello, one of the best characters in the whole Opera Buffa, was so inefficient, so little what it ought to be, or even what he himself was capable of making it, that we never could endure him in the character. The music of it, whether Leporello sings by himself, or in concert with others, is the finest in the piece. The introduction, when he is waiting in the dark for his master, and the subsequent scene with Don Giovanni and Donna Anna, are perhaps unequalled in music, and would alone place Mozart in the same rank with the greatest dramatic genius of any age. Were we to go through with the part, we should be constrained to use the language of unvarying and perhaps extravagant panegyric. The recitativo, the whole business, demand a certain tact, and knowledge of life and character, unknown to, or at least unexpressed by Naldi. Of his parts in the duetts, “Eh via Buffoon,” and “e Statua Gentilissima,” he made literally nothing. What, therefore, can be said of a successor with the before-mentioned qualifications? The piece has been withdrawn, no doubt, with a view to supplying the deficiencies, and we hope the manager will see the propriety of giving the part to Angrisani, who has deservedly become a favourite of the public;—he is a most unassuming sensible actor, and has one of the finest bass voices we ever heard. Should this change take place, however, who can sing the music of the Commendatore? or who supply the place of the simple-hearted Masetto? Begrez was, with the exception of a want of power, the very person required for Don Ottavio, the walking gentleman. The voice of this performer is more adapted to a drawing-

room than to a large theatre; and we could not help feeling the loss of our favourite Crivelli, who used, good-naturedly to perform a part so much beneath his great powers; it was like John Kemble playing Percy in the Castle Spectre. Miss Corri, who, since Camporesi's departure, has been the Donna Anna, is considerably improved. Previously to this young lady's appearance, her friends had the imprudence to excite the most extravagant expectations of the public. She was, in short, a perfect Catalani, a better musician, and in every respect more correct; and this we ourselves heard from the highest musical authority. Our own experience had taught us to believe this, with certain limitations; and as we expected, so it fell out. We were present on the night of her débüt, and had then an opportunity of forming a tolerably correct estimate of the lady's powers. A great deal that we had been told was true. She has an extraordinary voice, an accurate ear, and taste and judgment perhaps beyond her years—every requisite, in short, for her profession, excepting only that which is indispensable, the possession of which would have made her all she was said to be, and without which her other talents have not at all times secured her a patient hearing. She has *no soul*—unluckily this cannot be acquired. Miss Corri must therefore be content to be what she is, a second rate personage, and her friends are now, doubtless, of the same opinion with the public. There is a lady, who, by mere force of talent, is acquiring a certain portion of favour. We always hear Miss Hughes with pleasure. She sings

with great truth and energy. It is not difficult to ascertain why she has been hitherto rather endured than approved. The fact is, she is neither young nor handsome. She is, however, so invariably correct, so attentive, and so much in her place, that we care not to see Donna Elvira better performed. Ambrogetti has been so be-Roscius'd and bepraised in Don Giovanni, that it is as if we pulled an old house about our ears, to say any thing against him; but truth is the only thing of real value in this world; we shall therefore candidly confess our conviction, that it is from beginning to end a very bad performance; there is nothing of the dissipated grandee about him but his dress; his manners are more vulgar than those of his valet; and he hawls the women about the stage more like a tavern blood, than the noble insinuating cavalier he calls himself—(“*Un nobil cavalier, qual io mi vanto.*”) No one can easily be less seductive, and, fortunately for us, the ladies are of our opinion. He is disqualified both by nature and art for this character; he is perpetually playing monkey tricks, and is upon a footing of the most debasing familiarity with his servant; and yet, such has been the fascination of his bold lively manner, that the performance of this single part did more for him in London in one night, than all the former efforts of his life could do for him on the continent. *His* part in this piece should be Leporello, if he had voice to sing it; and could we choose our representation of Don Giovanni, we should, without hesitation, pronounce it written for Tramezzani.

GLORVINA'S WARNING.

SIR CHARLES—GLORVINA.

Sir C. Glorvina! Glorvina, beware of the day,

When the QUARTERLY meets thee in battle array!—

For thy volumes, all damned, rush unread on my sight,

Glorvina! Glorvina, ah! think ere you write! See! see, where the witty and wise about town

Are struggling, who foremost shall trample thee down!

Proud GIFFORD before hath insulted the slain!—

And CROKER, in spleen, may pursue thee again!

But hark, in this dread preparation for war, What lady to Paris flies frantic and far!—

'Tis mine, Doctor MORGAN's, my bride may not wait,

So heavy are hissing the arrows of fate!—

In vain, for the Quarterly visits thee there, And its pages are read with a sigh of despair!

Weep, lady! thy prospects are faded—undone—

Oh, weep! but thy tears only add to their fun!

For their black ink is poison—a dagger their pen,—

And the book they once stab, may not wake—en again!

Glor. Go preach to thy patients, thou death-telling seer,
Or if Gifford and Croker so dreadful appear,
Go, crouch from the war, like a recreant knight,
Or, draw my silk shawl o'er thy organs of sight!

Sir C. Ha! laughest thou, old lady, thy husband to scorn?
White bird of the common, thy plume shall be torn!
Shall the goose on the wing of the eagle go forth?
Let her dread the fierce spoilers who watch in the north!—
Let her fly from the anger of Jeffrey's sure eye,
Ah! home let her speed—for the havoc is nigh!—
But lonely and wild is my lady's abode!
And cursed by a spell that will force her abroad!—

Ah, why, when her mansion is desert and cold,
Is Dublin too hot this fair lady to hold?
While carriages roll thro' the street of Kildare,
Due south to the GREEN, and due north to the SQUARE,
Will none check their steeds, as in triumph they prance,
At the door of the travelling lady from France?—
Woe! lady! *bad* ever is followed by *worse*,
And the demon was with thee, whose blessing is curse!
For evil hath scandal been arming thy tongue;—
Glorvina! the dirge of thy glory is sung!
Ah! fashion beholds thee—to scoff and to spurn!—
Return to thy dwelling—all lonely return!—

Glor. False wizard, avaunt!—I have marshalled my clan,
Their pens are a thousand—their genius is one!
They mock thy prescriptions!—they laugh at thy breath,
Go! preach to thy patients of danger and death!—
Then welcome be Croker—his smile or his frown,
And welcome be Crawley—we'll trample them down!
Their colour shall vary from yellow to blue,
Like the cover of Constable's famous Review!
When my heroes impassioned for victory strain,
Sir Richard the learned!—and Ensor the vain!
All active, all armed, in their author's array!—*

Sir C. Glorvina, Glorvina, beware of the day!

'Twas my studies in youth gave me mystical lore,
And the womb of the FUTURE in fear I explore!
TIME trembles in pain, as his pulses I feel,
But fate must be known tho' I may not reveal!
I tell thee, that LONDON with laughter will ring,
When the blood-hounds of MURRAY at FLORENCE shall spring!—
Ho! COLBURN! arouse thee, arouse thee with speed,
And arm thy gazette—'tis a moment of need!—
Ho! MAGA!—green MAGA!—awaken each sprite!
Raise—raise your oak-crutches to cover her flight!
Oh! would that thy book went to sleep of itself.
Like pamphlets unbound on a dust-covered shelf!

reading—"unarmed"—though I have not ventured to give it a place in the text—the lady says, her heroes are "unarmed," i. e. (as she proceeds to explain) "in their author's array"—in the peculiar dress of their profession as authors, "*cedant arma togæ*."—*Theobald*.

This passage was first suspected by Mr Theobald, who proposed an alteration, which, while it furnishes an intelligible meaning, loses sight altogether of the poetry, as is too often the case with verbal critics. By looking to the work, which it is evident our immortal poet had in his eye during the whole of this prophecy, we may perhaps be led to the true reading,

"All plaided and plumed in their tartan array," is the original line; while comparing this with the line which stands in the text, it occurred to me that our poet wrote, "Ill-paid, 'tis presumed—in their author's array." From their appearing "in their author's array," she not unnaturally infers, that the auxiliaries on whose aid she relies, are ill-paid. The Oxford Editor has silently printed—"inactive alarm."—*Warburton*.

This is one of the passages where we do not know which to admire most, the imagination of the author, or the ingenuity of the critic; but after the best consideration I could give the passage, the emendation appears to me rather acute than true; the heroine of our dialogue means to say, the activity of her champions is such, that they proceed at once to the field, without changing their ordinary dress—I once thought that we might perhaps read, "All armed, though in authors array"—meaning that her defendants were not, as the phrase is, out of elbows; but it is more easy to suggest plausible corrections, than to interpret the words which maintain stubbornly their place in the text: and the critic should not forget, that deviation from the language of the author, more frequently indicates ignorance than ingenuity.—*Johnson*.

* The text is certainly here incorrect, nor can I, from any manuscript, supply a reading on which we can rely with certainty—"All armed in their author's array."—What can this mean? it implies a direct contradiction, which has, however, led me to the true

But mourn ! for a darker departure is near—
The wise shall condemn, and the witty shall
sneer !
And she, that fair lady whose home is the
LAKE,*
With sworded SIR ARTHUR, thy doom
shall partake,
In vain shall she combat for MORGAN LE
FAY.†
Glor. Down, soothless insulter, I scorn
what you say !

* "That fair lady, whose home is the Lake."

The heroine, who, as she says, is
"placed in a definite rank among authors,
and in no undistinguished circle of society,"
appears rather provoked at this passage, as
may be gathered from her reply. The al-
lusion appears to be to the chapter in the
Mort d'Arthur, that relates Sir Arthur's ad-
ventures with the Lady of the Lake. See
also "A Treatise on Bathing," by Sir A.
Clarke, Knight of the Bath Temple at Dub-
lin, sold by the author—half price to bathers.

† "Morgan le Fay."

"And the other sister, Morgan le Fay,
was put to school in a nunnery; and there
she learned so much, that she was a great
clerk of necromancy; and after that she
was wedded to King Urience, of the land of
Gore."—*King Arthur*, &c. page 4.

ON THE CONNEXION BETWEEN PUGILISM, STATUARY, PAINTING, POETRY, AND POLITICS.

THE grave peaceable folks of Scot-
land, who, it must be confessed, are
rather slow at a joke, cannot for their
souls perceive the wit of pugilism. It
is, on the contrary, spoken of with the
deepest horror, as something mon-
strous and unnatural, and we have
more than once heard the inferiority
of the English to the Scotch asserted
on the sole ground, that the former are
a boxing people.

That Christians, Jews, or Pagans,
must, by the very necessity of their
nature, either box or stab one another,
we see no good reason for believing—
and our own admiration of pugilism
is not forced upon us at the horns of
a dilemma. We cannot, for example,
think that a jealous Italian would re-
frain from the use of the stiletto,
though pugilism were to flourish in
Italy. The character of the English ex-
hibits itself in the ring no doubt,—but if
they indeed be a more chivalrous peo-
ple than they were a century ago, we
really cannot so gratify our love of
pugilism at the expense of truth, as
to attribute that improvement, in any
great degree, to the "heroic wisdom"
of Slack and Broughton.

What ages of rapture roll fair to my sight !
What glories to come swim before me in
light !—
Behold thro' the curtains of fate as I look,
O'DONNELL !—and flirting with young LAL-
LA ROOKH !—
With BERTRAM is waltzing GLORVINA
the fair !
And IDA is wrestling with LADY CLAN-
CARE !*

Near apostate HEMEYA see IMOGEN's face !
Oh never a ball such a galliard did grace !—
In the beauty of fame they return to my
sight !—

Be they saved—be they damned—I will
write—I will write !

* Ida of Athens—from the robust frame,
and out-of-door habits of Lady Clancare,
the reader may be apprehensive of Ida's not
being a match for her—this ethereal crea-
ture, however, had the advantage most
probably of much practice. The reader
cannot forget how often she is described as
retiring to the gymnasium—sometimes she
is painted to us as engaged there at her
toilette !—from this circumstance, we su-
posed the gynaceum might have been in-
tended by the learned authoress, but this
line appears to prove that we were mistaken,
and we are anxious to acknowledge our er-
ror in the most public manner.

But though we are far from belong-
ing to that sect of philosophers who
attribute all that is peculiarly excel-
lent in the English character to beef
and boxing, we hold ourselves at a
still greater distance from them who
see, in the increase of prize-fighting,
symptoms of a deterioration of na-
tional spirit, and omens of eminent
ruin. It is our opinion, and it is an
opinion that we have not formed on
light consideration, that the art of pu-
gilism can effect the stability of an
empire only by means of the influence
which it exerts over the intellectual
and moral character of a people,
through the medium of the imagina-
tion and the fine arts.

If ever the art of statuary be restor-
ed to its ancient glory it will be in
England. Undoubtedly there may
have been something in the mythologi-
cal religion of Greece peculiarly fa-
vourable to the growth of this art—
but, after all, the chief advantage which
the ancient sculptor possessed over the
modern, was that of beholding the
naked body in contention as well as
in repose. Jackson, Gulley, Crib,
Carter, Gregson, Oliver, Neate, Cooper,

and the other "big ones," are fit to peep against any Greek that ever entered a ring of old—and we repeat, that if statuary ever comes to perfection in this island, we must look for the true causes of it to Moulsey Hurst, or to Wormwood-Scrubs.

There is an intimate connexion between statuary and painting—and could we once see the former flourishing under the benign influence of pugilism, no doubt it would impart its vigour to the sister art. Landscape painting seems to us to be acquiring an undue ascendancy over historical. Now nothing would so elevate historical painting as picturesque warfare. Unfortunately, the art of war now-a-days, (as the game of war is played by soldiers,) is far from being productive of picturesque effects. But we cannot imagine a subject better adapted for historical painting than the ring at some great national pugilistic contest—such, for example, as that between Randal and Turner, on which the honour of Ireland and Wales hung—a subject, indeed, fitted to awaken all the most powerful passions of the human soul.

It is plain that we are not now writing a regular essay on the scope and tendency of pugilism, after the fashion of Mr Napier's celebrated essay on the scope and tendency of the writings of Lord Bacon. We do not pretend to understand the art of boxing so well as he does that of reasoning by induction; we throw out merely a few hints as food for speculation, but cannot expect that the attention of the world will be so rivetted to them as it was to the original Illustrations of that erudite philosopher.

If, however, pugilism may thus manifestly exert a highly beneficial influence on statuary and painting, it can scarcely fail of being friendly to poetry. Indeed, as yet, its effects on the poetry of England have been more visible than on any of the other fine arts. Some of our best pugilists are likewise among our best poets, and the name of Bob Gregson has at least as fair a chance of immortality as that of Leigh Hunt.

Pugilism seems to have acted on poetry chiefly through the medium of its slang language. It has enriched the diction of poetry (which, notwithstanding the preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, we and Bob Gregson think essentially different from that of prose), with a vast accession of "choice set

terms," for which there is absolutely no equipollent in any of the other languages of Europe. Above all, it has introduced into poetry new images, and given to almost all representations of "sensuous forms" a vividness, and, if we may use the expression, a palpability for which we may look in vain throughout the works of the finest spirits anterior to the pugilistic era of English poetry.

The influence of pugilism on politics is a subject on which we are unwilling to touch—for we reserve it for an essay to be read before the Speculative Society of Edinburgh. We may only remark, that the late trial of strength between Mr Lamb and Mr Hobhouse proved how intimately connected pugilism is with the freedom of election, and the independence of Parliament. Indeed, we understand that Caleb Baldwin has the entire disposal of two seats; while Turner, through his late defeat by Randal, the *NONPAREIL*, has lost almost all his parliamentary influence.

We hope that these few remarks will serve to comfort, by a more cheering and benign philosophy, the minds of those who have hitherto been wont to talk of the brutality and cruelty of pugilism. It is plain, that the more art the less brutality, and really to see a man knocked down in England does one's heart good. As to cruelty, surely boxing is not half so bad as the skinning of eels. And as to manners, we never drink a bottle of claret with Mr Jackson, or eat a beef-steak with Tom Belcher, without feeling that of pugilism, as of the other fine arts, may with all truth be said,

"*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.*"

A sentiment thus beautifully translated by Bob Gregson:

"A knowledge of the pugilistic art
To manner gives the softness of the heart."

We have been led into these "high and noble fancies," by a late volume of the pugilistic school, entitled "*Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, &c.*" from which we shall now make a few extracts. In the Preface, which is written by a gentleman, modestly calling himself "One of the Fancy," we have the following excellent remarks on the "flash language."

And now, with respect to that peculiar language called *Flash*, or *St Giles's Greek*, in which Mr Crib's Memorial and the other articles in the present volume are

and Isocrates, though he represents Alcibiades as despising the art, yet acknowledges that its professors were held in high estimation through Greece, and that those cities, where victorious pugilists were born, became illustrious from that circumstance; just as Bristol has been rendered immortal by the production of such heroes as Tom Crib, Harry Harmer, Big Ben, Dutch Sam, &c. &c.—Ammianus Marcellinus tells us how much that religious and pugnacious Emperor, Constantius, delighted in the *Set-tos*, “pugilum” vicissim se concidentium per-fusorunque sanguine.”—To these are added still more flattering testimonies, such as that of Isidorus, who calls Pugilism “virtus,” as if *par excellence*;† and the yet more enthusiastic tribute with which Eustathius reproaches the Pagans, of having enrolled their Boxers in the number of the Gods.—In short, the whole chapter is full of erudition and *vers*; —from *Lycophron* (whose very name snacks of pugilism) down to *Boxiana* and the *Weekly Despatch*, not an author on the subject is omitted.

Though Tom Crib beat Bob Gregson on the plain of Moulsey, yet we think that Bob Gregson has beat Tom Crib on Mount Parnassus. The truth is, that though Tom is a thorough gentleman in the ring and the chophouse, he is apt to become a thorough blackguard when he takes the pen in his hand; and, on a certain subject he is generally known to be insane. We are sorry to say, too, that we should have expected better politics from the Champion of England than we find in his Memorial. On this account we shall quote from Bob alone. It rarely indeed happens that a poet of such originality as Gregson so excels in imitation. Really, we could have sworn that the following song had been written by Tom Moore.

JINES TO MISS GRACE MADDOX, THE
FAIR PUGILIST,‡

Written in imitation of the Style of Moore;

BY BOB GREGSON, P. P.

SWEET Maid of the Fancy! —whose ogle,§
adorning
That beautiful cheek, ever budding like
bowers,

* Notwithstanding that the historian expressly says “pugilum,” Lipsius is so anxious to press this circumstance into his Account of the Ancient Gladiators, that he insists such an effusion of *claret* could only have taken place in the gladiatorial combat. But Lipsius never was at Moulsey Hurst. See his *Saturnal. Sermon*, lib. 1. cap. 2.

† Origin, lib. 18. c. 18.

‡ Sister of the celebrated George Maddox, whom she has seconded in more than one battle.

§ Eyes.

Are bright as the gems that the first Jew*
of morning

Hawks round Covent-Garden, ’mid cart-
loads of flowers!

Oh Grace of the Graces! whose kiss to my lip
Is as sweet as the brandy and tea, rather
thinnish,

That *Knights of the Rump*† so rurally sip,
At the first blush of dawn, in the Tap of
the Finish!‡

Ah, never be false to me, fair as thou art,
Nor belie all the many kind things thou
hast said;

The falsehood of *other* nymphs touches the
Head,

But THY *fibbing*, my dear, plays the dev’l
with the Head!

Yet, who would not prize, beyond honours
and pelf,

A maid to whom Beauty such treasures
has granted,

That, ah! she not only has black eyes her-
self,

But can furnish a friend with a pair, too,
if wanted!

Lord ST-W-RT’s a hero (as many suppose),
And the Lady he woos is a rich and a rare
one;

His heart is in *Chancery*, every one knows,
And so would his head be, if thou wert
his fair one.

Sweet Maid of the Fancy! when love first
came o’er me,

I felt rather *queerish*, I freely confess;

But now I’ve thy beauties each moment be-
fore me,

The pleasure grows more, and the queer-
ishness less.

Thus a new set of *darbies*,§ when first they
are worn,

Makes the *Jail-bird*|| uneasy, though
splendid their ray;

But the links will lie lighter the longer they’re
borne,

And the comfort increase, as the *shine*
fades away!

* By the trifling alteration of “dew” into “Jew,” Mr Gregson has contrived to collect the three chief ingredients of Moore’s poetry, viz. dews, gems, and flowers, into the short compass of these two lines.

† Highwaymen.

‡ Brandy and tea is the favourite beverage at the Finish, a well known house in Covent-Garden.

§ Fetters.

|| Prisoner.—This being the only bird in the whole range of Ornithology, which the author of *Lalla Rookh* has not pressed into his service, Mr Gregson may consider himself very lucky in being able to lay hold of it.

The other song of Gregson's which we shall quote, was written by him for a masquerade, or fancy-ball, given lately at one of the most fashionable Cock-and-Hen Clubs in St Giles's. It was, we are told, sung by *Old Prosy*, the Jew, who went in the character of Major Cartwright, and who, having been, at one period of his life, apprentice to a mountebank doctor, was able to enumerate, with much volubility, the virtues of a certain infallible nostrum, which he called his *Annual Pill*. The pronunciation of the Jew added considerably to the effect.

THE ANNUAL PILL,

Sung by OLD PROSY, the Jew, in the Character of MAJOR C—RTW—GHT.

VILL nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,

Dat's to purify every ting nashty away?

Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say
vat I vill,

Not a Chrisitian or Shentleman minds
vat I say!

'Tis so pretty a bolus!—just down let it go,
And, at vonce, such a *radical* shange you
vill see,

Dat I'd not be surprish'd, like de horse in
de show,

If our heads all vere found vere our tailish
ought to be!

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual
Pill*, &c.

'Twill cure all Electors, and purge away
clear

Dat mighty bad itching dey've got in deir
hands—

'Twill cure, too, all Statesmen of dullness, ma
tear,

Though the case vas as desperate as poor
Mister VAN'S.

Dere is noting at all vat dis Pill vill not
reach—

Give the Sinecure Ghentleman von little
grain,

Pless ma heart, it vill act, like de salt on
de leech,

And he'll throw de pounds, shillings, and
pence, up again!

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual
Pill*, &c.

'Twould be tedious, ma tear, all its peauties
to paint—

But, among oder tings *fundamentally*
wrong,

It vill cure de *Proad Pottom**—a common
complaint

Among M. Ps. and weavers—from *sitting*
too long.†

Should symptoms of *speeching* preak out on
a dunce,

(Vat is often de case) it vill stop de disease,
And pring away all de long speeches at vonce,

Dat else vould, like tape-worms, come out
by degrees!

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,

Dat's to purify every ting nashty away?

Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say
vat I vill

Not a Chrisitian or Shentleman minds
vat I say!

The last specimen which we shall quote from this singular volume, is by an anonymous author, though, from internal evidence, we should ascribe it to Mr Jackson. It is—

Account of the Milling-match between Entellus and Dares, translated from the Fifth Book of the Æneid.

VIRGIL, ÆNEID. Lib. v. 4. 26.

Constitit in digitos extemplò arrectus uter-
que,

Brachiaque ad superas interritus extulit au-
ras.

Abduxère retrò longè capita ardua ab ictu:
Immiscentque manus manibus, pugnamque
laccessunt.

Ille, pedum melior motu, fretusque juventâ:
Hic, membris et mole valens; sed tarda

trementi

BY ONE OF THE FANCY.

With *daddles*‡ high uprais'd, and *nob* held
back,

In awful prescience of th' impending *thwack*,
Both *Kiddies*§ stood—and with prelusive
spar,

And light manœuvring, kindled up the war!
The One, in bloom of youth—a *light-weight*
blade—

The Other, vast, gigantic, as if made,
Express, by Nature for the *hammering trade*;

* Meaning, I presume, *Coalition Administrations*.

† Whether sedentary habits have any thing to do with this peculiar shape, I cannot determine, but that some have supposed a sort of connection between them, appears from the following remark, quoted in Kornmann's curious book, *de Virginitatis Jure*—"Ratio perquam lepida est apud Kirchner in Legato, cum natura illas partes, quæ ad sessionem sunt destinatæ, latiores in fœminis fecerit quam in viris, innuens domi eas manere debere." Cap 40.

‡ Hands.

§ Fellows, usually *young fellows*.

Genua labant, vastos quatit æger anhelitus
artus.
Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jac-
tant,
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, et pectore
vastos
Dant sonitus : erratque aures et tempora
circum
Crebra manus : duro crepitant sub vulnere
malæ.

Stat gravis Entellus, nisuque immotus eo-
dem,
Corpore tela modò atque oculis vigilantibus
exit.

Ille, velut celsam oppugnat qui molibus
urbem,
Aut montana sedet circum castella sub armis;
Nunc hos, nunc illos aditus, omnemque
pererrat
Arte locum, et variis assultibus irritus urget.

Ostendit dextram insurgens Entellus, et altè
Extulit; ille ictum venientem à verticè velox
Prævidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit.
Entellus vires in ventum effudit, et ultrò
Ipse gravis graviterque ad terram pondere
vasto
Concidit; ut quondam cava concidit, aut
Erymantho.
Aut Idâ in magnâ, radicibus eruta pinus.

Consurgunt studiis Teucris et Trinacria
pubes :
It clamor cælo; primusque accurrit Acestes
Æquævumque ab humo miserans attollit
amicum.

At non tardatus casu, neque territus heros ;
Acrior ad pugnam redit, ac vim suscitât irâ ;

But aged,* slow, with stiff limbs, tottering
much,
And lungs that lack'd the bellows-mender's
touch.

Yet sprightly to the Scratch both Buffers
came,
While ribbers rung from each resounding
frame,
And divers digs, and many a ponderous pelt,
Were on their broad bread-baskets heard and
felt.

With roving aim, but aim that rarely miss'd,
Round lugs and ogles† flew the frequent fist;
While showers of facers told so deadly well,
That the crush'd jaw-bones crackled as they
fell!

But firmly stood ENTELLUS—and still
bright,
Though bent by age, with all THE FANCY'S
light,

Stopp'd with a skill, and rallied with a fire—
Th' Immortal FANCY could alone inspire!
While DARES, shifting round, with looks
of thought,

An opening to the Cove's huge carcass sought,
(Like General PRESTON, in that awful hour,
When on one leg he hopp'd to—take the
Tower!)

And here and there, explor'd with active fin†
And skilful feint, some guardless pass to win,
And prove a boring guest when once let in.

And now ENTELLUS, with an eye that
plann'd

Punishing deeds, high rais'd his heavy hand;
But, ere the sledge came down, young DA-
RES spied

Its shadow o'er his brow, and slipp'd aside—
So nimbly slipp'd, that the vain nobber pass'd
Through empty air; and He, so high, so vast,
Who dealt the stroke, came thundering to
the ground!—

Not B—CK—GH—M, himself, with bulkier
sound,§

Uprooted from the field of Whiggish glories,
Fell sousè, of late, among the astonish'd
Tories!

Instant the Ring was broke, and shouts and
yells

From Trojan Flashmen and Sicilian Swells
Fill'd the wide heav'n—while, touch'd with
grief to see

His pal,|| well-known through many a lark
and spree,¶

Thus rumtly floor'd, the kind ACESTES ran,
And pitying rais'd from earth the game old
man.

Uncow'd, undamag'd to the sport he came,
His limbs all muscle, and his soul all flame.

* Macrobius, in his explanation of the various properties of the number seven, says, that the fifth Hebdomas of man's life (the age of 35) is the completion of his strength; that therefore pugilists, if not successful, usually give over their profession at that time. "Inter pugiles denique hæc consuetudo conservatur, ut quos jam coronavere victoriæ, nihil de se amplius in incrementis virium sperent; qui vero expertes hujus gloriæ usque illo manserunt, a professione discedant." In Somn. Scip. Lib. 1.

‡ Ears and eyes. ‡ Arm.

§ As the uprooted trunk in the original is said to be "cava," the epithet here ought perhaps to be "hollower sound."

|| Friend.

¶ Party of pleasure and frolic.

Tum pudor incendit vires, et conscia virtus;
Præcipientemquæ Daren ardens agit æquore
toto;
Nunc dextrâ ingeminans ictus, nunc ille
sinistrâ.

Nec mora, nec requies: quàm multâ gran-
dine nimbi
Culminibus crepitant, sic densis ictibus heros
Creber utrâque manu pulsât versatque Da-
reta.

Tum pater Æneas procedere longius iras,
Et sævire animis Entellum haud passus
acerbis;
Sed finem imposuit pugnæ, fessumque Da-
reta.
Eripuit, mulecens dictis, ac talia satur.

Infelix! quæ tanta animum dementia cepit?
Non vires alias, conversaque numina sentis?
Gede Deo.

Dixitque, et prælia voce diremit.
Ast illum fidi æquales, genua ægra trahen-
tem
Jactantemque utroque caput, crassumque
cruorem
Ore rejectantem, mixtosque in sanguine
dentes
Ducunt ad naves.

The memory of his *milling* glories past,
The shame, that aught but death should
see him *grass'd*,
All fir'd the veteran's *pluck*—with fury flush'd
Full on his light-limb'd *customer* he rush'd,
And *hammering* right and left, with pon-
derous swing,
Ruffian'd the reeling youngster round the
Ring—

Nor rest, nor pause, nor breathing-time was
given,
But, rapid as the rattling hail from heav'n
Beats on the house-top, showers of RAN-
DAL'S *shot*†

Around the Trojan's *slugs* flew, peppering hot!
'Till now ÆNEAS, fill'd with anxious dread,
Rush'd in between them, and, with words
well bred,

Preserv'd alike the peace and DARES' head,
Both which the veteran much inclin'd to
break—

Then kindly thus the *punish'd* youth bespake:
“Poor *Johnny Raw*! what madness could
impel

So *rum* a *Flat* to face so *prime* a *Swell*?
See'st thou not, boy, THE FANCY, heaven-
ly Maid,
Herself descends to this great *Hammerer's*
aid,

And, singling *him* from all her *flash* adorers,
Shines in his *hits*, and thunders in his *floorers*?
Then, yield thee, youth,—nor such a
spooney be,

To think mere man can *mill* a Deity!”
Thus spoke the Chief—and now the *scrim-
mage* o'er,

His faithful *pals* the *done-up* DARES bore
Back to his home, with tottering *gams*, sunk
heart,

And *muns* and *noddle-pink'd* in every part.‡
While from his *gob* the guggling *claret*
gush'd,

And lots of *grinders*, from their sockets
crush'd,

Forth with the crimson tide in rattling frag-
ments rush'd!

* This phrase is but too applicable to the *round hitting* of the ancients, who, it appears by the engravings in Mercurialis de Art. Gymnast. knew as little of our *straight-forward* mode as the uninitiated Irish of the present day. I have, by the by, discovered some errors in Mercurialis, as well as in two other modern authors upon Pugilism (viz. Petrus Faber, in his *Agonisticon*, and that indefatigable classic antiquary, M. Burette, in his “*Memoire pour servir à l'Histoire du Pugilat des Anciens*” (which I shall have the pleasure of pointing out in my forthcoming “*Parallele*.”

† A favourite blow of the NONPAREIL'S, so called.

‡ There are two or three Epigrams in the Greek Anthology, ridiculing the state of mutilation and disfigurement to which the pugilists were reduced by their combats. The following four lines are from an Epigram by Lucillius, Lib. 2.

Κοσκινὸν ἢ κεφαλὴ σου, Ἀπολλοφάνης, γιγνέσθαι,

Ἡ τῶν σπτοκοπῶν βυζλαρίων τὰ κατὰ.

Ὅνταις μυρμηκῶν τροπῆματ' ὁδὸν καὶ ὀρθήν,

Γράμματα τῶν λυρικῶν Λυδία καὶ Φρυγία.

Literally, as follows: “Thy head, O Apollophanes, is perforated like a sieve, or like the leaves of an old worm-eaten book; and the numerous scars, both straight and cross-ways, which have been left upon thy pate by the cistus, very much resemble the score of a Lydian or Phrygian piece of music.” Periphrastically, thus:

Your noddle, dear Jack, full of holes like a sieve,

Is so figur'd, and dotted, and scratch'd, I declare,

By your *customers'* fists, one would almost believe

They had *punch'd* a whole verse of “the Woodpecker” there!

It ought to be mentioned, that the word “*punching*” is used both in boxing and music-engraving.

The Mad Banker of Amsterdam ; OR, THE FATE OF THE BRAUNS.

A POEM, IN TWENTY-FOUR CANTOS.

BY WILLIAM WASTLE OF THAT ILK, ESQUIRE.

Member of the Dilettanti, Royal, and Antiquarian Societies, and of the Union and Ben Water's Clubs of Edinburgh ; Honorary Member of the Kunst-und alterthumsliebbers Gesellschaft of Göttingen, and of the Phoenix Terrarum of Amsterdam, &c. &c. &c.

Sexe enchanteur, à qui tout rend hommage,
Si j'ai passé le printemps des amours,
Si, malgré moi, j'ai l'honneur d'être sage,
Je me souviens encor de ces beaux jours
Ou j'ai subi votre doux esclavage,
Qui n'eut alors envié mon partage ?
La volupté fidèle a mes desirs,
En m'égayant de plaisirs en plaisirs,
Se conformait à mon humeur volage.
* * * * *

Oh ! croyez moi, sexe fait pour charmer,
Contentez vous d'un si doux avantage,
Et n'allez pas vous laisser enflammer,
Pour les faux biens qui sont à notre usage,
N'enviez point les palmes du génie ;
Le ciel vous fit pour des plus doux combats,
Donnez des lois, et n'en recevez pas.

ANON.

CANTO VIII.*

Argument.

*Will Wastle in a sober mood
Upon the Calton sate,
He shewed the Banker Holyrood,
And scribbled Canto VIII.*

I.

Beneath your quickening feet light springs the green
Elastic carpet—glows the living sod
With bright but simple flowers, whose pastoral
sheen
Is free, as if mid Alpine heights ye trod,
Where the bold steps of hunter men have been ;
Where chamois, wolf, and elk, have their abode ;
And creeping lichens find their lonely lair
Beneath the pine arms' overshadowing bare.

II.

And rocks above you and around are piled,
Hoary and shagged, purple, brown, and gray,
Beneath the shelter of whose antres wild,
Glides narrow on your perilous-seeming way,
Leading the footstep, as the eye, beguiled
From turn to turn, thro' strange diversity
Of opening, widening, and contracting view,
Of ever varying substance, form, and hue.

III.

See what a glorious picture lies unrolled
Between you and the ocean's endless smile
Of rippling waves—green wood and greener wold,
Fringing the rocky buckler of the isle,
Whose strength is stern and stedfast, but not
cold—
And yon gay sands, o'er many a golden mile,
Upon whose vanishing and glittering lines
The light and curling foam caressing shines.

IV.

One solitary step—how shifts the scene ;
A loftier mountain lifts into the air,
Far up, a bolder sweep of darker green
Than that we tread on. O the broom is fair
That dallies on the brink of yon black screen,
Yon craigs prerupt, which, o'er the murky glare
Of crimsoned smoke, their gloomy ledges shoot,
Like battlements along the mountain root.

* We do not hold ourselves accountable for the caprices of our correspondents, more especially for those of Mr Wastle. We have in vain urged this gentleman to proceed regularly in the publication of his great Poem in the natural order of its Cantos, but he is obstinate and we must needs submit.

V.

For lo ! even in the shadow of the hills

Our fathers have their deep foundations laid,
And their old city, like a lioness, fills

The shade that gives her shelter, and that shade
Is proud of her whose low voice wakes and thrills
Her echoes—whose majestic couch is made
Where all things round free nature's power express,
The sea, the mountains, and the wilderness.

VI.

Most regal city ! fit for habitation

Of the great worthies of the ancient time !

Fit citadel of a heroic nation,

Themselves the living bulwark of their clime !

Alas ! how now thy streets are desolation !

How dreary are thy palaces sublime !

How dim the vision of thy prime appears,

Wrought in this crumbling canopy of years !

VII.

Aye here—where narrowest is her valley's case,

And highest is the mountain of her shade—

Here stands the mansion of that reverend race,

Like them forgotten, and like them decayed ;

Their memory is departed, and the place

Knows them no longer, where their power displayed

Wise splendour—where the monarch's pious pride
Adorned a shrine—a palace sanctified.

VIII.

And yet not all forgotten—for there dwells

A spirit and a soul in this dark glen ;

And hallowed in time's eye are these green fells,

In old days trod by holy humble men ;

And hallowed are these melancholy cells

Wherein their meek lives glided on—O when

Could Scotland's weary eye forget to brood,

With tearful gaze, on desolate Holyrood

IX.

Even tho' her walls had never nursed a king—

Tho' not one lord of all the Steuart line

Had e'er been here, the fleeting gauds to fling

Of earthly splendour round the Saviour's shrine—

Tho' these grey roofs had ne'er been taught to ring

To other sound than melody divine

Of organ, floating thro' their cloistered choirs,

Or lowly mystic chaunt of gray-haired sires,

X.

Or stream harmonious, mild, from lips out-flowing

Of infant songsters nurtured gently here,

To feed the pulse of love, all holy glowing,

By the sweet breathings of their rapture clear ;

Ethereal notes, in ecstasies up-going,

Up, up, on high, amidst the listening sphere,

Rich and more richly to heaven's gate ascending,

And with the living lutes of angels blending ;

XI.

Tho' ne'er had hovered these dim aisles among
More earthly cloud of perfume, than the breath
Of solemn censer, o'er the altar swung—

Tho' they had crowned old winter with no wreath
More gaudy than the dark green garland hung
In annual memory of his birth—whose death
Was present ever—whose most precious blood
Embalmed its lofty name to Holyrood.

XII.

Alas ! shall ne'er your glory be renewed,

Ye palaces of antique splendour, where

Were cradled the young shoots of that high brood—

Linlithgow, thou the pleasant—Falkland fair—

Snawdon, high throned above thy peerless flood

Of winding glittering waters?—O shall ne'er

St. Peter's shrine restore that druid stone

To its old haunted hermitage of Scone ?

XIII.

Royal in all things ! O what kingly grace

Sat pale upon their features,—what sad brows

O'erhung the mild eyes of the pensive race,—

O well did nature teach them to espouse

Dejected majesty in that high place ;

O wise and well that coming fate allows

Dim forethought of her sorrows ; wisely she

Paints in the fruit the ruin of the tree.

XIV.

And so, even he, the merriest of them all,*

Whose blythe wit charmed the haughty Lewis'
ear,

He, the glad reveller in bower and hall,

Gay, gallant, courteous, all without a peer—

Even he, amidst his brightest festival

Elate his royal visage—scan ye near

Those boldly lineaments, and mark ye not

The dim hereditary boding blot

XV.

Of misery musing over evils gone

And evils coming, in that dark deep eye ?

That forehead high and proud—it is the throne

Of other thoughts than pride, though it be high ;—

A pining gloom sits half unseen thereon,

That speaks of treasons past and Flodden nigh ;

And blends faint memory of the bloody heart†

Of rebel Douglas, with the visioned dart

XVI.

Piercing his lion on the Howard's shield‡—

Even mid the softest, most elysian notes

Which Heron's harp's luxurious strings may yield,

A small still voice of mingling sadness floats—

Surry's far cry upon the blasted field—

The savage murmurings of mailed throats,—

The rush of bloody waters—and the gloom

Of the wild winds above a nameless tomb.

* James IV.

† The allusion is to James III. slain near Stirling, as is supposed, by the Laird of Kier, one of the faction of Douglas.

‡ The Earl of Surrey received permission to bear in his coat the Lion of Scotland, pierced with a dart, in memory of his victory at Flodden Field.

XVII.

Pass over one—he died before his time*—

And look on her whose beauty hath become
A bye-word to all nations—in the prime
And flush o' her days—the rose of Christendom,
Shedding such lustre 'over this cold clime
As never southern knew—she struck men dumb
With the sun-like dazzle of her regal charms,
And stooped a goddess to young Darnley's arms

XVIII.

Fairer than eye may see or tongue express :—

The sweep of centuries hath not ta'en off
The freshness of her famous loveliness,
The savage scowl of party hate—the scoff
Of black-souled bigot have not made her less
Than when she first was taught the queen to doff,
And beamed, all woman, on these halls antique,
Love's liquid eye, and mantling, maddening cheek.

XIX.

No—not all woman—woman, and yet queen

Amidst the very faintness of her sighs—
Wearing her majesty as it had been
A thing she fain would quit, but in her eyes
Enthroned immoveable, sublime, serene,
Woven in her essence by her destinies,
Awing her lover even in the soft hour
Of heart-dissolving passion's prime and power.

XX.

It makes man giddy but to think upon

Such pride of beauty in a queen's caresses ;
Yet deem not Mary's eye untroubled shone
Beneath yon glorious canopy of tresses ;
Ah no ! the household fiend his curse had blown
Upon her radiance, and those old distresses
Had dropt their shadow on her fairest day—
Thy spectre-presage, woeful Fotheringay !

XXI.

The pulse of that high blood that boiled within
Was such as meaner mortals cannot know—
Hardly could aught that pleased appear a sin
Unto a nature that was fashioned so
For sway—when once such torrent might begin
To lap poor reason in its perilous flow,
What wonder that resistance none should keep
Back from the surface of the audacious leap ?

XXII.

Perchance the snowy lilies of her breast
Had all been nipped even in their opening bloom,
And scattered into dust by the same pest
Which hung his sable o'er the early tomb
Of Francis—broken thus the delicate rest
Of young confiding love, there was no room
To frame another dream of woof so pure
Whereon the soul might couch in peace secure.†

XXIII.

And so, perchance, what followed—all her years
Of riper, richer, more effulgent glory—
Were but a gaudy mask to cover tears—
And the worst deeds that stain her doleful story,
But the mad tricks of sorrow—and the shears
That cropped those locks of hers, untimely hoary‡,
The harbingers of a most welcome steal,
Which lopped for ever that which would not heal.

XXIV.

But upon cold and heartless days she fell,
When men threw charity from faith away ;
And even her heavenly face posset no spell,
The demon of their bigot rage to lay ;
And she was left to one who loved full well,
And practised all the privilege of sway—
And erred, perchance, as much as Mary did,
Albeit her better craft her errors hid.

* James V.

† The beautiful ballad, composed by Mary herself on the death of her first husband, the Dauphin might perhaps be adduced in support of this idea, as indeed it already has been by Brantome.

En mon triste et doux chant
D'un ton fort lamentable,
Je jette un œil tranchant
De perte irréparable,
Et in soupirs cuisants
Passe mes meilleurs ans.
Fut il un tel malheur
De dure destinéé
Ny si triste douleur
De Dame fortunee,
Qui mon cœur et mon œil
Vois en bierre et cercueil ?

Qui en mon doux printems,
Et fleur de ma jeunesse,
Toutes les peines sens
D'une extreme tristesse
Et rien n'ay plaisir,
Qu'en regret et desir.

‡ Les cheveux etaint dejas blancs, qu'elle ne craignoit pourtant, estant en vie, de les monstrier, ny de les tordre et friser comme quand elle les avoit si beaux, si blonds, et cendrez ; car ce n'estoit pas la vieillesse qui les avoit si changez en l'age de trent-cinq ans ; mais c'estoient les ennuy, les tristesses, et maux qu'elle avoit endurez en son Royaume et en sa prison.

BRANTOME.

XXV.

And rivalry of charms, and love, and fame
Kindled such wrath in that proud woman's soul,
That, when the spark had found a vent to flame,
Nor policy nor mercy might controul
Its furious bursting, and she felt no shame
The smouldering torrent of her ire to roll
Full on the Lord's anointed, and begun
That work of sacrilege which hath undone

XXVI.

Old honour—which hath given men heart to ope
The sacred sluice of the rich blood of kings,
When uninspired prophets nurse mad hope
Which from impatient ignorance outsprings:
And popular phrenzy's shroud doth envelope
Man's quiet light of soul; and baser things
Are lifted higher by the pluckers down,
Irreverent of crosier and of crown.

XXVII.

Oh! noble is the death from noble foe
In the free field received, when the broad star
Of day is high in heaven—yet more when slow
The golden west receives his sinking car—
For then those mild majestic beams bestow
Their softest splendours on the bed of war—
And soldiers close their eyelids on the scene,
Even like the sun, sad, solemn, and serene.

XXVIII.

But there is meekness lodged within thy heart
Most lovely Mary, (fervid tho' thou be)
Which, when the agony cometh, shall impart
A more than evening of tranquillity—
Tho' gloomy walls shut heaven from where thou art,
And inward only the last light to thee,
With smiles amidst those lordlings shalt thou go,
Who come to see the blood of monarchs flow.

XXIX.

High in her hand the silver cross she rears,
The Lord of life is imaged there in dying—
Well pitied he another Mary's tears—
Upon his grace, be sure, is she relying;
Stilled every tumult—vanquished all her fears—
With what repose she all around is eyeing;
O see, amidst her maidens sobs and shrieks,
O see, the blood deserts not her calm cheeks.*

XXX.

A Woman, and a Christian, and a Queen—
What could she more or less? she did not bare
Her neck unto the axe with the high mien
Of pride, which mantles dying man's despair;
Nor on her upward eyelids was there seen
That radiant light of faith—that scorn of care—
That joy of love which virgin saints display,
When rude men take their spotless lives away.

XXXI.

She was nor glad nor sorrowing, proud nor cold;—
Yet did her sex, her station, and her creed
A mingled mild serenity unfold
Upon her forehead, when she knelt to bleed,
Such as became her nobly; less than bold—
And yet in nothing seemed she terrified—
As were her life not much to be laid down,
Being already stripped of her fair crown.

XXXII.

But bitter curses be those lords upon,
Who saw, without one tear, that stroke descend-
ing,
O bitter be to them the parting groan—
And ruffian be the grasp, their black souls rending;
And for yon mild light that on Mary shone,
Hope's vestal cheer with nature's anguish blend-
ing—
May all the triple gloom that hell inherits
Welcome, e'er life be sped, their shrinking spirits.

XXXIII.

Yes—and upon the cruel cousin Queen,
Who bade that kindred royal blood be shed,
Oh, yes! too well shall that dark curse be seen—
When madness o'er the horrid eye is spread
Of the old tyranness—when imps obscene
Laugh 'mid the hoary tangles of her head,
And, fear faint reverence quenching, her slaves fly,
And leave the screaming wretch alone to die.

XXXIV.

And so fair Mary bled—a son had she,
And he had ears to hear this bloody tale;
And Mary's crown, plucked from her misery,
Was his, and men with premature all-hail
Greeted his kingship—O what heart had he?
Whose faith holds hearts like bodies parted male
And female? craven, dastard, coward, King!
What manhood sits within that golden ring,

XXXV.

Upon thy solemn meditative brow?
In truth much gravity is in thy look,
A very Solomon of frowns art thou—
And most wise parables, even without book,
Thy tongue can utter. Where's thy wisdom now?
Say, is it she bids thee sit still and brook
Outrage like this upon the Lion line—
Insult and blood—thus silent and supine?

XXXVI.

Not Wisdom high and holy;—Prudence mean,
And Interest, and a nature framed so base
That even its virtues from thy birth had been
Disparagement and scorn to thy high race—
Aye, me! could but the Bruce's shade have seen
The timorous twitches of that pedant face,
How the proud ghost had shut his anguished eyes
On Caledonia's sunken destinies!

* This circumstance is mentioned by Brantome in his beautiful and affecting narrative of Queen Mary's death.

“ Puis après vindrent les commissaires susdits et estants entrez, la Roynne leur dit; *he bien, Messieurs, vous m'etes venu querir. Je suis preste et tres resolute de mourir, et trouve que la Roynne ma bonne soeur fait beaucoup pour moy, et vous tous autres particulierement, qui en avez fait cette recherche; allons donc.* Eux, voyants cette constance, accompagnee d'une si grande douceur et extreme beauté, s'en estonnerent fort; car jamais ou ne la vit plus belle, ayant une couleur aux jouës, qui l'em-
bellissoit.

XXXVII.

But thou wast born a craven and a fool,
 And it were wrong to heap on thy poor head
 Such coals of vengeance. Who shall put to school
 The heart that nature forms of stone and lead?
 Could James become affectionate by rule?
 Could tractates teach him to avenge his dead?
 Could syllogistic pedagogues inspire
 That lazy blood with man's best conscience—fire?

XXXVIII.

This pardon such as weaknesses may win,
 Is from their brutal *strength* for ever barred,
 Who almost equalled thee in thy base sin,—
 From him the unrelenting savage, hard,
 And stern of frame—who stood with scornful grin,
 While tears—yea tears—that glorious visage
 marred,
 Down lovelier cheeks their scalding course pursuing,
 Than ever knew the stain of such bedewing.

XXXIX.

Virtues they had; most honest, most sincere,
 Most upright—if you will, most orthodox;
 But oh! they were a stubborn race, austere
 As if their God had hewn them from the rocks;
 And in that hour when Mary's glistening tear
 Flashed vainly on the marble eye of Knox,
 The ministering angels sighed—in rath
 That men of heart so cold should speak the truth.

XL.

And men that did inherit that cold mien,
 Made it the cloak of purpose more impure,
 And they whose fathers dared insult a queen,
 Deemed fouler outrage still might be secure
 Beneath the same all-overshadowing screen
 Of sanctity—and hypocrites demure,
 Trampled that Round which Mary's royal foe
 Had died with rage to think should come so low.

XLI.

For the wise reverence which a thousand fears
 Had sheltered in the bosom of the land,
 Withstood not the false wiles of those shrewd seers.
 And, as when the stream leaves some ancient strand,
 All bright and gay at first that strand appears,
 Till soon the drooping plants and cracking sand
 Sigh for the freshening waters once again,—
 So England, when she first threw off the reign

XLII.

Of her ancestral monarchs, deemed that she
 Should be a greater England than of old;
 But soon she learned what barren tyranny
 Attests the passions of the vulgar bold,
 When they usurp high places—like a sea,
 Back then the healing waves of homage rolled,
 And England fain would wash from earth's record,
 The murderous doom of her discrowned lord.

XLIII.

And Scotland graves her malison unsleeping,
 For ever on their names who sold her King,
 Commemoration black and silent keeping
 For ever of their treasonous flattering,
 And in remorseful floods her eyelids steeping
 For ever, that her womb to light did bring
 Children accursed, who have heaped upon her
 That mantle of inextinguishable dishonour;

XLIV.

A stain which not the passion of salt tears,
 Nor agony of loathing can efface;
 No—nor the melancholy sweep of years.
 Her sacrilege against that antique race,
 Forever on her branded front appears;—
 And gazing here on their abiding-place—
 Here in this hoary vale—seem all things round
 To sympathize with that unhealed wound.

XLV.

For, even within the hearing of the hum
 Of the fair city—death-like is the gloom
 Of this old Abbey, their Mausoleum;
 Hither, as unto some most lonely tomb,
 With their still pipe of sadness the winds come
 Whispering of ruin; and these flowers, whose
 bloom
 Still breathes in their untrodden garden, shew
 Like bright weeds, that on graves in mockery grow.

XLVI.

Enter their dwelling; look upon their walls,
 What lessons live on every pictured veil
 Of tapestry! from each faded touch there falls
 Faint echo of some old and tragic tale!
 Lo! there of Wallace' horn the clear high calls
 With panic cold his southern foes assail,
 Couched in the Torwood; Torwood's deer aghast,
 Drink with their forward ears the shrilly blast.

XLVII.

Here stands the Bruce, amidst the crimson eve,
 With solemn gaze the weltering field surveying;
 While some who did with him the work achieve,
 Uplift their failing hands, devoutly praying
 For his asserted crown: His ears receive
 Their fervid words of love, in death displaying
 Its potency; and half he seems to mourn,
 Even in the very hour of Bannockburn.

XLVIII.

There where the Thunder, in his clouds revealed,
 Stoops as his coming rage the heath would crush,
 There, in the centre of the lowering field,
 What storm of human wrath disturbs the hush
 Of the grim elements?—"Yield thee, Percy, yield."
 "No—not to me—but to yon bracken bush."
 Oh! rich may be that briar in bloom and bud,
 For its deep root hath drunk the Douglas' blood.*

* The "Battle of Otterburn" is perhaps the most beautiful of all the old ballads of the Border.

"My wound is deep—I fain would sleep,
 Take thou the vanguard of the three,
 And hide me by the bracken bush
 That grows on yonder lily lee.
 "O bury me by the bracken bush
 Beneath the blooming briar,
 Let never living mortal ken
 That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

"Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy," he said,
 "Or else I'll lay thee low."

"Whom to shall I yield," said Earl Percy,
 "Now that I see it must be so?"
 Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
 Nor yet shalt thou yield to me,
 But yield thee to the bracken bush
 That grows upon yon lily lee!"

This deed was done at Otterbourne,
 About the breaking of the day,
 Earl Douglas was buried at the bracken bush,
 And the Percy led captive away.

XLIX.

Time from the tints hath all their radiance ta'en,
And heavy on each line hangs the damp mould ;
And horse, and horseman, flood, and heaven, and
plain,

All in one mist of dim decay are rolled.
And it is better so. The working brain
Can fill the gap of circumstance half-told
To the half-baffled eye ; one broken hue
Can tell a world of woe ; one stream of blue

L.

Can speak where once a beaming sky hath been,
O'erhanging triumph of hot war—or camp,
Or tourneying knights upon the paled green ;
And yon black steed that riderless doth tramp,
As on the air, with that demoniac mien,
Doth but the more upon the muser stamp,
High memory of the master of his fear,
Who moulders, ages gone, in earth—and here.

LI.

The desolation, and the dreariness,
And the pale shroud of sheltering melancholy
Are well befitting. Who is he would dress
These withering walls in the bright gleams of
folly,
Or, with new weight of worldly pomp, dare press
Upon their monumental slumber holy ?
Keep out the wind and rain ; but give the throne
Of old Time reverence ; let his work go on ;

LII.

And turn away, for ye have seen enough.—
And come with me into the peopled town,
Where meditations, made of sterner stuff,
Await our musing.—What avails to frown
O'er Puritanic traitors rude and rough,
Who tore, of old, the rose and thistle down,
And scorned, alike, sweet Mary's peerless grace,
And the pale Martyr's reverential face ?

LIII.

The Queen—the Martyr, sleeps ; the parricide
Has ceased to be, and thro' the mist of years—
(Though time, the soother, loves to shelter deed
Less dark than his)—as black his fame appears,
As in that day of woe which saw thee bleed,
Thou victim of his ire—whom all endears
To all—whose errors take (what'er they were)
From thy sad memory, now, no worshipper.

LIV.

Or what avails to waste a world of sighs
Upon the ruins of a royal pile ?
What—but perchance to tempt new blasphemies
From men who wear one cold eternal smile
For all beyond their vulgar ken that lies—
For all the ancient honours of our isle—
—For all that sanctified in the old day,
The high resolves of men more pure than they ?—

LV.

Shall time hang towering trophies o'er the wreck
Of names, before whose old magnificence
Nations were proud to bow ? Shall he erect
The signals of his sad omnipotence
O'er high and holy things—yet give no check
To that rife brood of paltriness, from whence
Creeps the slow mildew with its slimy clutch,
Upon all beauty it may dare to touch.

LVI.

And shall we learn to be a *liberal* race,
Like our most liberal teachers ? Shall we stoop
Beneath their leaden folly's gilded mace,
And deem it pride, as many do, to droop
Before such symbol ? Shall the grinning face
Of self-complacent dullness awe its groupe
Of drivelling adoration on—nor hear
One warning cry to tell its hour is near ?

LVII.

What matters it ? The sun is in the sky,
And, tho' these fogs half intercept his beam,
And blind him for a season, soon on high,
In his meridian fervour, shall he seem
To scatter them like Cranioc'h ; his broad eye
Shall speak in lightnings to his trampling team,
And bats, and owls, and every bird of night,
Shall blink into their creaks—and all be light.

LVIII.

Then let the winged carrion of the air,
That flap their feathers so, with screams and
hooting,
Poise in their clouds a moment, and prepare
For somewhat of a more severe saluting
Than I have yet adventured on, to scare
Their pert vagaries ; let them seek some footing
Whereon to rest, when next my scorn shall speak,
The bleeding talon, and the bruised beak.*

* Mr Wastle seems here to allude to his poem of "the Modern Dunciad," which, we observe, is already announced as preparing for publication. It is understood, that Mr W. is to spend next summer in Italy, and that this highly important work will not be published till Christmas ; but this is all uncertainty in the case of so rapid a versifier as our illustrious friend. Mr Wastle's motto for his new work seems to be a very happy one ; it is from that old and much neglected classic, Sir Stephen Stanihurst.

EDITOR.

"Who in small streams the fisher's trade do try,
Are used to sit long hours, and little gain ;
If now and then a single leap they spy,
They of their fortune nothing do complain :
But in these northern regions of the main
Floats such variety of fish and fry,
That the bold mariner doth quite disdain
To win them wearily by hook and fly,
So scoops them up in shoals—such plenteous sport have I."

LETTERS FROM THE LAKES. WRITTEN DURING THE SUMMER OF 1818.

Translated from the German of PHILLIP KEMPFERHAUSEN.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I NEVER saw, in the works of the most poetical painters of Italy, any scene of the kind fit to be compared with the village of Ambleside. There really does not seem to be wanting, in that sweet reality, a single object of interest which the imagination would conjure up in its dreams of perfect rural beauty; while there is such harmony in the living picture—such a spirit, not of union only, but of unity itself, as would defy the powers of the most magical pencil. Accordingly, the neighbourhood of this village is haunted, during the summer months, by the best artists of England; and not only have all its grander outlines, but all its most secret nooks, been, year after year, a hundred times shadowed on the canvass. I had seen many of the finest of those paintings; yet, in spite of them all, the character of the country came upon me, on my first visit to it, with all the fresh-bursting brightness of novelty; and now that Ambleside and all its beauties are

“Part of my dreaming spirit’s still domains,”

I feel that the best picture would do no more than merely recall to life a few of those images whose floating and multitudinous variety keeps a mountainous region, from sunrise to sunset, as magnificently changeable as the great sea itself.

This is the only spot in England to whose keeping I may say that I have given up my heart. A man almost feels unwilling, in a foreign country, to intrust his affections to any objects, however delightful they may be; for all the while that they are stealing away his love, he remembers how transitory must be the season of his enjoyment; and surely it is a mournful thing to form friendships which we know must be broken off as soon as they are beginning to be a part of our existence. Some such feelings as these make me love this delightful village, perhaps more dearly, more intensely, than any native of England could do. The long summer-days

are sailing slowly but surely by, and a melancholy almost painful now comes to me with the approach of twilight—each setting sun seems to leave a more mournful light upon the mountains—night after night do I gaze on the still waters of Windermere with a profounder sadness—and when the bell of the church-tower tolls over the valley during the silence of nature, it seems to warn me of my departure from this beautiful little world, in which I have been so happy. Fairest of villages! never shall I forget any one of the days that I have past in thy bosom—any one of the placid evenings when I have returned from the distant glens into the homefelt joy of thy repose. I will love to speak of thee to those whom I love; and often and often will I think on thee, in those reveries when there seems no such thing as words, but the soul is filled with thoughts purer and more profound than can ever pass into utterance, with images brighter and more serene than ever shone over the face of the real world.

Do you smile, my dear friend, at my enthusiasm? You would not, had you been with me during the long day of delight that is now joining “the past’s eternity.” What caliph was it who said that he had enjoyed only nine days of happiness? Had they been all brightened into one, that one could not have so satisfied his heart, as mine has been with the Sabbath that is now sinking so beautifully with the setting sun. I feel delight prompting me to send away my soul unto my friend, and I will strive to bring back into one hour the lights and shadows of a day past in Paradise.

I rose just as the twilight of the short night shewed some faint symptoms of morning; and being uncertain in what direction my day’s route was destined to lie, I walked up to the burial-ground on a mount immediately above the village, from which I could see the openings, or the general course of many vallies, and from which I resolved to start on my journey, in obedience to the strongest im-

pulse that might come to me from the scenery around. There cannot be a more beautiful, a more cheerful place, than this churchyard. The church seems to have been lately built, and its simple and unassuming tower stands with a reverent and becoming grace among the groves and the mountains. Its tower is perfectly white; a colour which, though sometimes offensive in a landscape, seems to me, in such a case as this, associated with ideas of a pure, tranquil, and happy religion. In a huge and massy cathedral we require the solemnity of deep shadows, and our imaginations are not satisfied unless the walls are teeming, as it were, with past ages. There the colours that time has imprest must be touched only by the cloud or the sunshine. But the little chapel of the rural village ought to be of a far different character. There the house of God should stand in simple and gladsome beauty among the humbler dwellings of men—we rejoice to see the chapel smiling, not frowning, from its height, on those whose houses are clustered round it, as round a holy and a happy thing; and it is pleasant to observe how the cheerful and contented spirit of the peasantry expresses itself in the cheerful adornment of their places of worship. The lonesome chapel, at the head of some sequestered valley (and here I have seen many such), to which the shepherds flock from a distance, stands well in its solitude, in the brown colours of the rock that furnished its walls, and the "green radiance" of that beautiful slate-stone roof dug from the mountain that overshadows it. But in a more populous country, the pious gratitude of the human heart, ought not to suffer God's house to look dimmer in the sunshine than the cottages that surround it—and methinks, that the lovers of picturesque beauty, whom I have sometimes heard railing against these snow-white towers that crown the villages of the north of England, might read thoughts and feelings there that give them a more touching beauty than could ever be conferred on them by all the rules of art. Near to the church-tower stand two or three noble sycamore-trees, "themselves a grove."—They were now, early as it was in the morning, all alive with the hum of bees—a deep, continuous, happy, and busy music, that brought to me an

indescribable emotion, sitting, as I then was, on a tomb-stone, in that calm receptacle of the dead. As yet not a single wreath of smoke rose from the village below me; for, during the warm nights of summer, all the fires are allowed to expire—and the morning air gave me indeed a true feeling of that most expressive line,

"The innocent brightness of the new-born day."

Nothing stirred among the still houses but some beautiful pigeons that, sitting on a roof below me, seemed anxious to catch the first light of the sun on their purple plumage—while from a thick grove of oak-trees that carried its dewy freshness into the very heart of the village, there came such merry music from a new-awakened choir of birds, happy in their first summer, that the green covert in which they sang seemed rending with the noise. The day before, a beautiful girl, who had died of a consumption (a fatal disease in this country), had been buried here—and I had witnessed the ceremony of interment. This young creature used daily to walk in the churchyard, and to look on the spot where she was to be buried. I had myself more than once seen her there, and received from her a languid smile. Her death had been so long foreseen that, when it happened, there was but little agitation of grief even among those by whom she was most dearly beloved—and the perfect resignation with which her gray-haired father laid her in the grave, told how long he must have watched, and hoped, and prayed, before his soul could so calmly let go, into utter darkness, the coffin that held his only child. The image of her pale and melancholy face past before me for a while, and for a while I was deaf to "all the melodies of morn,"—but the beauty of nature, now momentarily dawning into strength and brightness, overcame all mournful thoughts, and forced my heart into the expansion of happiness. The old gray and green tomb-stones sunk into the earth by the weight of forgetfulness—with their inscriptions obliterated by moss and lichens—the new-made graves on which the daisies had scarcely had time to wither—and on which the dew-drops lay like the tears of recent grief—all brightened together in the presence of the joy of the morn-

ing, and brought to my heart only the salutary conviction, that trouble, though a necessary, is but a transient thing, and that there is wisdom in opening the heart to the gracious influences of happiness, even when stealing upon us in the midst of images of sadness and sorrow.

I felt half-inclined to pass all the still morning hours in this little church-yard, so sadly beautiful in itself, and from which there is seen in the distance so much of a cheerful loveliness. For, from this eminence are discerned rich openings of the valley, on one of whose acclivities the village stands—the tops of groves here and there islanded, as it were, in the azure atmosphere—mounts wrapt in a glittering mantle of coppice-wood—the first bright smile of the waters of Windermere, and far off the blue summits of a hundred hills. But a fresh and balmy southern breeze came suddenly up from the lake; and, as I left the church-yard of Ambleside, it seemed to waft me along, almost without an effort, up the heights of Kirkstone. In one little hour I was in utter solitude—the stony road winds, like a serpent, up nearly to the top of the mountain, leaving behind it, first cottage, then hut, and then sheepfold, till, having reached its utmost altitude, it stretches, for a while, along a level between overhanging cliffs, and then plunges down again into a long, deep, and narrow abyss. I can well imagine that this pass must be truly awful in a misty and howling storm—but on this pure and gentle morning, its character was that only of utter loneliness, profound solemnity, and a majestic calm. There was hardly a sound in the desert, for the stream below had shrunk before the long summer-drought, and was only heard at times when forming some feeble cascade. High up among the cliffs now and then arose the bleat of a lamb, which, in such situations, is almost as shrill as a bird's cry—and once and once only that fierce, sullen, and murderous carrion, the raven, croaked with a hollow voice that filled all the glen, and then sailed away, like a demon, into the solitude of his own cove. This silence of which I speak has sometimes made the solitude of nature to me almost insupportable. The soul wishes at last for some relief from the weight of stillness with which it is overwhelmed—for never does the

awful conviction of our perishable being so take possession of our thoughts as when time seems floating onwards even with folded wings, and when, amidst the motionless magnificence of nature, we know that we are yet hastening to our graves.

Suddenly, when I had reached the bottom of this descent, a little lake, that had hitherto lain invisible in its pellucid beauty, rippled and just rippled at my feet. This lake, properly called Broader-water, is known to the natives by the name of Brothers-water, according to one of those beautiful fictions created in all countries by the affections and the passions of the human heart; for here tradition tells that three loving brothers were drowned. After sating my eyes with its clear coolness, I turned to look at the mountains in which the stream that feeds this little lake has its source, and in a moment I resolved to ascend into their highest recesses. But before I reached the foot of an almost unscaleable precipice (called, I believe, Dove-Crag), I walked along a stream shaded with alder and birch trees, up a sweet solitary valley (Hartop), that has a character entirely peculiar to itself. One house only stands at the head of this valley—an old hall, with a sheltering grove of sycamore trees, old as itself. This is a spot that seems strong in its eternal seclusion—for the mountains behind—the lake terminating the valley—and the wild pass that leads the traveller by—all for ever guard yonder solitary mansion in the unbroken quiet of past years. I then ascended the torrent, the source of which is at least 1500 feet above the lake. Pool after pool seems to meet you on your ascent—clear and deep, in which I could see the fishes lying motionless, or darting away like arrows, when my feet shook the bank, or my shadow fell upon the water. Sometimes a tall graceful birch-tree stood beside one of these little waterfalls—while over the dripping rock often hung, like a gorgeous pall, rich masses of moss of a thousand dyes. When near the summit of the mountain, I met an old shepherd, who had, I found, left Hartop-hall before I had left Ambleside.—This little circumstance spoke forcibly of the pastoral life. His business was even more sleepless than my pleasure; and the lonely house that I had supposed asleep, with all its inmates, had,

even on the Sabbath morning, sent out its careful shepherd, before sunrise, to the mountains.

At length I stood on the summit of the mountain, and looked down into another long, wide, deep, houseless glen, from whose abyss, braided clouds, softer and fairer than snow, were ascending with motion scarcely perceptible; while here and there flashed upwards the scintillating radiance of a stream, whose course was for the most part hidden by overhanging rocks, or by banks of the brightest verdure. Nothing can be more inspiring and rousing, than the sudden change of prospect when one has toiled up a lofty hill. A range of earth, and cloud, and sky, seems to lie between and to separate two worlds. The mind is drawn down, as if by the power of physical attraction, into the newly discovered depth—a fresh train of thoughts and feelings is at once created, and the journey just past would almost seem as if it had been performed the day before, so bright does even time itself shine, when it dawns over the beauty of a new landscape suddenly revealed.

I descended into this magnificent scene, which is called “Rydal Cove,” and walked along the stream for nearly an hour, till I saw, close at hand, the majestic oak-woods of Rydal Park. I first came upon the green mossy stumps of trees; some, through age, utterly decayed, and others that had fallen beneath the inexorable axe. As I advanced, the outskirts of the still standing oak forest were graced by alder and birch trees, numerous in this country—and ere I found myself in the stately park, the stream had assumed a corresponding character, widening into deep black pools, and overshadowed by rocks whose fantastic beauty sometimes approached grandeur. By this time the sun rode high in heaven, but it was yet morning, and its calm still hung over the woods. Now and then the powerful voice of the stock-dove filled the wide mountain-groves with a deeper weight of loneliness—still carrying with it, wherever it moved, the very soul of solitude, and making that spot where it rested the centre of silence and seclusion. At length I heard the sound of a fall of waters, and looked down a noble cataract into a deep circular basin, surrounded and overshadowed by

all kinds of forest trees. The effect was electrical. When a mountain torrent is in flood, it is all one roaring tumbling cataract; and then one waterfall is distinguished from another only by louder thunder and a wilder tumult. But now the stream was low, and it might almost have been said, that the “little Naiad wept her impoverished urn.” A waterfall, in that case, comes dashing on the ear with a startling din—its misty spray seems to freshen all the scenery around it—the dream-like repose of the rivulet above the descent is at once broken by the roar—and the rush of waters at once fills the mind with a feeling of animated delight and bounding vivacity. The stream soon became still more beautiful—gliding along through majestic trees, that flung their arms across it—enclosing and forming little verdant glades, fit to be the haunts of Titania herself, and all her brightest Fays. It so happened, that this fine wood scenery had an accompaniment of singular beauty. The late noble lady of Rydal Hall had been, I understand, of rare humanity towards the creatures of inferior nature; and her daughter, the young Lady Le Fleming possessed the same amiable heart. It had been the delight of the Lady Diana to rear a vast number of that gorgeous bird, the pea-fowl, and they now sat, in great numbers, on the branches of the old trees, or walked up and down beneath their canopy in all the pomp of their colours. This bird, which looks, unless when its pride is expanded, tame and awkward in a court-yard, is, beyond belief, majestic in forest scenery. As they sat on the mossy fantastic boughs, with their long tail-feathers depending far down—with their slim and graceful necks of changeful radiance constantly moving—and with their delicate crests and glancing eyes,—I could have imagined them natives of wild and untrodden woods, where no wandering man had ever before stooped to admire their beauty. Some of these creatures, too, there were of snowy white—which, so contrary to the dazzling splendour of their companions, pleased by its extreme delicacy and silver purity. As occasionally one of those princely birds gave a wild cry from the top of an oak or an elm tree, it thrilled through the heart of all the wood, and seemed to me to awaken feelings of a stately solitude, encir-

cling well the mansion of a noble family, the walls of which were now, for the first time, seen gray through a glade among the trees.

It was not yet nine o'clock, and seeing no person about the hall, I sauntered down a long line of pine-trees, which led me into a small cell-like summer-house, through whose only window I beheld another waterfall, which in a moment I recognised to be that so beautifully described by the English poet, *Mason*, and for which I refer you to that most interesting of all memoirs, his life of *Gray*. I need only say, that this cell is the only building I ever saw of the kind perfectly consistent with the character of the place—nor could the *Naiad* herself, who presides over this fair stream, disdain to recline in such a cool dim retreat, almost as solitary as her own unviolated rock-cell at the head of *Rydal Cove*.

On issuing from the noble groves in which *Rydal Hall* is "bosomed high," I found myself close to the dwelling of the poet, *Wordsworth*, and resolved to introduce myself to him, on the strength of my letter from his illustrious brother bard. An aversion to intrude on the privacy of a great poet, intent on his lofty meditations, had hitherto deterred me from making myself known to him—but so bright and happy a spirit now lay in the beauty of the morning round his simple mansion, that I entered the gate with something of the glad assurance of an ancient friendship. The front of the house is entirely covered with trailing plants, and was now all alive with bees, like a flowery hill-side. The windows were literally darkened with beauty. I walked up to a little green mound in front of the house, like the remains of some ancient fortification, and gazed with delight on the scenery around me. It is altogether different from that splendid amphitheatre in which *Southey* lives. There, majesty and magnificence are spread widely abroad over the gentler beauties that sleep below, and the very eyes are dazzled by the prospect. Here, the images of beauty are crowded more closely together, and it is rather a home-scene for the heart, than a spectacle for the imagination. Immediately below me lay a dell overshadowed by trees, through which peeped out the chimney tops of a small hamlet,

many of them wreathed with the richest ivy. In front arose a lofty range of mountains, along whose wooded bases I saw the smoke of distant cottages. To the left, the vale opened out widely towards the village of *Ambleside* (for I had taken a complete round during my morning's walk), the view being partly intercepted by a grove of pines. To the right lay *Rydal Mere*, a small lake singularly wild, from whose blue waters rose an islet of lofty and withered trees, the abode of silent herons. Behind the house were the lofty mountains that I had just traversed, while the oak, elm, and pine woods of *Rydal Hall*, threw the shadow of their grandeur over the humbler dwelling of the great Poet of the Lakes.

I soon entered the house, and was shewn into the parlour, where *Mr Wordsworth* and his family were assembled to breakfast. The name of *Southey* acted like a talisman in my favour, and I also found that my name was not unknown to the family as that of a foreigner resident in *Ambleside*. Their kind and affable reception of me soon relieved me from any temporary embarrassment, and when I told the circuit I had made, they seemed pleased that a foreigner should feel so enthusiastically the beauties of their country. I soon found that even the ladies well knew every step I had taken, and that the poet's wife and sister had trodden with him the mountains and cliffs I had just traversed. Our conversation became every moment more kind and animated, and the room was filled with gentle voices and bright smiles. I know not how to describe to you the great Poet himself. They who have formed to themselves, as many have foolishly done, the idea of a simple pastoral poet, who writes sweet and touching verses, would be somewhat astounded to find themselves in the presence of *William Wordsworth*. There seemed to me, in his first appearance, something grave almost to austerity, and the deep tones of his voice added strength to that impression of him. There was not visible about him the same easy and disengaged air that so immediately charmed me in *Southey*—his mind seemed to require an effort to awaken itself thoroughly from some brooding train of thought, and his manner, as I felt at least, at first reluctantly relaxed into blandness and urbanity.

There was, however, nothing of vulgar pride in all this, although perhaps it might have seemed so, in an ordinary person. It was the dignity of a mind habitually conversant with high and abstracted thoughts—and unable to divest itself wholly, even in common hours, of the stateliness inspired by the loftiest studies of humanity. No wonder if at first I felt somewhat abashed before such a man—especially when the solemnity of his manner was rendered more striking by the mild simplicity of his wife, and the affectionate earnestness of his sister. But I soon saw how finely characteristic all this was of the man. By degrees he became more lively and careless—and he shewed his politeness towards me his guest and a stranger, by a number of familiar and playful remarks addressed to the members of his own family. I could not help feeling that there was something extremely delicate in this. Often have I been oppressed and almost disgusted with the attention heaped and forced upon me because a stranger, to the utter neglect and seeming forgetfulness of the master of the house towards his own family. But here the kind affections continued in full play—I did not act as a dam to stop the current of domestic enjoyment—and when I saw Mr Wordsworth so kind, so attentive, and so affectionate, to his own happy family, I felt assured that the sunshine of his heart would not fail also to visit me, and that he was disposed to think well of a man before whom he thus freely indulged the best feelings of his human nature.

The features of Wordsworth's face are strong and high, almost harsh and severe—and his eyes have, when he is silent, a dim, thoughtful, I had nearly said melancholy expression—so that when a smile takes possession of his countenance, it is indeed the most powerful smile I ever saw—gives a new character to the whole man, and renders him, who before seemed rather a being for us to respect and venerate, an object to win our love and affection. Smiles are, assuredly, not the abiding light on that grand countenance; but at times they pass finely over it, like playful sunbeams chasing each other over the features of some stern and solemn scene of external nature, that seems willingly to yield itself for a while to the illumination.

Never saw I a countenance in which CONTEMPLATION so reigns. His brow is very lofty—and his dark brown hair seems worn away, as it were, by thought, so thinly is it spread over his temples. The colour of his face is almost sallow; but it is not the sallowness of confinement or ill health, it speaks rather of the rude and boisterous greeting of the mountain-weather. He does not seem a recluse philosopher, who pores over the midnight oil in his study; but rather a hermit who converses with nature in his silent cell, whose food is roots and herbs, and whose drink is from

“Wherever fountain or fresh current flowed
Against the eastern ray, translucent pure,
With touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod.”

I at once beheld, in his calm and confident voice—his steadfast and untroubled eyes—the serene expansion of his forehead—and the settled dignity of his demeanour—that original poet, who, in an age of poetry, has walked alone through a world almost exclusively his own, and who has cleared out for himself, by his own labour, a wide and magnificent path through the solitary forests of the human imagination.

After breakfast I accompanied Mr Wordsworth and his family to Grassmere Church, distant about two miles from Rydal Mount; and as we walked along, it was delightful to observe with what mingled respect and familiarity our group was saluted by all the peasants. I have not been able to observe any love of poetry among the lower orders of the people here, as in many parts of our own Germany; but the influence of a great man's character is felt in his neighbourhood, even by those who are either wholly ignorant, or but imperfectly aware of its nature; and besides, Wordsworth, during his long-life of study, has been a frequent visitor in all the cottages round; and I remarked in particular, that the old men, as they passed by, addressed him with an air of reverence, inspired no doubt by the power and wisdom of his conversation, and also by the benevolence and charities of his life. As we walked along towards the simple house of God, occasionally talking cheerfully with the shepherds and their families, I almost forgot the poet in the man—the great, if not lost, was absorbed, as it were, in the

good; and I less envied William Wordsworth his glory as a prevailing poet, than his happiness as a philanthropist and a Christian.

I was greatly charmed with divine service as it was performed in the church of Grassmere. The congregation were most attentive and devout, and took part in the solemn ordinances of religion with a staid and sober fervour alike remote from enthusiasm and indifference—while the young priest who officiated, son of the rector of the parish, and who had received a classical education at Oxford, read the service with much feeling and simplicity. There seemed around me neither vice, ignorance, poverty, nor unhappiness—at least, the sanctity of the place prevailed for a while over them all; and when the choir of young maidens and boys breathed forth its music, I thought that I had never heard the praises of God sung with one united soul of so much innocence, purity, and devotion. When I looked around upon so many young and beautiful—upon so many old and venerable faces—all happy and tranquil in the holy business of the day—I could not but think of the calm which such a day must carry forwards into all the coming week; and the Sabbath seemed to me, like a sacred fountain from which the regular hand of religion removes the seal, that the fresh-gushing waters of comfort may for ever continue to overflow the land.

After divine service Mr Wordsworth's family returned home, while he proposed to conduct me into a neighbouring valley, named Easdale, that had long been one of his favourite haunts. This valley lies immediately behind the wooded shoulder of a hill that forms the north-west boundary of Grassmere, and I found it indeed worthy of the poet's love. Till we reached a waterfall, about a mile up the valley, it was wooded and cultivated; but it afterwards became wild and sterile, and our journey terminated at a small lake or tarn of deepest solitude, and in great part surrounded with lofty rocks. Here, Wordsworth informed me, that he had meditated, and even composed, much of his poetry; and certainly there could not be a fitter study for a spirit like his, that loves to brood, with an intensity of passion, on those images of nature which his imagination brings from afar and moulds into the forms of life.

It was in this naked solitude that many of the richest and loftiest passages of the "Excursion" were composed. I now walked with the poet himself through the scene of his inspiration; and when I looked at the bare rocks, the dim tarn, and the silent precipices, I thought, what is nature without the poet's soul to illuminate it? and what is our love of nature, unless refined and elevated by the true feeling of its poetry?

Wordsworth spoke to me, for he saw that I desired it, of poetry—and he seemed to me, as he spoke, like an inspired man. Though his language was far beyond the pitch of conversation, yet it was neither pedantic nor high-flown; for it rolled out as from a soul filled with ideas and images; and his voice and manner kindled into an enthusiasm which they soon communicated. His speech was continuous as the flow of a free torrent, that seems to meet with no impediments but those of its own seeking, and such as it delights to overcome. It was evident, that poetry was the element in which he lived, and breathed, and had his being. Other poets, at least all I have ever known, are poets but on occasions—Wordsworth's profession is that of a poet; and therefore when he speaks of poetry, he speaks of the things most familiar, and, at the same time, most holy to his heart. For twenty years has he lived in this grand country, and there devoted his whole soul to his divine art. When he speaks most earnestly, it may almost be said that he soliloquizes; for he seems to obey strong internal impulses of thought, and the presence of the person to whom he speaks serves merely to give his eloquence something of a didactic character; yet rarely, if ever, does he become mystical. Indeed, nothing surprised me so much in this great poet, as his strong sense and strict logic—with which the very highest imagination, and the deepest passion, were united in a way that I have never seen exemplified in the conversation of any other man.

I soon saw that he applied to all kinds of poetry the very highest standard—that he was intolerant of all compositions that had not a lofty aim, and that the poetry of action was in his eyes unworthy of being thought of in comparison with that of contemplation. He seemed to venerate some of the mighty masters of old with such

perfect veneration, that he had but little to spare for his contemporaries. Yet it would be most unjust to say of him, that he was either jealous or envious of their fame. He rated the worth of several of them very high, and with great discrimination; but it was clear that his soul was with them of elder times; and who shall say, but in this he obeyed the voice of truth—the only voice to which in his solitude Wordsworth cares to listen.

I must not venture to repeat to you mere fragments of the conversation of this extraordinary man; for his very simplest illustrations, and his most ordinary remarks, appeared, somehow or another, all connected with—all part of—a system; and though there seemed to me, when I listened to him, and still seems to be perfect truth in all his general views of poetry—yet, in order to give a true impression of them to another person, it would be necessary to narrate the whole course of his argument, and to present it in all its bearings. On this account might Wordsworth's conversation, more easily than that of any other man, be misrepresented, by being given piecemeal; and it would be a dangerous thing indeed, to attempt to imitate the bold and sweeping eloquence of his philosophical conversation. What is it that often makes almost the identical words true from one man's lips, and altogether false from those of another?

From poetry the conversation turned to criticism, and I was gratified to hear Wordsworth speak in terms of the highest praise of our two great philosophers of criticism, William and Frederick Schlegel. He said, that the former, in his book on dramatic literature, almost always saw into the soul of truly great writers, and characterized their genius with a singular felicity; but that he often missed the distinguishing traits of inferior minds, and that it was then, and then only, that we observed him to be a foreigner, imperfectly acquainted with the details of our poetical literature. But of his love of high truths, his capacity to discern, and his eloquence to express them, it was not possible, he said, to speak too warmly, and that his own country could as yet boast of no such philosophical critic. Mr Coleridge, he said, was the only man he knew in Britain entitled to lecture

upon Shakspeare; and that such was the richness, and beauty, and wildness, of his aerial and romantic imagination, that he did not doubt Mr Coleridge would, in lecturing on the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or the *Tempest*, cast forth images and rays of fancy, that would render more wonderful even those wonderful creations. He thought that Mr Coleridge might far surpass Schlegel in some departments of philosophical criticism; and that were he to reduce the lectures to a systematic shape, which he has more than once delivered, on the characters of Shakspeare, England would not have to yield to Germany the honour of having produced the best expositor of the genius of her greatest poet. Of the periodical criticism of Britain he spoke with almost unqualified contempt. That it often displayed acuteness, talent, and even sensibility, he well knew; and no doubt, said he, many good hints might be found scattered through its voluminous records; but, for his own part, he had never seen any important principles laid down there, nor did he see how a poet could become wiser in his own art by aid of the instructions, however kindly meant, of such critics. The very spirit in which they were of necessity written, did of necessity prevent such disquisitions from being of a high character, even if the critic were a man of high intellect. But *that*, he said, was impossible; for that the office of a periodical critic was one beneath the dignity of a great mind—that such a critic, in order to please, to startle, or astonish—without doing which he could acquire no character at all—must often sacrifice what he knew to be truth—that he must mingle truth with falsehood, or, at least, with error; and that he who wrote avowedly and professionally to the public, must respect, nay, take advantage, of its prejudices or its ignorance; and if so, surely, whatever might be the advantages or disadvantages of such writings to the public, they were not worthy much notice from a poet who devoted his whole life to the study of his art,—who in his solitude sought truth, and truth alone; and who, unless he knew that it was amply deserved, and wisely bestowed, would be miserable under the world's applause. This is a faint sketch indeed of Wordsworth's opinion on this subject. Suf-

fice it to say, that he delivered these opinions without anger and without arrogance; and that while he spoke, I could not but look on him as the most eloquent of men, and, at the same time, the most unanswerable.

Ere we approached his beautiful residence, our conversation had turned upon general politics; and Wordsworth carried into that science the same lofty principles—the same faith in the high destinies of man, that had just given such surpassing dignity to his opinions on poetry. To me, who had been so frequently distressed, even in the most enlightened societies of England, by the paltry and vexatious wrangling about party creeds; and the fretful and seemingly irrational opposition of Whig and Tory—it was not only delightful in itself, but a fine relief from such wearisome and unprofitable contests, to hear the affairs of Europe spoken of with the same calm wisdom, and the same unprejudiced earnestness, with which a philosopher might be supposed to speak of the mighty events of former ages. He said, that as I had done him the honour to make myself acquainted with his publications, he would refer me to them for what was called his political opinions; and that it was satisfactory to him, a recluse student among the hills, to think, that none of his dearest and most sacred beliefs had been shewn foundationless by the events of the last twenty awful years. Living, as he had done, in solitude, his mind, he said, had not perhaps been subjected, so much as the minds of those living in the world, to the disturbing, and confounding, and weakening power of popular rumours, and popular fears—so that it was left lying at anchor of its own inward strength, and not liable to be blown about by every shifting blast. He thought that he had perceived throughout the history of man certain great principles acting, if not uniformly, at least with a tendency whose progress nothing could entirely arrest or change. To them he had made frequent reference in his poetry, and more especially in his Sonnets to Liberty—as well as in his prose tract on the Affairs of Spain; and all who interested themselves about him, would there see that he had never despaired of Europe, even in her darkest days; and that he had,

not obscurely or dimly, but with all the confidence in truth inspired by a knowledge of the past history of oppression—all along emphatically described the power of Bonaparte as a power that could not endure; but that, “If old judgments held their sacred course,”

would soon be shattered into shapeless and irretrievable ruin. Of Bonaparte himself, he spoke as of a man utterly destitute, at all times of his career, of that imperfect and disturbed moral grandeur which preserved from contempt and hatred some of the wicked ones of antiquity. He had longed and desired to find something great, generous, true, in his heart, that the present age might not have had the degradation of bowing the knee before such an ignoble idol; but all was cold and barren there—nor did he exhibit any one feature of character that arrests and commands our admiration in some splendid and magnificent barbarian. But the human mind was apt, often blindly, to attribute that grandeur which existed in great events, to the character of the man by whose agency these events were brought to pass; and thus they looked on him, who had overturned old, and created new dynasties—and before whom the aspect of the world grew pale, as necessarily in his nature a truly great being—though, when looked at, apart from the dazzling splendour of his achievements, he stood in his own native littleness, without one faculty or one accomplishment on which his admirers could pronounce a high and unqualified eulogium. He then, in a strain of irresistible eloquence, contrasted his character with that of the first Cæsar; and though perhaps he leaned rather too much to the side of the “mighty Julius,” yet I could not but feel how far beneath the image of the imperial Roman shrunk that of the conqueror of our Germany. Ambition, and all its concomitant vices, evils and crimes, he could have almost forgiven—had the object and aim of that ambition been in any way reconcilable with any lofty views of that human nature over which it sought the ascendancy of unlimited power, or with any generous enjoyment in the heart of him who obeyed its impulses; but Bonaparte had evidently no knowledge—no feeling of the diviner qualities of the soul of man—he knew not that

his own highest elevation—was to be sought in the elevation of human nature;—his sole triumph was in superiority,—not the only real superiority of mental power, but the accidental one of brute force: while he burned with impatience to root out, or to cut down, or to blast for ever, all those faculties, desires, and virtues, which entitle mankind to the name of civility, and thus to turn back, as it were, the human mind many centuries in its career.

But our walk was now at an end; for we were at the gate of Rydal Mount, and were met there by kind and happy eyes, that had been looking out impatiently for our return. Mr Wordsworth was received by his family with as much eager delight as if he had been absent for days, and I came in for my share of the kindness of such kind hearts. During the calm summer evening we sat in a sort of hanging garden, beneath the shadow of some old pine-trees; and if during the day I was instructed by the wisdom of his mind, so now was I charmed by the goodness of his heart; for young and old were alike the objects of his affections, that wandered carelessly among them all, and seemed, in that quiet garden of Eden, at once shadow and sunshine, breeze and calm.

In the dusk of the evening I took my leave of this happy group, and returned alone to my own cottage. No

wonder that these mountains, and glens, and groves, are becoming every day more dear to me; for I feel as if my soul were also becoming more capable of enjoying them. This beautiful country is dear to me for its own sake—for the sake of its virtuous and enlightened peasantry; but I now feel as if privileged to roam throughout its most intense solitudes, for I have been admitted to the friendship (would that this were not too strong a term) of those great poets who have therefrom drawn their inspiration; and I feel as if a film were taken from my eyes, and that the beauty and grandeur of nature comes before them now in a brighter and loftier revelation. If, my dear friend, you feel tempted to suspect me of giving way to youthful delusions—reflect, that there is often as much delusion in thinking this world a barren world, as one that overflows with beauty and happiness. But however this may be, do you, a staid and time-taught spirit, reading my letter in a certain small dim study, whose window keeps staring at a huge brick wall not five feet from your nose, extend some indulgence to me, who now write with a whole valley floating in its beauty before me—with mountains distinct in the clear night-sky towering around me—and with a moon that this moment seems risen on my account, with all her train of stars, Farewell!

P. K.

ELEGIAC VERSES.

WHAT comforts grief? can they that with us weep

O'er the lonesome spot where love's sad relics sleep;
Can the sweet song that sympathy would raise
To sick'ning sorrow, from devotion's lays,
Lure the wild thought that haunts the grave,
where woe

Implores what patience never did bestow.
How vain the comfort is, to those who mourn,
That idly tells the dead shall ne'er return!
This we all feel; and 'tis enough to know,
That peace above is misery below.

Can he that weeps, because he once loved, find
In prattling praises aught to please the mind,
That for the dead, and not for man's proud
words,

Heaves the lone sigh, nor shews what grief
affords?

Short was that love, nor long this heart was
wring

With woe, that's clamour'd by a wailing
tongue.

But would I not, though I had pow'r to tell
Half of the loss I've felt—which none can
feel;

Nor pompously heap honours o'er her grave,
That had no titles, but what virtue gave.
Nurse of affection, if that soothless grief
Hail'd thy cold urn, what tongue could woo
relief?

Friend of the heart! Companion of my soul!
Hopes of thy state my wayward thoughts
control.

For where thou art, I deem no sorrow known,
Or if it were, 'twould be for us alone;
But rest thy ashes, happy be thy shade,
My grief shall ne'er its sacred peace invade;
For the last tribute that my feelings owe,
Is to record thy virtue—not my woe.

Humble thou wert, like thee so may these
lays

Repose their happiness in truth—not praise.

J. R.

Roslin, March 8th, 1819.

A FEW FARTHER STRICTURES ON "PETER'S LETTERS TO HIS KINSFOLK,"
WITH EXTRACTS FROM THAT POPULAR WORK.

We should have imagined, that the hints we gave last month to the worthy bibliopoles of Edinburgh might have produced some little effect; but we find that, like many other well-intentioned advisers, we had overrated our own weight and importance. In spite of all that we said, the stream of their indolence floats on as sluggishly as ever; not a single ripple of novelty to diversify the tedious and uniform tenor of its course. What a picture of sloth do those castles of indolence, their back-shops, afford! what quietude! what slowness! what *vis inertia*! Examine for a moment the piece of still life before you. The foreground is occupied by a clerk and two or three apprentices, all in deep shade, copying over old unpaid bills, tying up huge bundles of old pamphlets, and brushing the dust off long rows of red pocket-bibles, psalm-books, and almanacks. One youth, with an air of infinite condescension, is explaining the merits of Bath-post to a milliner girl, who intends to spend the morrow (Sunday) in penning a love letter. An elder, and more cautious looking lad—being asked, by a very ancient customer in a black silk gown, whether there be any copies of the New Scots Magazine in the shop—is pointing, with a dolorous and pensive droop of his finger, to a corner littered and lined very luxuriously with spare exemplars of that very entertaining journal. To the right and the left the sides of the canvass are occupied with lengthy ranges of standard books in beautiful bindings, none of them apparently bearing date within the present century, or likely, for aught one may see, to quit their position before the opening of the next. In the centre of the piece, the principal light falls, broad and yellow, on some dozing spectacled pantaloon, spelling painfully through the advertisements of a newspaper, or, perchance, striving to get a few side-long insidious glimpses of the contents of a new volume of sermons, the leaves of which are on no account to be cut up. A half-pay officer beating his boot till the rain be over—a critic in black, yawning over some poem of Wordsworth or Wattle—a blue-stocking lady disposing of a concert ticket;—these are the sort of lounging groupes,

figures, and attitudes, which carry the eye back from one depth of stupidity to another, till its glance can just trace, in the remotest distance, a faint and shadowy outline of the master bibliopole himself, slumbering at all his length upon a huge bale of the Supplement, or the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh.

We suggested the introduction of a new and entertaining visitor, whose very appearance, we were very well assured, could not have failed to give a new spring to all this dulness. We advised the booksellers to import Dr Morris, and hinted, pretty plainly, that he would find means to dissipate the lowering heaviness of the back-shop atmosphere—but all in vain. The glory of Cardigan is still held back from rising; and the night is penetrated only by a few straggling beams of reflected radiance, for which the public of Edinburgh is entirely indebted to ourselves. In short, our own copy of Peter's Letters is still the only one in Edinburgh; and as we cannot possibly lend it to all the numerous friends and admirers who have made, and are making, application for a sight of our treasure, we are willing to do the best we can, which is to favour them, in the mean time, with a few more extracts from that great work—a book of which we may say, in regard to the reading public of Edinburgh, the same thing which Mr Coleridge says of his "Friend," in regard to the reading public of the world at large—"it is as good as MS."

On turning back to the Doctor's volumes, we feel no inconsiderable difficulty in deciding what selections are most likely to be agreeable to our readers. The gay, the profound, the cheerful, the splenetic, the young, the old, the idle, the busy—each might suggest abundance of materials which would be uninteresting to his neighbour, exactly in proportion as they would be piquant to himself. Our best chance, in such a dilemma, is no better than a choice among difficulties; so here, to begin with, is Peter's description of some of the gayeties of the Northern metropolis.

"It is a great mistake under which the Scotch people lie, in supposing themselves to be excellent dancers; and yet one hears

the mistake re-echoed by the most sensible, sedate, and dance-aborring Presbyterians one meets with. If the only test of good dancing were activity, there is indeed no question, the northern beaux and belles might justly claim the pre-eminence over their brethren and sisters of the south. In an Edinburgh ball-room, there appears to be the same pride of bustle, the same glorying in muscular agitation and alertness—the same “*sudor immanis*,” to use the poet's phrase, which used of old to distinguish the sports of the Circus or the Campus Martius. But this is all;—the want of grace is as conspicuous in their performances, as the abundance of vigour. We desiderate the conscious towerlike poise—the easy, slow, unfatiguing glide of the fair pupils of D'estainville. To say the truth, the ladies in Scotland dance in common pretty much like our country lasses at a harvest-home. They kick and pant as if the devil were in them; and when they are young and pretty, it is undoubtedly no disagreeable thing to be a spectator of their athletic display; but I think they are very ignorant of dancing as a science. Comparatively few of them manage their feet well, and of these few what a very insignificant portion know any thing about that equally important part of the art—the management of the arms. And then, how absurdly they thrust out their shoulder blades! How they neglect the undulation of the back! One may compare them to fine masses of silver, the little awkward workmanship bestowed on which rather takes from than adds to the natural beauty of the materials. As for the gentlemen, they seldom display even vigour and animation, unless they be half-cut—and they never display any thing else.

“It is fair, however, to mention, that in the true indigenous dances of the country, above all in the reel (the few times I saw it), these defects seemed in a great measure to vanish, so that ambition and affectation are after all at the bottom of their bad dancing in the present day, as well as of their bad writing. The quadrille, notwithstanding, begins to take with the soil, and the girls can already go through most of its manœuvres without having recourse to their fans. But their beaux continue certainly to perform these new-fangled evolutions, in a way that would move the utmost spleen of a Parisian butcher. What big, lazy, clumsy fellows one sees lumbering cautiously, on toes that should not be called light and fantastic, but rather heavy and syllogistic. It seems that there goes a vast deal of ratiocination to decide upon the moves of their game. The automaton does not play chess with such an air of lugubrious gravity. Of a surety, Terpsichore was never before worshipped by such a solemn set of devotees. One of our own gloomy Welsh Jumpers, could he be suddenly transported among some *sets* that I have seen, would undoubtedly imagine himself to be in a saltatory

prayer-meeting; and yet these good people, put them fairly into a reel, can frisk it about with all possible demonstrations of hilarity. They prefer the quadrille, I imagine, upon something of the same principle which leads a maid-servant to spend her two shillings on a tragedy rather than on a comedy. I could not help in my own mind likening these dolorous *pas seuls* performed in rotation by each of the quadrillers, and then succeeded by the more clamorous display of sadness in their *chaine Anglaise*, &c. to the account which Miss Edgeworth gives us of the Irish *lyke-wake*, wherein each of the cousins chaunts a stave of lamentation, *solo*, and the whole generation of them join in the screaming treble of the choral *ululululul! hu!* “Why did you leave the potatoes?” “What ailed thee, Pat, with the butter-milk!” &c. &c. &c.

“The waltz has been even more unfortunate than the quadrille; it is still entirely an exotic in the North. I do not at all find fault with the prejudices which have checked the progress of this fascinating dance among the disciples of John Knox and Andrew Melville. I really am of opinion, that it might have been as well, had we of the South been equally shy of the importation.” —Vol. i. pp. 400. 406.

We break off our quotations rather abruptly, but, in truth, as the waltz has never become naturalized here, we do not exactly comprehend upon what pretence the doctor thought fit to swell a book professedly descriptive of Scottish manners, with seventeen pages of abuse ethical, political and medical, of this Saxon dance. We shall, however, make room for a few extracts which the doctor has inserted from a poem entitled “Waltz—an Apostrophic Hymn, by Francis Hornem, Esq.”—a production which we do not remember ever before to have heard of. Like the editors of the Delphin classics, the doctor seems to have found it necessary to make use of asterisks at times;—with what reason, we, of course, possess no means of deciding.

“Borne on the breath of Hyperborean gales,
From Hamburg's port (while Hamburg yet had *Mails*)
Ere yet unlucky Fame—compelled to creep
To snowy Gottenburgh—was chilled to sleep;
Or, starting from her slumbers, deigned arise,
Heligoland! to stock thy mart with lies;
While unburnt Moscow yet had news to send,
Nor owed her fiery exit to a friend,
She came—Waltz came—and with her certain sets
Of true despatches; and as true Gazettes;
Then flamed of Austerlitz the blest despatch,
Which Moniteur nor Morning Post can match;

And—almost crushed beneath the glorious news,

Ten plays—and forty tales of Kotzebue's;
One envoy's letters, six composers' airs,
And loads from Frankfort and from Leipsig
fairs;

Meiner's four volumes upon womankind,
Like Lapland witches to ensure a wind;
Brunck's heaviest tome for ballast, and, to
back it,

Of Heynē, such as should not sink the packet.
"Fraught with this cargo—and her fair-
est freight,

Delightful Waltz, on tiptoe for a mate,
The welcome vessel reached the genial strand,
And round her flocked the daughters of the
land.

* * * *

Not lovelorn Quixote—when his Sancho
thought

The knight's fandango friskier than it ought;
Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,
Her nimble feet danced off another's head;
Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck,
Displayed so much of leg, or more of neck,
Than thou ambrosial Waltz, when first the
moon

Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune!

"To you—ye husbands of ten years!
whose brows

Ache with the annual tributes of a spouse;
To you, of nine years less—who only bear
The budding sprouts of those that you *shall*
wear,

With added ornaments around them rolled,
Of native brass, or law-awarded gold;
To you—ye matrons, ever on the watch
To mar a son's, or make a daughter's match;
To you—ye children of—whom chance ac-
cords,

Always the ladies' and *sometimes* their lords';
To you—ye single gentlemen! who seek
Torments for life, or pleasures for a week;
As Love or Hymen your endeavours guide,
To gain your own, or snatch another's bride;
To one and all the lovely stranger came,
And every ball-room echoes with her name.

"Endearing Waltz—to thy more melt-
ing tune

Bow Irish jig—and ancient rigadon;
Scotch reels avaut!—and country dance
forego

Your future claims to each fantastic toe;
Waltz—Waltz—alone both arms and legs
demands,

Liberal of feet—and lavish of her hands;
Hands which may freely range in public
sight,

Where ne'er before—but—pray "put out
the light."

Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier
Shines much too far—or I am much too near;
And true, though strange—Waltz whispers
this remark,

"My slippery steps are safest in the dark."
But here the Muse with due decorum halts,
And lends her longest petticoat to 'Waltz.'

"Observant travellers! of every time,
Ye quartos! published upon every clime;

O say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round,
Fandango's wriggle, or Bolero's bound;
Can Egypt's Almas—tantalizing groupe—
Columbia's caperers to the warlike whoop—
Can aught from cold Kamschatka to Cape
Horn,

With Waltz compare, or after Waltz be
borne?

Ah no! from Morier's pages up to Galt's,
Each tourist pens a paragraph for 'Waltz.'

"Shades of those belles, whose reign be-
gan of yore,

With George the Third's—and ended long
before;

Though in your daughters' daughters yet
you thrive,

Burst from your lead, and be yourselves alive!
Back to the ball-room speed your spectered
host,

Fools' Paradise is dull to that you lost;
No treacherous powder bids Conjecture

quake,
No stiff-starched stays make meddling fin-
gers ache;

(Transferred to those ambiguous things that
ape

Goats in their visage, women in their shape);
No damsel faints when rather closely pressed,
But more caressing seems when most car-
essed;

Superfluous hartshorn and reviving salts,
Both banished by the sovereign cordial

'Waltz.'

* * * *

Though gentle Genlis, in her strife with Staël,
Would e'en proscribe thee from a Paris ball;
Thee Fashion hails—from Courtesses to
queans,

And maids and valets waltz behind the
scenes;

Wide and more wide thy witching circle
spreads,

And turns—if nothing else—at least our
heads;

With thee e'en clumsy attempts to bounce,
And cockneys practise what they can't pro-
nounce.

Gods! how the glorious theme my strain
exalts,

And rhyme finds partner rhyme in praise of
'Waltz.'

"We have already quoted a few of
the doctor's remarks on the state of
political, or rather party feeling in
Edinburgh; and we observe with satis-
faction, that the severe and sarcastic
manner in which he has ventured to
comment on some parts of "False
opinion's fickle sheen," has given in-
finite uneasiness to the clamorous
rag-tag-and-bobtail of our northern
Whigs. The doctor, nevertheless, is
as far as possible from carrying the
prejudices of his political creed with
him, into matters with which politics
have no necessary connexion. He has
too much perception of talent not to

respect it wherever and by whomsoever it is manifested. The tone of his disquisitions concerning our universities and their professors might be adduced as furnishing the most ample proof of this liberality; but we prefer to quote a part of his chapter "on the Scottish Bar," as more likely to afford the pleasure of novelty both to our northern and our southern readers. After explaining at considerable length the origin of that great and unquestionable ascendancy which the bar of Scotland exerts over the whole of our nation, and devoting several interesting pages to an enumeration of some of those illustrious men, whose characters, and attainments, and exertions, have been the principal means of founding, confirming, and adorning this authority; the doctor descends to the present day, and proceeds to describe the parliament-house of Edinburgh, (our Scottish Westminster-hall) as he saw it with his own eyes, A. D. 1818. We shall omit the first part of this description, as being rather too bitter for our pages. The wits of "*the Stove School*" seem indeed to have found small favour in our traveller's eyes; and he characterizes, in a way which we fear would bring him into much bad odour in certain pretty important quarters, many of the most noisy apostles of that celebrated sect. But it is our opinion, that the doctor always writes best when his subject is a good one, and we therefore proceed to his sketches of some of the true living ornaments of our bar. It is astonishing with what precision he has caught the distinguishing and characteristic traits both of manner and of merits. His portraits are, in fact, so just and spirited, that we have no doubt,

"The eyes that see them now shall be their praisers
To them that shall come after."

"By the unanimous consent of his brethren, Mr JOHN CLERK is the present Choryphaeus of the bar—'*Juris consultorum sui seculi fucile princeps*.' Others there are that surpass him in a few particular points both of learning and of practice, but on the whole, his superiority is entirely univalued and undisputed. Those who approach the nearest to him are indeed so much his juniors, that he cannot fail to have an immense ascendancy over them, both from the actual advantages of his longer study and experience, and, without offence to him or them be it added, from the effects of their early admiration of him, while he was as yet far above

their sphere. Do not suppose, however, that I mean to represent any part of the respect with which these gentlemen treat their senior, as the result of empty prejudice. Never was any man less of a quack than Mr Clerk; the very essence of his character is scorn of ornament, and utter loathing of affectation. He is the plainest, the shrewdest, and the most sarcastic of men; his sceptre owes the whole of its power to its weight—nothing to glitter.

"It is impossible to imagine a physiognomy more expressive of the character of a great lawyer and barrister. The features are in themselves good—at least a painter would call them so; and the upper part of the profile has as fine lines as could be wished. But then, how the habits of the mind have stamped their traces on every part of the face! What sharpness, what razor-like sharpness has indented itself about the wrinkles of his eyelids; the eyes themselves, so quick, so gray, such bafflers of scrutiny, such exquisite scrutinizers, how they change their expression—it seems almost how they change their colour—shifting from contracted, concentrated blackness, through every shade of brown, blue, green, and hazel, back into their own open, gleaming gray again. How they glisten into a smile of disdain!—Aristotle says, that all laughter springs from emotions of conscious superiority. I never saw the Stagyrite so well illustrated as in the smile of this gentleman. He seems to be affected with the most delightful and balmy feelings, by the contemplation of some soft-headed, prosing driveller racking his poor brain, or bellowing his lungs out—all about something which he, the smiler, sees through so thoroughly, so distinctly. Blunder follows blunder; the mist thickens about the brain of the bewildered hammerer; and every plunge of the bogtrotter—every deepening shade of his confusion—is attested by some more copious infusion of Sardonic suavity into the horrible, ghastly, grinning smile of the happy Mr Clerk. How he chuckles over the solemn spoon whom he hath fairly got into his power. When he rises at the conclusion of his display, he seems to collect himself like a kite above a covey of partridges; he is in no hurry to come down, but holds his victims 'with his glittering eye,' and smiles, sweetly, and yet more sweetly, the bitter assurance of their coming fate; then out he stretches his arm, as the kite may his wing, and changing the smile by degrees into a frown, and drawing down his eyebrows from their altitude among the wrinkles of his forehead, and making them to hang like fringes quite over his diminishing and brightening eyes, and mingling a tincture of deeper scorn in the wave of his lips, and projecting his chin, and suffusing his whole face with the very livery of wrath, how he pounces with a scream upon his prey—and may the Lord have mercy upon their unhappy souls!

"He is so sure of himself, and he has

the happy knack of seeming to be so sure of his case, that the least appearance of labour, or concern, or nicety of arrangement, or accuracy of expression, would take away from the imposing effect of his cool, careless, scornful, and determined negligence. Even the greatest of his opponents sit, as it were, rebuked before his gaze of intolerable derision. But careless and scornful as he is, what a display of skilfulness in the way of putting his statements; what command of intellect in the strength with which he deals the irresistible blows of his arguments—blows of all kinds, *fibbers, cross-buttocks*, but most often and most delightfully sheer *favers choppers*. ‘*Ars est celare artem*,’ is his motto; or rather, ‘*Usus ipse natura est*,’ for where was there ever such an instance of the certain sway of tact and experience? It is truly a delightful thing, to be a witness of this mighty intellectual gladiator, scattering every thing before him like a king upon his old accustomed arena; with an eye swift as lightning to discover the unguarded point of his adversary, and a hand steady as iron to direct his weapon, and a mask of impenetrable stuff that throws back like a rock the prying gaze that would dare to retaliate upon his own lynx-like penetration—what a champion is here! It is no wonder that every litigant in this covenanting land should have learned to look on it as a mere tempting of Providence to omit retaining John Clerk.

“As might be expected from a man of his standing in years and in talent, this great advocate disdains to speak any other than the language of his own country. I am not sure, indeed, but there may be some little tinge of affectation in his pertinacious adherence to both the words and the music of his Doric dialect. However, as he has perfectly the appearance and manners of a gentleman, and even, every now and then, (*when it so likes him*), something of the air of the courtier about him,—there is an impression quite the reverse of vulgarity produced by the mode of his speaking; and, in this respect, he is certainly quite in a different situation from some of his younger brethren, who have not the excuse of age for the breadth of their utterance, nor, what is perhaps of greater importance still, the same truly antique style in its breadth. Of this, indeed, I could not pretend to be a judge; but some of my friends assured me that nothing could be more marked than the difference between the Scotch of one who learned it sixty years ago, and that of the younger generation. These last, they observed, have had few opportunities of having Scotch spoken, but among servants, &c. so that there clings to all their own expressions, when they make use of the neglected dialect, a rich flavour of the hall or the stable. Now, Mr Clerk, who is a man of excellent family and fashion, spent all his early years among ladies and gentlemen, who spoke nothing whatever but Scotch; and even I could observe (or so, at least, I persuaded myself), that his language

had a certain cast of elegance even in its utmost breadth. But the truth is, that the matter of his orations is far too good to allow of much attention being made to its manner; and after a little time I scarcely remarked that he was speaking a dialect different from my own, excepting when, screwing his features into their utmost bitterness, or else relaxing them into their broadest glee, he launched forth some mysterious vernacularism of wrath or merriment, to the tenfold confusion or tenfold delight of those for whose use it was intended.

“I had almost forgot to mention that this old barrister, who at the bar has so much the air of having never thought of any thing but his profession, is, in fact, quite the reverse of a mere lawyer. Like old Voet, who used to be so much laughed at by the Leyden Juriconsults for his frequenting the town-hall in that city (where there is, it seems, a very curious collection of paintings), Mr Clerk is a great connoisseur in pictures, and devotes to them a very considerable portion of his time. He is not a mere connoisseur however, and indeed, I suspect, carries as much true knowledge of the art in his little finger, as the whole reporting committee of the Dilettanti Society do in their heads. The truth is, that he is himself a capital artist, and had he given himself entirely to the art he loves so well, would have been, I have little doubt, by far the greatest master Scotland ever has produced. I went one day, by mere accident, into my friend John Ballantyne’s sale-room, at the moment when that most cunning of all tempters had in his hand a little pen and ink sketch by Mr Clerk—drawn upon the outer page of ‘a reclaiming petition’—probably while some stupid opponent supposed himself to be uttering things highly worthy of Clerk’s undivided attention. I bought the scrap for a mere trifle—but, I assure you, I value it very highly. It hangs, at this moment, over my chimney-piece, just under your old favourite, the blister-piece, by Jack.—I have shewn it to Mrs ——— and Tom ———, and several others of my friends, and they all agree it is quite a *Bi-jou*. The subject is Bathsheba, with her foot in the water. The David is inimitable.—Mr Clerk is a mighty patron of artists, and has a splendid gallery of pictures in his own possession.”—Vol. i. pp. 502—510.

But we reserve the doctor’s description of Mr Clerk’s admirable collection, to be printed at the bottom of the page, by way of a running commentary on Mr Wastle’s Sixth Canto, which we expect ere long to have put into our hands, and in which, as the poet has already promised, we are all to be led “upon a Dilettante tour” through Mr Clerk’s gallery, the exquisite collection of Mr Thomson Martin (the finest, it is probable, ever exhibited by any picture-dealer either at

home or abroad), and indeed through all the pictoric riches of this capital, and its environs. The doctor then returns to a more minute and technical consideration of Mr Clerk's legal qualifications; but we shall take the liberty to omit the whole of the ten pages which he devotes to this interesting subject. As the doctor cannot be suspected of having any jurisprudential learning himself, it is evident that he has modestly given up his judgment into the hands of some of his Whig acquaintances of the Northern bar; and to make a long story short, we prefer Dr Morris's own eyes to these thick spectacles.—He had made good use of his eyes before he drew the following happy sketch, but certainly not better than the subject deserved.

“There cannot be a greater contrast between any two individuals, of eminent acquirements, than there is between Mr Clerk and the gentleman who ranks next to him at the Scottish bar—Mr Cranstoun. They mutually set off each other to great advantage; they are rivals in nothing; notwithstanding their total dissimilitude in almost every respect, they are well nigh equally admired by every one. I am much mistaken if any thing could furnish a more unequivocal testimony to the talents of them both.

“It was my fortune to see Mr Cranstoun for the first time, as he rose to make his reply to a fervid, masculine, homely harangue of my old favourite; and I was never less predisposed to receive favourably the claims of a stranger upon my admiration. There was something, however, about the new speaker which would not permit me to refuse him my attention, although I confess I could scarcely bring myself to listen to him with much *gusto* for several minutes. I felt, to use a simile in Mr Clerk's own way, like a person whose eyes have been dazzled with some strong, rich, luxuriant piece of the Dutch or Flemish school, and who cannot taste, in immediate transition, the more pale, calm, correct gracefulness of an Italian Fresco; nevertheless, the eyes become cool as they gaze, and the mind is gradually yielded up to a less stimulant, but in the end a yet more captivating and soothing species of seduction. The pensive and pallid countenance, every delicate line of which seemed to breathe the very spirit of compact thoughtfulness—the mild contemplative blue eyes, with now and then a flash of irresistible fire in them—the lips, so full of precision and tastefulness, not perhaps without a dash of fastidiousness in the compression of their curves—the gentle, easy, but firm and dignified air and attitude—every thing about him had its magic, and the charm was not long in winning me effec-

tually into its circle. The stream of his discourse flowed on calmly and clearly; the voice itself was mellow yet commanding; the pronunciation exact, but not pedantically so; the ideas rose gradually out of each other, and seemed to clothe themselves in the best and most accurate of phraseology, without the exertion of a single thought in its selection. The fascination was ere long complete; and, when he closed his speech, it seemed to me as if I had never before witnessed any specimen of the true “*Melliflua Majestas*” of Quintilian.

“The only defect in his manner of speaking (and it is, after all, by no means a constant defect), is a certain appearance of coldness, which, I suspect, is nearly inseparable from so much accuracy. Mr Cranstoun is a man of high birth and refined habits, and he has profited abundantly by all the means of education which either his own or the sister country can afford. His success in his profession was not early, (although never was any success so rapid after it once had a beginning); and he spent, therefore, many years of his manhood in the exquisite intellectual enjoyments of an elegant scholar, before he had either inclination or occasion to devote himself entirely to the more repulsive studies of the law. It is no wonder, that in spite of his continual practice, and of his great natural eloquence, the impression of these delightful years should have become too deep ever to be concealed from view; and that, even in the midst of the most brilliant displays of his Forensic exertion, there should mingle something in his air, which reminds us that there is still another sphere wherein his spirit would be yet more perfectly at home. To me, I must confess, although I am aware that you will laugh at me for doing so, there was always present, while I listened to this accomplished speaker, a certain feeling of pain. I could scarcely help regretting that he should have become a barrister at all. The lucid power of investigation—the depth of argument—the richness of illustration—all set forth and embalmed in such a strain of beautiful and unaffected language, appeared to me to be almost too precious for the purposes to which they were devoted—even although, in this their devotion, they were also ministering to my own delight. I could not help saying to myself,—what a pity, that he who might have added a new name to the most splendid triumphs of his country—who might perhaps have been equal to any one as historian, philosopher, or statesman, should have been induced, in the early and unconscious diffidence of his genius, to give himself to a profession which can never afford any adequate remuneration, either for the talents which he has devoted to its service, or the honour which he has conferred upon its name.

“Having this feeling, I of course could not join in the regret which I heard expressed by all my friends in Edinburgh, in con-

sequence of a prevailing rumour, that Mr Cranstoun intends ere long to withdraw himself from the practice of his profession; and yet I most perfectly sympathise in the feelings of those, who, themselves compelled to adhere to those toils from which he is enabled to shake himself free, are sorry to witness the removal of one, who was sufficient of himself alone to shed an air of grace and dignity over the whole profession—and almost, as it were, over all that belong to it. Well indeed may they be excused for wishing to defer as long as possible the loss of such a brother. To use the old Greek proverb, which Pericles has applied on a more tragical, but not on a more fitting occasion—it is indeed ‘taking away the spring from their year.’

“In the retreat of Mr Cranstoun, however, (should it really take place) even these gentlemen, when they have leisure for a little more reflection, will probably see any thing rather than a cause of regret. The mind which possesses within itself so many sources of delightful exertion, can never be likely to sink into the wretchedness of indolence; and, in whatever way its energies may be employed, there can be no question that good fruit, and lasting, will be the issue. Whether he return to those early pursuits in which he once promised to do so much, and of which, in the midst of his severer occupations, so many beautiful glimpses have from time to time escaped him; or whether he seek, in the retirement of his honourable ease, to reduce into an enduring form the product of his long assiduity in the studies of his profession—whether he may prefer to take a very high place in the literature, or the very highest in the jurisprudence of his country—all will acknowledge that he has ‘chosen a better part’ than he could have ever obtained, by remaining in the dust and fever of a profession which must be almost as fatiguing to the body as it is to the mind.” *Ibid*, pp. 516—522.

Nothing, assuredly, can be better in its way than this little fragment of the Doctor's description. It is a rare thing, above all in the present age, to meet with an author, travelled or untravelled, who is capable of feeling so many different sorts of things, and of doing so much justice to what he does feel. When we compare these passages, in which there is so much of dignified and graceful reflection, with some others which we quoted on a former occasion, and in which our readers could not fail to admire the graphic energy of the Doctor's satire, we can scarcely help thinking, that Wales has much reason to be proud of her Proteus. But we have room for very little more, and should be sorry to abridge Dr Morris's view of the third luminary of our bar, for the sake

of any prosing indulgence of our own.

“I have heard many persons say, that the first sight of Mr Jeffrey disappointed them, and jarred with all the ideas they had previously formed of his genius and character. Perhaps the very first glance of this celebrated person produced something of the same effect upon my own mind; but a minute or two of contemplation sufficed to restore me to the whole of my faith in physiognomy. People may dispute as much as they please about particular features, and their effect, but I have been all my life a student of ‘the human face divine,’ and I have never yet met with any countenance which did not perfectly harmonize, so far as I could have opportunity of ascertaining, with the intellectual conformation and habits of the man that bore it.—But I must not allow myself to be seduced into a disquisition.”

“Mr Jeffrey is a short and active looking man, with a great appearance of vivacity in all his motions. His face is one which cannot be understood at a single look—perhaps it requires, as it certainly invites, a long and anxious scrutiny before it lays itself open to the gazer. The features are neither handsome, nor even very defined in their outlines; and yet the effect of the whole is as striking as any arrangement either of more noble or more marked features, which ever came under my view. The forehead is very singularly shaped, describing in its bend from side to side a larger segment of a circle than is at all common; compressed below the temples almost as much as Sterne's; and throwing out sinuses above the eyes of an extremely bold and compact structure. The mouth is the most expressive part of his face, as I believe it is of every face. The lips are very firm, but they tremble and vibrate, even when brought close together, in such a way as to give the idea of an intense, never-ceasing play of mind. There is a delicate kind of sneer almost always upon them, which has not the least appearance of ill-temper about it, but seems to belong entirely to the speculative understanding of the man. I have said, that the mouth is the most expressive part of his face—and, in one sense, this is the truth, for it is certainly the seat of all its rapid and transitory expression. But what speaking things are his eyes! They disdain to be agitated with those lesser emotions which pass over the lips; they reserve their fierce and dark energies for matters of more moment; once kindled with the heat of any passion, how they beam, flash upon flash! The scintillation of a star is not more fervid. Perhaps, notwithstanding of this, their repose is even more worthy of attention. With the capacity of emitting such a flood of radiance, they seem to take a pleasure in banishing every ray from their black, inscrutable, glazed, tarn-like circles. I think their prevailing language is, after all, rather a melancholy than a merry one—it is at least very full of reflection.—Such is a faint outline of this countenance, the fea-

tures of which (to say nothing at all of their expression), have, as yet, baffled every attempt of the portrait-painters; and which, indeed, bids very fair, in my opinion, to leave no image behind it either on canvass or on copper.

"Mr Jeffrey's voice is neither a musical nor a noble one; but it has such a sharp, acute, thrilling power, that even its whisper can be heard distinctly at a very great distance, and that too in the midst of a multitude of voices, of more apparent power and compass. There is something about it which at once convinces you that it proceeds from no insignificant person—a decided, nervous tone, which cuts deep into the ear. His pronunciation is wretched—a mixture of provincial English, with undignified Scotch, altogether snappish and offensive; and which would be quite sufficient to render the elocution of a more ordinary man utterly disgusting; but the flow of his eloquence is so overpoweringly rapid, so unweariedly energetic, so entirely unlike every other man's mode of speaking, that the pronunciation of the particular words is quite lost to one's view in the midst of that continual effort which is required, in order to make the understanding, even the ear of the listener, keep pace with the glowing velocity of the declamation. His words come more profusely than words ever came before, and yet it seems as if they were quite unable to follow, *passibus æquis*, the still more amazing speed of his thought. You sit, while minute follows minute uncounted and unheeded, in a state of painful excitation, as if you were in a room overlit with gas, or close under the crash of a whole pealing orchestra.

"This astonishing fluency and vivacity, if possessed by a person of very inferior talents, might for a little be sufficient to create an illusion in his favour; and I have heard that such things have been. But the more you can overcome the effect of Jeffrey's dazzling rapidity, and concentrate your attention on the ideas embodied with such supernatural facility, the greater will be your admiration. It is impossible to conceive the existence of a more fertile, teeming intellect. The flood of his illustration seems to be at all times rioting up to the very brim—yet he commands and restrains it with equal strength and skill; or, if it does escape him for a moment, it spreads such a richness all around, that it is impossible to find fault with its extravagance. Surely never was such a luxuriant "*copia fandi*," united with so much terseness of thought, and brilliancy of imagination, and managed with so much unconscious, almost instinctive ease. If he be not the most delightful, he is certainly by far the most wonderful of speakers.

"Like Cranstoun, this splendid rhetorician was many years at the bar, before his success was at all proportioned to his talents. The reputation enjoyed by his Review was both a friendly and a hostile thing to him as a barrister; for it excited universal

attention to him whenever he made any appearance at the bar, and yet it prevented many people from soliciting him to undertake the conduct of their cases, by inspiring a sort of fear, that his other, and more delightful, and better-rewarded pursuits, might perhaps prevent him from doing full justice to matters of every-day character—the paltry disputes of traders, and the mean tricks of attornies. All this, however, has been long since got over, and Jeffrey is now higher than almost any of his brethren in his general character of an advocate, and decidedly above them all in more than one particular department of practice. The same powers which have enabled him to seize with so firm a grasp the opinion of the public, in regard to matters of taste and literature, give him, above all, sway unrivalled over the minds of a jury. There cannot be a finer display of ingenuity than his mode of addressing a set of plain conscientious men, whom it is his business to bamboozle. He does not indeed call up, as some have dared to do, the majesty of sleeping passions, to overawe the trembling indecision of judgment. The magic he wields is not of that high cast which makes the subject of its working the conscious yet willing slave of the sorcerer. His is a more cunning, but quite as effectual a species of tempting. He flatters the vanity of men, by making them believe, that the best proof of their own superiority will be their coming to the conclusion which he has proposed; and they submit with servile stupidity at the very moment that they are pluming themselves on displaying the boldness and independence of adventurous intellect.—In criminal trials, and in the newly-established Jury Court for civil cases, Mr Jeffrey is now completely lord of the ascendant."—*Ibid.* pp. 526—30.

So much for Mr Jeffrey as a barrister. The Doctor slides away, as might be supposed, into a long and entertaining-enough view of his character as a critic; but to tell the truth, this is a subject of which we are rather sick just at present, and so perhaps are many of our readers. We are unwilling, moreover, to run the risk of diminishing the effect of these happy portraiture, by introducing any subject of a different character and complexion. Here, therefore, without farther comment, we close the volumes of Dr Morris, satisfied that the additional extracts we have now made, must increase the respect already felt by our readers for this acute and sensible physician. Long may the wheels of the shandrydan run smoothly, and often may they be again turned towards the North!

Now God preserve our noble king!

And Peter, long live he!

And when he next goes forth to ride,

May we be there to see!

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DR CLARKE of Cambridge, although hitherto rather inclined to the volcanic theory of the formation of trap rocks, in his lately published *Travels in Sweden and Lapland*, informs us, that he found, in Lapland, trap containing impressions of ferns and fishes, and which he considers as a decisive proof of its aqueous origin.

Professor Aldini, of Milan, nephew of the celebrated Galvani, proposes to light our *light-houses* by means of gas. He informs us, that the light-house at Trieste is lighted in this way.

Professor Griscomè, of the United States, informs us, that the beautiful and valuable compound of serpentine and marble, known to artists under the name of *verde antico*, has been found in great abundance in North America.

As a proof of the flourishing state of popular chemistry in the United States, it may be mentioned, that the chemical professor in Philadelphia has a class of above 500 pupils.

A new journal of physical science has been established at New York, by Professor Silliman. We have seen the first number, and think the work promises well.

Measurement of an Arc of the Meridian in India.—Many of our readers are probably aware, that a trigonometrical survey of India has been going on for a good many years, at the expense of the British government, in that country, and under the superintendence of British officers well qualified for performing a task of that kind. Lieut.-Colonel William Lambton, F.R.S. of the 33d regt. of foot, took the opportunity of this survey to measure, at different times, an arc of the meridian from north latitude $3^{\circ} 9' 38''$, to north latitude $18^{\circ} 3' 23.6''$, being an amplitude of $9^{\circ} 53' 45''$, the longest single arch that has ever been measured on the surface of the globe. The full details of this great measurement are partly contained in the 12th volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, and will be partly inserted in the 13th volume of that work, which will not probably be published for these three or four years. Col. Lambton has inserted an abstract of the principal results into a paper, which has been published in the second part of the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1818. From that paper I shall take a few of the facts which are most likely to be generally interesting to European readers.

1. The mean length of a degree due to lat. $9^{\circ} 24' 44''$ in fathoms, is 60472.83

The mean length of ditto due to lat. $12^{\circ} 2' 55''$, is 60487.56

The mean length of ditto due to lat. $16^{\circ} 34' 42''$, is 60512.78

Thus we see that these measurements show the degree lengthening as we advance

towards the pole. In this respect they agree with all preceding observations, which demonstrate, that the polar axis of the earth is shorter than the equatorial.

2. Col. Lambton has shewn, by a comparison of his measurements with the length of a degree as determined in France, in England, and in Sweden, that the compression at the poles amounts to 1-310th of the length of the axis.

The comparison of the Indian measurement with the French measurement, gives 1-309.15th for the compression.

The comparison of the Indian measurement with the English measurement gives 1-313.54th.

While the comparison of the Indian with the Swedish measurement gives 1-307.19th for the compression.

The mean of these three comparisons gives 1-309.96th, or almost 1-310th, for the compression at the poles.

3. From the preceding compression of 1-310th, Col. Lambton has calculated the length of a degree of latitude from the equator to the pole.—The following table exhibits the result of this calculation. The last column of the table gives the length of the degree of longitude at the latitude indicated in the first column of the table.

Lat.	Degrees on the meridian.	Degrees on the perpendicular.	Degrees of longitude.
0	60459.2	60848.0	60848.0
3	60460.8	60848.4	60765.0
6	60465.6	60850.1	60516.8
9	60473.5	60852.8	60103.6
12	60484.5	60856.5	59526.7
15	60498.4	60861.1	58787.3
18	60515.1	60866.7	57887.7
21	60534.3	60873.2	56830.0
25	60556.0	60880.5	55628.1
27	60579.8	60888.5	54252.0
30	60605.5	60897.1	52738.4
33	60632.7	60906.2	51080.2
36	60661.3	60915.8	49281.9
39	60690.8	60925.7	47348.2
42	60721.3	60935.7	45284.0
45	60751.8	60946.1	43095.4
48	60782.3	60956.4	40787.8
51	60812.5	60966.5	38367.5
54	60842.1	60976.5	35841.1
57	60870.7	60986.1	33215.4
60	60898.0	60995.2	30497.6
63	60923.7	61003.8	27695.2
66	60947.5	61011.8	24815.7
69	60969.1	61018.9	21867.2
72	60988.3	61025.6	18857.9
75	61005.1	61031.0	15796.0
78	61018.9	61035.8	12690.1
81	61029.9	61039.5	9548.7
84	61037.8	61042.1	6380.6
87	61042.6	61043.7	3194.8
90	61044.3	61044.3	—

4. From this table it appears, that the length of a degree of latitude at the poles is	68.704 Eng. miles.
At lat. 45°	69.030
At lat. 51°	69.105
At lat. 90°	69.378

So that the mean length and degree of latitude is almost exactly 69 miles and 1-10th of a mile. Of consequence, the common estimate of 69 miles and a half to a degree is very erroneous.

Japan Copper.—Bergman states the specific gravity of copper at 9.3243 (De Niccolo, Opusc. ii. 263). Cronstedt states the specific gravity of Japan copper to be 9.000. I have never myself been able to meet with copper of even so high a specific gravity as that given by Cronstedt, though I have examined the purest copper used in this country for alloying gold, and in which I could detect no sensible quantity of any foreign ingredient. I was naturally anxious, on that account, to take the specific gravity of the best kinds of Japan copper. This I have been enabled to do by the kindness of Professor Jameson, who got a piece of Japan copper, said to be of the very best quality, from a gentleman who had been in the habit of dealing largely in that article of commerce in India, and had himself (for he was the captain of a ship) carried it from Japan to India in great quantities. I found its specific gravity only 8.434, and hence, I think, we may conclude, that the number assigned by Cronstedt for the specific gravity of copper is above the truth. Bergman's number, *a fortiori*, is also in excess.—*Thomson's Annals.*

Durham Coal Field.—We understand that it is in contemplation at present to open the Coal Field of Durham into Yorkshire. In the mean time, a bill is to be brought into Parliament to carry a railway from Bishop Auckland to Darlington and Stockton. Mr Stevenson, of Edinburgh, one of the most accomplished engineers of this country, has been called by the committee of subscribers to give an opinion as to the best line. The work is estimated at about £120,000, a great part of which is already subscribed.

Blue Glass from Iron.—It is pretty well known, that the ancients were acquainted with a method of giving a fine blue colour to glass by means of iron. This method has been lost, probably because cobalt, the tinging substance used by the moderns, is much easier, and much more certain of answering the object intended. Iron, however, if we are to judge from ultramarine, which owes its blue colour to iron, is capable of communicating a more beautiful colour to glass than cobalt; besides, cobalt is a very scarce metal, and sells at a high price; while iron is the most abundant and the cheapest of all known metals. On these accounts, it would be an object of considerable interest to painters, glass-makers, and potters, if the ancient art could be again re-

covered. M. Pagot Descharmes has made a number of trials, and has made known the results which he obtained in a paper published in the *Journal de Physique*, for July 1818. From the imperfect experiments which he describes in this paper, we are led to suspect that the *chloride of iron* is the substance possessed of this desirable property. Probably successful results might be obtained by adding chloride of iron to glass already in fusion. It would be an object worth the while of our Staffordshire potters to try the properties of chloride of iron and some other metallic chlorides as paints, either mixed with glass in the proportions that suited best, or perhaps mixed with their common enamels. There is every reason to expect that these chlorides would communicate colours different from the oxides of the same metals. If colours could be made from them for the use of the painters by uniting them with silica, as is the case with ultramarine, such colours would be much more valuable than those at present in use; because they would not be liable to undergo alterations from the action of the atmosphere, or the light of the sun. Our painters, at present, make use of colours possessed of so little permanency, that the picture is scarcely calculated to outlive the artist.

Red Snow.—The discovery of red snow, though extremely curious, is not altogether new, as will be perceived from the following passage, which is extracted literally from the 1st vol. of *Les Merveilles et Beautés de la Nature en France*, by M. Depping. The only difference which appears to exist between the snow discovered by Capt. Ross in the arctic regions, and the snow found in Europe, alluded to in the following extract, is, that the snow of the frozen regions is of a very deep colour, at least if we may rely on the statements of the public papers, whilst the other is only slightly tinged with light red. It is of little consequence whether this difference arises from the colouring matter being more abundant in the former than in the latter, or whether the two colours are produced by different substances. If the snow brought by Capt. Ross derives its hue, as is supposed, from the excrement of myriads of birds, all doubt is removed; but there is every reason to believe, that, on the mountains of Europe, the red colour of the snow proceeds from another cause. The extract from M. Depping's work is as follows:—"Red Snow is sometimes found on very high mountains during great thaws. Saussure has observed it on the Alps, and M. Raymond on the Pyrenees, at the height of from 2000 to 2500 yards." It is only during the spring season that the furrows, traced by the melted ice on the snow, are tinged with a light shade of pink. This

* "Memoirs of the Institute of France, Physical and Mathematical Section."

shade becomes darker in parts where there is a junction of several furrows, and it even deepens to the tone of carmine, where numerous springs had dislodged the powder by which the colour is produced. Saussure was at a loss how to account for this phenomenon; he, however, supposed it to proceed from the seminal powder of certain plants peculiar to high mountains; but M. Raymond attributes it, with more probability, to the *mica*, which abounds among the Alps and Pyrenees, and which, being probably reduced to powder during the melting

of the snow and ice, colours the water by which it is washed away.

In the press, Letters from the Right Hon. Philpot Curran, to H. Weston, Esq. 8vo. These letters, which are few in number, were written on Mr Curran's first coming to London in 1773, at which time he was only 24 years of age. Mr Weston was a college friend of Mr Curran. These letters, while they record the most agreeable feelings of Mr Curran's early years, are yet tinged with that philosophic melancholy which accompanied him through life.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Life of the late Right Hon. John Philpot Curran, Master of the Rolls in Ireland; by his son, William Henry Curran, Esq. barrister-at-law, 2 vols 8vo, with a portrait.

A Journey in Carniola and Italy, in the years 1817, 1818; by W. A. Cadell, Esq. F.R.S.L. & E. 8vo, with engravings.

In the press, Pastorals Ruggiero, and other poems; by E. D. Baynes, Esq. translator of Ovid's Epistles.

Shortly will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo, a Refutation of the Claims of the late Sir Philip Francis, K.B. to be considered as the author of Junius; and the pretensions of another eminent personage hitherto unsuspected, ascertained and established; by Charles Montague Chalmers, Esq. A.M.

In the press, a New Edition of the Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists considered; by Bishop Lavington, 1 vol. 8vo, with Notes and an Introduction; by the Rev. R. Polwhele, price 10s. 6d. boards. This is a reprint from the scarce edition, now selling for a very high price. The author's principal design is to draw a comparison, by way of caution to all Protestants, between the wild and pernicious enthusiasms of some of the most eminent saints in the Popish communion, and those of the Methodists in our country; which latter he calls a set of pretended reformers, animated by an enthusiastic and fanatical spirit.

The collected works, published and unpublished, of the Rev. Thomas Zouch, D.D. F.L.S. with a Memoir of his Life; by the Rev. Francis Wrangham, M.A. F.R.S. chaplain to his Grace the Archbishop of York.

Ancient Humorous Poetry, No II. containing Cornucopie, or Pasquil's Night-cap, 1612.

The Lives of Edward V. and Richard III.; by Sir Thomas More, with a Preface and Appendix, embellished with two portraits, and uniform with the late edition of Roper's Life of More.

Sermons; by the Rev. C. R. Maturin, Curate of St Peter's, Dublin, 8vo.

In April will be published, the History

of Ancient Wiltshire, northern district; by Sir Richard Colt Hoase, Bart. F. R. S. and F.A.S.

Lord John Russell will soon publish, in a 4to vol. the Life of William, Lord Russell, with some account of the times in which he lived.

Dr Granville has in the press, in 2 vols 4to, Memoirs of the present State of Science and Scientific Institutions in France.

Mr J. G. Mansford is printing, in an 8vo volume, Researches into the Nature and Causes of Epilepsy, as connected with the Physiology of Animal Life and Muscular Motion.

Mr Joseph Ward is printing, in a duodecimo volume, an Epitome of Scripture History, or a Brief Narrative of the Principal Facts and Events recorded in the Old Testament.

The Rev. Edmund Butcher has in the press, a third volume of Sermons for the Use of Families.

Capt. Moritz de Kotzebue will soon publish, in 8vo, a Journey to Persia in the Suite of the Imperial Russian Embassy, in the year 1817.

Collections for a Topographical, Historical, and Descriptive Account of Boston and the Hundred of Skirbeck, Lincolnshire; by Mr Pishey Thomson, will appear in the ensuing summer.

The Rev. Wm Pulling has in the press, a volume of Sermons, with appropriate Prayers, translated from the Danish of Dr N. E. Balle, Regius Professor of Divinity at Copenhagen.

Mr Burke, author of Amusements in Retirement, is printing, in four 8vo vols, Meditations and Reflections on the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature.

A new edition of Mortimer's Commercial Dictionary is in the press, with revisions and corrections to the present time.

Mr T. S. Peckston has in the press, a Practical Treatise on Gas Light, illustrated by plates; including an Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Science.

A System of Divinity, in a Series of Sermons; by the late Rev. Dr Timothy De-

right, President of Yale College, in Connecticut, will soon appear, in five 8vo vols.

Mr John Cecil is printing, *Sixty Curious and Authentic Narratives and Anecdotes, respecting Extraordinary Characters*; illustrative of the tendency of Credulity and Fancifulness.

Zeal and Experience, a tale, in 2 duodecimo vols, will soon appear.

Mr Thomas Yeates is printing a Syric

and English Grammar, designed for the use of British Students; originally composed at the request, and under the inspection of, the late Rev. Dr Buchanan.

Mr J. S. Cotman of Yarmouth, has in great forwardness, in folio, a Series of Finished Etchings, with Descriptions of the Ecclesiastical and Castellated Antiquities of Normandy, from drawings made by himself.

EDINBURGH.

We understand that an interesting Romance, on the subject of Robin Hood, is forth-coming; and we doubt not, that the parallel of character between Robin Hood, and the present favourite of the day, Rob Roy, will obtain for the former, as great popularity in Scotland, as his name has for centuries past maintained in the sister kingdom.

In the press, *Principles of Elocution*; containing numerous Rules, Observations, and Exercises, on Pronunciation, Pauses, Inflections, Accent, and Emphasis; also, Copious Extracts in Prose and Poetry; calculated to assist the Teacher, and to improve the Pupil, in Reading and Recitation, 12mo. Third Edition.

A Pronouncing Spelling-Book, with Reading Lessons in Prose and Verse; by G. Fulton and G. Knight, 12mo. Seventh edition in the press.

Sermons preached in St John's Chapel, Edinburgh; by Daniel Sandford, D.D. one of the Bishops of the Scotch Episcopal Church, and formerly Student of Christ Church, Oxford, 8vo.

A Geographical and Statistical description of Scotland; by James Playfair, D.D. F.R.S. & F.A.S.E. Principal of the United College of St Andrews, and Historiographer

to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, 2 vols 8vo.

In the press, and speedily will be published, handsomely printed by Ballantyne, with a fine portrait from an original picture, an *Account of the Life of James Crichton of Cluny*, commonly called the Admirable Crichton; with Notes, and an Appendix of Original Papers; by Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F.R.S.E.—This work will embrace a Critical Examination of the Evidence in support of the remarkable adventures of Crichton in France and in Italy, with some considerations on the State of Literature in those Countries and in Scotland, during the Sixteenth Century. In the Appendix will be found several Original Papers, illustrative of the History of Crichton, never before published.

Emeline, an unfinished Tale, with some other pieces; by the late Mrs Brunton, author of *Self-Control and Discipline*; to which is prefixed, a Memoir of her Life, including some Extracts from her Correspondence.

In 2 vols 8vo, with a vol. of Illustrative Engravings in 4to, an *Account of the Western Isles of Scotland*, particularly with regard to Geology; by J. R. McCulloch, Esq. M.D. F.L.S.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANTIQUITIES.

Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland, with Historical Illustrations; by Walter Scott, Esq. Part I. 16s.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for 1819. 12s.

BOTANY.

An Arrangement of British Plants, according to the latest Improvements of the Linnean System; with an easy Introduction to the Study of Botany; by William Withering, M.D. F.R.S. F.L.S. Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Lisbon, &c. Corrected and considerably enlarged, by William Withering, Esq. F.L.S. extraordinary Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, &c. Illustrated by copperplates. 4 vols 8vo. £2, 8.

CHRONOLOGY.

A Chronological Table of the Nobility of the United Kingdom, showing at one view their exact order of Precedency, with an Alphabetical Index; 12mo. 5s.

CLASSICS.

The Delphin Classics, with the Variorum Notes; entitled the Regent's edition, No I. January 1819. P. Virgilii Maronis, opera omnia ex ed. Chr. G. Heyne. cum variis lectionibus, interpretatione. Notis Variorum, et Indice locupletissimo, accurata recensita. Curante et imprimente A. J. Valpy.—The price is now raised, to new Subscribers, 19s. each part. On the 1st of April it will be raised to 20s., and on the 1st of June to 21s. large paper double. Eight months will be allowed, from the 6th of February, to persons now abroad, and fifteen months for India. Subscribers always remain at the price they originally enter. Any original subscriber may change their small for large paper on or before the 1st of April, at the first price.—Twelve Numbers will be published in the year, each Number containing 672 pages.

The Aulipus Romanus, or an Attempt to prove, from the principles of reasoning adopted by the Right Hon. Sir William

Drummond in his *Ædipus Judaicus*, that the twelve Cæsars are the twelve Signs of the Zodiac; addressed to the higher and literary classes of society; by the Rev. George Townsend, A.M. of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Gradus ad Parnassum; a new edition, without the Verses and Phrases, and with Improvements. Royal 12mo. 7s.

N. B.—We need only refer to the sentiments of Dr Vicesimus Knox on the old *Gradus* for the utility of the present plan.

ἩΡΩΔΙΑΝΟΤ 'ΕΠΙΜΕΠΙΣΜΟΙ, Herodiani Partiones, E. codd Parisinis edidit Jo. Fr. Boissonade. 8vo. 12s.

DRAMA.

Evadne, or the Statue; a tragedy, in five acts; by Richard Sheil, Esq.

EDUCATION.

A New Geographical Copy-Book, consisting of twenty Outline Maps, to be filled up by Junior Students in Geography; by J. Williams. 3s.

English Exercises, Orthographical and Grammatical, in Two Parts; being a selection of choice pieces in prose and verse, with many original reflections, &c. Designed to improve the juvenile mind in spelling and grammar; by John Hornsey, Scarborough. 1s.

Maternal Conversations; on beauty, passion, courage, justice, clemency, moderation, perseverance, riches, love of country, &c.; by Madame Dufrenoy. 4s.

The Well Bred Doll; calculated to amuse and instruct Young Children, embellished with ten engravings. 2s.

Principles of Punctuation, or the Art of Pointing familiarized; by Cecil Hartly, M.A.

HISTORY.

A Sketch of Modern History from the Destruction of the Western Empire, A.D. 476, to the close of the year 1818; together with a concise view of the Rise and Progress of the Arts and Sciences, and of Civilization in Europe, with a compendious Table of Chronology from the creation of the world to the present time; by A. Picquot, author of *Elements of Universal Geography*, *Tables of Comparative Chronology*, &c. 12mo. 6s.

Conversations on General History, exhibiting a progressive view of the State of Mankind, from the earliest ages of which we have any authentic Records to the beginning of the year 1819. For the use of schools and private instruction. By Alexander Jamieson, author of a Treatise on the Construction of Maps, a Grammar of Rhetoric and Polite Literature, a Grammar of Logic and Intellectual Philosophy, and editor of the fifth edition of Adams' *Elements of Useful Knowledge*, &c. 12mo. 6s.

LAW.

Original Precedents in Conveyancing; with notes critical and explanatory, and concise directions for Drawing and settling Conveyances; the whole being the result of actual practice; by J. H. Prince. 12s. 6d.

Statutes of the United Kingdoms, 58 Geo. III. 8vo. 16s.

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Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Vice Chancellor's Court, 59 Geo. III. By Henry Maddock, Esq. Vol. III. Part I. Royal 8vo. 9s.

The Penal Code of France, translated into English; with a Preliminary Dissertation and Notes. 8vo. 5s.

Observations on Penal Jurisprudence, and the Reformation of Criminals; with an Appendix, containing the latest Reports of the State Prisons or Penitentiaries of Philadelphia, New York, and Massachusetts, and other Documents; by William Roscoe, Esq. 8vo. 9s.

MEDICINE.

Essay on Catarrhal Inflammation of the Intestines from Cold; by J. A. Gaitskell, M.D. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

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A Treatise on Midwifery, developing new principles which tend materially to lessen the sufferings of the Patient, and shorten the duration of Labour; by John Power. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE month of February commenced with a pretty severe frost, which continued for a few days, in the course of which the Thermometer sunk lower than at any former period of the season. After the 4th the weather was generally open and frequently very mild, though the temperature during the night was often at, or a few degrees below the freezing point. Previous to the 16th, there was little rain; but betwixt that and the 21st, there were some heavy falls, which were always preceded by a change of wind. The mean temperature since January has declined upwards of a degree, but exceeds that of February 1818 by the same quantity. Spring water has not yet sunk so low as it did last year—a circumstance which affords some grounds for concluding, that unless the month of March be unusually cold and stormy, the present will be a more early spring than that of last year. Appearances indeed are already in favour of this conjecture, as well as of the theory of those philosophers who have predicted a progressive amelioration in our climate. By the end of the month gooseberry bushes had begun to unfold their leaves; the wheat crop which had suffered from the heavy rains is rapidly recovering, and vegetation promises soon to be very vigorous. The temperature of the ground, three feet below the surface, was, on the 5th, 38.8, and by the 25th it had risen to 40. On the same days last year it was at 37.5 and 38.5.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

FEBRUARY 1819.

Means.			Extremes.		
THERMOMETER.		Degrees.	THERMOMETER.		Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,		41.7	Maximum, 11th day,		49.5
..... cold,		31.9	Minimum, 2d,		21.0
..... temperature, 10 A. M.		36.9	Lowest maximum, 2d,		34.0
..... 10 P. M.		35.6	Highest minimum, 16th,		42.0
..... of daily extremes,		36.8	Highest, 10 A. M. 11th,		46.0
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.		36.2	Lowest ditto, 5d,		25.5
..... 4 daily observations,		36.5	Highest, 10 P. M. 16th,		44.5
Whole range of thermometer,		275.0	Lowest ditto 2d,		25.5
Mean daily ditto,		9.8	Greatest range in 24 hours, 11th,		16.5
..... temperature of spring water,		39.5	Least ditto, 18th,		5.0
BAROMETER.		Inches.	BAROMETER.		Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 43)		29.565	Highest, 10 A. M. 14th,		29.900
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 45)		29.571	Lowest ditto, 19th,		28.835
..... both, (temp. of mer. 45)		29.567	Highest, 10 P. M. 14th,		29.865
Whole range of barometer,		9.626	Lowest ditto, 6th,		28.770
Mean ditto, during the day,		.175	Greatest range in 24 hours, 21st,		.748
..... night,		.171	Least ditto, 27th,		.030
..... in 24 hours,		.544			
HYGROMETER.		Degrees.	HYGROMETER.		Degrees.
Rain in inches,		2.191	Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M. 25th,		22.0
Evaporation in ditto,		.750	 Lowest ditto, 5d,		0.0
Mean daily Evaporation,		.027	 Highest, 10 P. M. 24th,		16.0
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.		7.5	 Lowest ditto, 5d,		1.0
..... 10 P. M.		7.2	Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A. M. 16th,		41.4
..... both,		7.4	 Lowest ditto, 15th,		25.0
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A. M.		31.7	 Highest, 10 P. M. 16th,		42.4
..... 10 P. M.		30.4	 Lowest ditto, 12th,		21.0
..... both,		31.1	 Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A. M. 5d,		100.0
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A. M.		84.5	 Lowest ditto, 25th,		52.0
..... 10 P. M.		84.1	 Highest, 10 P. M. 5d,		98.0
..... both,		84.3	 Lowest ditto, 12th,		63.4
..... Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A. M. 136			 Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest 10 A. M. 16th,		.185
..... 10 P. M. 130			 Least ditto, 25th,		.082
..... both, 133			 Greatest, 10 P. M. 16th,		.191
			 Least ditto, 12th,		.095

Fair days, 12; rainy days, 16. Wind west of meridian, 20; east of meridian, 8.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, after-noon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Atch. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Atch. Ther.	Wind.		
Feb. 1	M. 51	29.162	M. 41	N. W.	Keen frost, snow after.	Feb. 15	M. 55	29.531	M. 39	N. W.	Cloudy, rain after.
	A. 24	.127	A. 51				A. 51	.568	A. 43		
2	M. 31	.227	M. 44	N. W.	Clear frost.	16	M. 40	28.916	M. 43	S. W.	Showery.
	A. 25	.294	A. 32				A. 59	.916	A. 43		
3	M. 28	.202	M. 32	Cble.	Cloudy, snow after.	17	M. 45	.989	M. 44	E.	Clear.
	A. 22	28.978	A. 35				A. 57 1/2	29.115	A. 45		
4	M. 32 1/2	29.352	M. 34	Cble.	Clear frost.	18	M. 41	.143	M. 44	S. W.	Cloudy, rain after.
	A. 29	.542	A. 35				A. 30	28.987	A. 45		
5	M. 35	.360	M. 38	Calm.	Clear.	19	M. 39	.708	M. 43	S. E.	Cloudy.
	A. 28	.165	A. 38				A. 56 1/2	.969	A. 42		
6	M. 36	28.969	M. 40	S. W.	Clear, snow after.	20	M. 41	29.418	M. 40	Cble.	Showery.
	A. 34	.727	A. 39				A. 32	.531	A. 40		
7	M. 40	.751	M. 37	S. W.	Do.	21	M. 37	28.798	M. 40	E.	Heavy rain.
	A. 31 1/2	29.905	A. 37				A. 32	29.475	A. 41		
8	M. 36	.469	M. 37	S. W.	Clear frost.	22	M. 37	.689	M. 38	N. W.	Clear, cold.
	A. 30	.540	A. 40				A. 51 1/2	.495	A. 40		
9	M. 37	.199	M. 44	W.	Rain fore, clear after.	23	M. 36	.527	M. 41	N. W.	Do.
	A. 36 1/2	.199	A. 42				A. 30	.281	A. 38		
10	M. 46	.106	M. 40	W.	Clear fore, snow after.	24	M. 32	.218	M. 38	N. W.	Frost, morn. snow after.
	A. 34	.369	A. 38				A. 25	.568	A. 36		
11	M. 37	.314	M. 41	W.	Rain morn, clear after.	25	M. 37	.660	M. 41	N. W.	Frost.
	A. 29 1/2	.145	A. 44				A. 25 1/2	.660	A. 38		
12	M. 44	28.994	M. 40	N. W.	Clear, cold.	26	M. 38	.270	M. 40	N. W.	Cloud, cold.
	A. 32	29.182	A. 40				A. 25	.190	A. 36		
13	M. 36	.379	M. 37	N.	Do.	27	M. 36	.218	M. 39	S. E.	Cloud, frost.
	A. 30	.546	A. 39				A. 29	.109	A. 37		
14	M. 55 1/2	.735	M. 37	N.	Do.	28	M. 33	.132	M. 37	S. E.	Cloudy.
	A. 30 1/2	.751	A. 37				A. 50	.135	A. 37		

Average of rain 1.7 inches.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—11th March 1819.

Sugar. THE Sugar market has been heavy, and the prices rather on the decline. Some large holders, however, seem not inclined to sell at the present prices, and an advance is therefore looked forward to. Considering the quantity on hand, it is difficult to say what is the cause of the unusual dullness in the market for this article; but the most probable is, the great pressure in mercantile concerns in general, which has thrown a gloom over commercial affairs, and therefore keeps buyers out of the market for any thing except for immediate want. In the Refined market there has been a considerable request for good brown lumps. The inquiry for Foreign Sugars continue, but few actual sales have been effected. Molasses may be purchased cheaper.—*Cotton.* The market for this article may still be stated as exceedingly dull, and prices considerably on the decline. The want of money has occasioned some sales to have been made at low rates; but from the quantity on hand, the quantity coming to market, and the prices in America, it is probable that Cotton will yet decline in price, though not in such proportion as it has for some time done. The quantity imported, during the two first months of the present year, is 73,919 bales and packages—being 7,386 bales and packages more than during the corresponding period of last year. Unless some check is put to the importation of this article, prices must decline, so long as the supply continues so greatly to exceed the demand. This demand is no doubt increasing, and all the branches of Cotton manufactures are in full activity.—*Coffee.* There are several inquiries for Coffee by private contract, and in this article there is every appearance of an improving market. St Domingo, Brazil, and Jamaica, have chiefly been inquired after. East India has also been in request.—*Tobacco.* The late fall in this article has brought a considerable number of foreign orders. In consequence of this, Kentucky's have risen about $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lib. However, we cannot well expect any material improvement in the market, from Continental orders, as it is reported that very considerable stocks of Porto Rico are on hand.—*Corn.* The Grain market may be stated as dull, and the prices on the decline. The Provision market is very dull, and Pork may be purchased cheaper. Mediterranean produce continues very dull. Brandy has declined greatly in price, and may now be supposed as having seen the lowest. Geneva is without any material alteration. Although there has been no large sales of Rum, yet the inquiries have materially increased, and the market appears improving.—*Wine* is rather on the advance, particularly Port and Madeira. In none of the other articles of merchandise, usually enumerated, are there any alteration or movement worth noticing.

Since our last Report, and as we therein anticipated, a general gloom and want of confidence has overspread the commercial world. The pressure upon some branches of our trade has been very great, proceeding from the causes we there detailed. That pressure continues, and will yet continue for a short time. We are mistaken if it lasts long, and are also convinced that the greatest danger is over, as there is every prospect of permanent tranquillity among the nations of Europe. In an extended trade like ours, difficulties must at times arise; but these are but of short duration, and though injurious to individuals, yet seldom fail to open up new and safer channels for national industry. The public funds, which have considerably declined in consequence of the alarm, are beginning to recover, and there can be little doubt but they will steadily advance to a high price. From all we can perceive, the sum for the service of the year is provided for without loans, or touching the sinking fund. Last year, leaving untouched that fund, the deficiency of the revenue to the expenditure was £12,000,000. The surplus revenue, and improvement in it, was nearly equal to four millions. The expenditure, we learn, was lessened two millions. These, taken together, make six millions. The Chancellor of the Exchequer states his intention to be, to take six millions from the seven millions of unclaimed dividends remaining in the Bank. This will give him, when joined to the saving and additional revenue, £12,000,000—a sum equal to last year's deficiency, even should this sum not be increased by a farther improvement in the revenue, and a still farther diminution of the national expenditure; which, however, to a certain degree, may be confidently anticipated.

Much unnecessary alarm and trouble is occasioned by the subject of the resumption of cash payments. If it is supposed that the immense trade of this country must and can only be carried on by a circulating medium of gold and silver, the mistake will soon be discovered, and the delusion vanish. No circulating medium we could procure of this kind would enable us to carry on one half the trade we now do. The fact is, gold and silver are in themselves purely mercantile commodities. They have their value like every other article of trade, and will continue to have it in every commercial country, in proportion to other articles of trade and industry. The circulating medium best adapted for any commercial country, is that which can be conveyed or transmitted from place to place at the least possible expense, and with the greatest safety and facility. Our present circulat-

ing medium is that currency. It is the property, skill, honour, and industry of a great people, all called forth and put in activity, and which has more value and more stability than either gold or silver, and which will always command and control these precious metals.

As the trade and navigation of this country are intimately connected, so any improvement in the latter is of the utmost importance to the former. On this account, we announce, with satisfaction and confidence, an invention which we believe will prove one of the most important ever brought to light for navigation. This is a new mode of impelling vessels by steam, and which is equally applicable to vessels of every size and every description. A patent has, we understand, been obtained for it, and the discovery will soon be submitted to the world. We have seen the principle; and its extreme simplicity, we are satisfied, must ensure success. It will embrace the three great objects—despatch, certainty, and security; and last, and not least, greatly lessening all expenses connected with navigation. Impelled by it, vessels of any description may with perfect safety and security visit any country, every port, and traverse every sea. Storms cannot retard, nor contrary winds detain them; nor can the machinery sustain any injury but what may be easily repaired, and in a short period, unless the ship is dashed to pieces. As the vessel is increased in tonnage, so will the proportionate impelling power act with greater effect. It will carry vessels along a canal without the slightest injury to its banks. It will not only impel a ship with any necessary speed, but will also, at the same time, pump her to an extent scarcely credible, should extended power be necessary:—it will also ventilate her, clear her of bad air, and supply her with good; but, with a trifling expense, afford the crew fresh water and dry their clothes. A machinery of a curious construction may be attached to any vessel, so as to deepen either rivers or canals with an extraordinary facility and effect. No part of the power employed for propelling the vessel will be lost. Every particle tells, and with the greatest effect. In estimating the power, we confine ourselves within moderate bounds when we state, that a loaded merchantman of the first class, may, in fifteen days from the Clyde, reach any of the Leeward Islands, and at an expense not exceeding £20 for fuel, if so much. The principle is so safe and so powerful, that unless a ship is run ashore designedly, or from accidents such as no human foresight could avert or provide against, such fatal and destructive, and so frequent events, can no longer take place. She can be borne off in the face of any current, swell, or tempest; and, by a simple and ingenious contrivance, the vessel may be turned in a moment in any direction, at whatever speed she may be going. We have never seen an invention so simple, and which may, at the same time, be rendered of such extensive utility. And unless fluids become solids, steam ice—unless

“The scales are false and algebra lie,”

the principle must succeed, and to an extent, we believe, beyond the most sanguine hopes of the discoverer of it. The machinery may also be worked by wind or animal strength.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d February 1819.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock, ...	272 272½	—	—	269
3 per cent. reduced, ...	77½ ½	77½ ½	77 76½	74½ ½
3 per cent. consols, ...	78½ 77½	77 76½	76½	76½ ½
4 per cent. consols, ...	97½ 97	95½ ½	95½ ½	96 95½
5 per cent. navy ann.	107½ 106½	105½ ½	106½ ½	106½ ½
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	—	—	—	—
India stock, ...	233½	—	—	—
— bonds, ...	82 80 pr.	76 78 pr.	71 69 pr.	67 64 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2d. p.d.	13 9 pr.	8 16 pr.	12 18 pr.	6 9 pr.
Consols for acc.	78½	77½	76½	76½
American 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—
— new loan, 6 p. c.	—	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	—

Course of Exchange, March 5.—Amsterdam, 11 : 6 : 2 U. Antwerp, 11 : 8. Ex. Hamburg, 34 : 2½ U. Frankfort, 140½ Ex. Paris, 24 : 2 U. Bourdeaux, 24. Madrid, 30½ effect. Cadiz, 30½ effect. Gibraltar, 34. Leghorn, 51½. Genoa, 47½. Malta, 50. Naples, 41½. Palermo, 123 per oz. Oporto, 58½. Rio Janeiro, 64. Dublin, 10½. Cork, 10½. Agio of the Bank of Holland, 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £4 : 1 : 6. New doubloons, £4 : 2 : 0. New dollars, 5s. 6d. Silver, in bars, 5s. 6d.

PRICES CURRENT.—Jan 30.—London, March 5, 1819.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.	DUTIES.
SUGAR, Musc.	76 to	74 to 78	65 to 75	75 to 75	
P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	80	90	75	75	£1 10 0
Mid. good, and fine mid.	92	96	87	79	
Fine and very fine, .	150	160	91	96	
Refined, Doub. Loaves, .	119	126	—	130	
Powder ditto, .	117	122	—	104	
Single ditto, .	111	116	116	122	
Small Lumps . . .	107	111	120	106	
Large ditto, . . .	62	66	110	124	
Crushed Lumps, . .	36	60	108	103	
MOLASSES, British, . cwt.	—	35	61	100	
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	—	—	55	68	73
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120	132	118	122	140
Mid. good, and fine mid.	133	147	151	145	150
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	116	120	120	100	136
Ord. good, and fine ord.	122	135	120	130	136
Mid. good, and fine mid.	136	144	134	144	150
St Domingo, . . .	140	—	—	122	126
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	9½	—	9	8½	9
SPIRITS					
Jam. Rum, 16 O.P. gall.	3s 10d	4s 0d	3s 8d	3s 10d	4s 4d
Brandy, ...	5 6	6 0	—	—	4 6
Geneva, ...	3 6	3 8	—	—	3 3
Aqua, ...	7 8	8 0	—	—	15 6
WINES					
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60	64	—	—	£55
Portugal Red, . pipe.	48	54	—	—	50
Spanish White, . butt.	34	55	—	—	30
Tenerife, ...	30	35	—	—	25
Madeira, ...	60	70	—	—	58
LOGWOOD, Jam. . . ton.	£10	—	7 0	7 16	8 0
Honduras, ...	10 10	—	7 10	7 16	8 0
Campeachy, ...	11	—	8 10	9 0	8 10
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	11	—	—	8 10	9 10
Cuba, ...	13	—	—	11 10	12 0
INDIGO, Caracass fine, lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	8 6	9 6	9s 0d
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 3	2 6	—	—	2 6
Ditto Oak, ...	4 6	5 0	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 3	2 4	—	—	—
Hondur s Mahogany	1 4	1 8	0 10	1 8	1 6
St Domingo, ditto	—	—	1 2	3 0	1 6
TAR, American, . . brl.	—	—	—	16 0	16 6
Archangel, ...	22	23	—	18 0	19 0
PITCH, Foreign, . . cwt.	10	—	—	—	12 6
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	70	71	68	70	75
Home Melted, ...	73	—	—	—	70 0
HEMP, Riga Rhine, . ton.	52	—	50	52	—
Petersburgh Clean, . .	46	—	49	50	46
FLAX					
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	78	80	—	—	86 0
Dutch, ...	60	140	—	—	70
Irish, ...	63	68	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . . 100.	90	—	—	—	£4 5
BRISTLES					
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 0	16 0	—	—	14 10
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	46	—	—	—	44
Montreal ditto, . . .	57	—	57	58	55
Pot, ...	49	—	45	46	56
OIL, Whale, ... tun.	35	36	32	33	40
Cod, ...	87 (p. brl.)	38	39	38	37
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	11	12	11	11½	0 7
Middling, ...	10	10½	9½	10½	0 5
Inferior, ...	9	10	7	8	0 4½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	1 3	1 5	1 2
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	3 0	3 4	2 7
Good, ...	—	—	2 8	2 11	2 4
Middling, ...	—	—	2 6	2 8	1 8
Demertra and Berbice, .	—	—	1 6	1 9	1 5
West India, ...	—	—	1 2	1 5	1 2
Pernambuco, ...	—	—	1 9	1 9½	1 7
Marantam, ...	—	—	1 7	1 8	1 4

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of January, and the 20th of February, 1819, extracted from the London Gazettes.

Atkinson, J. W. Mitcham, farmer
 Adams', S. and J. J. Wattleworth, Walsall, Staff-
 rdshire, saddlers
 Blyth, R. Hull, corn-merchant
 Bu roughes, J. Great Hermitage-street, spirit-mer-
 chant

Brown, W. St John's-street, cheesemonger
 Bacon, R. jun. Barkway, Hertfordshire, and Al-
 dergate-street, miller
 Burn, W. Exeter, draper
 Birch, W. Great Queen-street
 Batt, E. J. Backshell, and A. W. Batt, Whitney

Boniface, Charles, jun. Chichester, mealman
 Bailey, C. R. H. Swallowfield, Wilts, dealer
 Bates, J. Stockport, dealer
 Barfoot, J. Arundel-street Strand, fancy-stationer
 Caumont, P. Old Broad-street, merchant
 Campbell, P. Mary-le-bonne-street, Golden-square, wine-merchant
 Cullimore, T. Wickwar, Gloucestershire, maltster
 Crosse, A. Ellesmere, Shropshire, grocer
 Cawood, D. Newton, Yorkshire, merchant
 Cobbet, W. jun. Mark-lane, corn-merchant
 Cox, John and Joshua Morgan, wholesale glovers, London
 Cregston, William, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant
 Cushon, Thomas, minorities, London, hat-manufacturer
 Churcher, J. Bristol, hair-preparer
 Cousins, J. Chalton-street, Somers-town, cheese-monger
 Dodsworth, W. ship-carpenter
 Davies, M. J. Maidstone, dealer
 Ferral, J. Birmingham, printer
 Foulerton, J. Upper Bedford-place, merchant
 Fricker, C. jun. Stoke Newington, merchant
 Fish, T. Dorsetshire, victualler
 Fielding, James, Budge-row, London, auctioneer
 French, William, Heaton Morris, cotton-manufacturer
 Fairclough, R. Tavington, Lancaster, tanner
 Gilchrist, G. and J. M. Liverpool, merchants
 Gale, J. Paternoster-row, stationers
 Greathhead, T. and W. Outhwaite, Lamb-street, Middlesex
 Gray, G. Hammersmith, carpenter
 Hornby, J. Liverpool, merchant
 Hattersley, M. Bilton with Harrogate, hotel-keeper
 Healey, R. Lancaster, woollen-manufacturer
 Hudson, W. Upper Thames-street, earthenware-man
 Hopper, C. Little Trinity-lane, lace-dealer
 Highfield, G. B. and C. Liverpool, merchant
 Harris, George, Birmingham, and Jas. Edmonds, Aston, near Birmingham, japanners
 Hope, Thomas, Blakeloy, Manchester, bleacher
 Horner, J. and Sons, Brockbottom, Lancaster, linen-manufacturers
 Hatton, J. Warrington, Lancaster, butcher
 Heaford, J. Stepney, dealer
 Jackson, C. Upper Thames-street, sugar-factor
 Johnson, J. Commercial-road, merchant
 Kidd, J. Castle-coomb, Wilts, butcher
 Levy, L. Great Prescott-street, merchant
 Lloyd, J. Tibberton, Hereford, farmer
 Lewis, W. Beak-street, Golden-square, woollen-drafter
 Lloyd, W. Shrewsbury, tailor
 Longden, J. Peak-forest, Derbyshire, meal-seller
 Lomas, J. Fetter-lane, tavern-keeper
 Leigh, S. Strand, bookseller
 Loft, G. Woodbridge, Suffolk, coal-merchant
 Morgan, J. M., G. M. and E. Belle Sauvage-yard, Ludgate-hill, stationer
 Mottram, C. Winchester-street, merchant
 Marchant, M. Poplar, cow-keeper
 Morgan, W. and W. Matthews, Newport, Monmouthshire, common brewers
 Matthews, E. College-hill, merchant
 Mather, J. Manchester, joiner
 Medlam, J. Huddersfield, grocer
 Martin, W. Leadenhall-market, cheesemonger
 Mitchell, Thomas, late of Cowick, York, linen-drafter
 Naylor, M. and G. Darlington, leather-dressers
 Oliver, J. and N. Gibbs, Ingham, jun. Broad-street, and Plymouth, merchants
 Opton, G. Queen-street, oil and colour merchant
 O'Hara, M. Hertfordshire, innkeeper
 Pickman, J. Deptford, maltster
 Powell, G. Little Trinity-lane, Queenhithe, baker
 Potts, R. Holborn, haberdasher
 Pitcher, J. Upper Thames-street, carpenter
 Penny, G. and R. Thompson, Mincing-lane, brokers
 Powell, Philip, Knightsbridge, Middlesex, broker
 Parker, James, Axbridge, Somerset, money-scriver
 Peake, S. jun., and J. Ruthwell, Lancaster, calico-printers
 Paul, J. Circus-minories, merchant
 Rothwell, J. Mortfield, Lancashire, whister
 Robertson, E. Manchester, cotton-spinner
 Randall, J. Pancras-street, Tottenham-court-road, auctioneer
 Raffield, J. Edward-street, Cavendish-square, dealer
 Reed, T. and J. Middlemas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants
 Ross, J. Castle-inn, Woodford, Essex, victualler
 Smyth, E. St Martin's-court, St Martin's-lane, shoemaker
 Sayer, E. Bath, tailor
 Stansfield, J. Manchester, merchant
 Still, J. South Island-place, Brixton, merchant
 Starbuck, R. Milton, Kent, boot and shoe-maker
 Shotton, Francis, Steyning, Sussex, auctioneer
 Smith, Robert, Oxford, linen-drafter
 Stewart, R. Liverpool, merchant
 Simpson, R. Hull, Bank-buildings, merchant
 Sayer, W. Bristol, corn-factor
 Stanley, B. Woolwich, miller
 Towsey, J. jun. Blandford-forum, stone-mason
 Taylor, R. Witney, mealman
 Towsey, J. jun. and S. Lloyd, Blandford-forum
 Thompson, T. Kirkham, Lancashire, tanner
 Tricker, C. jun. Stoke Newington, merchant
 Thick, J. Islington, broker
 Wilbeam, J. H. Dockhead, distiller
 Wilks, R. Chancery-lane, printer
 Whates, R. Wapping-street, anchor-smith
 Wilkinson, H. Liverpool, merchant
 Watson, J. Gravesend, coachmaster
 Watkinson, W. Strand, boot and shoe-maker
 Wright, F. Budge-row, merchant
 Woods, M. Clare-market, merchant
 Worsley, J. Liverpool, wine-merchant
 Woods, E. R. Kelvdon, Essex, shop-keeper

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 28th February 1819, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Brown, William, sen. and William Brown, jun. joint tacksmen of Townend of Craigie, and dealers in saddlery, Kilmarnock
 Blair, James, some time of the Island of St Thomas, and partner of M'Gouns, Watson, and Co. merchants; lately carrying on business at Greenock under that firm, and at St Thomas' aforesaid, under the firm of James Blair and Co.
 Bald, William, merchant, Glasgow
 Hector, James, merchant, Aberdeen
 Haddow and Dale, merchants, Glasgow; and Robert Haddow, James Dale, Archibald Waddell, and John Wiseman, partners of said Company, as individuals
 Haddow, Scott, and Dale, merchants, Glasgow, and William Scott, jun. a partner of that Company
 Kerr, William, timber-merchant, Glasgow
 Lamond, Alexander, merchant, Glasgow
 Lyell, George, of Kineff, coal-merchant and lime-burner at Blackburn, county of Linlithgow
 M'Lachlan, Donald and Lachlan, carrying on business at Leith, as merchants, under the firm of D. and L. M'Lachlan
 M'Farlane, Rennie, and Company, merchants, Glasgow; and David M'Farlane and H. S. Rennie, partners of that Company, as individuals
 M'Indoe, Robert, agent, Glasgow
 M'Grigor, Peter, and Company, calico-printers, Glasgow; and Peter M'Grigor, Alexander M'Grigor, and Archibald M'Grigor, the individual partners of said Company
 Paton, Alexander, and Company, manufacturers, Glasgow, and Alexander Paton, manufacturer there, as the individual partner of that Company
 Petrie, James, jun. merchant, Aberdeen
 Scott, James, flour-miller and grain-dealer, Aberdeen
 Stein, Robert, and Company, brewers, Canongate, Edinburgh, and Robert Stein, the sole partner of that Company

Taylor, William, lately residing at Troon, Ayrshire, now in Edinburgh
 Wallace, Robert, grain-dealer at Gateside, near Paisley
 Walker and West, merchants, Leith, and William Walker and William West, the individual partners of that Company
 Young, John, and Company, merchants and general agents, Edinburgh, and John Young, the sole surviving partner of that Company

DIVIDENDS.

Brodie, John, ship-owner, Dysart; by Alexander Spence, merchant, Leith
 Bryce and Aitken, Alexander Bryce, and Alexander Bryce and Son, Glasgow; by the trustee, on 22d March

Hardie, Peter, dyer and wool-carder, late at Dasher, near Kippen; by John M'Callum, the trustee
 Forbes, William, merchant and shipbuilder, Peterhead; by William Garnock, writer there
 M'Cormick, John, late merchant, Glasgow, now deceased; by Messrs M'Grigor and Murray, writers there, 12th March
 M'Culloch, Robert, and Company, manufacturers, Paisley, and John Campbell, one of the partners; to be paid on 9th March to creditors who have lodged claims before 20th February
 Sempill and M'Nab, brewers in Hutchinstoun of Glasgow, as a Company; and Hamilton, Collins, Sempill and Peter M'Nab, the individual partners; by John M'Gavin, accountant, Glasgow, on 16th March

EDINBURGH.—MARCH 3.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....38s. 6d.	1st,.....40s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 0d.
2d,.....36s. 6d.	2d,.....—s. 0d.	2d,.....—s. 0d.	2d,.....—s. 0d.
3d,.....31s. 0d.	3d,.....33s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 16 : 3.

Tuesday, March 2.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	Os. 5d. to Os. 8d.	Quartern Loaf . . .	Os. 11d. to Os. 0d.
Mutton	Os. 6d. to Os. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.) . .	Os. 10d. to Os. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	12s. 0d. to 15s. 0d.	Butter, per lb. . . .	1s. 8d. to 1s. 10d.
Veal	Os. 8d. to 1s. 0d.	Salt ditto, ...	1s. 6d. to Os. 0d.
Pork	Os. 6d. to Os. 8d.	Ditto, per stone . .	21s. 0d. to Os. 0d.
Tallow, per stone .	11s. 0d. to 15s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen . .	Os. 0d. to Os. 9d.

HADDINGTON.—MARCH 5.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....38s. 0d.	1st,.....38s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 0d.
2d,.....35s. 0d.	2d,.....38s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.
3d,.....32s. 0d.	3d,.....32s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 15 : 6 : 3-12ths.

Note.—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

London, Corn Exchange, March 1.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, Red . . .	56	62	Boilers	54	56
Fine	64	70	Small Beans . .	50	52
Superfine . . .	70	74	Fine	54	56
White	56	64	Tick	46	50
Fine	66	74	Fine	50	53
Superfine . . .	78	80	Feed Oats . . .	22	25
Foreign	56	80	Fine	26	29
Rye	44	46	Poland do . . .	27	29
Fine	50	54	Fine	30	33
Barley	38	46	Potato do. . . .	29	33
Fine	50	54	Fine	34	35
Superfine . . .	56	58	Flour, p. sack .	60	65
Malt, ...	65	78	Seconds	55	60
Fine	80	84	North Country	50	55
Hog Pease . . .	52	56	Pollard	20	28
Maple	58	60	Bran	15	17

Seeds, &c.—Mar. 5.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Must. Brown, 12 to	21		Hempseed . . .	65	70
—White	14	24	Linseed, crush. 56 to	65	
Tares	17	to	—New, for Seed	78	84
Turnips	—	to	—Ryegrass, . . .	10	40
—New	12	20	Clover, Red, . . .	110	to
—Yellow	—	to	—White	105	to
Caraway	—	to	Coriander . . .	25	30
Canary	110	to	—New Trefoil .	60	to

New Rapeseed, £46 to £—.

Liverpool, March 1.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.	11	0	11	6	Pease, for. 55	0	0	60	0
English	10	6	11	6	Rice, p. cwt. 0	0	0	0	0
Scotch	10	6	11	6	Flour, English,				
Welch	11	0	11	6	p. 280lb. fine	62	0	64	0
Irish	11	0	11	3	—Seconds . 54	0	60	0	
Dantzic	11	6	12	0	Irishp. 240lb.	51	0	55	0
Wismar	11	6	12	0	Ameri. p. bl.	45	0	45	0
American . . .	11	0	11	6	—Sour do. . 35	0	37	0	
Quebec	9	6	10	0	Clover-seed, p. bush.				
Barley, per 60 lbs.					— White . . .	0	0	0	
English, grind. 63	to	6	6		— Red	0	0	0	
Malting	9	0	9	6	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.				
Irish	6	3	6	9	English	38	0	42	0
Scotch	7	0	8	0	Scotch	32	0	54	0
Foreign	7	0	7	4	Irish	35	0	39	0
Malt p. 9gls. 11	6	15	3		Butter, Beef, &c.				
Rye, foreign 42	to	44			Butter, per cwt. s.				
Oats, per 45 lb.					Belfast . . .	110	to	0	
Eng. new . . .	4	4	4	6	Newry	106	to	0	
Scotch pota. 4	3	4	4	6	Drogheda . .	102	to	0	
Irish	4	3	4	6	Cork, 5d . . .	88	to	0	
Common . . .	4	0	4	5	—New 21, . . .	108	to	0	
Foreign	4	0	4	4	Beef, p. tierce	95	to	100	
Welsh	4	3	4	6	— p. barrel	60	to	65	
Beans, pr qr.					Pork, p. brl.	95	to	105	
English	60	0	63	0	Hams, dry, . .	0	to	0	
Irish	54	0	58	0	Bacon, ...				
Pease, per quar.					Short middles	70	to	72	
—Boiling . 54	0	60	0		Long	68	to	0	

Rapeseed, £46 to £—.

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 20th February 1819.

Wheat, 80s. 3d.—Rye, 58s. 8d.—Barley, 65s. 5d.—Oats, 34s. 2d.—Beans, 69s. 7d.—Pease, 70s. 2d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 39s. 7d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th February 1819.

Wheat, 67s. 5d.—Rye, 44s. 7d.—Barley, 48s. 0d.—Oats, 28s. 3d.—Beans, 46s. 7d.—Pease, 46s. 6d.—Big, 41s. 2d.—Oatmeal, 25s. 2d.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Mr Allan of Errol has presented Mr James Grierson, preacher of the Gospel, to the church and parish of Errol, vacant by the death of the Rev. David Dow.

James Johnston. Esq. of Alva, has presented Andrew Bullock, A. M. preacher of the Gospel, to the church and parish of Alva, vacant by the translation of the Rev. John M'Lauchlan to the church and parish of West Wemyss.

II. MILITARY.

- Brevet Lt. Col. Sir R. C. Hill, R. Horse G. to be Colonel in the Army 1 Jan. 1819
- Captain W. G. Cameron, 1 F. Gds. to be Major or Colonel in the Army 21 do.
- John Browne from 92 F. to be Major or Colonel in the Army do.
- 2 L. G. Lieut. F. Evelyn to be Capt. by purch. vice Vyse, 1 W. I. R. 26 do.
- Cornet G. Greenwood to be Lieut. by purch. vice Evelyn do.
- R. Hort to be Cornet and Sub-Lieut. by purch. vice Greenwood do.
- 4 D. G. Paym. R. Bloomfield, from 20 F. to be Paym. vice Goodwin, dead 4 Feb.
- 7 Ensign J. J. Brett, from 51 F. to be Cornet 28 Jan.
- 1 Dr. Cornet E. Clive to be Lieut. by purch. vice Ommanney, 24 Dr. 21 do.
- M. C. Knatchbull to be Cornet by purch. vice Cuve do.
- 7 Captain T. W. Robbins to be Major by purch. vice Verner 28 do.
- Lieut. W. Grenfell to be Captain by purch. vice Robbins do.
- Cornet J. Williams to be Lieut. by purch. vice Grenfell do.
- 11 Paym. H. Nolan, from h. p. 103 F. to be Paym. vice Lutyens retired on h. p. 103 F. 21 do.
- 19 Serj. Maj. J. MacLennan to be Q. Mast. vice Gloag, dead 28 do.
- 21 Troop Qua. Mast. M. Blair to be Q. Mast. vice Fortesquieu, dead 21 do.
- 24 Lieut. C. Ommanney, from 1 Dr. to be Capt. by purch. vice Tritton, ret. 24 Dec. 1818
- 1 F. Ensign J. D. Bourke, from 9 F. to be Ens. and Lieut. by purch. v. Law, 11 Dr. do.
- R. C. Rowley to be Ens. and Lieut. by purch. vice Arbuthnot, 11 Dr. do.
- 5 J. G. Hatten to be Ensign by purch. vice King, 60 F. 21 Jan. 1819
- 9 H. Lowth to be Ensign by purch. vice Bourke, 1 F. Gds. 4 Feb.
- 18 Ensign J. W. Birch, from 45 F. to be Ens. vice Burnet, ret. on h. p. 37 F. 11 do.
- 19 Lieut. P. C. Lamphier to be Capt. vice Jones, dead 19 April 1818
- R. M'Donald to be Capt. vice Langton, dead 4 Feb. 1819
- Ensign F. Robinson to be Lieut. vice Beaver, dead 25 March 1818
- T. H. Davis, to be Lieut. vice Raper, pro. 26 do.
- Brevet Lieut. H. W. Rideout, to be Lieut. vice Lanphier 19 April
- 2d Lieut. J. Barnes, from h. p. 3 Cey. Rt. to be Ens. vice Robinson 25 March
- A. Scott, from h. p. 3 Cey. Rt. to be Ensign, vice Davis 2 May
- Thomas Bayly to be Ensign, vice Rideout 3 do.
- 20 Lieut. A. Tovey, from h. p. to be Paym. vice Bloomfield, 4 D. Gds. 4 Feb. 1819
- 31 Ensign H. Astier to be Qua. Mast. vice Spence, dead 11 do.
- P. J. Leith to be Ensign, vice Astier do.
- 45 Ensign J. Harrison, from h. p. 37 F. to be Ensign, vice Birch, 18 F. do.
- 51 Gent. Cadet W. M'Kay to be Ensign, vice Brett 28 Jan.
- 52 W. H. E. Dermott to be Ens. vice Stapleton, res. do.
- 60 Ensign Hon. R. King, from 5 F. to be Lt. vice Van Batenburg, prom. 24 Dec. 1818
- 62 Ensign Lord F. Lennox, from 91 F. to be Ensign, vice Russell, prom. 21 Jan. 1819
- 78 Ensign V. H. Mairis to be Lieut. by purch. vice Cameron, prom. 28 do.
- W. Hamilton to be Ens. by purch. vice Mairis do.
- 80 Lieut. S. S. Burns to be Capt. by purch. vice Dashwood, ret. 11 Feb.
- Ensign J. M'Queen to be Lieut. by purch. vice Burns do.
- R. Macdonald to be Ensign by purch. vice M'Queen do.
- Lieut. W. Penny to be Adj. vice Burns do.
- 82 Lieut. E. F. French to be Capt. by purch. vice Montagu, prom. 7 Jan.
- Ensign J. J. Slater to be Lieut. by purch. vice French do.
- Gent. Cadet R. P. Charleton to be Ens. by purch. vice Slater do.
- 83 Ensign W. O'Neil to be Lieut. vice Crutwell, dead 22 May 1818
- J. Burleigh to be Ens. vice O'Neil do.
- 91 J. Campbell to be Ensign, vice Lennox 21 Jan. 1819
- 1 W. I. R. Ensign J. Peters to be Lieut. vice Pilkington, dead 12 Dec. 1818
- T. V. Durell to be Lieut. vice Brown, dead 13 do.
- J. R. Young, from 3 W. I. R. to be Lieut. vice Morgan, dead 14 do.
- G. Johnston to be Ensign, vice Jenks, dead 26 Jan. 1819
- Gent. Cadet J. Magee to be Ensign, vice Peters 27 do.
- A. M. Gray to be Ensign, vice Durell 28 do.
- 8 Qua. Mas. W. Fair, from 4 W. I. R. to be Qua. Mast. vice Mackenzie, ret. on h. p. 4 W. I. R. 21 do.
- 3 Corporal T. Brunt, from R. Horse Gds. to be Ens. vice Young 28 do.
- W. I. R. Ensign J. Kent to be Lieut. vice Studdy, dead 24 Dec. 1818
- 1 Cey. Rt. Lieut. A. Mylius to be Capt. vice Gray, dead 29 April
- 2d Lieut. S. Braybrooke to be Lieut. vice Mylius do.
- 2 Lieut. J. W. Summerfield, from 83 F. to be Lieut. 24 Dec.

Hospital Staff.

Apoth. P. J. Macdonald, from h. p. to be Apoth. to the Forces, vice Gylby, ret. on h. p. 25 Jan. 1819
 Hosp. Assist. W. Knott, from h. p. to be Hosp. As. to the Forces, 24 July 1818
 G. Home, from h. p. to be Hosp. As. to the Forces, vice Pickells, dead 5 Feb. 1819

Exchanges.

Capt. Murdoch, from 91 F. with Capt. Gibbons, h. p. 56 F.
 — Crawford, from 11 Dr. with Captain Dumberly, h. p.
 — Brooks, from 29 F. rec. diff. with Captain Hickin, h. p. 66 F.
 — Chartres, from 54 F. with Captain Coote, h. p. 24 F.
 — Elliott, from 2 Life Gds. with Captain Ridout, 11 Dr.
 Lieut. Harnet, from 27 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Beaufoy, h. p.
 — Murray, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Logan, h. p.
 — Lewis, from 15 F. rec. diff. with Lieutenant Drought, h. p.
 — R. Mackay, from 21 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Rowlands, h. p. 22 F.
 — A Mackay, from 21 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Mackenzie, h. p. 6 F.
 — Davies, from 38 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Windus, h. p. 30 F.
 — Hasker, from 55 F. with Lieut. Blackhall, h. p. 12 F.
 — McBean, from 18 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. McDuffie, h. p.
 — Anderson, from 25 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Dittmas, h. p. 31 F.
 Cornet Earl of Belfast, from 18 Dr. with Cornet Jones, h. p. 7 Dr.
 Ensign Hunter, from 59 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Balfour, h. p. 62 F.
 — Gordon, from 33 F. with Ensign Robertson, h. p. 98 F.

Ensign M'Mahon, from 48 F. with Ensign Hayes, 80 F.

— Ring, from 55 F. with Ensign Ralston, h. p. 57 F.

— Crossgrove, from 77 F. rec. diff. with Ens. Champain, h. p. 104 F.

— Macbeath, from 2 W. I. R. with Ensign Wells, h. p. 89 F.

Assist. Surg. Pollock, from 53 F. with Assist. Surg. Maclean, h. p.

— Robson, from Rifle Brigade, with As. Surg. Morrison, h. p. 1 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Captain Tritton, 24 Dr.

— Dashwood, 80 F.

Ensign Stapleton, 52 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Captain Herbert, 55 F.

Lieut. Spotswood, 21 F.

— Ibbotson, 21 F.

— Nunn, 50 F.

— Assist. Surg. Mouat, 53 F.

Deaths.

Captain Dyson, 14 F.

18 July 18

Lieut. Bygrave, 8 Dr.

19 Aug. 18

— Maling, 24 F.

— Davy (drowned), 66 F.

14 Dec. 18

— Higginson, 87 F.

9 Aug.

— Champion, York Ran.

19 Dec.

— Malaspina, h. p. Wattey. Reg.

31 Oct.

Ensign M'Lean, 22 F.

2 Sept. 18

— M'Dougal (drowned), 66 F.

14 Dec.

— Jenks, 1 W. I. R.

— Maclean, 1 W. I. R.

3 Oct. 18

— M'Carthy, York Chass.

29 do.

Paym. Goodwin, 4 Dr. G.

Quart. Mast. Gloag, 19 Dr.

— Spence, 31 F.

Surg. Waugh, Rec. Dist.

4 Feb. 19

Miscellaneous—Rev. S. Andrews, Chaplain at New Brunswick 26 Sept. 18

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 22. At Douglas, Isle of Man, Mrs Scott, relict of William Scott, Esq. receiver general of the island, a son.

— At Santa Maura, the lady of Colonel Patrick Ross, of the 75th regiment, resident and commandant of that island, a daughter.

14. Mrs Terrot, Albany-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— In Edinburgh, the lady of John L. Campbell, Esq. of Achalader, a daughter.

25. At Douglas, Isle of Man, Mrs Forbes of Culodan, a son and heir.

18. Mrs John Smith, George's-square, Edinburgh, a daughter.

29. At Balthayock, the lady of Adam Ferguson, Esq., a son.

— In Upper Seymour-street, London, the lady of the Hon. William Fraser, a daughter.

— In Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, Mrs Alexander Wood, a son.

— In Heriot-row, Edinburgh, the lady of Sir James Douglas, K.C.B., a daughter.

11. At Edinburgh, the lady of Captain Hugh Stevenson, a daughter.

Feb. 2. At Alderton, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. A. Turnour, a son.

— Mrs Innes, Queen-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At the manse of Kinloss, Mrs Robertson, a daughter.

— At Arthursstone, Perthshire, the lady of Lieut. Colonel R. H. Dick, 42d Royal Highlanders, a daughter.

— At Old Aberdeen, Mrs Dr M'Pherson, twin daughters.

— At Cloncard-castle, Ayrshire, the lady of Robert Cunyngham, Esq., a daughter.

— At Ashburnham-house, Hayhill, the Countess of Ashburnham, a son, being her ladyship's twelfth child. Eleven of her children are living.

— At Prince's-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Murray of Murray's-hall, a daughter.

— Mrs Wylie, Charlotte-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

7. At Monreith, the lady of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, a son.

8. At Aberdeen, Mrs Dr Barclay, a daughter.

10. At Nicolson-square, Edinburgh, the lady of John Macalister, Esq. junior of Strathaird, and East India Company's civil service, a son.

11. Mrs John Linning, Mary's place, a daughter.

13. The wife of Robert Rennie, mason, Taylor's-close, Old-wynd, Glasgow, was delivered of a son, and on the 14th, of another son and daughter, who, with the mother, are all doing well.

15. At Kirkmay-house, the lady of Robert Inglis, Esq. of Kirkmay, a daughter.

17. Mrs A. Clephane, Dundas-street, Edinburgh, a son.

20. The lady of Sir Robert Keith Dick, Bart. of Prestonfield, a son.

MARRIAGES.

June 24. At Coolreach, near Calcutta, the seat of G. Lavi, Esq. Lieutenant Holmes, of the 4th regiment of Bengal native infantry, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late James Robertson, Esq. surgeon in the honourable East India Company's service.

July 25. At Kidderpore, Calcutta, Captain R. R. Young, of the honourable East India Company's Bengal native infantry, to Sophia, daughter of the late — Hickey, Esq. R. N. and niece of General Thomas of Brockhill, near Exeter, Devon.

Jan. 21. At Aberdeen, Peter Macfarlane, Esq. to Hannah Kidston, youngest daughter of the late Mr Alexander Scott.

25. At Bo'ness, Lieutenant Petrie, R. N. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Walter Grindlay, Esq. shipowner there.

26. At St Pancras, Sir John Maclean, Knt. commander of the most honourable and military order of the Bath, to Sarah, only child of Benjamin Price, Esq. of Highgate.

27. At Burrowmuirhead, Mr James Smith, cork-manufacturer, Leith, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Mr William Kippen, Mid-Calder.

31. At Liverpool, at St James'-church, Samuel Solomon, M.D. to Miss Mackinnay.

Feb. 1. At Linlithgow, Alexander Learmonth, Esq. of Crossflatts, to Anne, youngest daughter of Thomas Spens, Esq. Collector of Excise there.

— At Falkirk, James Simpson, Esq. iron-merchant, to Miss Christian, second daughter of the late William Mungall, Esq. merchant in Falkirk.

2. George Cumming Menzies, Esq. to Marion, eldest daughter of the late Peter Martin, Esq. Newington.

3. At Portobello, Joseph Pearce, Esq. of Breminster, Dorsetshire, captain, royal navy, to Forbes, youngest daughter of the deceased G. M'Kay, Esq. of Bighouse.

6. The Rev. William Fortescue, second son of the Hon. Matthew Fortescue, to Isabella Barclay, second daughter of the late James Christie, Esq. of Durie.

8. At Drumshugh-house, George Forbes, Esq. banker in Edinburgh, to Mary, eldest daughter of Sir John Hay, Bart.

10. At Edinburgh, Captain Houston Stewart, R. N. second son of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart of Greenock and Blackhall, Bart., to Martha, youngest daughter of Sir William Miller of Glenlee, Bart. one of the Senators of the College of Justice.

11. At St James'-church, London, Thomas Viscount Anson, to Louisa Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Nathaniel Phillips, Esq. of Slebeck-hall, Pembrokehire.

12. At Monktonhill, John Lennox, Esq. of Catrineholm, to Miss Jane, daughter of John Gardner, Esq. Monktonhill.

15. Mr James Hume, merchant, to Martha, third daughter of the late Andrew Carmichael, Esq. writer, Edinburgh.

— At Perth, Mr John Archer, to Agnes, daughter of John Maleom, Esq. collector of Excise there.

— At Edinburgh, Captain Charles Sotheby, R. N. to the Hon. Jane Hamilton, daughter of the late William Lord Benhaven and Stenton.

16. At Edinburgh, Mr James Duncan, printer to the University of Glasgow, to Margaret, only daughter of Mr James Johnston, tobacconist.

— At Kilgraston, Captain Lindsay, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of the Hon. Robert Lindsay of Balcarra, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Francis Grant, Esq. of Kilgraston.

Lately—At Benares, William Wilberforce Bird, Esq. judge and magistrate of Benares, to Miss H. E. Brown, second daughter of the late Rev. David Brown, formerly senior chaplain of the presidency of Bengal, and Provost of the College at Calcutta.

At Boulogne, in France, George Watson, Esq. of the 3d (or King's own) light dragoons, to Ann Perceval, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Martyn, Esq.

DEATHS.

May 27. At Almorah, in India, James Bain, from Elgin, surgeon in the honourable East India Company's service, in the 27th year of his age.

July 19. At Allahabad, Henry Gibson, Esq. resident surgeon there, eighth son of the late William Gibson, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.

August 12. At the fort of Callinger, in the Presidency of Bengal, John Wauchope, Esq. second son of Andrew Wauchope, Esq. of Nidrie, marshal, civil and political agent to his Excellency the Governor-General of India.

31. At Calcutta, Robert Pearson, Esq. merchant there.

Sept. 2. At Calcutta, Andrew Anderson, Esq. of the honourable East India Company's civil service, third son of the late John Anderson, Esq. of Inchyra.

4. At Myneponnie, on the Bengal establishment, Alexander Donaldson, Esq. lieutenant of the 11th regiment of native infantry, eldest son of the late

Alexander Donaldson, Esq. of Heriot-row, Edinburgh.

Oct. 5. At Lyssons, Jamaica, Mr Thomas Lawson, eldest son of William Lawson, Esq. late of Girthhead.

— Accounts have been received from Nassau, in New Providence, of the melancholy death of John Macdonald Esq. late of Long Island, where he had resided a considerable number of years. He lost his life in a small vessel, which sailed with him for Nassau, but was unfortunately, in consequence of a leak, wrecked in one of the gales then prevailing, near the island of Exuma, where his body was found and interred. He was the second son of the late James M'Donald, Esq. in Kincardineshire.

15. At Bellemont, Trelawny, Jamaica, Mr Robert Willis.

Nov. 14. At Quebec, Captain John Liston, of the Brig Ann of Leith.

At Jamaica, Mr William Gray, third son of Andrew Gray, Esq. of Craigs.

Dec. 25. In Chelsea, Captain Wolf, a descendant of the late celebrated Lord Kilwarden, who fell a victim in the Irish rebellion. The captain had contracted habits of great eccentricity, attributed principally to the severe loss he experienced in the death of his lady, to whom he had been married but six months, and who was extremely beautiful and accomplished. A subsequent disappointment in his profession tended much to increase a disrelish of all intercourse with the world; hence he could not endure the presence of any human being. He has left extensive property, which, it is understood, goes to a nephew, who has for some years belonged to a company of strolling players.

25. At his seat of Wolfsburgh, in the 56th year of his age, his excellency the minister of state, Count of Schulenburg-Wolfsburg.

29. At her house in Upper Berkeley-street, in the 94th year of her age, Mrs Scott, relict of Edward Scott, Esq. Scott's-hall, Kent. She was wet-nurse to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent; she has left two sons and four daughters.

Jan. 5. Alexander Dalziel, Esq. of West-Linton, formerly of Port-Glasgow.

6. At Glasgow, aged 86 years, Mrs Tait, relict of Mr Peter Tait, printer.

8. At Huntlaw, Roxburghshire, Mrs Hannah Robertson, wife of Mr Thomas Robertson, late farmer of Glenhornie, East Lothian.

10. At Hanover-street, Edinburgh, aged 86, Mrs Charlotte Jardine, relict of Dr Robert Walker, Edinburgh.

14. At Leith, Jane Bonnyman Broadfoot, the infant daughter of Mr John Broadfoot, merchant, Leith.

— At Hamburg, Mr T. Stodart, merchant.

15. At Windywalls, in the parish of Spronston, aged 102, Alison Bruce, relict of Robert Davidson, some time tenant in Sprouston-hill. She survived her husband upwards of sixty years, and retained her faculties entire to the very last.

— At Ayr, after a short illness, Mr Alexander Temple, surveyor of the customs at that port, in the 45th year of his age.

16. At Port-Glasgow, Mr Robert Henderson, surgeon there, aged 42.

17. At Edinburgh, Roby James Farquhar, youngest son of the late John Farquhar, Esq. of Pitcandly, Forfarshire.

19. At Summerfield, Gilbert Grierson, Esq. merchant, Leith.

20. At Glasgow, Mr David Tait, printer.

— Mr Robert Jardane, many years traveller for Messrs Duffins', vinegar-makers, Edinburgh.

— At New-street, Edinburgh, Mr John Meggett, merchant, aged 77.

21. At Dirleton, Mr Thomas Bryce, farmer, aged 87. Also his son, James, at Portsmouth, on the 25th December last, aged 47.

At his house, Bristo-street, Edinburgh, Mr Geo. Cairnross, architect.

— At Montrose, James Smith, Chelsea pensioner, at the advanced age of ninety. He served at the siege of Belleisle and the taking of the Havannah, and was wounded in both these memorable actions. He was a sober, honest man, and a loyal subject. It was his boast, among his rustic contemporaries, that, in the career of military glory, he had obtained what enabled him to dine every day on roast and boiled like a gentleman.

23. At Edinburgh, Ann, second daughter of Mr John Burke, upholsterer, in the 18th year of her age.

25. At Maryville, by Haddington, Mrs Mary Hepburn, relict of the late Patrick Downey, Esq. of Prestonpans.

— At Dunfermline, aged 59, Captain John Warlaw, late of the Royal Marines, in which respectable corps he served, with unstained reputation, between 30 and 40 years.

— Wrecked at sea, on her passage to Aberdeen, Jean Inglis, aged 18, (far advanced in pregnancy,) wife of Lieutenant William Drumbeck, of the royal navy.

— At Edinburgh, William Gibbes, the infant son of Harbourn Gibbes Straghan, Esq.

27. Dr Primrose Blair, physician to his Majesty's fleet, at his apartments in St Martin's-lane, London.

— At Edinburgh, George Edward, eldest son of the Rev. Henry Grey.

— At Drummochy, in Fife, Miss Magdalene Coult, only daughter of Mr Ebenezer Coult.

28. At Riccarton, James Hay, some time a soldier in the 56th regiment of foot, aged 114. He served as a soldier 36 years, and has now been 35 years an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital.

29. At Glasgow, Captain John Maxwell, of the 14th regiment of foot.

30. At Cahir-house, county of Tipperary, the Right Hon. Richard Butler, Earl of Glengal, and one of the representative peers of Ireland. His title devolves on his eldest son, the Hon. Richard Butler, Lord Viscount Cahir.

— At her family-seat, Leslie-house, in the county of Fife, the Right Hon. Henrietta Ann, Countess of Rothes, Baroness Leslie and Ballenbreich, in the 29th year of her age. Her ladyship has left six children (two sons and four daughters) by her husband, George Leslie of Leslie, Esq.; and is succeeded in her honours and estates by their eldest son, George William Evelyn Leslie, now Earl of Rothes, Lord Leslie and Ballenbreich.

— At Leith, Mr Richard Ged, jun.

— Mary Carson L'Amey, eldest daughter of James L'Amey of Dunkenny, Esq. advocate.

31. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Cunningham, relict of the late Mr James Cunningham, writer, Edinburgh.

— At Leith, William Lanigan, gunner, royal navy.

— At Portobello, Mrs Creelman, wife of William Creelman, Esq.

— At Irvine, the Rev. John Duncan, minister of Ardrossan, in the 71st year of his age, and 30th of his ministry.

Feb. 1. At Hawkhead, Renfrewshire, Lady Elizabeth Boyle, second daughter of the Earl of Glasgow.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Susan Smith, relict of Mr David Buchan, General Post-Office, Edinburgh.

— At Dumfries, in the 91st year of her age, Mrs Isabella Kelburn, relict of Mr Allan M'Lachlan, printer and bookseller.

2. At Glasgow, John Riddell, M.D. a gentleman well known in the literary world.

— In Wimpole-street, London, Jane, eldest daughter of the late Robert Arbutnot, Esq. of Edinburgh.

3. At Castle-street, Edinburgh, in the 17th year of his age, Andrew, third son of the late James Tod of Deanstown, Esq.

— Mrs Jean Auchinleck, spouse of Mr Ninian Richard Cheyne, St John-street, Edinburgh.

4. At Edinburgh, Thomas Young, only son of Mr William Young, Stamp-office.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Kirkhom, late of Brumpton, Middlesex.

— At Cheetwood, Lancashire, James Banks Robinson, late of the royal navy, in his 71st year. He was 50 years in his Majesty's service, and fought in twelve general engagements, among which were those of the Nile and Trafalgar, when he acted as pilot to the fleet. He commenced his career with the celebrated Bruce, and was one of the desperate few who carried up the bowl of punch, and sacrificed to Bacchus, on the top of Pompey's Pillar.

7. At Edinburgh, Jane Gordon Peterkin; and on the 9th, James Charles Peterkin, youngest children of the late James Peterkin, Esq. of Grange.

8. At Portobello, much and justly regretted, Miss Anne Nicolson, sixth daughter of the late G. Nicolson of Jerviston, Esq.

— At Crief, Mr James Wright.

— At Hume, at an advanced age, Mr Thomas Shephard; and, on the 10th, Isabel, his wife.

9. At her mother's house, Nicolson-square, Edinburgh, aged 20, Martha, eldest daughter of the late William Renton, Esq.

10. At Barns-street, Ayr, William Logan, Esq. major of the late West-Lothian Fencibles.

— At Edinburgh, George Campbell, Esq. late comptroller of the customs at Dunbar.

13. Mr Michael Watson, shipbroker, Leith.

— At Walmarg, in Northamptonshire, the Rev. Alexander Payne, father of the Rev. Geo. Payne, Edinburgh.

— At his father's house, in Bank-street, Edinburgh, Alexander, second son of Mr Brown, solicitor-at-law.

14. John Sackeouse, aged 22, a native of the west coast of Greenland.

15. At Lauriston-place, Edinburgh, Mary Jane, youngest daughter of Mr Murdoch Cunningham.

— At Edinburgh, Jessie, the infant daughter of Mr Alexander Milne, Royal Bank.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Davidson of Ravelrig.

16. At Ashton-hall, Lancashire, in the 79th year of his age, his Grace Archibald, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, &c. His Grace was the second son of James, Duke of Hamilton, by Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Spencer, Esq. He succeeded his nephew, Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, in 1799. Married, in 1765, Lady Harriot Stewart, daughter of Alexander, Earl of Galloway, by whom he has left Alexander, now Duke of Hamilton; Lord Archibald Hamilton, M.P. for Lanarkshire; the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Anne, and the Countess of Dunmore. The present Duke married Miss S. E. Beckford, daughter of William Beckford of Fonthill, Esq. by whom he has one son, William, now Marquis of Douglas, and a daughter.

— Of a consumption, in South St David-street, St Andrew's-square, Mrs Jane Bland, of Frederick-street, Edinburgh.

— At Leith, Mr Robert Craig, intendant of the police of that town.

— At Edinburgh, Simon Frazer, Esq. late of the ordnance-department in the island of Bermuda.

17. Mrs Agnes Murray, spouse of Mr John Panton, Knockymill, Aberdeenshire.

— At Edinburgh, of an inflammation in the liver, George Ranken, Esq. late superintendant surgeon on the Bengal establishment.

— At his house, Bromley, Kent, in the 74th year of his age, William Walmisley, Esq. nearly 20 years clerk of the papers of the House of Lords.

Lately—At Notten, near Landrake, Lieutenant-Colonel O'Docherty, of the royal marines, one of the most eccentric characters, perhaps in England.

At Garliston, Wigtonshire, Mr John Dunsmore, miller, at an advanced age, leaving property to the amount of £14,000, the whole of which he acquired at Garliston. He was confined only three weeks. In his desk were found eleven hundred pounds, packed up with old iron, nails, &c.; he kept the key of his treasure under his head till he expired.

By the last arrivals from Madras, accounts have been received of the death of Major-General James Innes, third son of the deceased John Innes of Edingight, Esq. in the county of Banff.

At her residence in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, the Dowager Countess of Sefton. Her ladyship was in the 71st year of her age; she had been ill about three months.

At London, Major-General John Wilson, colonel of the late 4th Ceylon regiment.

At his seat, Thorpe-lee, Surrey, in the 67th year of his age, Sir Henry Tempest, Bart. of Tongball, county of York, and Hope-end, county of Hereford, the last branch of the very ancient family of the Tempests of Tong.

At Toulouse, Marguerite Reinaud, at the age of 117 years. She was born in 1701, was married in 1721, and became a widow in 1755. She had lived free from infirmities, and preserved to the last moment the full use of her faculties.

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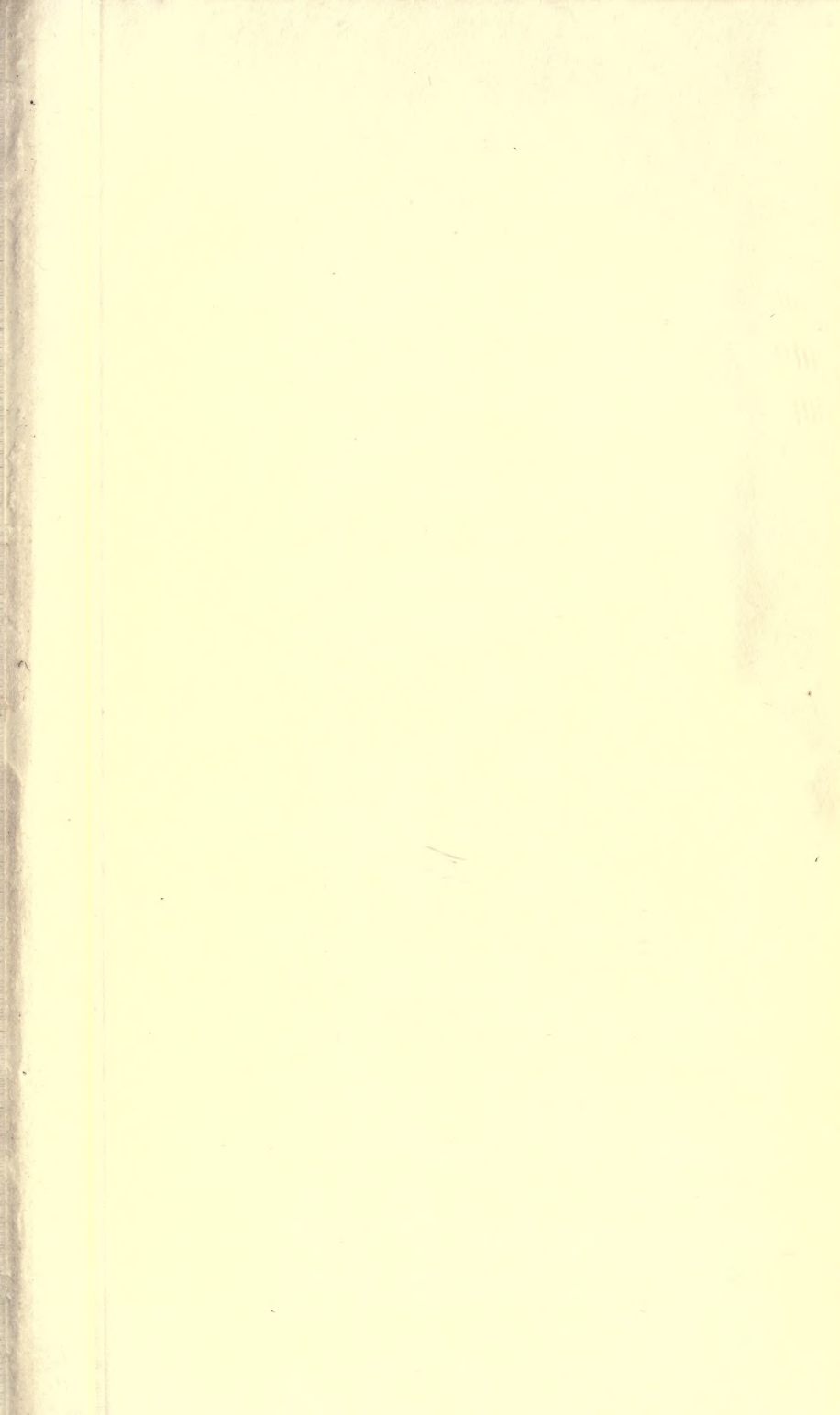
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